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ONCE A WEEK.

AN

Illustrated Miscellany

OF

LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE, & POPULAR INFORMATION.

VOLUME V.

JUNE TO DECEMBER, 1861.

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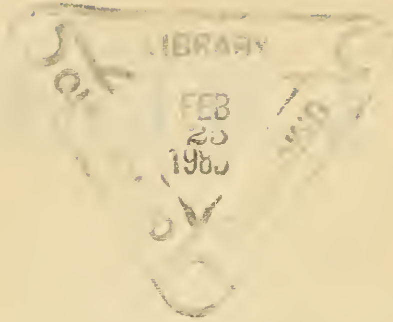

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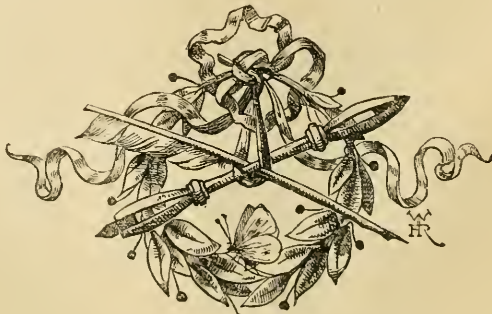

ONCE A WEEK.

THE SILVER CORD.

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

MRS. HAWKESLEY TO HER HUSBAND.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,

* * * * *

All which you know without my telling it.

And now for serious matters. Be sure that you read this letter when you are by yourself, and be quite sure that you make out every word in it before you destroy it,—not exactly an unnecessary request, as your remembrance will tell you.

Poor Bertha has been exceedingly ill, and is so still, although Dr. Solmes considers that there is no immediate danger. But the fever has only

excited her frightfully, and has not made her light-headed, as I expected it would do. She insists upon talking, and the irritation into which she is thrown by being desired to be silent is perhaps more dangerous than the permitting her to speak. If she is left alone, she at once rings the bell so violently that the whole house is alarmed, and I dare not tie the rope up out of her way, or, feeble as she is, I believe that she would crawl out of her room, and do herself some fearful mischief. If it were not for this state of things, I should have refused to hear anything from her upon the terrible subject; but what can I do? And it is better that she should pour out her incoherent confidences to me than to any one else. I write in her room, interrupted by her incessantly, and therefore you must do your best to make out my meaning, and I write as fast as I can at the risk of saying the same thing over again; but you are used to that in me.

My dearest Charles, I know not how—and the more I consider it the less I know how—to separate the truth from the idle talk which flows from Bertha's lips hour after hour. Such a mixture of the most solemn and the most frivolous things I never heard, and it is very difficult to believe her in the full possession of her senses. Yet she is so minutely accurate about small matters, and recollects the tiniest point about dress, or ornament, or any sight she has seen, or any stranger she has met, that it is a hard struggle to believe that when she breaks out into revelations that I cannot even hint at, she is inventing or wandering. Is there any form of mental disease in which the sufferer's mind cannot grasp anything beyond trifles? While I write the words, they recal a curious speech you yourself once made, in which you said that perhaps when we get into the next world we should discover that we had never had the resolution really to open our eyes at all in this, and so had never seen the angels and ghosts all round us, but only felt our way along. Bertha seems never to have looked out firmly upon life, but to have contented herself with what was quite close to her, just as baby, when you sat her down for the first time by the sea, and you expected her to be astonished and delighted with the waves, pulled her little hat over her eyes and filled her lap with the stones, and you were disappointed. My dear Charles, bear with my scribbling. I feel that I try to keep away from a painful theme.

I cannot arrive at a decision. But you know this already, because you know my ways, and that you would have had it in the very first line of my letter if I had been certain. I have gone over and over everything that Bertha has said and keeps on saying, and have put it in all shapes and forms, and yet I cannot weave it all into one connected story. That E. A. is the most fearfully wicked man who ever lived there cannot be a shadow of a doubt, and that poor Bertha is all that we have been forced to believe, I wish I could say was in the least degree made doubtful. I cannot write about this, and I need not. But I cannot, from all that she has said, and from all that I can bring out of it when she allows me time to think for myself—I cannot make out the true character of R. U.'

No one could esteem him so highly as you did, and I am sure that I was always ready to accept your estimate of him, and to suppose that you understood him better than a woman could do. And do not think that any representations of Bertha's would have weight with me against your judgment, or that I am unconsciously allowing an erring wife to make me listen to any extenuations which she may try to find in the character of her husband. It is not from anything that she says against him (and it is very little indeed that I ever permit her to say upon the subject), that a strange impression is fixing itself into my mind. If I am to believe what she says—I mean, dear, the actual facts which she tells—I must say, and please forgive me if I put the case too abruptly against your friend, that—I scarcely like to write it—but if R. had desired to make known all about E. A. very much sooner, *the proofs were within his reach.*

Reading over these last lines, and having broken off to attend to my patient, I am not satisfied with them; and you must let me put what I mean in plainer words. Did not R. know of all that had taken place long before he chose to make others aware that it had come to his knowledge? You told me what he had said to poor Arthur when sending him home. Charles, if R. were *not* then in the dark as to his own household misery!

You will reject this thought at the first reading; but do you think that I would have put it on paper if I could have justified to myself the not writing it to you? Because it is a very shocking thought, and because it is far more terrible when we come to connect it with what has happened since. Please to think over all this as calmly as you would do, if you were sitting by my side, which I wish more than I can tell you that you were, at such a time. I know your faith in R. U. and God knows that I would be the last to try to shake it; but if he is your friend, remember that Laura is my sister, and let me speak as freely for her as you would do for him.

You have thought over it, dearest, and in spite of my assurance that Bertha, ill as she is now, and childish as she is at the best of times, is perfectly capable of bearing witness to facts, you have come to the conclusion that a woman has allowed herself to be talked into a confused belief by another woman who has a confused mind, and who is not to be trusted. No, dear Charles, you have not. You have, man-like, taken that view first, and then you have thought of me as not quite like all the easy and credulous women whom you have known, and you have come round to the conclusion that your wife would not write as she has done unless she had something to say which was worth your serious attention. I know that you are giving me fair play, dearest—what a word? but I write as fast as I could speak, and I have picked no words at all. You are shocked and grieved, and grieved too, dear one, am I that I cannot throw my arms round you while I am wounding you, as I feel I am doing. But it is the truth, Charles. I am convinced that it is the truth.

Do not think that I have rushed on hastily. When I could no longer blind myself to the conviction that R. had chosen, *for his own reasons*, to retain in his own bosom his knowledge of the terrible truth, I fought against all the repugnance which such a thought calls up in a woman's nature, and I tried with all my might to find excuses for his conduct. The natural thought of course was that he might say he had insufficient evidence, and that it was not for him to act until he had more, and that in the meantime he should defeat his own purpose by causing suspicion that he had discovered anything. That might be a humiliating position for a man—and there are men who would have died sooner than have borne it—but it might be in his stern nature to bear all things until the day of retribution should come. I clung to that view, Charles, I am sure for your sake more than because I could feel that it was right, but *it is not true.* You must take my word for what I must not write, but *it is not true.*

Then, dearest Charles, what becomes of all that follows? If it should be made clear to you that R. was acting this unmanly and treacherous part, if you come to the belief that while he was preaching to Arthur of love, and confidence, and domestic happiness, he was nursing up the materials of vengeance, what is to be said of his conduct as regards Laura? Are we to believe in one single word of his statements? He writes that evidence has been placed in his hands, and upon that evidence Arthur is to give himself up to a misery that will break his heart, and you, dearest, are silent, or only speak to confess that if R. is convinced, hope is over—and then it is our turn to make discoveries, and we learn that let him pretend to have what new proofs he may, he had long before had evidence that should have parted him and Bertha for ever. Can we continue to place any faith—the least faith in a man who has been living and acting what I call treachery, put what worldly name you like upon it? I am certain, as I write these lines, that my husband, as he reads them, will feel that we have been cruelly imposed upon. And for you to know of a wrong, Charles, is to hasten to do justice, and I love you for that and for all the rest.

Again I am interrupted, and Bertha asks, in a querulous voice, whether I am setting down things against her, and wishes that she was dead. Dr. Solmes also has come, and will not speak out upon the case, but sees no alteration for the worse, and wishes that she would sleep. Yet he appears to hesitate as to giving her any strong narcotic. I think that he is puzzled, and yet he is too honest a man to be afraid to say so, and he would desire another opinion if he thought that it would be useful. But if there is no change to-morrow, I will take upon myself to speak plainly.

Your letter was short, but very welcome. I do not ask you to write me long letters, but let me have a line every day—I am breaking off from what I most wanted to say. It is this. Let me beg of you not to be guided by any of the considerations which men think so much of, and, whether you have the sanction of Arthur or not, do you find out Laura, and see her. In one minute from the time you and Laura meet, you will know all. I would give thousands to meet her face to face for one minute. Pray, Charles, my own husband, give way to me in this, and let R. say what he may, or let A. urge that it is not for you to forestal him, do you think of me and my happiness, and go away and see Laura. And write me word that you have done so. Do this, dearest. I have more to say to you than I could get into my letter, but if you will only read carefully what I have scribbled so carelessly, I shall be sure that you understand me. I do not believe that R. is a man who should be called the friend of an honourable man; and if you are inclined to be angry with me for writing so harshly, do not be angry until I have told you all that I have to say.

There will be little rest for me until you return, but I am quite well, and so are the children. You need not be told what they would say, bless them, if they knew that I was writing to papa.

Ever your own,

Beatrice.

In reference to this letter it is only necessary to say that the injunction of Mrs. Hawkesley had been obeyed, by anticipation, through the means of Charles Hawkesley's accidental meeting with Mrs. Lygon in the gardens, and that his reply, in which that interview was described, crossed his wife's letter. Hawkesley's communication need not be given, but it should be said that it was brief, that he had touched very slightly upon anything that had occurred in Paris, but had sought to prepare his wife to be told that there was no hope of the reunion of Laura and her husband.

CHAPTER LXXV.

Mr. Aventayle left the Hotel Mirabeau, and with no great accession of good spirits wandered forth into Paris.

"Those fellows make me d—d melancholy," said the kindly-natured manager, "and while they are all engaged upon business of that infernal kind, I swear I have no heart to go grinning at vaudevilles, as I ought to do. Just like me, always letting other folks' affairs interfere with my own."

Nevertheless he generally managed to attend to his own indifferently well; and it is satisfactory to know that the warm-hearted, open-handed man was a great deal more prosperous than he would allow, even in the confessional set up by the commissioners of income tax.

As he went lounging slowly along with a comprehensive grumble at the universe, he put his hand into his waistcoat pocket, and grumbled once more—this time at a concentrated grievance. He had scratched his hand with a stiff card, which he immediately drew out, and perceived that it was that which M. Wolowski had given him when they separated in front of the café on the Boulevard.

"He must be a snob," said the incensed manager, "to use thick cards like that, when decent Frenchmen carry none much thicker than paper. But he asked me to go and call on him, if we did not see our way to doing any good without him. I see none, and I am rather thrown over

than not by that swell at the bureau. I swear I'll go and talk to the Pole. I suppose I have a right to talk to a Pole if I like. I shall not do any good, I dare say; but it is something to do no harm on an afternoon in Paris."

So Mr. Aventayle made out the obscure house to which the card invited him, was immediately admitted, and found himself in the room where Ernest Adair had been finally discomfited by the production of the original manuscript from which he had copied the play sent to Aventayle. While he waited, a pretty girl came into the room, with apparent unconsciousness that anyone was there.

"I cannot find him, papa Wolowski," she said, innocently, and the next moment was all surprise and apology to the stranger.

Aventayle immediately projected his mind into his theatre, and gazed at Madelon with a thought as to how she would make up, and how well that coquettish costume and neat ancle would look behind the foot-lights. Then he took note of the coquettish costume, and resolved that a young lady who formed part of his company, and who had quite as neat an ancle as Madelon, should appear in that garb, at the earliest opportunity. For Mr. Aventayle seldom lost a chance of catering for the edification of the public.

"I cannot flatter myself with the hope that you came to look for me, Mademoiselle," said the polite manager.

It would not have been flattery, however. For papa Wolowski, always ready to afford his pet any innocent gratification, had told her to go up and look at the celebrated London actor.

Of course she had come to speak to M. Wolowski, who had been there a moment before, and had sent her on a message.

"M. Wolowski is happy to be served by such charming messengers."

"Oh, Monsieur!"

The intellectual conversation was speedily interrupted by the advent of M. Wolowski himself; and Madelon departed, forgetting that she had a message to deliver to him—a point which Mr. Aventayle noticed—and then recollected that he was fifty, which thought did not comfort him so much as his next recollection, that he was a celebrity.

"Are you to be complimented as the real papa of that pretty young person, M. Wolowski, or was the term only one of friendship?"

"I hardly know," said M. Wolowski, quaintly. "But as so distinguished a connoisseur allows that she is pretty, we will give her the benefit of the doubt."

"I wish I had a sketch of her dress—it is charming."

"You shall have one before you leave Paris, if you are good enough to think it worth accepting. A young friend of hers has skill with the pencil, and you will make two persons happy by commanding the sitting."

"He is happy already."

"Thanks, in Madelon's name. And so, Mr. Aventayle, you have done me the favour to accept my invitation to call."

"Well, yes, but really—"

"I am your debtor for that. And I perceive, by your manner, that you hardly know what you have come for, or in what way you would like to avail yourself of my humble services."

"You really say what I meant to say. But since I saw you, I have heard a great many strange things, and I have been told—"

"If I can save you any trouble, I will. I know I can save you a little by informing you that I am aware of all that has passed between you and your friend, and M. ——, at the bureau, and of a good deal more."

"Then you know of an appointment that has been made for to-morrow?"

"For M. Ernest Adair to meet other parties, and disclose certain secrets?"

"Yes, you are evidently in M. ——'s confidence."

"I might have heard of the appointment from other sources, but to be frank with you, I have the honour you mention."

"Well, M. Adair is your friend, and therefore I do not expect that you will tell me anything that he would not wish you to tell."

"That, my dear Mr. Aventayle, is the most charmingly original view of friendship. I have been unlucky enough to find that it is one's friends who are always the most ready with objectionable revelations about one, things that one's enemies would never have been able to pick up without such affectionate assistance."

"True enough," grumbled the manager. "But as you are his agent and so on, I speak to you as acting in his interest. I have no finesse about me, and I must go straight to the point, or stop at home."

"No reticence, eh?" laughed the Pole.

The manager looked at him with a humorous expression.

"Oh, if you were not under the table, you know all about it," he said. "Yes, I hate reticence, though I don't know exactly what it is. I dare say that I am showing none, and I want to show none. I wish to say to you, in the first place, that I do not believe your friend, M. Ernest Adair, will reveal any secrets at that meeting to morrow."

"Nor do I," replied the Pole, calmly.

"There then," said Mr. Aventayle, angrily. "Just as I supposed. Then we are all to be made fools of once more, and M. —— was merely humbugging."

"No one can accuse you of not making yourself understood, my dear Mr. Aventayle," said Wolowski, smiling. "But you jump to conclusions with an agility that does honour to your mental muscles."

"I did not know I had any. However, muscles or cockles, we are to be done again."

"Let us accuse nobody unjustly. I think that it is more than probable that my friend, M. Adair, may have to be absent from the meeting to-morrow, and of course, if he cannot attend, he can make no revelation."

"But he ought to be present."

"I think that if he should attend, and should reveal any of the secrets which will then be in his

possession, he will be about the most unwelcome guest that ever joined a party."

"What do you mean, M. Wolowski?"

"As a theatrical artist, Mr. Aventayle, it may have fallen to your lot to play *Don Giovanni*, and to invite the statue to supper."

"No, but I have often played *Leporello*. But what has that to do with it?"

"*Leporello's* experiences will equally serve to explain my meaning. When the statue of the dead man comes into the room, what did you do as *Leporello?*"

"I got under the table, of course, enacting the awfullest funk in the world."

"Well, I think," said the Pole, with the most imperturbable calmness, "that to-morrow, in the event of M. Ernest Adair appearing at the meeting, your friends will have the opportunity of comparing the real and the artistic expression of terror."

"What the devil do you mean?"

"I think that M. Adair will be killed to-night."

"Killed!"

"I think so. I have very good reason to think so. And in that case, I suppose that you will not be so happy to see him at one to-morrow."

"Good God, man!" exclaimed Aventayle, "don't talk of murder in that cold-blooded way! —bah!—you are playing a bit of farce, and, like an old actor, I am sure to be taken in. It is a bad compliment to you, though," he added, "that I was serious for an instant, but I have heard such a quantity of extraordinary things, that I can't feel quite regularly, and as one ought to do. Killed! Not bad."

"At any risk of shocking or paining you," said the Pole, with gravity, "I must prevent you from treating the subject in a way which you would regret. I spoke in all seriousness."

"What are you telling me?"

"M. Adair has gone upon a mission, in connection with the appointment of to-morrow, and it is almost impossible that he should return alive."

"But this is horrible," said Aventayle, starting up. "Who sent him, where is he gone, why is he not protected?"

"He goes of his own free will."

"But—but—what is the sort of danger?"

"You chose to give it a name just now, and, looking at it in an English point of view, I do not know that the name does not suit. We give it a milder name in France. You called it murder."

"And you sit there, and say this as if you were speaking of a trifle!"

"No good purpose would be served by my exciting myself, Mr. Aventayle. I have nothing to do with the business, or the result. I have tried to serve M. Adair, at very considerable loss of reputation to myself, but he will not let himself be served on my terms. He has now chosen, with a kind of dogged impulsiveness, to execute an errand which might have been safely performed by any other person, but which was probable death to him. Circumstances now enable me to say that it is all but certain death to him. He has chosen to throw himself into the power of the deadliest enemy he has in the world, and it happens that the enemy knows the fact. I do not expect to see M. Adair again, unless, as very intimate with him, I should be judicially invited to identify his body."

"I cannot talk to you, you make my blood run cold," said Aventayle, looking very white, and glancing at the door. "Yet tell me. You mean that this poor wretch has gone to meet Mr. Urquhart?"

"His errand was to Mr. Urquhart's house, and there Mr. Urquhart will find him. More probably has now found him. Do you know the man?"

"Scarcely."

"He is a giant, in whose hands Adair will be like a child; and he is a giant maddened by a sense of the worst wrong."

"And *we* have sent the unfortunate creature on this fearful errand," said Aventayle.

"No," said Wolowski; "I was prepared to hear you say that. If you consider it a crime to have placed a bad man in the way of punishment, you are acquitted. It was proposed to him that he should give up his secret, and trust to the honour of those who would have acted fairly by him. But he refused to do so, supposing that he should be able to make better terms with the Englishmen than with the bureau. It is his own avarice that has killed him."

"Is it too late to stop him? Surely something can be done?" said the agitated manager. "It is downright wicked to sit here and speak of a poor wretch being killed. I will do something, at all events."

"I assure you that it is too late," said the Pole. "Whatever was to be done has been done long ere this. Go to Versailles as fast as steam can carry you, but it will be idle."

"I will try, though," said Aventayle, with an oath which it may be hoped is not set down against him. "I am in some sort a party to this wickedness, and it shall not be on my conscience." And he dashed from the apartment.

"A theatrical manager with a conscience!" said the Pole, thoughtfully, as he rose to close the door which Aventayle had left open. "What new *lusus naturæ* may we look for? They will hurry off to Versailles," he added, "he and the others, and they will be too late. There was no help for it. Adair had finally taken the bit between his teeth, and there was nothing to do but to let him dash himself against the next wall. As for his secret, doubtless M. —— has taken care of that, and will be some ten thousand francs the richer thereby. Poor Adair! It is a pity that he had not more self-command, and less greediness. I always cautioned him against gambling, at which he was ever being ruined, and I hoped that he was cured. Now he gambles again upon a frightful scale, and against players who are ten times stronger than he is, and he is utterly lost. I am sorry for him—really sorry. Chantal has far more steadiness, but not his genius. *Ite, missa est.*"

CHAPTER LXXVI.

But Hawkesley was not at the hotel when Aventayle once more hastened thither. Mr. Lygon was there; but upon him the manager felt an almost insuperable objection to break, for their acquaintance was slight, and the character of the communication which Aventayle had to make

was one which made the subject especially unapproachable. Yet, what was to be done? While the manager hesitated, Lygon, hearing a footstep in his brother-in-law's room, opened his own door.

"I thought that Charles had returned," said Arthur, retiring.

"A moment, Mr. Lygon, if you please. I had hoped to find him here; but I have missed him. You have no idea where he is to be found?"

"Not much. He just mentioned Versailles, but I can hardly say that I think he is gone there."

"Versailles! Let me say one word to you."

"By all means, Mr. Aventayle," said Arthur, closing the door.

"I scarcely know how to begin, Mr. Lygon; and yet minutes may be precious. I had better say at once, without stopping to apologise for knowing anything that concerns yourself, or any one else, that I have just learned that a frightful meeting is likely to take place—may have taken place already—and that murder may be the issue."

"Some one we care about, or you would not be so agitated. Who is it, who?"

"Mr. Urquhart has gone down to Versailles to meet Ernest Adair."

"Stop," said Arthur Lygon, his eyes flashing, but his voice subdued by a painful effort until it was almost calmer than ordinary. "How do you know this?"

"From a man who cannot be mistaken—who knows all—who speaks of Ernest Adair as a dead man."

"As a dead man," repeated Arthur Lygon. "That is a strange way to speak of him," he added, very slowly, the words evidently meaning nothing less than what was in the speaker's mind. "So Urquhart has gone down to meet him," he said, after a pause. "You are sure that it is Urquhart?"

"Quite sure. I came to tell Hawkesley."

"It is much more proper that you should tell me," said Arthur, with extraordinary calmness.

"More proper?"

"Certainly, and I am obliged to you for doing so. I wonder whether Hawkesley was aware of this, and whether that knowledge took him to Versailles?"

"No, he could not be."

"You speak positively. I dare say that you are right. However, if he has gone there, it is all very well. He will let me know what is to be done next."

"I fear that I have not made you understand me."

"Perfectly. Urquhart is gone to Versailles to meet Adair."

"To kill him, sir. He will kill him."

"He has a right to do so," replied Arthur Lygon, calmly as before. "At least, for reasons which we need not enter upon, he has the first right to make the attempt. If he foregoes that right, or fails, it will then be a question as to any subsequent step. But Hawkesley will inform me as to that. I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Aventayle."

And with a courteous gesture, Lygon left the room.

"That man is stunned," said Aventayle. "He is not responsible for his actions. I do not think that Charles Hawkesley ought to leave him alone. But, in the name of Heaven, what had I better do? I wish I had not called upon that accursed Pole, and then I should not have been burdened with the knowledge of this horror. I can do nothing. I could tear down to Versailles, and to what end? I might do actual harm. It might be said that I had some knowledge of the deed that was to be done—the police will accuse a man of anything, and that Pole is in league with them."

And the manager, to do him justice, more agitated at the news he had heard, than disturbed at the possibility of his getting into difficulty, sat down and meditated on the extraordinary position in which he had been placed. And in the mean time others were as excited as himself, and with even more cause.

A few moments after Adair had finished transcribing the contents of the *affiche* in front of the house in the avenue, a ceremony which he performed with some ostentation, even returning as if to verify what he had written down, Mary Henderson, emerging from a back street in the neighbourhood, hurried away from the town, and made for a point in the road near the spot where Silvain had met Ernest.

She waited some time, expecting the arrival of her lover, and evinced some of her characteristic impatience. She walked up and down rapidly, and cast eager glances up and down the approaches.

"It is done, though," she said, by way of calming herself. "Only when one has done anything, it is so aggravating to be kept waiting by the person to whom one burns to tell it. Ah, here he comes, and at what a pace, poor fellow. I will not say a severe word to him."

Silvain was certainly coming—coming, too, with all the speed he could put on. No lover ever hurried at that rate to any love-making since the world began. Even Henderson, with all her knowledge of Silvain's devotion, not to speak of his awe, could not attribute that excess of zeal to his mere desire not to keep her waiting.

"You have news!" she cried, the instant he came within hearing.

"News indeed," answered the panting Silvain.

And in half a dozen hurried words he told her that Adair was in the house, and that Mr. Urquhart had followed him.

"I knew it would be so, I knew it would be so. *I saw him* for a moment, Silvain. I knew that he was come for vengeance. It is too dreadful. I must tell the poor lady—I must tell her—I have lost my head—I must tell her."

Mrs. Lygon had been reading, in her chamber, but her heart was far away from the book, which had fallen from her hand. She was far away in England, and a child was at her knee, and the soft cheek of another child, a younger one, rested against her own, and she heard its murmur of affection, an inarticulate utterance to all the world, and more eloquent than any words to one heart.

In a moment Laura was brought back to the realities of her position.

The door suddenly opened, and Henderson, without a word of apology, rushed to the side of Laura.

"The vengeance has come!—it has come upon him, m'm! It has come now!"

The girl was indeed terrified, and it was with difficulty that she could bring out the words.

Terror is contagious, and Mrs. Lygon clutched at the arm of Henderson, and faintly demanded her meaning.

"They are in the empty house together, Mrs. Lygon!—there will be murder, if it has not been done already!"

"Who?—who are, girl?—speak."

"Adair, m'm, and Mr. Urquhart has rushed in to him. There will be murder now, if ever in this world!"

(To be continued.)

AMERICA MILITANT.

BY FRANCIS MORTON.

PART II.

After crossing the Red River at the little village of Preston, twenty-five miles south of the fort—at which point the settlements finally ceased, and a quasi-civilisation was succeeded by utter barbarism—the route of the expedition took a south-west direction over a vast undulating plain covered with a rank herbage of coarse stubble-like grass, interspersed with mimosas and various brilliant but scentless flowers peculiar to the prairies. In the occasional hollows, which had uniformly a southern determination towards the Trinity River, thickets of vines heavy with grapes, wild-plum, and cotton-trees, fringed the beds of trivial streams, generally dried up by the fierce heat of summer, or existent only in pools, stagnant or trampled into loathsome mire by preceding detachments. Two remarkable tracts, twenty miles wide, but extending hundreds of miles in a meridional direction, were successively traversed. These, which are known to trappers, hunters, and frontier-folk, as the Cross-Timbers, being characterised by a singular regularity of outline, have originated a theory that, at some remote period, they were planted by the hand of man. Beyond, the country rose continuously, its monotonous aspect being varied toward the Brazos River by occasional copses of stunted oaks and thickets of the musquit, a thorny acacia, perhaps identical with that which yields the arabic gum of commerce. The only visible dwellers in the wilderness were a few shy grouse, or prairie-fowl, and wary deer, that foiled all the craft of the inexperienced hunter; innumerable rattlesnakes, whose friendliness to man was evinced by a disagreeable habit of insinuating themselves into the folds of the blanket in which he slumbered and by clustering around his watch-fire; and legions of famished prairie-wolves that, though absolutely undiscoverable by day, rushed forth at dark from mysterious retreats to prowl around the camp, and startle the weary traveller with fiendish cries.

The transit of this inhospitable region was effected with as much consideration for the convenience of the soldiery as was consistent with military discipline, and with that discreet caution suggested by the undoubted proximity of savage enemies. For various incidents apparently trivial—smouldering embers, an incautious footstep, a discarded moccassin, the morning dew brushed from the grass—assumed a strange significance to experienced eyes, as indicative of continuous observation by vigilant and ubiquitous foes, eager to profit by any inadvertence or intermission of watchfulness, but far too wary rashly to expose themselves to the grape and canister wherewith the brass howitzers were prudentially loaded.

Réveillée beat ordinarily at three, ere yet the stars had paled. Within five minutes after that, the soldiers thus abruptly startled from repose had assumed their attire, buckled on their accoutrements, and stacked arms by companies between the lines of tents in the temporary encampment. Ten minutes later, the knapsacks had been packed and the tents rolled up. A quarter of an hour sufficed to arrange these and the scanty baggage of the officers in the waggons of the respective companies. This having been effected, the force sat down on the dewy grass, and, by the light of a few candle-ends stuck here and there amid the wild-flowers, drank their hot coffee and ate their biscuit in moody or sleepy silence. Meanwhile, amid a tempest of whip-crackings and polyglot vituperation of refractory mules, the loaded waggons successively passed away from the careless eyes of the reclining soldiery into the vague obscurity of the prairie, over which the train extended in a continuous line two miles in length. Then, faint streaks of grey on the horizon heralding the advancing dawn, the drums beat the Assembly, the companies fell in, assumed their arms, and, marching in succession by the flank, pressed onward in a dark column to take the advance of the expectant train, leaving beside the expiring watchfires of the abandoned camp empty whiskey-bottles and greasy playing-cards strayed from their packs as indices of the advance of civilisation.

The brisk motion quickening their blood, the cool morning air exhilarating their sense, and the advent of daylight imparting confidence to their steps, the soldiers soon shook off the languor which had oppressed them at starting, and, dismissing from their thoughts all other anxieties but that as to the character of the next evening's camp, lighted their short pipes, and, cheered by the fragrant fumes and interested by the rapid changes of scene consequent upon their advance, jogged easily on, whiling away the hours as they best might with uncouth jests and naïve speculations on what was strange around them. But in this, as in the journey of life, those most gay and confident at morn become grave and sad enough ere even. Those seemingly best qualified for effort evinced in general least endurance; for not thews and sinews, but constancy and tenacity of purpose, render man truly strong. Hour succeeded hour, and when the sun was in the zenith, and the canteens were exhausted one by one, the weaker and less resolute strayed from the ranks amid the jeers of their firmer comrades, and either limped dejectedly after the column, or, intentionally lingering in the rear until overtaken by the advancing train, crawled furtively into the waggon of some friendly teamster, soon, however, to be ignominiously ejected by inflexible authorities; for none were allowed the privilege of entering the train but the sick and the cooks of companies

whose culinary avocations occupy most of the night. On reaching a stream the column was invariably halted a few minutes that the canteens might be refilled; but streams were rare, and sometimes, rendered half delirious by heat and thirst, the men drank greedily from

Gilded puddles which beasts might cough at.

Excepting on such occasions, the column steadily pursued its march at an even pace until it arrived at a spot, adapted by the possession of wood and water for an encampment; the length of the day's march depending entirely on this. When the existence of these conditions was satisfactorily ascertained, the line halted, broke into columns of companies, and stacked arms. On the arrival of the baggage-waggons, which were always in the van of the train, the tents were pitched in ranges parallel to and between these lines of arms. After providing the cooks with wood and water, the weary men reposed while awaiting dinner, with the exception of those unhappy ones who had been selected for guard, and were destined, notwithstanding their fatigue, to be on duty and awake most of the coming night. Dinner was usually ready about four, when the rear-guard was coming with the slower waggons into camp. Guard-mount and doctor's-call then rapidly succeeded; tattoo was beaten invariably at eight, that the men might retire early to slumber; and, five minutes later, all lights within the tents were extinguished, and all noise or talking that might have interfered with the general repose strictly prohibited. Nevertheless, after a short nap, certain dissipated fellows would assemble, according to previous appointment, among the further waggons; and there, screened from observation, and indifferent to the plunging and kicking of the vicious mules around them, would carouse and gamble until early réveillée abruptly terminated their enjoyment, and recalled them, haggard, heavy-eyed, and jaded, to the duties of another day.

A fortnight thus elapsed, and finally, without having encountered other annoyances than those arising from the heat of the season and the general deficiency of water, the goal was attained, and the regiment was reunited towards the end of August on the left bank of the Brazos.

The two main branches of that great river, at this point a hundred miles apart, are termed the Clear and Red Forks of Brazos respectively; the waters of the first being sweet and pellucid, but those of the second, whereon the camp stood, and of all its affluents, being turbid and nauseously saline. The only spring as yet discovered in the vicinity was several miles distant, and the supply it afforded was so scanty and precarious that it was necessary to put the force on allowance.

After some days' suffering on this account, it was considered advisable to divide the command; and the left wing of the regiment in consequence took a new position to the west on the Clear Fork, leaving the right wing to waste the autumn in excavating useless wells on the elevated plains, where water could not possibly have existed. The prairie here terminated abruptly in bold bluffs, leaving a fertile flat at their base, from 1000 to 5000 feet in width. Through this flat flowed the Brazos, with an average width of 500 or 600 feet, alternately approximating and receding from the cliffs which restrained its course, and though generally shallow, subject to such capricious variations of level, that the adventurer who had found it but knee-deep in crossing two or three hours before, might discover to his dismay that return was intercepted by a furious torrent. Gradually, exploring parties ascertained the existence of a large pine forest at a distance of forty miles; the scrub-oaks of the vicinity were found to furnish timber of better quality than had been anticipated; gypsum, lime, and stone admirably adapted for building were plentiful; the plain was strewn in one direction with immense boulders of almost virgin iron; excellent coal cropped out from the cliffs on either side of the river; and from these coal measures fresh water flowed out in tiny rills so abundantly that only cisterns at the base of the cliffs were lacking to secure as ample a supply as could possibly be required. Thus, ere the Indian summer, or last days of autumn, had passed away, every one was satisfied that the region was by no means so bad as had at first been conceived.

Terrific thunderstorms, accompanied by the first rain that had been known in that country for years, preceded an exceptionally rigorous winter. Snow lay heavy on the ground for a month, during which the troops, intermitting their labours in dismay, gazed mournfully from their tents at the inclement skies and whitened ground, uncheered by grog, while masticating their lenten fare sighing after the fleshpots of Egypt,—"the cucumbers, the melons, the leeks, and the onions,"—and bitterly exclaiming that they had been led out into the wilderness to die!

Then became apparent the excellence of the organisation of the American army. The thoughts of the despondent soldiery were withdrawn from contemplation of inconveniences unavoidably incidental to an exceptional position to those active exertions whereby it might be improved. An area 1000 feet square was cleared of brush on an eligible slope, sheltered from the wintry northern blasts by a dense coppice, for the purpose of erecting temporary quarters. The position of the designed buildings being then marked out thereon according to the usual quadrangular arrangement, and trenches two feet deep cut on the lines of walls, the scrub-oaks of the adjacent prairies were felled by hundreds, and cut into twenty-feet pickets, which, being planted in the trenches side by side, and connected above by battens and cross-ties, the excavated earth was then filled in, and trodden down, so as to retain them in position. These palisades were then chinked and daubed with clay, so as to form walls impervious to the weather; rough stone chimneys were built at either end of each tenement; rude doors were made and hung; and the older tents, now to be discarded, were formed into coverings, which, after being extended over the roof-trees, were drawn down tight, and securely fastened at the eaves. Within those buildings to be occupied as barracks double tiers of berths were erected along the walls, formed of packing cases and such other impromptu material as could be furnished by the quarter-

master, imparting to the interior somewhat the semblance of an emigrant-vessel's steerage; while floors having been formed of tempered clay well beaten down, the rude aspect of these domiciles was amply compensated by the reality of comfort.

Within seven weeks the quadrangle was completed in this style, including quarters for five companies, or 400 men,—guard-house, magazine, quarter-master's and adjutant's offices, and officers' quarters; and, without the quadrangle, a hospital, and a commissariat-store, 400 feet by 40 feet, to protect the public property. The succeeding fortnight was devoted to erecting, further down the slope, a stable capable of sheltering 250 horses and mules,—hitherto picketted on the prairie, and exposed to savage greed and ingenuity,—forming one side of a yard elsewhere enclosed by a line of pickets. Such was the willingness of the men, and the judgment wherewith their labours were directed by the officers, that about Christmas the object of such strenuous exertion was attained in the completion of Fort Belknap, as the post was named in honour of the gallant lieutenant-colonel of the corps, then unhappily expiring at the post, of disease contracted during arduous services; and the force was now almost as comfortable, and the usual military duties were as punctiliously observed, as though the scene had been New York.

Towards the close of winter the continued use of salt provisions generated scurvy, and carried off two or three whose constitution had been weakened by previous years of reckless dissipation; but the issue of fresh meat on the arrival of herds of commissariat cattle from the frontier, and the establishment of a public bakery, quickly re-established the conditions of health. Here it may be necessary to observe that the American army ration being of flour and not of bread, biscuit being issued in its stead only under exceptional circumstances, and as the greatest inconvenience and discontent would ensue were its formation into bread to devolve on the individual soldier —a special arrangement is made to effect it. The flour, drawn from the commissariat every ten days by the respective companies, being delivered at the fort bakery, an equivalent *weight* of bread is issued, as it is required, day by day, at the rate of $1\frac{1}{4}$ lb. per ration. But the difference between the respective weights of flour and the bread made therefrom is such, that an approximate saving of one-fifth of the flour is effected to the benefit of the establishment, which sells the flour gained by the operation in the form of bread to the officers and their families, to those hungry soldiers whom their ration does not satiate, and lastly to civilians of the vicinity, at the rate of 2*d.* per ration to the enlisted man, and of 4*d.* to all others. The bread is almost invariably excellent, and in every way preferable to that sold by professional bakers on the frontiers. The funds thence accruing,—which vary with circumstances, such as the locality, strength of the garrison, populousness of the vicinity, &c.,—after deducting the expenses, including the extra pay of the bakers (who are invariably soldiers specially selected for the duty), are partly expended on the Post library, and partly on the regimental band, whereto the State contributes only by authorising the enlistment of a certain number of musicians as privates, whose extra pay, music, instruments, &c., must be provided for by the corps. Similar economies may be and are effected by companies on their other rations, the commissariat being always ready to commute undrawn rations for money; and this fund is employed by companies, under the supervision of their immediate commanders, in extending the company library, in purchasing garden seeds, liquor for festive occasions, and other little comforts. The rations furnished by the State are so liberal, that with ordinary economy the funds of a company or regiment may be very large.

At this time a few Indians ventured occasionally to enter the post, carrying as a pretext for their presence a quarter of venison, or a couple of wild turkeys on the pommel of their saddles. These first visitors, being always kindly received, protected from insult, and furnished according to custom with a few rations, after satisfying their secret curiosity and apprehension, must, on returning to their dusky brethren of the wilderness, have spoken most eulogistically of what they had seen; for, henceforward, whatever of interest might be going on *coram publico*, a few slouching Indians were always among the spectators; and whatever scanty game the prairie afforded the troops were provided with by these vagrant gentry.

The only occurrence which in any respect disquieted the force during its stay at Brazos took place during this first winter, on one tempestuous night of which an entrance was effected into the *corral*, or stable-yard, by the removal of a ricketty picket; when about fifty horses and mules loose in the enclosure were abstracted so dexterously that, owing to the war of the elements, the loss was not discovered till the sentries were relieved an hour afterwards. The alarm being then given, the long-roll beat tumultuously, and the troops were immediately got under arms in anticipation of a possible onslaught of savages. At dawn an efficient party was organised and equipped, which, mounting in fiery haste, eager for a fray, departed in pursuit under the direction of a guide versed in all Indian wiles. But, after following the trail northward for 300 miles, as far as the Canadian river, without encountering the thievish fugitives, or other result than the recovery of a lame mule abandoned by them in their flight, the exhaustion of both horses and riders, and the lack of provisions, enforced the soldiers to return. Suspicion fell at first upon the poor Ishmaelites prowling round the post, and for some time the soldiery looked somewhat askant at them. Circumstances however subsequently exonerated them, and fixed the guilt on a band of unscrupulous knaves from the settlements. Certain disreputable villains of this description frequently on the frontier disguise themselves as Indians, for the purpose of committing the most atrocious outrages on their own people, in comparative security, and these crimes are hastily attributed to the poor children of the desert, who are far less deserving of the name of savages.

With spring arrived the long expected colonel,

with those reinforcements for the regiment annually dispatched at that season from the recruiting depôt; and the presence of this dignitary was the signal for renewed activity, whereof the object was the erection of more permanent and commodious quarters. Here it is requisite to apprise the non-professional reader that the efficiency of troops depending as much on that of their commissariat and quarter-master's departments as upon the bravery or discipline of the men, it is primarily necessary that they should be clothed, fed, and housed, and that there should be distinct organisations to effect those ends. Not only in every regiment, but in every detachment of the United States' Army, officers are detailed for these special purposes, with a staff of subordinates selected from the ranks, and directly responsible to the head-quarters of their respective departments. The commissary receives from thence and issues to the troops clothing and subsistence stores. The quarter-master similarly provides, by indents on the quarter-master general, or in certain cases by private contract with civilians on behalf of government, means of transportation and tents, with all the variety of implements and materials required in the erection or repair of buildings used for military purposes. When their services can be made available all the employés in these departments are soldiers; and a considerable proportion of the enlisted men are thus continuously engaged as clerks, mechanics, and teamsters; receiving for their services a liberal consideration, which is a premium on good conduct and diligence. On this account, at recruiting offices, mechanics are preferred to ordinary labourers, and the first enquiry made of an aspirant to glory is as to his particular craft.

This having been premised, it will be easily understood that, when extensive and permanent works were contemplated, the first preliminary was to ascertain, by reference to the regimental descriptive book, what and how many mechanics were available for the public service; while the next was to assign all masons, bricklayers, plasterers, smiths, sawyers, carpenters, joiners, &c., to extra duty in the quartermaster's department. The remainder of the force was destined for that ruder labour wherein "muscle" is demanded rather than any special intelligence or skill, and which accordingly receives no additional payment.

The force suddenly recovered its wonted activity, rising at réveillée to pursue the daily labours in various directions, and returning at retreat, i. e., sunset, to repose. According to their several qualifications, men were assigned to the offices as clerks or storekeepers; to the yard as drivers or stablemen; and to the workshops as mechanics. A large party, well armed, was permanently detached for the purpose of cutting pine-timber in the distant forests; and other parties were constantly in the coal-pits and stone-quarries of the immediate vicinity. A saw-mill of forty horse-power was erected, the engineer being a soldier, and thereat the lumber daily arriving rapidly assumed the form required by the carpenters and builders. A certain number of veterans was reserved for military duties, furnishing guards for the post and escorts for the trains continually passing to and fro.

When off duty, the leisure of these last was employed in forming staff and company gardens on the fertile flats along the river; and the horticultural labours of these amateurs were so successful that the wild shortly became luxuriant with all the vegetation required for culinary purposes, and their melon, strawberry, and cucumber patches might have challenged comparison with the long-lamented ones of Forts Washita, Smith, Gibson, and Towson. Roads radiated from the fort in various directions over the prairies, and they were easily formed, for it was sufficient that a line of loaded waggons should once pass over the soft ground to leave thereon a clearly defined track. Constant as public labour was, it was never excessive, ample time being allowed for refreshment and repose. It was, in fact, precisely the amount of exercise demanded by health, it was liberally recompensed, and its ultimate object was the personal comfort of those engaged therein. A single afternoon was weekly set apart for battalion-drills, with especial view to the improvement of the younger soldiers.

With this exception, only on Sundays had the place a military aspect. Then, all labour having been thrown aside, the soldiery rose Antæus-like, reinvigorated by contact with mother-earth, and resumed joyously the garb and functions of their proper profession. The customary inspection at morn, and the parade at even, were inflexibly enforced; but, as yet, to the general delight, no chaplain had been appointed by the kind and paternal solicitude of the government; and consequently the intervening hours were devoted to amusement, reading, repose, or cheerful conversation on what had been effected during the previous week, and other little local matters personally affecting the interlocutors, who thought little of the world without their immediate circle.

At the expiration of two years from the exodus, a stranger would have been astonished by that which had been done by so small a force. To the south of the first quadrangle, the buildings of which had now a very ricketty and dilapidated appearance,—though they had been thatched with prairie grass, and occasionally otherwise repaired,—five ranges of company quarters had been erected in order of echellon, each 120 feet in length and 40 feet in width, and with a detached building corresponding to it 40 feet by 30 feet, for a kitchen and mess-room. Parallel to this series of quarters, there had also arisen a granary 150 feet by 40; a commissariat, 120 feet by 40, and three stories high; and a magazine 40 feet square. These were all built of cut sandstone, roofed with shingles in default of slate,—with the exception of the magazine, which had an elliptical stone roof,—and all with numerous well-glazed windows. The quarters were fitted up with that number of massive oaken bedsteads required by the organisation of the company, i. e., 84 in each. On a gentle rise of the ground, commanding these buildings, a line of officers' houses had been built—ten in number—all constructed of wood, six-roomed, plastered within and without, and thatched with prairie-grass, having precisely the appearance, with their

pretty verandahs, of our officers' bungalows in India. Each was surrounded by a large and neatly trimmed garden, forming as pleasant a rural retirement for a gentleman as could be conceived of. A large store had been erected on the plateau in a convenient position by the suttler at his own expense, whereat all the little luxuries, except liquors, that a soldier might require, were obtainable at very moderate cost. The entire slope or plateau whereon these various buildings stood was kept by assiduous mowing and grubbing as smooth and trim as any gentleman's lawn, and the gardens at the base of the cliffs, notwithstanding the depredations of the locusts, were all that could be desired, forming a strange contrast to the wilderness amid which they stood. Availing themselves of the military protection, several settlers, crossing the intervening wilds, had arrived from the adjacent frontier, and squatting in eligible positions without troubling themselves about title-deeds, had built for themselves little log shanties on the verge of the military reserve, cultivated little patches of maize, raised poultry, and drove a thriving business with the garrison in dairy and farm produce.

On the completion of the new quarters, the progress of which had been regarded with great interest, the troops joyously took up their abode therein, abandoning their former dwellings to a slow decay with military insouciance; as few being disposed to remember the happy hours once passed within those now dilapidated walls, as to meditate on the transitoriness of all material things and of the joys dependent thereon, that their decay might have suggested.

The popular transport on attaining a comfort previously unknown to many, and in the pleasing anticipation of indefinite repose, was disagreeably checked by the ominous remarks of the more thoughtful and experienced soldiers.

"Yes, yes," would croak one of these veterans with a grim smile and wise wag of his head, "it's very snug indeed, as you say, Jenkins, or O'Flaherty," as the case might be, "very pleasant indeed, if—it would only last. But that's exactly where it is, d'ye see; our comfort's too great to last long. It's not our luck, by —— That old ass of a colonel of ours is so proud of his work, that, like the foolish hen that must go clucking about to let all the neighbourhood know that she has laid an egg, —he'll be writing in his own praise to Washington, and the Secretary of War will come to the conclusion that Brazos is a great deal too good for the dirty old ——th. Mark these here words, lads, that'll be the end of the matter."

Men very readily turn from the contemplation of a disagreeable future to the enjoyment of the present; and of course the auditors of these sinister prognostications soon recovered from their temporary discomposure, and resolved not to believe in the possibility of what they secretly apprehended. But their confidence was precipitate, for within two months from the first occupation of the new quarters, the contemned predictions were justified by the event. A general order arrived, commanding the immediate advance of the regiment to the Rio Grande, and the occupation of the vacated posts on the Brazos by the very corps which had previously played the part of the cuckoo. *Sic vos, non vobis, nidificatis, aves!*

Though many of these soldiers were recruits, who, having recently joined, had not personally felt the grief of leaving the pleasant posts in Arkansas; yet each man, associating himself with the part of the corps whereto he now belonged, and claiming a share in its glory, felt as if he had been individually wronged in the former instance. It may be imagined with what wrath the regiment again turned its face to the wilderness; certainly, were curses operative, the gentleman then at the head of the War Department has a very unpleasant prospect before him.

The merits, in an economical point of view, of the military system that it has been the object of the writer to describe, can only be distinctly apprehended by ascertaining approximately the expense incurred by the State in the erection of the post in question;—which the reader may be assured is not ideal, but really existent, having very recently been taken possession of by the revolutionary authorities of Texas.

Assuming that on a average 130 men, or a third of the force present, which is an excessive estimate, had been receiving extra pay for two years at the rate of twenty cents daily, or six dollars monthly (about twenty-five shillings), in addition to their military pay proper; the total sum paid to troops for labour would not have exceeded 18,000 dollars. The entertainment at the post of means of transportation,—already, however, existent, and which would have been present there whether there had been work of this description or not,—the cost of forage, artificers' tools, iron and iron ware, and other material, amounted to perhaps as much more. Thus these works cost about 36,000 dollars; or only 7,200*l.* beyond the sum which would necessarily have been expended in supporting in mischievous and unprofitable idleness the troops thus usefully, economically, and even with reference only to themselves, beneficially employed in the public service. Had artificers been engaged from civil life, in addition to the enormous expense of transporting them many hundred miles to the scene of their labours, not one would have accepted less than forty dollars monthly, with his rations, quarters, and liquor. Supposing that only 100 private artificers had been employed, and estimating the rations at ten dollars per mensem, the cost for artificers' labour alone would in a year have been 60,000 dollars, or 12,000*l.* What would have been the cost of similar buildings here, and how incalculably it would have exceeded 7,200*l.* it would be superfluous to say.

The analogy between the military discipline of republican America and republican Rome deserves consideration. The Roman soldiery, in place of being an aggregation of worthless drones, supported in vicious indolence by the laborious industry of their fellow citizens, contributed as much to the commercial prosperity of the Republic by their toil, as to its aggrandisement and renown by their swords. The pioneers of civilisation, the legions, to establish the supremacy of Rome, made roads, erected bridges and aqueducts, built cities,

and diffused a knowledge of the useful arts throughout previously barbaric Europe. The American soldiery are similarly engaged.

From these considerations, the thoughtful reader may naturally be induced to inquire, at this day of immense armaments during profound peace, whether the men thus withdrawn from industrial pursuits, and thus, both directly and indirectly, subtracting from the wealth of the nation, might not most legitimately be expected to contribute in some slight degree by their labour toward the cost of their entertainment? Whether also the health, moral and physical, no less than the efficiency of troops, might not be incalculably advanced thereby?

To any idle assertions to the effect that a soldiery would be demoralised by such toils as have been described in the preceding pages, apart from the undeniable refutation afforded by Roman history, and by the less known American army; it may be replied, that all the great public works in Algeria, the forts, quays, barracks, roads, and bridges, erected within the last thirty years, are due to the genius of the officers and the energy of the men of the army of occupation; and it remains yet to be shown that the French army has in any respect deteriorated in consequence.

BLONDIN.

"Have you seen Blondin?" is a question which the bill-stickers have propounded to the students of mural literature throughout the metropolitan police district, and at every considerable railway station in the kingdom. Well, we have seen Blondin—something of him, that is to say. By the time that these remarks are public property he will, very probably, have performed feats which will put those we saw entirely in the shade. It would not do, you see, to dish up the terrible all at once. The pleasing feat of placing the life of a little child in deadly peril, for example, was in reserve. Horror! For ourselves we desire no second portion. We have seen enough —enough (we are not ashamed to own it) to set our pulses thumping painfully, to send a cold sickening terror crawling along our veins, to make us very glad to look anywhere but at the figure on the rope, when the fascination which rivetted our gaze upon it had a little died away. When this happened, and we looked around, we beheld a more curious spectacle than Blondin will ever present, reflected in the sea of upturned faces that were watching him. Desiring faithfully to represent this performance, we then divided our attention equally between the rope-dancer and his audience, until we could see what was going on above reflected upon the faces below, and observing the performer could tell exactly how each feat was received by the crowd which surrounded us.

From the first, our object had been to observe the *effect* of this sort of amusement. We, therefore, carefully avoided the two first exhibitions which took place upon special half-crown days, knowing that your special half-crown visitor is of the class which habitually conceals its feelings, and educates its countenance to assume, under all circumstances, the expression of a well-to-do caterpillar of inferior intellect. We, therefore, chose a one-shilling day for our visit to the Crystal Palace, and it so happened that it was the seventh anniversary of its opening. Remembering certain sports and pastimes which certain small but lively children had witnessed there, perched upon our shoulders at Christmas time, and reflecting upon what we were going to see; we could not help moralising a little as we rolled along in the train, upon the career of the famous Sydenham Glass House—the great things it was intended to do, and the small ones which necessity had declared should be done by it instead. Poor Albert Smith's prophecy, delivered at a time when the wise of the land had made up their minds that Alhambra courts, Pompeian houses, and models from the Vatican were sufficient attractions to fill the building and enrich its proprietors, came to our remembrance, and lo! we were to be present at its fulfilment to the last particular. There *had* been dancing, there *had* been catch-penny spectacles, there *had* been conjurors and fireworks and clowns—and here was the acrobat! And very natural too. The gentlemen who compose the company are speculators who require interest for their money, not philanthropists who devote it to opening a school for the public which the public would not attend.

It is perhaps indispensable that the language of the circus should be used to announce its peculiar feats, otherwise it would be difficult to explain why M. Blondin is styled the "*Hero* of Niagara," and his transit from one end of a level rope to the other over the boarded transept of the Crystal Palace be announced as a "great cataract ascension!" Arrangements are now being made for him to perform upon a rope stretched over the fountains in the garden which are to play upon and around him; of course with an object of giving the untravelled British public the best possible idea of the Falls of Niagara!

The rope upon which M. Blondin performs at present is two inches in diameter, and 240 yards long. This is stretched from the level of the hand-rail of the highest gallery in the transept, right across to the other side, and kept from swinging laterally by fifteen pairs of guy-lines, each line having one end secured to the sides of the roof, and the other passing through pulleys attached to the rope and weighted with heavy lumps of lead. The hawser is thus made steady without being rigid, at a height of 170 feet from the ground, and M. Blondin disports himself upon it as though it were as broad and safe as the pavement of Waterloo Place. He walks along it, dances along it, runs along it, throws (what is called but which is not) a somersault upon it, stands upon his head upon it, traverses it blindfold, enveloped in a sack, trots merrily along it with his feet fastened in waste paper baskets, takes a cooking stove upon his back, and having fastened that in the centre of it, cooks an omelette there, which the spectators may eat if they please. The ease and apparent certainty with which all this is done takes off something of the terror which the performer's situation inspires; but quite enough is left to make the spectacle a most painful and, to many minds, revolting one.

It cannot be pretended that M. Blondin's movements are graceful. There is nothing novel or elegant in the performance from beginning to end. We have seen equally good rope-dancing at a country fair, and as for the gymnastic feats they could be surpassed by the pupils of many a gymnasium in London.

As rope-dancing and gymnastics they gain nothing in quality from being performed at so great a height, and if they pass as wonderful because they are done under circumstances which should make the performer lose his head, the same interest would be produced if he were to drink two bottles of champagne, and then attempt them on the ground. If the rope were stretched at a height of only ten feet, so that a fall from it would not signify, or if—placed as it is—a net were suspended beneath it to secure M. Blondin against a fatal accident, his performance would instantly cease to attract. Danger and nothing else is its charm. Abstract this, and nothing remains that any one would care to go a hundred yards to see. The more apparently dangerous the exhibition is made, the greater its attraction. So, mere walking and posturing upon the rope having become vapid, the sack and the wicker baskets are brought out, and M. Blondin pretends to slip, that the spectators may not become hardened into the belief that his skill is all-sufficient to sustain him, and that there is no chance of their beholding a mangled crimson mass writhing in the midst of that ghastly space which is kept clear 170 feet below.

It was when M. Blondin—blindfold and enveloped in a sack—pretended to slip, that we turned away our eyes and saw his audience. Just then, the sun streamed through the glass roof, lighting up thousands of upturned faces, and revealing to us that we were not the only persons who could not brave the sight. Two ladies in our immediate vicinity fainted. Several others had their faces in their hands, and many a strong man averted his gaze from the sight. Upon the countenances of those who endured, and watched it, many feelings were expressed. There was pity, and terror, and suspense, and admiration, and horror, but not one particle of pleasure. There were dilated eyes, quivering lips, clenched hands, loudly beating hearts,—but not one smile until the performer passed from that dreadful line to the firm floor, and then followed a gasp of relief. We write of what passed around us, and what we saw, looking down from a corner of the great orchestra with a good glass as far as we could see. There was one—and only one—person who appeared to enjoy what he saw. He was dressed like a farm labourer of the better sort, and sat in a front row with his mouth upon the broad grin, and his eyes running over with delight. How he banged his great red hands together after each feat! How he rolled about and stamped with glee!

An hour afterwards we saw him again in the refreshment room, and thought he was drunk, but were undeceived by a policeman, who informed us that he was quite harmless—merely idiotic from his birth, nothing more. We can safely say that no one looked as though he *enjoyed* the sight, and that the applause which followed a clever solo upon the cornopean in an interval of rest was as hearty as any that Blondin received after his most dangerous feats.

We are afraid that the "hero of Niagara" is not a good sign of the times. Do we blame him for giving these entertainments? Not we! He can make one hundred pounds a day by them, and as that is the price at which he estimates his own neck, he is entitled to risk it as often as he pleases. Do we blame the managers of the Crystal Palace for engaging M. Blondin? Not we! *He draws*—at present, and his performance is not more vulgar or inconsistent with the place than many which have preceded it. Do we blame the British public for tolerating such exhibitions, and rendering it possible that they can be profitable? Most assuredly we do! It is a sign of the worst possible taste, of a craving for excitement of the worst possible order, or of a blind and servile obedience to fashion.

Blondin is fashionable! It is "the thing" to see persons in deadly peril of their lives. Perhaps there is some one who attends every one of these performances, so that he may not be absent when the crash comes, just as the old gentleman followed the Lion Queen all over the country in hopes of seeing her head bitten off by the lion into whose mouth she placed it for the amusement (?) of the public. We are told to have no fears for Blondin, that he has practised catching the rope in case of a stumble, and that he is sure to save himself. Of course! Everything and everybody is quite safe until—. That poor Lion Queen was quite safe, but the old gentleman had his wish. Scott, the American diver, was quite safe. He went through the merry performance of being hanged on Waterloo Bridge. How well he did it, how he writhed and jerked! Bravo, Scott! Why does he not get down and bow his thanks to an admiring audience? There is a little mistake—he has hanged himself in earnest, he is dead! The poor wretch who is now a helpless cripple living in an iron cage to support his broken back, but who only a few weeks ago delighted the votaries of the Alhambra in Leicester Square with his daring feats on the flying trapeze, was quite safe. Bless your heart, he had practised the thing till he *could* not fail!—only somehow or other he *did* fail. The public in its stupid craze for perilous amusements has led these and scores of others to their deaths, or to accidents which make life one long fit of pain. We wish M. Blondin no sort of harm; but if his audiences were to dwindle down to nothing, so as to cause him to retire upon his savings, we should congratulate him upon having escaped a great danger, and the country upon getting rid of a disgrace to the intelligence of the age.

June 15. Albany Fonblanque, Jun.

JESSIE CAMERON'S BAIRN.

A TALE IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

In a little secluded weaving village in the Lowlands of Scotland, far away from city influences, good and bad, lived the heroine of this true story;—an innocent young Scotch lassie, and a thrifty, with the natural roses of some nineteen

summers blushing on her healthy cheeks. To quit the good old style of hyperbolical story-writing, she was a fair specimen of the unsophisticated village girl,—if anything, a shade more shrewd and womanly than most girls of her age and position. Healthily handsome, and with all the promise of a good substantial housewife, she did not fail to obtain some few suitors,—whose cannie Scotch heads were not, however, turned by her good looks. They made love to her as ordinary people eat bread and butter, making no fuss about it; but liking her as hard-working young men like hard-working young women who bid fair to become useful helpmates. Their love, if I may call it by that name, was hard matter-of-fact stuff, and they made no faces when they swallowed it without sugar; it was a sort of strengthening medicine which they were obliged to earn and pay for.

Jessie Cameron was the name of this good-looking young woman. She lived with her step-mother in one of those little thatched cottages of which so many sweet Auburns in England, Scotland, and Ireland are composed. Not a rich girl, but one who worked hard for her living. Her business in the house was to make the oatcake, milk the cow, and turn her handy fingers to household work in general. But over and above all this, she laboured at the loom. As I have observed, she fulfilled her duties with a sufficiency which gained her a good character among the marriageable young men of the neighbourhood. Mrs. Cameron, her stepmother, was a woman of rather less than thirty years of age, still handsome, and almost certain to marry again. She had married Jessie's father, who had since died, when Jessie was a little girl of twelve; she had no children of her own. Her beauty—though that is far too strong a word for the fact—was of a very different order from that of her step-daughter. While the latter was dark and tawny, Mrs. Cameron was fair-haired, sanguine-complexioned, and blue-eyed. But there was a black dreamy look in the blue eyes, and a heavy coarseness about the full red lips, which indicated a listless, morbid nature, tempered and heightened by an underlying sensuality. Still, in her own way, she was a busy bustling woman enough, and was respected and rather liked by her neighbours. Her blood was Scottish, though mingled with the blood of an Irishman, her grandfather. She had a sort of reputation for piety, being, like most of the people in those parts, a rigid member of the Free Kirk.

Opposite to the small cottage where these two women lived alone, stood the smithy, where the old blacksmith had laboured with his boy for years; a cheery, weather-beaten place, where cheery weather-beaten cronies met to have their daily cracks.

A change came over Jessie Cameron's monotonous life. One fine summer day the smithy was closed to the cronies, and news soon circulated through the village that old Aleck Mackay the blacksmith had given up the ghost. The affair passed over without comment save from garrulous old women. But by and by came word that a new hand was soon to handle the big hammer and blow the big bellows in Aleck's stead. John Macintyre (familiarly called Jock), a young fellow from a neighbouring village, was to be the new occupant. Jock sent a good name before him; he had the reputation of being a "weel-to-do-callan." So the lassies began to brush up their best looks, in the hope of attracting his attention some Sunday, as they tripped toward their seats in the little church.

In course of time the new hand came, and the forge again flamed from morning to night opposite Mrs. Cameron's cottage door. A fine young fellow, who stood some six feet high in his shoes, was seen toiling at the bellows, and flourishing the heavy hammer. A fair and honest Scotch face had Jock, and a strong arm, and a roguish eye; no wonder the girls began to set their caps at him. But Jessie Cameron had work to do, and found little time to gaze at the young fellow over the way. However, Jock the blacksmith was there, watching her with tender thoughts in his heart; for he was soft-hearted, and liked the girl's face passing well.

This was how they first began to fraternise,—Jessie and Jock. Hostilities (excuse the expression) began in a nod and a smile from the latter, as he took down his shutters one morning; they were continued by the former, who answered the nod and the smile. The next morning the same mode of salutation was repeated; and so on, for a fortnight or so. At the end of that time the blacksmith was on speaking terms with Jessie and her stepmother. By and by, too, the girl found a corner in her little heart vacant, and Jock was installed there secretly, and with many tender wishes.

Jock had come to the village in early summer. By autumn time—when the haymaking was over and the reapers were out—he and the girl were as thoroughly in love with each other as young man and young woman can be. Many a sweet word, endorsed with sweet kisses, had passed between them, as they wandered together under the moon and stars. This nocturnal kind of wooing is customary in Scotch villages, and a lassie can stay out love-making till the "wee short hour ayont the twal'," without losing her character. But the upshot is always expected to be a new house, a "tocher," and a wedding-ring. So Jock and Jessie were soon recognised as acknowledged sweethearts, who meant to visit the minister, and help to populate the village at no very distant date.

"Jessie," said Jock to that young woman one night, as they were about to take the parting kiss, "Jessie, I hae siller, some, and I hae gear. I'm thinking o' makin' a new house down by the auld ane—a braw new house, with hens and kye. Jessie" (and here he kissed her with a smack). "Jessie, will ye tak' me wi' a' I hae, and be my ain wee wife?"

The proposal was at the least straightforward; but young fellows who mean business do not like rigmarole. Jessie blushed to the tips of her fingers, and trembled a little; but her heart was full, and she felt very proud and happy. She clung closer to her strong young lover, hanging down her head for a moment; till, as if by a

sudden impulse, she lifted up her lips and kissed him fervently. Then she fluttered from his side with a light laugh. But Jock drew her back, as he whispered, smiling slyly :—

"Is it ay or no, Jessie ?"

Jessie blushed a double crimson, and laughed.

"Ye ken best yoursel', Jock," she said.

"Is it ay ?"

"Atweel, Jock," said Jessie, still trying to escape, "I'll speir at mither. Ye ken what that means. Gude nicht."

"Gude nicht, Jessie," quoth Jock, and he stalked off to his own home, the most coolly happy young fellow in Christendom.

That night Jessie laid a head full of busy thoughts on her quiet pillow, and cherished sweet feelings in her girl's heart. She had experienced all the yearnings peculiar to young women. She had felt the indescribable yearning most girls feel,—to pass a career of uneventful happiness, a true wife and a happy mother.

And now, the man of her heart had promised these joys to her, and her humble wishes were realized. As to her stepmother, of course she would only be too proud to hear of the engagement. Jessie would break the good news to her in the morning, and get the matter off her mind. So she slept very peaceably.

Next morning she was up and stirring with the first lark, bustling about the house, and singing

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to herself with a light heart. Thank goodness, there was plenty of work to do, otherwise I do believe her happiness would have climbed to that pinnacle which suddenly turns liquid and topples over with tears. At breakfast time, she broke the tidings after the following fashion :—

"Mither," she said, abruptly, "ye'll no' guess the gude news I hae to gie ye. It's a' settled, mither, and I'm gaun to marry Jock gin summer next !"

Had Jessie been a very acute observer, or had she been less absorbed in the contemplation of her new hopes, she would have seen Mrs. Cameron's face turn paler than usual. The woman's countenance regained its natural colour in a moment; but her lips quivered, her fingers fidgetted nervously with the table-cloth, and a fierce cat-like look darkened for a moment in her slumberous eyes. Her voice was unchanged, however, and she now spoke in the calm monotonous tones that were usual to her.

"Whatna Jock ?" inquired Mrs. Cameron, after a moment's pause.

"Wha would it be, mither, but Jock Macintyre, o' the smiddy yonder. And, mither, he's gaun to build a new house, and he's weel-to-dae, and he says he'll hae heaps o' siller ane o' these days." And Jessie laughed happily, and began to hum the words of Willie Miller's glorious song :—

Folks wha hae skill o' the bumps on the head,
Hint there's mair ways than toiling o' winning ane's
bread ;
How he'll be a rich man and hae men to work for
him,

Wi' a kyte like a bailie's, shug shugging before him ;
Wi' a face like the moon, sober sonsy, and douce,
And a back, for its breadth, like the side o' a house !

And Jessie laughed, not at all indisposed to think of her husband in such prosperous circumstances. There is always a little spice of worldly economy, on both sides, in these country marriages. As I do not think that love can be supported without porridge and milk, I regard such a state of things in a favourable light. Pastorella with a crook, and Strephon with a cracked lute, are all very well in Arcadia and in Don Quixote's imagination; but in real life, individuals so constituted for doing nothing would bring both themselves and their sheep to grief. I am sure that Jessie would have married Jock even had he been in less prosperous circumstances ; but perhaps she would not have done so with so much confident alacrity. This in passing.

Jessie hummed the lines above quoted, and ended with another laugh. But Mrs. Cameron bit her lips to keep her vexation within bounds, as she said, sharply :

"The deil's in the bairn, I'm thinking ! Awa' wi' your douce dreams, Jessie. Ye'll marry nae Jock till ye're aulder and wiser. You're owre young."

Jessie started, surprised less by the words themselves than by the unusual tone in which they were uttered. She fixed her eyes inquiringly on her stepmother, who crimsoned to the temples.

"Owre young, mither ! Ye hae said yoursel'—"

"I hae said naething o' the sort, and I'm no' gaun to gang demented and say it now."

"But, mither—"

"Dinna 'but' me, but mind what I'm telling ye. Marry Jock if you please, but dinna blame me if ye repent o't. Tak' my warning, and hae naething to dae wi' the minister till Jock's richer and you're aulder. Dinna gang the lang gait wi' him. Mind that, bairn, or ye'll repent o't. Na, na ! tell me nane o' your nonsense ; but be wiselike, and wait a wee. He's as puir as Lazarus, in spite o' a' ye hae said."

Jessie made no answer, but her heart throbbed quickly in her bosom, and her head began to swim. This outburst of her step-mother was beyond her simple comprehension. She left the house to look after the cow, trying hard to fathom the mystery. Outside the door she saw her lover, who was about to open business for the day. He nodded to her with a merry smile from the opposite side of the way, and she answered the greeting with as pleasant a look as possible. She passed round to the back of the cottage, keeping her tears down with an effort ; but when fairly out of sight she began to weep bitterly. She grew calmer by and by, as she walked on in the fresh morning ; and at last the tears ceased altogether, leaving a residuum of bitter determined thoughts.

"She's no' my ain mither, and she's gaun clean daft" (thus ran the girl's reflections). "I ken o' naething that she's done for me or mine ; and I'm no' bound to mak' mysel' miserable for her sake. What if she did marry my faither; that's nae reason that she should undae my faither's dochter. Na, na ! I'll no' lose my lad by waiting and waiting for her bidding ! Jock wants a wife, I ken, and maybe he might tak' up wi' another lass if I kept him on the wrang side. Na, na ! mither. I'm auld enough to ken my ain gait without your bidding."

As people are bound to think in the language in which they speak, I give the substance of Jessie's thoughts in the Doric familiar to her tongue. Those thoughts were not in the strict spirit of ethics, perhaps ; but they were very natural, for all that. Poor lassie ! could she have seen a very little bit into the future, she would have changed her tactics. There was a demon in that dull-eyed step-mother of hers, which time and opportunity were to develop in all its quaint proportions.

The reader has probably guessed the truth. Mrs. Cameron was still a young and good-looking woman ; and if her dull blood was moved to love anything or anybody—it was to love John Macintyre the blacksmith. She has practised all her arts on him—she had done all she could to catch his eye ; but Jock never so much as dreamed of her in the character of a wife. He noticed none of her hints and advances ; nor did Jessie. Perhaps he was blinded a little by the mere fact that she was Jessie's mother; a fact which would unconsciously be suggestive of age and undemonstrative matronhood. This indifference had the effect of making the smouldering passion flash out in bitter anger and fierce sin. The dull-eyed woman was not beaten yet ; and, if she herself could not marry him, had not the slightest intention of allowing Jessie to take her place.

When Jessie returned to the house, her face was very calm and pale, and her lips were tightly clenched. She was a Scotch girl, with a will of her own, and she had made up her mind to assert her right to the matrimonial goods she coveted. She found Mrs. Cameron quite calm and listless, as if nothing very important had occurred.

"Hae ye thought o' my words, Jessie ?" said the dull-eyed woman.

The girl faced about, and eyed the speaker with a look as calm as ice.

"Ay, woman !" she said firmly ; "I hae thocht o' your words, and they're fause and wrangfu' words : I'll hae nae mair o' them. You're no' my ain mither, and you're no' just in your clean senses. I'll marry Jock Macintyre when he says the word, whether ye will it or no'. He's the lad o' my heart ; I'll no' lose him. I hae said it, woman, and I'll stand by it tho' I dee !"

This, to say the least of it, was not respectful ; but Jessie's blood was up, and she could not mince the matter. Mrs. Cameron made a movement, as if she would have risen and struck the girl ; but she conquered the impulse and relapsed into her old self. She repeated some of her former words quite coldly ; but that was all. Thus the matter ended for the time being.

Jessie told Jock of this unaccountable whim of her step-mother ; but he made light of it. It did not interfere with their plans, though the girl felt rather uneasy at breaking the filial law, and could not quite conquer her scruples by the sophism that Mrs. Cameron was her relation only by marriage. She was determined, however. The

young lovers continued to meet as usual, and to talk of the future after lovers' fashion. The dull-eyed woman, strange to say, never alluded to the subject again. She had quarrelled with the girl, indeed, and there was some talk of parting; but it came to nothing. They continued to live together. But clouds were gathering—gathering slowly—in the dull-eyed woman's brain; the flash of the lightning was seen now and then in her still eyes; but the thunder and the rain were yet to come.

In desiring to break off or postpone the marriage, Mrs. Cameron was not influenced so much by her liking for Jock, as by a certain bad purpose which had lately got into her head, and which Jessie's marriage with Jock, or anybody else, might frustrate. She kept this purpose carefully hidden under her quiet face, until necessity compelled her to execute it. For some months past (the better to ensure the success of her scheme) she had never once ventured out to the church, but had pleaded indisposition. The minister dropped in now and then to chat with and console her, for she was one of his most pious parishioners. She did very little of the household work, but sat most of the day in the big armchair, with her dull blue eyes fixed on the fire, hiding the projected sin. She was the better enabled to indulge herself, because her husband had left her a few pounds at his death.

The months rolled on; winter passed with his snows and gales, and was followed by the fair winds and soft rains of early spring. Jessie and Jock met once, sometimes twice a week—always by night—when the daily toil was over. But every evening that Jessie stole out from the little cottage, the dull-eyed woman threw a shawl over her head and followed, turning off in another direction when outside the door. Generally on her return home, her step-mother was fast asleep in bed; sometimes she sat in the arm-chair peevishly chiding the girl for staying out of doors so late.

One night Jessie stole out later than usual to meet her lover. The night was dark and warm, and the two young people strolled along the highway for more than a mile. Jock's arm was round Jessie's waist, and he was whispering soft words to her as they walked along. There were no stars out, and the moon was hid; light vapoury clouds were sailing swiftly across the sky, squadroned by a silent wind. The lovers could just see each other's faces.

They were turning round a curve of the highway when they passed a woman and a man, the latter, who wore a gamekeeper's coat, far gone in liquor. The woman's face was hid in an old shawl; she shrank back into the darkness with a frightened air as the lovers walked by. The man staggered forward with an oath, and caught hold of Jessie's arm with a rough grasp. Jock, when he had knocked the offender down, recognised him as the gamekeeper of a neighbouring landowner, Sir Hugh Mucklewraith. The lovers passed on amid a volley of coarse abuse from the fallen man. Jessie felt the least bit frightened; but strong Jock soon reassured her, and they were again absorbed in the old sweet theme.

On the following morning Mrs. Cameron's face wore a strange scared look. The dull-eyed woman spoke in her usual tone; but her voice trembled a little, and her blue eyes flinched as they met those of her step-daughter.

"You were out lang last nicht, my lassie?" she said, with a queer smile.

"Ay, mither," said Jessie, calmly enough. But the girl felt weary and said no more. After a short pause Mrs. Cameron spoke again.

"Jessie, I maun gang awa' Edinbro' ways the morn's morn,—to the wee bit village whaur my sister Jean stays wi' her gudeman. It's twal mile and a bittock frae here, and I maun e'en tak' the Edinbro' coach. I'll maybe be awa' ae week and aiblins twa. Ye'll hae to keep the house by yoursel' a wee."

"And what for are ye gaun awa', mither?" asked Jessie, who was a little surprised by the statement.

"I canna help it, lassie. I'm weel enough now, and I hae had word this day about Jean. (Ye dinna mind her; ye haena seen her face since ye were a wee bit thing. She's a heap aulder than me.) She's lyin' badly wi' the sma'-pox, puir woman, and I maun dae what I can to bring her roun'. It wadna look kind-like if I stayed awa'."

This coming from a person who was too ill to venture out to church or go visiting a sick neighbour rather staggered Jessie. But she was not a suspicious girl, and never for a moment doubted the truth of her step-mother's statement. She made no objection, however surprised she felt at the suddenness of the necessity.

The coach was to pass through the little village at twelve noon. Mrs. Cameron was ready by eleven. A large basketful of "sweet bits" for the invalid was slung on her arm. It happened that the basket had no cover; and, as the dull-eyed woman did not want everybody to pry into its contents, she was obliged to keep her large shawl flung well forward over it. There were sharper eyes than poor inexperienced Jessie's in that cannie village. The traveller left Jessie busy in the house, and betook herself (ostensibly) to the cross in the centre of the village, where the coach stopped for two minutes on its onward journey. She would not listen to Jessie, who proposed to carry her basket to the place of starting.

A week passed by and Mrs. Cameron did not return. The lovers met only once that week, for Jessie was more than usually busy. Jock was busy too. He toiled at the big bellows all day long: thinking, no doubt, of the dark-eyed lassie on the other side of the way.

Nine days had passed since Mrs. Cameron left home. It was a dark windy night; but Jessie lay fast asleep in the little cottage, dreaming of Jock. The day's work had been hard. She slept heavily, as only hard-working people sleep. Had her sleep been lighter at the dead hour of the night, when the wind was whistling loudly outside, and darkness lay over the valley like a pall, had her sleep been lighter that noisy night, this true story would never have been written.

There were two rooms in the cottage; in the inner of the two slept Jessie, with the door bolted. The other was the kitchen, in the corner of which was an empty bed. The outer door of

all was secured simply by the latch of the lock, and this could only be opened by the proper or a false key. But they had no fear of midnight intruders in those parts. There was nothing in the poor peasants' cottages of sufficient value to tempt a thief.

At the dead hour of the night, when all was still and calm, the cottage-door was unlocked without a sound, and a dark figure stole in on tiptoe, pausing now and then to listen. The inner door was firmly shut. All seemed safe; the girl was fast asleep. The wind whistled without incessantly. The figure groped its way silently to the kitchen-bed. Then it drew from its bosom something which looked like a large white bundle, and laid it on the bed with a noiseless hand. Jessie slept on, unconscious of this strange visitor. A moment afterwards the dark figure again glided over the threshold, closed the door stealthily behind it, and stood alone in the dark street. Here it paused for a moment, muttering to itself; then it fled hastily through the darkness. It rushed swiftly onward, never once pausing, till it halted by the side of a dark wood, situated some five or six miles from the village. It stood still for a minute, trembling from head to foot. Presently it stepped over the low stone wall and entered the plantation, wandering along through the trees till it left them in a black shadow at its back. It stood beside a quiet cottage at the further corner of the wood; and, tapping at the dark pane, it trembled worse than ever. The door was opened a moment afterwards by a rough-looking man in a gamekeeper's coat.

"The Lord be thankit, Rab, for it's a' owre now. I hae dune it, Rab,—I hae dune it. She slept like a peerie, wi' her door fast snibbit."

The man in the gamekeeper's coat, familiarly addressed as Rab, cocked his eye at the speaker, gave a grunt, and shrugged his shoulders.

"It's no' a canny nicht's work," said Rab; "I dinna feel sae sure about it. I wadna hae helpit ye ava in the matter, wi' nae ither raeson than the ane. It's hard on the lassie; but it'll tak' the gumption out o' the lad. Dinna glower there, woman! Come in wi' ye; I'm no' gaun to stand here a' nicht. It's dune now, and I maun e'en mak' the best o't."

The woman entered and the door closed with a bang. The cottage, like most others thereabouts, contained a kitchen and a bed-room. A fire was lighted in the former, and on the table were glasses and a bottle containing whiskey. On one part of the dirty wall a shot-pouch and a powder-flask were hung on a rusty nail; a gun was slung across the ingle. The woman, still violently trembling, drew close to the fire; pouring out half a glass of raw spirits, she drank it hastily. The man continued to mutter to himself, cursing the night's business and eyeing the woman with a hang-dog air. But he seemed somewhat afraid of his companion.

"Hoot-toot, man!" said the woman pettishly. "Dinna fash your fule's head about naething ava. It's a bad job weel mendit. I ken the lassie weel; a's safe. She'll bring the town about her head the morn's morn, or I'm dafter than ye think me. And whatna story can she tell the folk but ane that a'body 'll ca' a silly lee, made up to save hersel' frae the shame o' the sin. A's safe, man; keep up heart."

Rab shook his ugly head incredulously, and continued to mutter his doubts. The wind roared, and the night wore on, till the grey dawn broke dimly on the strange pair where they sat alone, hid from human observation. The hearts of both were beating loudly, for the woman was weak and the man was a coward. They were trembling for the consequences of the midnight act.

"She'll hae seen it now, Rab; she'll be wakened now! I'm feared, I'm feared!"

"Onybody micht see that in your face, I'm thinkin'. I was daft to hae aught to dae wi 't," said the man in the gamekeeper's coat.

"Ye were bound to stand by your ain, Rab Simpson; the wrang belanged to baith o' us."

"Worse luck," said Rab.

"Ay!" said the woman, in tones full of bitter meaning. A cat-like look, full of fierce hate, gleamed for an instant in a pair of dull blue eyes.

CHAPTER II.

The dull grey dawn was breaking dimly when Jessie Cameron opened her eyes. She had slept heavily throughout the night, and her slumbers had been visited by pleasant dreams of Jock and little children. She was soon up and dressed, ready to commence the day's work. She threw open the shutters of her bed-room and gazed out; the rain was falling with a dull monotonous music, and the winds that had whistled all night long were laid. Unlocking the door of the room, she entered the kitchen, singing to herself with a light heart. All was still and dark, till she threw open the kitchen shutters. She was about to open the outer door, when a low sobbing sound broke suddenly on the silence; she started and turned pale. She turned hurriedly round, but saw nothing unusual. But the low sobbing sound, which had ceased for an instant as she listened, was repeated.

Jesse walked towards the bed trembling all over. The mystery was cleared in a moment. Wrapt in an old shawl, and lying half-awake on the pillow, she saw a little baby, very pinky in the face, and with open querulous eyes.

She was stunned with the surprise; her head swam, and her heart began to throb violently. But she was a strong girl, and did not faint. She stood with her mouth and eyes wide open, and her hands lifted, utterly lost in astonishment. She had no time to reflect; but the thing was incomprehensible. Pressing her hands to her temples, she sank into a chair with a suppressed cry. It seemed like a strange dream. Might it not be a dream indeed? To make the matter certain, she rose up and peeped again at the intruder.

It was the smallest and the pinkest of babies; a preposterously babyish baby, with puffed pinky cheeks, and a head as bare as St. Dunstan's shaven poll. Its great staring blue eyes were wide open, busy in astonished contemplation; its red crimpled tiny fist was in its mouth instead of a lollipop; its little fat toes were poked out kicking from underneath the shawl. Plainly, a careless baby, new to the world of men and women.

It was not till the baby began to cry after babies' fashion, that Jessie began to comprehend

the consequences of its presence in that house. Who would believe her incredible story? Certainly not those incredulous canny queer folk of which a Lowland Scotch village is composed. The purpose of the wretched mother seemed evident; she had sinned the woman's sin, and was attempting to throw the shame on innocent shoulders. What could poor frightened Jessie plead to save herself in her great dilemma? Nothing satisfactory. Sins of that sort had often been cleverly concealed until the appearance of the new-born accuser. No one would believe her. Heaven seemed against her. She was lost.

By a sudden affrighted impulse she had lifted up the child, and was lulling it on her bosom as these thoughts passed through her brain. Every sound startled her as she did so. What if some of the neighbours should hear the cries? She walked up and down the house, trembling all over, holding the baby in her arms. It was soon quieted; the great staring blue eyes resumed their composure, and the sucking operation was resumed. The pale morning light fell upon the girl's pale frightened face, blinding her; she closed the shutters. She felt as if she would go mad if the tears did not come to relieve her; but they came not—they were scorched up by her great fear.

The woman in the gamekeeper's cottage was wrong. Jessie never attempted to alarm the neighbours. Her clear Scotch head detected the whole danger of her situation at once. A medical man might have cleared her, had she thought of that alternative; but there was no doctor in that neighbourhood. The simple fact of the imputation staggered her. But it would have been better far had she alarmed the neighbours; by her secrecy she only laid herself open to more suspicion.

A fierce black element of her nature—an element which lies ready in most natures, but is not always developed by circumstances—was uppermost in her bosom once or twice. She thought of her lover and the slanderous tongues of the villagers. A mad impulse to make away with the child seized upon her; her face darkened, her fingers twitched, and only a strong effort prevented her from strangling the child as it lay, so quietly, in her arms.

Then the womanly instinct arose in her, and conquered all other feelings. She understood the pleading of the little wide eyes, the small pinky face, beaming so innocently with the new life that sinners had given it. Her heart softened. The first scalding tears fell over her cheek; the full fresh torrent burst out, and she wept like a child. The small baby fell asleep. She placed it in bed, tucking it up as tenderly as if it had been her own. Then it was tears, tears, tears.

But the tears exhausted themselves in time; the girl became pale and calm. Her brain was again busy with the strange mystery. She moved to the door; there were no marks of violence; it must have been opened, if opened at all, by a false key. She tried the window next, but found nothing to determine her suspicions; it was firmly shut and bolted, and nobody could have opened it without first breaking the pane. Yes! there was only one clue to the mystery. Somebody must have possessed a latch-key fitting the outer door, and have used it for the purpose of entering during the night. But somehow or other, Jessie did not feel quite satisfied with this solution of the riddle.

Oh! that her stepmother were there to advise her! Even that woman, she thought, would help to relieve her great fear. What was to be done?

The time rolled on. The village was astir; there was a sound of feet and voices. But still Jessie Cameron sat in the little cottage, her head hidden in her hands and her heart quivering through all its pulses. There was no fire in the grate, the shutters were closed, and the place was dark and cold.

Hark! the baby began to cry again! She sprang to her feet, lifted the child from the bed; but in vain. Luckily it struck her that the little thing might want food. There was milk on the dresser; she took it down and broke bread into it. With trembling hands, she began to feed the child.

The morning was wearing on. Jock supped his porridge, put on his coat, and made his way to the smithy. He paused opposite the cottage, but there was nobody visible. Whistling a tune, he took down his shutters. He turned round to look over the way again. The door of the cottage was closed, and the shutters were up. Queer, thought Jock. He entered the smithy and commenced work. No use; he found himself shaking his head, looking over the way, and wondering.

"Can onything hae gane wrang wi' the lassie?" said Jock to himself.

The bare thought of such a thing was painful. He threw down his tools and stood hesitating.

"I maun e'en gang ower and see if a's richt wi' her," he said.

He walked across the street and paused outside the cottage door. A low sobbing sound fell on his ears as he did so. He trembled in spite of himself. He knocked softly. No answer. Strange, he thought. He tried the door quietly, and found it unlocked. He pushed it open and looked in. There was a loud startled cry inside. His eyes fell upon Jessie Cameron, with the baby on her lap.

His heart leaped up into his mouth. The terrible thought which Jessie dreaded flashed upon him. Jessie could not speak; her tongue refused its office. The man walked over with a fierce look, and placed a firm hand on her shoulders.

"Wha's wean hae ye there, Jessie Cameron?" he said, between his set teeth. But the girl made no answer; she sat with a dull, stupid look, white as snow.

"Wha's wean hae ye there, I'm askin' ye?" he repeated, savagely.

Then, sobbing as if her heart would break, Jessse fell at his feet, with the child in her arms. His suspicions were confirmed by her pale haggard look, and her frightened gestures. She told him the story at last, with hurried words and beseeching looks; the hot true tears fell on the child's face as she spoke. But he broke out into oaths and bitter curses. Anger at the silly audacity of her falsehood was mingled with anger at her sin. How he would be laughed and pointed at! He felt no pity. His love, which had never been of the most sublimated or unselfish kind, was insulted and wronged. His coarse abuse was horrible to

hear. He called her by the foulest of woman's names, and almost struck her. Then it was that her tears ceased. Her blood began to rise; her eyes lost their look of mild reproach, and kindled into rage. She rose up, with the child in her arms, flushed with passion. She pointed to the door, talking thickly. She placed the baby on the bed, and cried:

"Out o' this house, man!—and God forgie ye for your fause leein' names. Awa', I say, ye coward! Ye fause-hearted, puir-spirited coward! Awa wi' ye!"

He retreated unconsciously, before her dark flushing face.

"Shame on ye for a sinner, Jessie Cameron!" he cried fiercely, as he crossed the threshold. She closed the door after him. The place swam round her—dark blots floated before her eyes—and she fell on the floor heavily, with a hysterical sob. The excitement had been too much for her.

There she lay, a thing piteous to see, with only half her senses about her, the most innocent of human beings. The hours passed on; but there she lay, oblivious to all save her own misfortune. The baby fell asleep, and lay quiet as a lamb.

If the reader has followed me thus far, he will have detected the stupid clumsiness of the scheme adopted by the mother of the infant. I have already observed that a medical man could soon have cast new light upon the affair by exonerating Jessie. So, for that matter, could any matron in the village. The perpetrator of the villany had never thought of this. Obviously, she was a silly, ignorant woman, driven to despair through her dread of public exposure, and had thoughtlessly hazarded the dangerous expedient. It was certain that the truth—or the part of it which related to the innocent girl—must come out sooner or later. The scheme was rotten in itself, and would not stand the test of severe examination.

Jessie never dreamed of these hopes; she was overcome by the sense of danger. Jock was still blinder. He had not been bred up among perfect people; sins of the kind were common enough in most country places. He was of the Scotch breed, Scotchy, and did not take all externals for granted. Besides, Jessie's face, pretty as it was, had not driven him crazy: he was fully aware that his sweetheart might have her little weaknesses—and her great ones. When he thought of a wife he acted like a man buying a cheese, in a cheese shop where the cheeses are many; he took the best and most profitable he could set eyes on. So he condescended to vulgar abuse, got into a violent passion, and, not having paid for it, thought fit to return his cheese as hard and hollow. Mind, I am not making a hero; I am simply describing a man. He neither tore his hair, nor went up in a balloon. He simply felt that he was an ill-used fellow, and that Jessie deserved all the odium that might be cast upon her. He never for a moment doubted her guilt; the circumstantial evidence fairly conquered his country head. He set to work, a little down-hearted, and made up his mind to a bad job. I am of course aware that he ought to have gone into heroics, and that my romantic reader will deem him a poor apology for a lover. Take him for what he is worth. There he is; and I assure you that you will meet with many like him in every Scotch village.

Jessie Cameron lay where she had fallen, with her head on the hearthstone. The hours passed slowly by, till it was mid-day. She rose at last, and walked instinctively to the bedside. Somehow or other, the child slept on, belying the childish nature. She bent over the little sleeper with the tears in her eyes.

"Puir wee thing," she said, sadly, "ye hae fa'un on a sad warl. Oh, but ye're bonnie, bonnie, wi' your wee blue een and snaw-white brow! Ye come o' a bad lot, my wee bit bairn; the Lord hae pity on ye."

The girl started: there was a knock at the door. She made no answer, and stood stock-still, fear-stricken. There was a slight pause. A moment afterwards the lock moved, the door opened, and Mrs. Cameron entered, the big basket on her arm and the latch-key, which she had seemingly taken with her, in her hand. Plainly, she had not calculated on finding her step-daughter within. She started back with a low cry. The dull-eyed woman was thinner and paler than usual. She had the appearance of a person who had just recovered from a violent illness.

Jessie was about to rush forward, and pour the whole strange story into her stepmother's ears, when the latch-key caught her eye. I don't know how it happened, but she restrained herself in the sudden movement. A thought struck her, as new as it was fearful and extraordinary. She looked into the dull-eyed woman's face; it was white with terror. The thought doubled and trebled itself in a moment; it became a terrible conviction. Some few suspicious recollections arose to endorse it. She ran quickly into the inner room. Strange to say, Mrs. Cameron seemed utterly stunned. Once or twice her lips attempted to utter words of anger and abuse; but the words died away unheard. The girl's face seemed to appal and startle her. A cold sweat ran over her body. She was speechless and unable to move from the threshold.

Jessie returned to the kitchen in a moment, with her bonnet and shawl thrown loosely on. Her face was very pale, her lips were set closely together, and her hands were tightly clenched. But utter pity, not cruelty, was in her heart. As she walked calmly by the panic-stricken woman, she whispered hotly in her ears:

"If God forgies ye for the wrang ye hae wrought, woman, sae dae I. For the sake o' the faither that's gane, I forgie ye. I wadna tell on ye, and folk would ca' me leear if I did. Nae words o' mine shall say wha sinned the sin, and cam' to my dead faither's house i' the nicht, to wrang my faither's dochter. But look whaur it sleeps, the wee wean! Ye maun keep your ain!" She passed swiftly through the door into the street. The dull-eyed woman followed, and watched her till she disappeared. She had taken to one of the roads which led out of the village.

Mrs. Cameron was reassured by those last words—the only absolutely heroic words simple Jessie Cameron ever spoke. Her dull eyes brightened. She found herself strong enough to run

among the neighbours, weeping maudlin tears and crying shame on her stepdaughter's head. If talking is a proof of grief, she was very grieved indeed. The news of the affair soon spread over the village, and poor Mrs. Cameron was much sympathised with and pitied. One circumstance gave her the look of a martyr. The child was not to be blamed, she asseverated weeping; no. Her cruel, heartless daughter had left it behind her; but no matter. She herself would be a mother to it. You must imagine how the women praised this soft-hearted angel, who took so tenderly to the little innocent child.

I have little more to tell, and I will not exhaust my reader's patience in telling it. The whole truth came out in good time. A year and some months after Jessie's departure, the cholera passed over the village. Mrs. Cameron was one of its many victims. Before her death, this woman told the whole story to the minister, who lost no time in communicating it to Jock. The baby was her own; it had been born three days after her departure on a pretended visit to her sister. The place of its birth was the cottage of its father, Rab Simpson, a dissolute rascal who lived alone, and who reluctantly consented to receive the frightened mother. She asserted most positively that the crime had not been premeditated; it was suddenly suggested by her dread of shame and ignominy. On her departure from home, she had found the key among the loose things in her pocket, and the fact of its being in her possession had induced her to make the midnight visit. She had quieted the babe with laudanum before leaving it in the cottage. The minister sought for Simpson, who could have established the truth of this statement, but he had gone off (in a drunken fit) to the colonies.

Jock felt terribly down-hearted after this. For two or three months he tried in vain to find out his quondam sweetheart. He ascertained that, immediately on her departure from home, she had gone to a small town about thirty miles distant. There she had taken a farmer's fee, under an assumed name, and had become a farm-servant. He tracked her from this place to Edinburgh, and thence to Glasgow, where he found her, on the point of emigrating to Australia. He repeated the old offer of marriage. But Jessie shook her head. She could never forget his cruel words, she said. The old love was gone; it was never a deep, all-absorbing love, and now it was all gone. She was deaf to his entreaties.

When Jessie Cameron sailed for Australia, the baby went with her; she adopted it then and there, as the only one of its relations who was willing to do so. She went out as a widow. What became of her and the child afterwards, goodness knows. I should like to chronicle some piece of unusual prosperity: but it is impossible. I have told all I know about the matter. B.

THE BASHKIRS.

The Russian provinces bordering on the Gulf of Finland and the Baltic Sea were, during the last war, in consequence of the drain of troops to the south, partially garrisoned by the Bashkirs, who constitute a specific portion of the Russian army, under the name of the Bashkir force, being divided into cohorts, each of which is commanded by a separate leader, who is always a native Bashkir. During the French invasion and retreat under the First Napoleon the Bashkirs were much more generally armed with bows and arrows instead of muskets than they are at the present day, and from this circumstance they obtained from their invaders the nickname of "Les Amours du Nord."

The settlements of the Bashkirs are confined to the provinces or governments of Perm and Orenburgh, and their central point, or chief town, is Oufa, which was founded for the express purpose of their government. The Bashkirs submitted themselves voluntarily to the dominion of Russia, in the sixteenth century, shortly after the conquest of the kingdom of Kazan by Ivan the Terrible.

The Bashkirs are all Mahometans; but, from a difference in their mode of life, they may be divided into the stationary and the partially nomadic. The first, being almost entirely occupied with agriculture, reside in villages composed of strongly-built houses; the latter also possess houses, but they are of a slighter construction, and during the two summer months of June and July the Bashkirs abandon them, to wander round about their neighbourhood, for the sake of pasture, as the rearing and feeding of cattle form the exclusive sources of their wealth. During this season they dwell in kibitkas, or koshys, which are portable dwellings, with roofs in the form of a hemisphere, and containing within a good-sized room with a vaulted ceiling. The size of the kibitka varies according to the wants or means of the possessors, but one of medium dimension will measure about six yards in diameter, and it is constructed of five or six frames of trellis-work, which being fastened together by animal sinews or leathern straps constitute its walls. An open space is left between two of these trellis-frames, into which is fitted a wooden doorway to receive a door either of one or two wings. Over and upon the walls is placed the dome, or cupola, consisting of a stout hoop, from which spring a number of shafts all curving inwards and meeting together in the centre of the kibitka. The straight ends of the shafts or poles, projecting below the hoop, are bound to the trellis-frames by thongs or cords. The whole edifice is then covered with long strips of felt, which, among the most wealthy, is of a pure white, but of a grey colour among the poorer people. And, finally, the felt covering is secured by being bound round with hair-bands plaited from the manes and tails of horses, which are cropped for the purpose till they complete the third year of their age. In violent windy weather the kibitka is secured by ropes to several stakes driven into the ground around it.

Within the kibitka the walls are hung round with either cotton or woollen stuffs, and a curtain stretched across, beginning from the door, divides the internal space into two compartments of unequal size, the larger being occupied by the men, and the smaller by the women; but on special occasions of festivity this curtain is removed to

afford more room to the invited guests. The furniture within the kibitkas is almost alike in them all. Against the wall is placed the bedstead, with a bed not over luxurious, but covered with a cotton counterpane. Around the sides are arranged the tubs, chests, benches, the tea-urn with its appurtenances, the pails, the toorzooks (or skins to contain koumuyce), kettles, and other domestic utensils. The gaudiest adornment of the kibitkas consists of the vivid-coloured habiliments, both for male and female use, which are displayed upon slender rods; to these may be added their arms, their horse-trappings, and various implements for the chase; and, lastly, the carpets laid over the benches and chests, and even also on the ground over a protecting layer of felt.

The stationary Bashkirs pay a tribute in money to the imperial treasury, but the half-nomadic tribes discharge their dues by personal service, constituting the Bashkir force.

The favourite beverage of the Bashkirs is koumuyce, a liquor readily prepared from mare's milk by bringing it into a state of fermentation, which is allowed to continue till it reaches the acetous stage, when it becomes fit for use. It is made by adding an indefinite quantity of fresh, unskimmed mare's milk to some old koumuyce, and the compound, being well stirred, is placed in some warm situation in the dwelling-place, where the fermentation is soon propagated by the older portion of the mixture through the new milk till the whole is converted into normal koumuyce. In default of old koumuyce common cow's milk made sour may be used instead for a commencement; but, in all cases, the process is accelerated by warmth and agitation. Koumuyce is white like milk, and has a subacid taste; but this depends upon its age, which increases its acidity. It is sometimes, for economy, diluted with water, a moderate admixture of which assists the fermentation, improves the flavour, and renders it more intoxicating. Pure koumuyce effervesces like champagne, and, if shaken before it is poured out, it hisses, froths, and even expels the cork. The liquor sometimes has the flavour of bitter almonds, which proceeds from the nature of the grass pastured on by the animal, and this kind of koumuyce is highly prized by the connoisseurs. The koumuyce is kept in leathern bottles, called toorzooks, made from the skin of a horse's hind quarter, taken off entire. The hair is singed off and the skin smoked. To the broader part is sewed a bottom, while the narrower, cut off at the knee, forms the neck of the vessel, which is stopped up with sedge or rushes. This forms a toorzook, which, standing on its bottom, has the appearance of a ham—being, in fact, the ham of a horse. Koumuyce, though inebriating, yet, even when taken in large quantities, occasions no inconvenience to the stomach. The Bashkirs drink enormous quantities with impunity. On holidays, when visiting each other, they sit for whole days drinking koumuyce, till they become so paralysed as to be unable to close their fingers into a fist, and yet recover, feeling no bad effects to remain. Copious draughts of it have even a strengthening effect, and are employed in certain diseases.

SOME NOTES ON THE TOBACCO COLLEGE OF KING FREDERICK WILLIAM THE FIRST OF PRUSSIA.

Republican equality, though questionable in practice, seems to be an innate feeling of the mind, and inseparable from at least social amusement and rational intercourse. Not even despots can find pleasure in society without divesting themselves at such moments of their usual arbitrary will and authority, which necessarily exclude free conversation and exchange of thoughts. The necessity for such a free intercourse was so intensely felt by the above-mentioned stern and despotic prince, that he thought fit to establish a sort of Liberal club, under the name of "Tobacco College," where he could indulge in all the free discussions on the political events of the day.

That prince used to hold a sort of a smoking conversazione every afternoon at five o'clock in his private study. The company consisted of six or eight of the generals and staff officers of his suite, as also of captains famous for their general information and conversational powers. To this party were also invited literary and scientific travellers who happened to pass through Berlin. All the guests assembled were served with pipes and tobacco. The old Prince of Dessau, who did not smoke, was obliged to hold in his mouth a cold pipe, while the Austrian ambassador, Count Seckendorf, even managed to give himself the appearance of an inveterate smoker by puffing with his lips, between which he held a cold pipe. The pipes—of which there is still a complete collection in the Museum of Arts at Berlin—were short and of common Dutch clay, and kept in simple cases of wood. Those (the cases) of the king's pipes were mounted with silver, and were besides adorned with some neat carvings. All the pipes in that collection are so oil-coloured as to indicate a long use of smoking. The tobacco, small Dutch leaves, stood in little baskets upon the table, and at the side of them small pans with ignited turf. The king showed anger if any of the guests happened to bring with him his own better tobacco. Before every guest was placed a tumbler and a white jug with beer. As no servants were in the room, the guests helped themselves to the contents. At seven, bread, butter, and cheese were served up, while ham and roast veal were sometimes placed at a side-table for those who wished to cut a slice for themselves. At other times, the king regaled his guests with a dish of fish and salad, the latter being dressed with his own hands.

Also subaltern officers, distinguished for knowledge or humorous wit, were admitted to the party. Two lieutenants especially, Gröben and Leben, were always cheerfully received, for the merry tricks they played upon the erudite Court Fool, Baron Gundling, and his witty retorts upon them. On one occasion when Leben was speaking of his estates in the sandy parts of Pomerania, Gundling asked him if he was aware that allusion is made to them in Porsten's Hymns. "No," was the reply. Gundling then recited the following verse: "What are the goods of *Life* (Leben in German) but a handful of sand," &c.

Frederick William was particularly anxious to

have in his party some men familiar with History, Geography, Political Economy, and other practical sciences, who made speeches, or dwelt on the topics of the day in a conversational way, so as to lead to debate and discussion.

French, Dutch, and German papers always lay on the table, the leaders of which supplied the company with matter for conversation. The king felt much interest in, and had even read to him aloud, all the strictures made in the papers against his government and himself; after which he used to defend himself before the company by ready wit and sensible observations.

The "Netherland Current," a Dutch paper of large circulation at that period, once informed its readers that recently a corporal of the tall Grenadier Guard had suddenly died at Potsdam, who, after dissection, was found to have had two large stomachs, but no heart. On this being read to him by one of the company, the king at once penned a note to the editor, saying, that the fact related was perfectly true, but that the deceased was a native, a Dutchman, who had enlisted in the Prussian service. By way of change, the king allowed the company to amuse themselves with a game of chess or draughts, but would not tolerate cards. He himself sometimes played backgammon with General Flauss, a blunt Pomeranian nobleman, who, on the king proposing to him one day to render the game more interesting by the stake of a groschen, flatly refused to accede to the proposal, saying: "Your majesty gets so angry on losing a game when played for love, that I expect every time to have the dice thrown at my head; what might I not expect, should your majesty happen to lose a groschen into the bargain!"

Frederick William not only allowed such free jokes to pass, but even encouraged the company to indulge in them, even at his own expense, to render the evenings free, easy, and pleasant. At a later period, when he began to suspect treason in his nearest relations and the immediate members of his suite, such as the Prince of Anhalt and other illustrious personages, the king selected for his smoking companions at Potsdam a few of the notable citizens of the place. When at Wüsterhausen, he frequently invited the schoolmaster of the small place to the smoking entertainment. The latter had by this means acquired such a high respect among his pupils, that they considered him a far superior authority to even the king himself, whom, on his once ordering the boys on their leaving the school door to sing out, "Our schoolmaster is an ass," they flatly refused to obey.

The most welcome guest in the College was Stanislaus, King of Poland, during his stay in Berlin in 1735, when he and the king used to smoke for a wager, each finishing from thirty to thirty-two pipes in the course of the evening.

The young princes usually entered the Tobacco College in the evening, to bid their father good night. On that occasion they were there drilled for half an hour by one of the officers present. When the Crown Prince (afterwards Frederic the Great) became of age, he was obliged to join the College, though he detested both smoking and the fool's tricks.

The king wished to appear in that company as a private individual, and he therefore forbade all ceremonial salutations, so that nobody took the least notice of his entrance or exit. This equality of rank was carried to such a degree, that the king sought satisfaction in a common challenge for any affront offered him by any one of the company in the course of the evening. Major Fürgas, one evening, indulged in some critical remarks on the immoral conduct of some of the favourite courtiers of the king. The latter got angry, and called him a fool. "It's only a blackguard," retorted the other, "who would dare to apply to me such an epithet," saying which, he rose and quitted the room. Frederick William then declared to the assembly that, as an honest soldier, he could not brook the insult, and that he was therefore resolved to fight the Major with swords or pistols. The company, however, strongly protested against the proceeding, and an arrangement was finally made that the duel should take place by proxy on the Royal part. Major Eisendel at once offered himself as the king's champion, and the duel was fought next day with swords, when Eisendel was slightly wounded in the arm. On presenting himself to the king, the latter thanked him, and slinging round him a musketeer's knapsack, asked him if he had any objection to march thus through the streets, if the knapsack was filled with hard thalers. Eisendel having replied in the negative, the king filled it, and giving the command, "March!" Eisendel walked home, well satisfied with the adventure. M.

WHAT IS COAL?

ONE of the most widely disputed questions of the present day, yet one on which there are perhaps more points of agreement than on almost any other, is that which has lately been so ardently contested—*What is coal?* It might appear, at first sight, that there could be no difficulty in answering this question, for who is there who does not suppose that he knows coal when he sees it? "Where ignorance is bliss, 'twere folly to be wise," and but for a want of agreement among philosophers, we might have been content to believe that coal is coal.

In the year 1853, a remarkable trial took place in Edinburgh, which it might have been expected would have set at rest the question—what is coal? Not so; for although the trial lasted for six days, it opened wider than ever the portals of difference, and led to a succession of law-suits, each more involved than the last, and each bringing into the arena more numerous disputants and less prospect of agreement.

In the county of Linlithgow, and within a few miles of Edinburgh, there is a property of ancient tenure, celebrated for its coal and mineral formations, called Tarbanehill, and, in the year 1850, the owner of this property entered into a lease with certain coalmasters in the neighbourhood, in which it was conditioned that such lease was to comprehend the whole of the coal, ironstone, iron ore, limestone, and fire-clay therein found, but was not to include copper or any other minerals than those specified; and the tenants were to be allowed the first year of the lease without the

payment of fixed rent, in order to enable them to make a search for other minerals besides those to which they were entitled by the terms of the lease, with a view to working them, if discovered, on other terms. Time wore on; and in 1852, two years from the date of the lease, circumstances came to the knowledge of the proprietor, from which he gathered that the lessees were turning out a valuable substance, not comprehended by the terms of the lease, neither coal nor any of the other minerals therein specified; and after satisfying himself upon the point, the owner of the property intimated to the tenants that the working of this substance must cease, while the tenants, taking a different view, maintained that they were working a gas-coal, to which they were entitled by the terms of the agreement.

Thus a controversy arose, and in order to aim at a decision of the question, an action was brought by the proprietor of the lands at Tarbanehill against the tenants, who were said to have infringed the terms of the lease by carrying away a substance that was not coal, but some other valuable mineral.

With a view to obtaining a conclusion which should be based on scientific data, Europe was searched for men of mark in the scientific world. Men who had arrived at the highest eminence in natural philosophy—men who had devoted themselves to the study of physical science—men who had made geology their leading study—men whose attention to microscopic botany peculiarly fitted them for forming an opinion—men who arrived at their conclusions by means of the study of mineralogy and chemistry — and, lastly, men who had passed their whole time in mines or mining pursuits were summoned to declare their views upon this vexed question.

Yet was it in no degree set at rest. After six days of debate, the philosophers, the geologists, the microscopists, the histologists, the mineralogists, the chemists, the miners, and the managers have, on the one side, such strong testimony that the substance was *not* coal, that the matter would have seemed clouded by no doubt, had not a similar array of evidence on the other side unhesitatingly brought arguments to show that it *was* coal, thus rendering arbitration on the subject more difficult and more remote than ever.

In order to understand how such contradictory arguments could be adduced on this celebrated trial, we must endeavour to have a general conception of what is intended by the term coal.

Looking back to that remote and indefined period "dateless as eternity," and described by Coleridge as a state rather than a time, we recede into those extinct creations of a strange order, which constitute the penetralia of the carboniferous forest, and enter the period of the gigantic and magnificent flora of the coal measures. There, in that ancient scenery, with its amazing development of vegetation, unique in the history of creation, forms arose amid the steaming vapours of the time in rich and luxuriant grandeur. Amongst forests of arboraceous ferns, tall as trees, sprung up huge club masses, thicker than the body of a man; and thickets of Equisetaceæ or horse-tail, of prodigious growth, covered the marshes. There flourished the Vlodendron with its strips of cones adorning in vertical rows its carved trunks, its stems covered with leaf-like carvings, passing in elegance the minutest tracery of which *we* have any conception. There grew the Sigillaria, remarkable for their beautifully sculptured and tattooed stems, varying in pattern according to their species, and longitudinally lined with rows of leaves bristling from the stems and larger boughs, while their roots or stigmaria were fretted over and ornamented with eyelet holes curiously connected by delicately waved lines. There also gigantic Cacti, of intertropical growth, varied the landscape, and there too were Palms and Canes. Last and not least were the true forest trees of that era—the Pines and the noble Araucarians, the latter attaining a height of a hundred and fifty feet—three times that of our own forest trees. All these were loaded with cones; on all, cones were the only productions corresponding to fruit —fruit unfit and vegetation unadapted for food; and as in that age there were no herbivorous animals, there needed no provision in these primeval forests for such a race.

Yet the period of this flora was not less remarkable for its fauna; but it was an age of creeping things. There were reptiles and reptile fishes, which attained an enormous size, with defensive weapons of amazing strength, and some of them covered with enamelled scales of exquisite polish; there were sharks armed with razor-like teeth, with spines and with barbed stings; there were dragon-flies, snouted beetles and scorpions.

But—*what is coal?*

On the spot where the vast vegetation of the inconceivably remote carboniferous era flourished and decayed, we now find our beds of coal; to a depth of 10,000 feet, or nearly two miles, the coal beds or coal measures are in some places found to penetrate. Alternate seams of coal, of shale, of ironstone, of clay, and of rock, succeed each other through this great depth, in layers varying in thickness from a few inches to as many feet. For countless ages forests had their allotted growth, then a sudden submergence took place, and as the sea rushed in, a new feature in the landscape presented itself. On the then entombed vegetation, ridges of coral arose, forests of encrinites overlaid the forests of conifers, and produced in their turn beds of limestone, which again, deserted by the sea in its appointed time, afforded soil enough for trees whose rootlets required but little nourishment, and which flourished upon this new platform. These were again submerged when the sea rushed in, and corals and encrinites again set to work. How often these vast operations succeeded each other, and during what prolonged periods, there is no means of judging, except from the extended time which such growths must require. The world was old even then, and long anterior to these changes, unreckoned ages had gone by, producing formations of earlier date and longer process.

Thus we are brought to the close of the era denominated carboniferous—a period of gigantic vegetable growth, a period of ferns and conifers, a period of reptiles and fishes, a period having, like

that of all organic existences, recorded and unrecorded, a beginning and an end; a beginning how remote! an end—how distant! Myriads of ages must have elapsed ere these vestiges of creation could have formed—by their own successive growth, by their subsequent mergence, by the formation above them of beds of coral, beds of limestone, and beds of shale, and again by a later and fresher vegetation—that solid and enduring mass of fuel, which yet may last for ages to come. That our coal was formed from these vast accessions of cryptogams, conifers, and sigillaria, is now beyond a doubt; for intertwined and interlaced with the fabric of the coal we find the plants themselves, crushed and altered it is true, but still retaining a part of their form and beauty. It is a matter of history, recorded by the botanist, microscope in hand, that in some coal all is vegetable structure; and though it is beyond human power to effect the transition from vegetable to coal, yet is it not difficult to comprehend the change which has taken place.

What is coal in its general signification composed of? Carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and a small proportion of saline ingredients. What is a piece of wood, or a pine, or a fern composed of? Carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, with water, and a small proportion of saline ingredients.

Thus, the transition from vegetable to coal appears to consist principally in the loss, in the former, of the water or juices which constitute the sap of the plant, and which when no longer living it requires no more. Borne down by the flood, buried under the coral reef, it slumbers through ages and ages under the continually increasing pressure, till its juices being exhausted, its membranes are united in one solid mass, and the gradual process of eremacausis has connected foliage, trunk, and roots, into one homogeneous body, undistinguishable to an ordinary observer from its brother shale, found both above and beneath it in the mine. The point at issue between the scientific arbiters of this question raises our interest and excites our curiosity to know more upon a subject so fraught with mysterious grandeur; and when the distinction between our shales and coals, and other formations of the carboniferous era are more clearly defined, there will still be eager inquiries with each succeeding generation: *What is coal?*

ONLY A PENNY.

WHEN a wag won his bet that he would cry a trayful of sovereigns on London Bridge, and not sell one, the price he fixed was a penny. "Only a penny, ladies and gentlemen! real sovereigns, full weight! buy, buy! only a penny!" Had he offered them for twopence, he would have sold the lot. Depend upon it, he gained his wager not only because the proposal seemed at first ludicrous, not to say improbable, but because the price he asked was so familiar that it did not arrest attention. Certainly those vagabond merchants who take the penny as the unit of our coinage live somehow; but who ever saw them complete a bargain? There is a man near the corner of Great Portland Street, Oxford Street, who offers little Jacks-in-the-box, which jump out with a spring and squeak, at only a penny. I have passed him, I may say without any exaggeration, hundreds of times; he is always nipping the spring of the box-toy, and starting the little image, then shutting him down again, and thus giving him an intermittent view of society throughout the day; but I never saw him sell one. His cry is very melancholy and monotonous, as if he were sentenced to the work. Children sometimes put a drag on their nurses or mammas as they pass, and point imploringly at the temptation; but the merchant never meets their efforts with a step forward, a responsive gesture, or a change of tone. "O-o-o-nly a penny!" then a squeak from the toy; but, I repeat, I never saw him sell one, though I always look to see. I wonder how the people in the shop opposite to which he plants himself can bear the sound of his trade. The man who blows a whistle in a little cup of water, thereby making general imitations of a singing-bird, might not be so wearisome—he is no worse than a canary—moreover, he is a pleasanter-looking party to deal with, glances cheerily at the public over his little tin mug, and occasionally exchanges the exhibition of his instrument for verbal persuasion.

It is curious to see the interest taken in those dealers who propose wonderful scouring-drops, and exemplify their quality on the collar of some promiscuous boy, who puts on while the operation proceeds just that uncertain face which might precede an electric shock. A little spot is cleansed in the collar—a little clear space like that which the skating-club sweep in the snow—the experiment succeeds unequivocally; the effect is, as was previously assured, instantaneous; but no one buys; not that no one need—it would take a bucket of the magic mixture to scour the group—but they disperse, gratified and dirty. What an apt emblem we have here of the reception which much excellent advice meets with. An offender is exhibited, theoretically, and the panacea is applied; what was foul becomes fair under the wonder-working tongue of the performer. Will no one possess himself of the corrective? Not he; he sees the rascal cleansed, and departs.

There is one article sold cheap in the streets in which I could never bring myself to believe the public can be suddenly interested, or feel a noon-day want for. I mean sponge. The seller here does not exhibit the detersive quality of his wares like the magic drop merchant, but he carries as many as possible in his hand till it looks like a swelled boxing glove. I once, however, saw a man on the point of buying a sponge at the Regent Circus.

The most successful of this class of traders are, perhaps, those who deal in pens. The merchant writes in a fine bold hand, at intervals; probably this is the secret of his business. That little boy who invests his penny is not the only one deceived by thinking the result is to be attributed to the pen instead of the hand which moves it. Poor little chap! your purchase will make nothing but blots in your uneducated fingers. However, the pen-seller acts like hundreds who appear to offer for sale what really cannot be sold—skill. Thus

Rarey gulled the public when he charged ten guineas a course for teaching what none but such as himself could do.

There are intermittent phases of this penny commerce, as any one may see who observes how on any public occasion the number of merchants is multiplied tenfold. During the cattle show in Baker Street, whole groves of penny sticks line the streets about Portman Square. I have several times thought it would be a safe investment to buy them all, and make cent. per cent. of one's money. I am sure I should be charged elsewhere fourpence—or threepence at least—for such batons as come into the market only then and there.

One passing penny speculation must be always a losing one. I mean in forms of prayer on the occasion of a day of national thanksgiving or humiliation. After service, at least, they are a drug. But the vendors begin quite early in the morning, increasing in importunity as the day passes; when the church bells strike up they grow more eager still, and thrust their wares upon the intending worshipper with desperate energy, like hawkers of playbills at the very door of the theatre. I fancy the theology of these extemporised penny merchants must be sometimes at fault; and a man might find out too late that his want of success in selling his wares to a string of supposed church-goers arose from his being deceived by the ecclesiastical outside of a building, which did not within recognise the authority of his Grace the Archbishop.

Imagine a poor costermonger who had tried in vain to force the productions of the Establishment on a congregation of unorthodox Dissenters, and sat down to his table that night loaded, not with supper but with stale forms of prayer!

By the way, talking of the suddenness with which small vendors can be found to undertake commercial exigencies, I cannot help stopping a minute to express my wonder at the promptitude with which links are produced in a fog. Every penniless urchin has a link. Did you ever see a link, except in use? Did you ever know of a shopkeeper who kept, exhibited, or advertised a link? Should you know where to buy one, if you were offered a thousand pounds for it, on condition of its being produced in a quarter of an hour? But let the fog be ever so sudden—let it be so thick as to make hurried visits to the link-warehouse, wherever it may be, impossible; yet the fact remains, mysterious—inexplicable;—you meet scores: perhaps, by some wise economy of nature, they come with the fog, and are to be picked up in the parks, like rocket-sticks, after an exhibition of fireworks.

Only a penny! but we may rise in the commercial circles, and notice how frequently this is the fixed price of nobler articles than whistles and bad pen-holders. Think of Rowland Hill. Only a penny! was a flash of inspiration to him, communicated not only to Britain, but to Europe—to the world. The penny postage immortalises the Victorian age of England. The success, however, of this bold stroke has made the inventor exacting—labouring to expedite the delivery of these stamped letters, he has deceived not only himself, but the public, by trying to make them sort their correspondence before it comes into the hands of her Majesty's servants. Those two mouths to the letter-box are an imposition. Mark the hesitating manner of that servant-girl with a bundle of letters in one hand, an umbrella in the other, as she tries to discharge her mission conscientiously, and yet run home before she has got wet through. She has an idea, poor honest thing, that if she makes a mistake about "Inland, Colonial, Foreign, and London and twelve miles round," she may possibly lose her place. I was stopped the other day by an undecided messenger who shrank from dropping the entrusted letter into the wrong box.

"Please, sir," said she, imploringly, "this is for Bury."

It was raining fast. I need scarcely add that I set her right.

Before leaving this feature of penny commerce, I must express my regret at not having invented the little holes round the stamps. Was ever anything so successfully provoking? Some idle fellow hit upon it, I 'll be bound, with his slippers on, sitting before the fire, when he ought to have been at work,—talking nonsense and pricking a bit of paper with a pin, and tearing it up. All at once the Goddess of Invention descends into his lazy brain, and he finds the mutilated scrap in his hand transformed into a cheque for nobody knows how many thousand pounds.

Perhaps the most irritating reflection connected with this discovery is that similar valuable wrinkles are still lying hid under your own eyes and nose. Depend upon it, my friend, there is some ridiculously obvious process even now floating about, like a butterfly, which will at last alight on the acquisitive bump of some lucky head. What is it? *It?* Nay, there is a whole flight of these enriching thoughts circling around that thick skull of yours, saving your presence. Can't you catch one? Can't you invent a shirt-button now, which won't come off in the washing, and so nip in the bud some series of recriminations which none but Sir Cresswell Cresswell can at last sum up, and save innumerable bachelors from precipitate wedlock.

A large family of steamers on the river held to the charge of two-pence for a long time—the penny boats raced, and were voted dangerous by old maids; but the mighty principle is asserting itself now, and the navigation laws above bridge are fast yielding to the penny. Omnibuses have yielded only in part, but if we are ever to have street-railroads, and are to be hauled along by steam from our breakfast-table to the Bank, the fare will be only a penny, you may be sure of that; the same price will then express the value of conveyance by land as well as by water all over the empire of London. As it is, parliamentary trains —which impress the stamp of our constitution on the railway system—are run at a penny a mile, this last phrase carries me into literature. The penny-a-liner. We fancy him in a seedy garret—like Hogarth's distressed poet—spinning out his sentences with vulgar verbiage, in order that he may make the wherewithal to boil his hungry pot.

But the fact is—— There, now, that will do.

We may, however, notice that most remarkable

feature of the literary world, penny papers. Here we may tread boldly—there is no question about their value ; only a penny ! with the programme of their contents printed on a limp sheet and kept steady on the ground by three or four stones, so that you can estimate the value of your pennyworth before you make up your mind to possess it. Besides the penny papers there is a marvellous issue of penny periodicals, with as much letterpress for your money as is contained in anything else, with the exception of advertisements.

The resuscitated order of shoeblacks too, adds another item to the catalogue of penny exchanges. I sometimes think those energetic little traders must keep a lump of paste-blacking in their mouths, as they produce so much of the polishing medium therefrom. I wish they would not point so perseveringly at one's boots when they are clean. To revert to an annual influx of country blood, I mean the visitors to the Baker Street Cattle Show, the shoeblacks go almost mad at the crowd of dirty highlows and bluchers which circulate about during that week. To them the sight must be quite as bewildering as the approach of unusually numerous shoals of herrings to the fisherman who has only one net—he cannot catch them all—they float by in provoking abundance.

Did you ever have your boots cleaned for a penny—the sensation at first is very curious. Blacky pounces on the foot, and brushes your trousers first, scratching off the bigger splashes with his nails ; it is like putting your toe in the way of a quarrelsome house-terrier, which makes ineffectual attempts to worry the intruder. The operation is always performed in a desperate hurry. Sometimes these brats add ingenious advertisements to their energy. I remember one who wore on his right foot a ragged, muddy old boot, while his left was covered with another which was neat, whole, and polished.

Only a penny ! I don't seem to have begun to think about it yet. I see penny tarts, buns, ices, rolls, trumpets, savings' banks, rules of prudential statistics, proverbs. I think of social economy and children's trinkets. The wealth of nations and the German bazaar — the inland revenue, penny gaffs, and the new coinage—the mind hurries on through crowds of thoughts all characterised by pence, and looks down vistas of reflection leading everywhere to the same coin, and ever returning the same answer to the inquirer, "Only a penny !"

We will take breath and linger for a minute by some of the objects which we are tempted to pass by so rapidly. Where shall we begin ? Let us go into that pastrycook's shop and look about us. Certainly we want a better class of refreshment rooms than those between a public-house and a confectioner's. It is expensive work to go into an inn, there is too the necessity of ordering this and that at a coffee-shop. Thus ladies and poor gentry, especially country cousins, keep the pastry-cook on his legs—for there you can get your bun for a penny, and lunch on copper. There is no need to order anything, no bill is presented as you leave the establishment. You may look about you without being interrupted by a waiter, you are not expected to sit down. Indeed, to tell the truth, I for one never felt any inclination to do so there, at least not since the elastic digestive days of school-boyhood. There is nothing hearty in a pastrycook's, nothing but sweets. Biscuits are not luscious, certainly, but they are dry, chippy food alone. A man, I imagine, who lived on nothing but biscuits, would before long get so full of flour as to make it fly about when he clapped his hands, like dust from pipeclayed gloves. The worst of the matter is, that the penny sweets are more or less perfumed, at least to my senses. Scent and taste ought not to be confounded. The nose and the mouth have their respective business to attend to ; and though clean sweets are a natural gratification to the nostril and palate, which no one need be ashamed of, one does not like to smell with the tongue. Who would drink rosewater ? Talking of the effect of sweets when applied to the wrong place, I remember once being summoned to a woman who had, so my informant said, poisoned herself in the porch. She lay on the ground, apparently in extremis, and muttered that she had taken oil of almonds ; there was an empty bottle by her side. I smelt it, it was not that ; so I handed her and the phial over to a couple of policemen, who in due time took her before a magistrate. It turned out that the poor creature had actually made an attempt on her own life, and for this purpose had asked for oil of almonds at a chemist's,—I think Bell's, in Oxford Street. He gave her almond oil, which had nearly the same effect ; at least she thought so, as she lay sick and frightened in the porch. Conceive the sensation of swallowing a whole bottle of scented hair oil, slowly, out of a phial. Faugh ! I confess I am reminded of this incident, however faintly, by some of the sensations at a pastrycook's.

Let us pass out, and follow that kindly aunt who has been stuffing those children ever so long with all manner of indiscreet penny abominations. They are going to the German Bazaar, where the stores of penny toys are to the occasional appearance of them in the streets, what the Arctic Regions are to the stray icebergs to be met with sometimes in the passage from England to America. Here a roaring trade in precious trumpery is driven throughout the holidays. There is nothing sold which will not break at once ; the object of the manufacturer is to produce frailty and elaborate pretentious weakness. However, on this account, they are most valuable, as toys, especially when given. They cost nothing ; excite gratitude and admiration, and then come to pieces before the possessor is satiated. But, methinks, the people who make these brittle fabrics must suffer morally. There is a saying sometimes heard from the lips of sly dishonest men, "Good work is bad for trade ;" but all these poor foreigners who stick these toys together must take it as the very principle of their business.

You never wish for a strong toy. It would make a child rough and impetuous, for he must break it at last, if it won't come apart kindly. So the German artist strives to excel in failure, and lives by imperfection ; but even with the intentional carelessness of his work, when you have to deduct the cost of carriage and profit made by the stall-keeper in London, it is wonderful how he

can produce such articles as at last are sold for—only a penny!

Only a penny! is not this the increment of all wealth; does not the wisdom of our ancestors in this commercial land say, "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves." Yes, it is the penny which both enriches and impoverishes. The merchant warehouses and banks are built with pence, the river and the docks are filled with them. Contempt for "only a penny" will beggar an heir of thousands, and has brought many to the court of bankruptcy or the poor house. This is the little leak which sucks away so mysteriously the ways and means in those households where there is never a spare shilling—where bills and wages are unpaid—though the income be never so good. Nobody can be in easy circumstances who despises the copper margin to his fortune. Let him look after that ring fence, and his estate will be safe; but treat that ill, let that get out of repair, and the poachers will soon have your gold and silver pheasants.

But if neglect of pence disorders the budget of the rich man, it beggars the poor. Small, careless, or selfish expenditure just marks the distinction between the respectable artisan and the pauper; small savings, on the other hand, eventually make the respectable artisan independent of impoverishing sickness, loss of work or even age. Penny banks are found to be the best forms of provident institutions; they do not deter the small depositor so much as even savings banks. These last have much of the furniture of a large establishment,—clerks looking at you through rails, managers chatting over an inner fire, huge books, and altogether a mysterious repelling air of wealth.

The boy or man who has made up his mind to save pence, and has found an old teapot on the mantelshelf but an insecure custodian, would not like to pass on to the savings bank at one stride. No, the humbler office close by, with an easy, sympathising, domestic air about it, which takes a penny, indeed adopts the very name of this coin, that is the house for him to keep his account at—the best stepping stone to the larger establishments. These Penny Banks are spreading, and promise to supply the want which was felt of some net sufficiently fine to catch the smaller fry of would-be depositors, and thus enourage the first movement towards self-help and independence. H. J.

STUDENT'S SONG.

Though we're deep in Titus Livius,
Or in Plato all the day,
Trust us, we are not oblivious
Of our maidens far away.

Though we bide in far-off places,
Working ever week by week,
We remember your dear faces,
Learning Latin, grinding Greek.

Living up in dismal attics,
Or in coziest first-floors—
Reading toughest mathematics,
Classics, science—horrid bores.

Turning leaves of dictionary,
Working hard as work we can,
We remember pretty Mary,
Lively Louie, gentle Anne.

Though we're deep in Titus Livius,
Or in Plato night and day,
Trust us, we are not oblivious
Of our maidens far away. F. V.

THE SILVER CORD.

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

Henderson had doubtless expected that the announcement she had to make would produce its natural effect upon Mrs. Lygon. For terror, for bewilderment, and for their commonplace manifestation, the messenger had been prepared, nay, had even had a moment to think of the equally commonplace means of calming another woman's sudden agitation. But when the girl's message was fully delivered, and Mrs. Lygon, after her first astonishment, had comprehended the situation of affairs, her excitement took a form which baffled the understanding of her companion. With lips and cheek pale as ashes, Mrs. Lygon resumed the seat from which she had sprung, and gazed steadily upon Henderson.

"This must not be," said Mrs. Lygon, after a pause. "It must be prevented."

Henderson could utter only a meaningless exclamation.

"You must come with me to the police," Mrs. Lygon continued. "Yes, that is the only way. Women can do nothing. Come with me."

And she hastily sought for hat and scarf.

"All the police in the world would be too late, m'm," exclaimed Henderson.

"Why do you say so?"

"They are in the house together—they were in the house together before I came away."

"It may not be too late. I will go. It must not be, it shall not be," she added, to herself rather than to Henderson, and descended the stair. "He dares not meet Robert Urquhart, unless—. We must walk faster, Mary," Mrs. Lygon said, impatiently, as they came into the road.

"But I have something more to say, m'm, if you will let me," said Henderson, keeping pace with the rapid step of Mrs. Lygon.

"When we have seen the police," said Laura, hastening in the direction of the house where Adair had been conveyed after the affray at Silvain's, and whence Robert Urquhart had come, with the fatal knowledge that he had used so terribly.

"We shall only lose time, m'm," said Henderson, despairingly, "but it is no matter. If we hurried to the avenue ourselves—"

"I must not," said Mrs. Lygon, in a low voice. "But the police-station is in the way there," she

added, increasing her pace. "O, this is dreadful. But he *dares* not die thus."

And they hurried on together.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

"*Formerly Allingham,*" was very neatly written under the name engraved upon the card brought in to Mrs. Hawkesley.

She had availed herself of Bertha's having fallen asleep, and had come down to the study to hurry off a few lines to her husband.

"Mr. Berry—certainly, yes. Here. And be sure to let me know the moment I am wanted."

"It is many years since I saw you, my dear lady," said Mr. Berry, "and I suppose that you will hardly remember me. Yet I think I should recognise something of the expression of the young lady who came to me two or three times about some alterations in her papa's house—something which I had to obtain leave for him to do."

"That must have been my sister Laura," said Mrs. Hawkesley. "There were no alterations in my time: we were not rich enough then to make improvements," she added, with her customary *naïveté*.

"Was it so?" returned the old gentleman, smiling for a moment, but immediately becoming grave again. "My eyes and my memory alike warn me that my work is nearly over. Can you spare me a few minutes for a little conversation?"

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Hawkesley. "But have you come up from Lipthwaite? Let me offer you—"

Her hand was on the bell, but he stopped her, with the apologetic courtesy of what is called the old school, which means the school whose teaching included the lesson that though women, of course, are created to serve us, it is as well to make their servitude appear voluntary.

"I am staying in town," he said, "and have recently breakfasted. At all events, let me say what I have to say at once. Mr. Hawkesley is in Paris."

"You know that! You have no bad news for me! He is not ill?"

"No, no, certainly not, my dear lady. I was merely about to say that I know he is in Paris, and why."

"Thank God. This is very foolish, but I have been under a great deal of excitement lately, and have not had much sleep. Do not suppose that I am a victim to nerves," added Mrs. Hawkesley, smiling, but perceptibly relieved.

"I ought to beg pardon for my abruptness. But at my time of life, when one has something to say, one is too apt to make haste to say it. I should have been more careful in my old professional days, when you were one of the ornaments of Lipthwaite."

"I will not hear that, after you have shown that you have quite forgotten me, Mr. Berry. Is it business that you came about—I mean that it is a pity Charles is away."

"You had a visit, some time ago, from Mrs. Berry?" said he, without more direct reply to her inquiry.

"Yes, and I ought to have asked at once after her."

"Forgive me, but I am aware of the nature of the interview you had, and that it was not likely to create any great friendliness of feeling. I am sure that you will, however, allow me to speak openly to you, and will not think that I have come needlessly to renew a painful discussion."

"Such of us as have known you, Mr. Berry, know you too well to believe anything that you would not like believed."

"Mrs. Berry is exceedingly, I fear dangerously ill, and under other circumstances I should not be in London. But I have a duty to do, and I am obliged to take the most direct means of doing it, in order to be able to return to Lipthwaite at the earliest moment. Your husband and Mr. Lygon being both absent from England, I am compelled to see you, Mrs. Hawkesley, upon the subject in question, and you will I know forgive me."

"Mrs. Berry is so ill—?"

"Yes. But for her illness it would have been her own place to make certain explanations which are due, but this is entirely out of the question, unless those whom she ought to see could be summoned to Lipthwaite. Therefore, however painful it may be to me to be the medium of communication, and to you to receive it, we have no choice, and I am sure that you will hear me with all womanly forbearance."

"Pray speak freely, Mr. Berry, and be sure that I know you mean kindly."

"At all events, I mean justly. You are aware, Mrs. Hawkesley, that when your brother-in-law suddenly found himself placed in the most painful of circumstances, he came to consult me, as his oldest friend, and that acting upon impressions which he received in my house, he left England for France, placing his daughter under our charge during his absence. The little one, weary of the restraint of our quiet house—"

"Let me say a word for my little niece, Mr. Berry. Not weary of a quiet house, but unable to bear the continued stream of false and cruel things which she had to hear about her mother."

The old man's face assumed an expression of humiliation which it was painful to see upon his kindly features, and Mrs. Hawkesley hastened to add,

"But things which she never heard from *you*, Mr. Berry, as she has told me over and over again."

"No matter," said Mr. Berry. "Perhaps there has been no time to tell me everything, but no matter. I did not know—"

And his eyes dimmed, and his lips trembled for a moment or two. Then he said,

"I am glad that the little girl has not much to say against me."

"She loves you heartily, Mr. Berry, and she shall tell you so herself before you go out of the house."

"Let me go on," he said, with a sad smile. "It is necessary that I should recall one or two things which you may never have heard, or having heard then, were not interested enough to recollect them. And remember, it is only as matter of duty, and at the special desire of her

who is now unable to act for herself, that I enter into such details. You understand this?"

"I do indeed, dear Mr. Berry."

"To a wife who is upon a wife's terms with a husband, to a wife who is his best friend, and who cares for no friend on earth in comparison with him, to a wife, in fact, who loves her husband, it may seem strange for me to talk of restricted confidence and of questions avoided by mutual consent. But it happens, and that is all that need be said on the matter, that my marriage with Miss Wagstaffe was a union of esteem to a certain extent, and of convenience, perhaps, to a still greater extent, and even before our wedding it was quite well understood between us that what is called love was out of the question. I was not foolish enough, at my age, to suppose that her heart had anything to do with her consent to marry me, or that she had not previously seen more than one person whom she would not sooner have married than the middle aged, quiet, well-to-do country lawyer. But this is the history of many a match that has turned out very well, so far as the world knows, and I am not going to say that either of us acted unwisely."

Mrs. Hawkesley listened quietly, and made no sign of dissent from doctrines against which, under other circumstances, she would have protested according to her custom. Perhaps she had in her mind another marriage in which a similar element had worked to the destruction of happiness.

"It pleased God that our children should not live."

"Ah!"

"Yes, I understand that pity, but it is misplaced. I thank God that our children did not live."

"Mr. Berry!" exclaimed Beatrice, with a mother's unfeigned horror.

"They are sad words, are they not?"

"I would call them wicked words if I were not speaking to one who might be my own father," she answered, energetically.

"They are not, but let them pass."

Be it said that she continued to listen, but that the kindliness of feeling with which she had begun to regard Mr. Berry was chilled by his strange language on a subject on which her heart would tolerate no profanity.

"I repeat," he said, "that I am thankful to be childless. When an old man tells that to a young mother, let her think well before she condemns him—let her think what she would have to feel and to suffer before words like those could come from her lips. And then let her listen to him with patience."

Beatrice looked pityingly at him, but did not answer.

"I have no long story to tell you, Mrs. Hawkesley, my business being only to help in an act of justice. I am not here to enter upon revelations of a life that might have been cheerful, if not happy, but which was incessantly embittered by the abiding pressure of a conviction, not only that I was not loved—I had bargained for that—but that I was disliked. I was not long in discovering that my wife's old thoughts and old loves came perpetually between me and herself, that at the best I was tolerated, but that at the times when she gave way to her rapidly increasing irritability and melancholy, I was almost the object of her hate. Whether I bore this conviction well or ill is between me and Heaven; whether I remembered that though I had given this wife much which the world esteems, I could not be to her that which woman covets amid all the advantages of life; whether I gladly recognised any of her few kindnesses, and bore in silent patience with her habitual coldness and repugnance, let her say when she has to answer for all. It is enough for me that I can reveal this part of my history to you, and feel I have no excuses to make for myself,—no self-accusation to tender as excuse for her."

"You do not mean to ask that I shall judge—" began Mrs. Hawkesley, in a troubled voice.

"I have only to ask you to hear, and I will make what you have to hear as brief as I can. I pass over the years spent in this manner. The world thought that the rich lawyer had married a rather strangely-tempered woman, but supposed that they got on as many other couples do, and will do to the end of the chapter. And so the world might have continued to think, for what I had borne so long, I might have borne to the last, but it was not to be so. I need not dwell upon the circumstances which, some few years back, directed the mind of Mrs. Berry into what is termed religion. Enough to say that she devoted herself to its external pursuits with an ardour that was strange to those who had known her slightly, detestable to me, who had my own insight into her character. I will only tell you that the real influences of religion never approached her heart and never softened her nature—never caused her to shed a tear of penitence, or to show any womanly gentleness to the husband who had sought to fulfil his duty. You look at me as if I were drawing too harsh a picture—as if this was not language in which I ought to speak of my own wife—"

"It is very painful language."

"It is the language which I am sent here to speak. It is what Marion Berry herself ought to say, were she here, making her confession. I will soon relieve you of your care for her, for the story now connects itself with your own family—with your own sister. I told you just now that what I had borne so long I could have borne to the end. It was destined that I should have more to bear. Your sister, Mrs. Lygon, left her husband's roof, and among the consequences that followed were revelations which I little expected would disturb the later hours of my life."

"Of yours?"

"Yes. Do not apprehend a scene, or that a man of my years is about to give way to what would befit a man of Lygon's. I am here as the messenger from a sick bed which may have been changed to a dying bed before I return to my home. I am here to say, for one who cannot say it for herself, that when Marion Berry was in this house she uttered much which was intended to make you and your husband believe that your sister Laura was unworthy, and that now, stretched upon her bed, Marion Berry begs you

to believe, on the word of one who may never rise again, that she spoke falsely. That is a fitting message for a husband to bring from his wife!"

"Did she ever say to you," asked Mrs. Hawkesley, in a low voice, though her eyes were shining with excitement, "that either Charles or myself believed one word of her tale?"

"Your husband believed it, in spite of his affected indignation with her,—so run my instructions," said the old man.

"He did not," replied Beatrice, "and it is needless to say that I knew it to be false. It is right that the retractation should be made, but it is utterly unnecessary."

"This, of course, I expected to hear. Yet you will do well not to throw away a single link in the chain of evidence that is required to establish the innocence of your sister."

"We want no evidence, Mr. Berry, and I wish that she were here, that you might see how much credence we have given to the wicked slanders that have been spoken against her."

"You speak well, and nobly, dear lady," said Mr. Berry, looking at her animated face with some admiration; "but what says Mrs. Lygon's husband?"

"By this time, I trust, he has told Laura herself that he never really doubted her."

"You picture her in his arms, and all forgiven?"

"God is just, and it surely will be so."

"Ay, He is just; but not with such justice as we measure out. Do not deceive yourself. I should not have come here to assure you of that which you believed without me, unless I had more to tell you. You imagine that Arthur Lygon has forgiven his wife. How, then, do you suppose that she has answered the one question which must have gone before forgiveness?"

"What question?"

"The first that must spring to the lips of a husband, abandoned by his wife. Why did she fly to France?"

"Bertha is in this house, and has told me," said Mrs. Hawkesley, calmly.

"Mrs. Urquhart? She is here!"

"She is here."

"Tell me, Mrs. Hawkesley," said the old man, in much agitation, "tell me, for Heaven's sake, and in a word—you know that I ask only for the good and happiness of you all—Mrs. Urquhart is here—but—but—let me speak plainly—*she* has not persuaded you that she is innocent?"

"My husband brought her here," said Beatrice, with dignity.

"You evade my question, or it is as I suspect, and Laura is made the sacrifice," exclaimed Mr. Berry, eagerly.

"It is not so," said Mrs. Hawkesley, moved by his evident sympathy with Laura. "We will not speak of Bertha."

"Ah, so far I am answered."

"And she has declared that Arthur has nothing to forgive."

"Nothing to forgive—is she mad? Will she say that to Arthur Lygon when he demands why his wife went away, and hid herself from him, and sent him no word of explanation, or petition, or apology. Nothing to forgive!"

"I have said enough," replied Mrs. Hawkesley, quietly. "The rest will be set right in Paris, and I shall hear that it has been set right."

"You are one of the best of women, I see that," said the old man, so earnestly that the strangeness of the speech was lost in the sincerity of the speaker. "But here is nothing but misery in store, unless we clear up the mystery, and you will not hear me, or be convinced that there is anything to be done. Do you not know that Mrs. Lygon is accused, on solemn evidence, of being that which you will not believe her?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Hawkesley, promptly, "and her husband and mine are gone over to tear that evidence to pieces."

"And will that destroy its effects?"

"I do not understand."

"Will tearing up those papers cancel the testimony they bore?"

"Ah! you take up my words literally—I meant that Charles and Mr. Lygon would disprove all."

"And that is what they cannot do."

"Cannot?"

"Without the aid which I have come to bring. It is this which has hurried me up to town from the house in which a woman, who bears my name, is lying, probably on a death-bed, and it is this which you must accept, or all that may be attempted in Paris will be worse than failure—worse, for if the breach be not now closed, it will be so widened that it will close no more until the judgment."

"What do you come to tell me?" asked Beatrice, partaking his agitation.

"Do you know the evidence against your sister?"

"There are some letters, I am told. There is a book of letters, and it is a wicked lie to say that she wrote a word of them."

"*It is not.*"

Mrs. Hawkesley looked at him with indignation for a moment, but his face expressed so much unfeigned sorrow, and was so utterly divested of anything like the triumph which a vulgar nature permits to be visible when an apparent advantage has been gained, even in a sad discussion, that she was almost disarmed. Yet she could not help replying,

"Mr. Berry, you have the kindest meaning, and I should be ashamed to answer you with a word of unkindness. But you have told me that you come only as a messenger, and there is no offence to you in my saying that you bring a false message. This is another malignant effort made by one who, if she is so prostrated as you say, should be repentant, and not give you falsehoods to bring us, and try to create fresh wretchedness."

"It is natural—very natural, that you should say this," said the old man, quietly. "I have heard enough, and far more than enough, to make me well aware that you must hate her who has sent me here to-day. But do not blind yourself, even with a natural passion. You have heard the truth from me."

"I am writing to my husband. I will write

down what you have just said. He will believe it no more than I do; but you will wish him to hear it?"

"He must do much more than that," said Mr. Berry, "and I beg that you will not be rash. I am an old man, and I assure you, with all the sincerity of one who has nothing to hope or fear in this world, that unless you are guided in this business, you, or your husband, will destroy for ever the chance of re-uniting Laura and her husband. Do you believe that she was justified in leaving him?"

"I believe that she will justify herself to him."

"You do not—you cannot. You are deceiving yourself between hope and love. But what earthly excuse have you devised for a virtuous wife and mother who rushes away from a happy home? What excuse, if you yourself should commit such an act of madness, would you hold to justify you?"

"This is for Arthur, not for me to decide," replied Beatrice.

"Nay, nay, you have no solution of the mystery. Do you not know that when Mrs. Lygon left, Arthur hurried down to me, and that it was this very question which exhausted our best energies, and left us without a clue or guide? Has the case mended by her long absence, since then? Yet you will not see this, and will not hear that there is indeed evidence against her."

"Mr. Berry," said Mrs. Hawkesley, "I know that you will acquit me of intending offence, but I cannot help answering that everything that comes from—from Lipthwaite—"

"From Mrs. Berry."

"That *is* my meaning; and I regret that everything from that quarter is so tainted with the poison of her wicked hatred that I refuse to have anything to do with such suggestions. I will not say that you are influenced by her—"

"Yes, say it, if you think it. An old man, married to a younger woman, and one of an artful and resolute nature, has been deluded into believing whatever her malice may have dictated. It is true that he has humiliated himself by describing his own sorrow and misery, but that may be only part of the fraud, and may have been enjoined upon him by his wife, in order to give a better colour to the story."

"You are putting words into my mouth—"

"But not thoughts into your mind. I have but said what has been passing through it. No matter. I love Arthur Lygon as if he had been my own son, and I will shrink at nothing that can help to restore to him his happiness. You, convinced of the innocence of your sister, refuse to assist me, because you disbelieve that I am speaking the truth. I had hoped to convince you without other words, but it shall be done."

"Mr. Berry—"

"You must listen to me now, and if hereafter you think of this interview, and I trust that it may be one to which you will look back with gratitude in other respects, you will remember that you forced an old man to his last resource—to a confession which man should not make to woman—before you would consent to be useful to your sister."

"You speak very unkindly."

"We are all unkind—so be it. Mrs. Hawkesley, if those letters which have established in the mind of Mr. Urquhart the conviction which he has now imparted to Mr. Lygon and to Mr. Hawkesley—you look incredulous, but it is so—if those accursed letters, I say, are destroyed in France, Laura Lygon and her husband had better formally part for ever, for they will never again be husband and wife."

"Will you tell me why you say so?"

"Because Arthur Lygon will never be able to efface from his mind the conviction that, though that miscreant, Ernest Adair, has chosen to repudiate the letters, he has done so from base reasons, and that the truth was really set before Mr. Urquhart."

"Base reasons," repeated Mrs. Hawkesley.

"That he has been bribed to declare the letters to be forgeries."

"And who should bribe him?"

"Mrs. Lygon, or her friends, specially your husband. There, now your eye flashes, and your cheek reddens, but be calm. I am speaking for Mrs. Lygon, you are struggling against her interests. You think that Arthur Lygon will dare to entertain no such dastardly idea—even if he should cling to a suspicion that may affect his own wife—will he venture to suspect your own honourable husband? He would do ill—he would wrong a man worthy a wife like yourself, but, Mrs. Hawkesley, he will do it. You know not, and never may you know, the self-communings that pass between man and his soul at hours when both should be at rest. You know nothing of the spectres that rise in the cool dawn, when a man awakens, with his body helpless from the languor of the night, but his mind feverishly vigorous to snatch and cherish all foul and bitter thoughts. That is the time when, with his brow within the breath of his slumbering wife, Arthur Lygon will lie and weave his stubborn doubts into a damnable faith, and will scowl down upon her while she is dreaming of him and of her children."

"I cannot answer you," said Mrs. Hawkesley, nearly crying. "If such evil thoughts are allowed to haunt us—"

"We know where to go for the exorcism. Yes, but Arthur Lygon has never learned that lesson. Make this hollow peace if you can, destroy those letters, and on some still morning Lygon will rise up from the side of his sleeping wife, and steal from the room—and she will see him no more."

"What would you have me do?"

"First, be convinced yourself, or you will convince no one else. And now hear me. It was with no good will that Mrs. Berry sent me on the message I have come to deliver."

"I am sure of that."

"The retractation of what was said here was her own voluntary act, for she believes that she is dying, and I know not what idea of reparation and of salvation may have instigated her, but the message was given, and were that all, I should have written it, not charged myself with the delivery of aught so painful. But when I tell you that we must have those letters in England, I tell you what was wrung from the abject terror of a proud woman, who yielded to a threat more

fearful to her than anything which her minister could tell her of flames and tortures."

"I do not wish to hear of this," said Beatrice.

"But it is necessary that you should, or you will not act. Do not think that I am speaking for the sake of Mrs. Lygon, or any of you save one person, and that is Arthur Lygon, whom I will save from misery if I can. Remember that, even when I reveal to you that I, Edward Allingham Berry, master of a secret that I had kept for years, menaced my wife with its disclosure, unless she, in her turn, gave up to me the secret of those letters—"

"And she gave it?" asked Mrs. Hawkesley, almost trembling.

"Ask its price," said the old man.

"That does not—that is not for me to know, but tell me of the letters."

"No, I will first tell you how you may be sure that I bring you the truth about them."

He leaned forward, and in a low voice, but without looking at her, uttered a few words.

Beatrice's face and brow crimsoned, and she turned from him.

"You are writing to your husband," he said. "You need say nothing of that which I have just said to you, but tell him that the truth has been bought at a great price, and bid him bring those letters to England. I think that you will do so—I think that he will obey. If not, your sister's misery be upon the heads of both of you. It is not likely that we shall ever meet any more in this world, Mrs. Hawkesley, nor is it fit that we should. But if you do your duty in this matter as I have done mine, the old man forgives you for having forced him to say what he has said in this room. That is for little Clara," he added, throwing an envelope on the table. "Farewell, Mrs. Hawkesley. It rests with you to save your sister!"

CHAPTER LXXIX.

Ernest Adair, unconscious that he was watched, crossed the sill of the window that looked upon the garden of the house, formerly Mr. Urquhart's, and stood in the little room at the back of the apartment in which the engineer kept his models and other lumber. It will be remembered as the chamber in which Mrs. Lygon had been secreted by Bertha and by Henderson, and into which Urquhart had forced his way, unaware that an unbidden guest was concealed behind it. The door, which had yielded to the strength of Robert Urquhart, had never been repaired, and the state of its locks and bolts gave evidence to the terrible strength that had wrenched it open. It was thrown back upon its hinges, and this was an advantage to Adair, for the room into which he had entered was somewhat gloomy with the shade of the approaching evening, and some helpful light streamed across the dusty lumber-chamber.

For the rest, the apartment looked as melancholy as a room which has been occupied by women, and forsaken by them, ever looks. A man's relics, his book, his wasted paper, his discarded pen, and the prosaic litter of his abandoned cave, inspire little sentiment; but the scrap of woman's work, the trace of woman's idle business, the forgotten ribbon, the dropped embroidery, speak of gracious and playful companionship, of the light laugh and the merry glance, and speak of them as of things that have wronged us by departing. And some of these signs had been left in the chamber into which Ernest strode, across the window-sill. He had a glance for them, but not much sympathy.

"I am strangely nervous," he said, "and yet I have been careful enough as to drinking and all that. The slight exertion of forcing that shutter and lifting the window has made my hand tremble. Is it an omen? I doubt whether I could write a neat despatch. I must take more exercise—this sort of thing will not do."

While he spoke he drew away a table that stood near the door of a closet on one side of the room. The door itself, with its panel to match the woodwork, would almost have escaped notice, except that it had given a little, and a dingy-looking crack marked its upper line. It had no handle, but a piece of faded tape, sent through a hole where a lock had once been, answered the purpose, or rather had answered it for the last time, for Adair, pulling vigorously at the frail string, broke it off short.

"Omen number two," said Adair, smiling at his own folly. "My hand is in a tremble, and the door refuses to open to me. But we defy auguries."

He wrenched this door open with a piece of iron that had flown from the other when Urquhart broke into the room.

The closet, or cupboard as it had once been, presented a display of rubbish which had been cast in to be out of the way, rather than for preservation. A box or two, bundles of old papers, dusty folios, and some other engineers' room relics, were the principal articles disclosed as the door came reluctantly open.

From the lower part of the closet Adair pulled away the litter that concealed the floor, and then stepped back to allow the dust to subside. Then he threw down a tolerably clean piece of newspaper which he found at hand, and was about to kneel upon it before the closet.

"Stop, though," he said, "that infernal French ink comes off."

As he spoke, he took up the piece of paper, and his eye accidentally fell upon the date, which happened to be on the fragment.

"Why," he said, with an oath, "that is a paper of this last week!"

He looked at it again, as if expecting to find that it was a year old. But no, the date was there before his eyes, and the paper, torn and dirty, was not a week old.

"How the devil could that have come?" said Adair. "Omen number three," passed across his mind, but the business just then was too heavy for scoffing, and it was with a hot flush that he fell upon his knees, and lifted up a sort of flap that lay at the bottom of the closet, a small trap-door that opened into a cavity of some little depth. As he pushed open this trap, and was about to plunge his arm into the cavity below, he heard a footstep on the garden gravel, and the next instant the shutter which he had opened on making his way into the house was closed.

It was not by the wind. A strong hand drove it close home, and struck it to make all sure.

Ernest Adair sprang to his feet, and his heart beat with terrible quickness—in the stillness of the chamber he could hear the throb. Another moment, and he dashed his hand across his eyes with an impatient gesture, and listened intently.

He heard, or thought he heard, the sound of retreating feet, and a word, or rather a growl, signifying that some order was understood. Then, Ernest laid his hand for a moment upon his heart, but with the danger had come the courage, and it was not to count the beatings that he placed his hand there.

Next, and unmistakably, he heard a key in the lock of the front door. He darted to the door of the apartment in which he stood, nearly closed it, and, holding it with a firm hand, listened.

(To be continued.)

REPRESENTATIVE MEN.

PROGRESSIVE STATESMEN.

CANNING: HUSKISSON: PEEL.

IT is a curious thing at this time of day to have one's memory directed back to the period when we were struggling with confused ideas about what sort of men should govern us. Very confused our ideas were as to the proper quality of Ministers of State. From school lessons on history we brought notions of the peril of rule by the minions of Courts, of whom old-fashioned histories have so much to tell. We thought nothing could be so dangerous as a low-born favourite, undertaking all sorts of political offices, and setting his poor relations to govern the people. Then, again, we read and heard a good deal of the evil of aristocratic assumption in the sphere of political action. Great old families, or great families who were not old, or venerable in their origin, had a way which should be well watched of taking for granted that they were to govern the country, without any question of their fitness to do so. The time was just coming in when some new question occasionally arose which aristocratic statesmen were ignorant of, and which might apparently have been better managed by some clever and well-informed middle-class man who understood it in its true bearings; and then we asked one another why we never had that sort of minister. Those were the days when Lord Eldon would boast in the same hour that England was a country in which "every man"—not merely any but every man—might raise himself from the lowest origin to the highest offices in the State—avowing himself a proof of the fact—and yet that the British Constitution was the best in the world because it kept out low people from meddling with State affairs, and gave all substantial power to the *élite* of the nation. The confusion in Lord Eldon's mind was a type of that in the general mind. I have known the most opposite moods and views held on successive days by the same persons at that period. A reformer whom Lord Eldon would have called revolutionary for a speech about Old Sarum, might be heard grumbling in Westminster Abbey at the admittance of a monument to Watt among the Edwards and the Henrys. One of the commonest forms of the confusion was ill-usage of Mr. Canning and Mr. Huskisson as "political adventurers," almost in the same breath with complaints that the country was governed by men who could have no knowledge of popular needs and interests.

That Mr. Canning and Mr. Huskisson were in the Government in defiance of slights and of talk about their being political adventurers, showed to those who could read the signs of the times that a period of political progression had set in. There were other people besides Lord Eldon who were spending their lives in trying to hold back society, at least, if they could not move it back. Metternich was three years younger than Canning and Huskisson. They were born on the 11th of March and the 11th of April, 1770, and Metternich in 1773. We have seen, in an earlier retrospect,* what became of Metternich's passion for standing still when it was not possible to go back. We will now glance at the state of affairs which arose from our having statesmen who were able to see that they must move on.

It might be, and it was, alleged that there was much nonsense in the cry about these men being political adventurers. If they had not independent fortune, no more had Pitt, who was living on less than 300*l*. a-year when he first became a minister, and who had made preparations for resuming his career at the bar when, at seven-and-twenty, he expected to go out of office. But he was the son of a minister. A minister might get into office either by hereditary propriety, or by great claims of birth or fortune; but Canning and Huskisson had neither the one sort of qualification nor the other. If ability was suggested as a third resource, there was a good deal of hesitation about admitting it, because, if free access to the seats of power was allowed to sheer ability, there was no saying what changes might not follow. A set of low people from the regions of trade and manufactures might seat themselves in places hitherto regarded as reserved for the aristocracy of the country. It was too late for practical objection, however. There they were—Mr. Canning and his friend; and they were there because there was work to be done for which they were the right men.

George Canning's lot was that of the orphan. His father, who was of a good old provincial family, died when the child was only a year old; and his mother's position was not equally good: so that there was some colour for the talk of his being of low origin. Mr. Huskisson's father was a farmer of fair landed estate. Neither of them had any tendency to political fortune-hunting. Canning was educated for the bar; and it is said to have been Sheridan who persuaded him to leave it for politics; and Huskisson's connections, tastes, and habits of business fitted him so precisely for filling posts of public business which were financial or administrative, if not political, that his vocation seemed as natural as that of any member of any of the professions.

When he was only twenty, he had a considerable name in Paris for his opposition to the great paper-money scheme of the day. He was in Paris through his uncle being physician to the embassy there. He was invited to be the ambassador's secretary; and when he returned with the embassy to England in 1792, he was at once thrown among

* See ONCE A WEEK, vol. ii. p. 211.

the leading political men of the day. He saw Pitt and Dundas frequently; and the latter asked him to undertake a small but very troublesome office,—that of investigating the claims of French emigrants, then crowding into England. His talents for business at once became so evident that henceforth he was in his right place only when he was in office. He was not a man whom the most suspicious critic could ever imagine to be intriguing for power. He had a passion for economical questions, and a hearty liking for the dispatch of business, while to questions of foreign and party politics he brought only half a heart. He did not manage his political relations very well, in truth. His attachment to his friend Canning guided him well through the critical points of Canning's career. He resigned with him, kept out of office with him, and acted consistently with him during Canning's life; but, after his death, the devoted public servant and private friend damaged his own reputation through his tendency to be absorbed by the practical business of his office, to the neglect of nice points of political observance which are all important to the eyes of political leaders. Mr. Huskisson wanted to have trade disincumbered of the protective system, and to get the business of the Woods and Forests, or of the Colonies, carried through without interruption; and changes of ministry were annoying and perplexing to him, as interrupting the nation's business. He showed that he could sit with very various administrations; and people said this was what might be expected of a political adventurer. He was unconcealably disappointed when the Duke of Wellington took him up short about resigning in 1828, and compelled him to do it: and again there was the same sneering comment; but it was the very devotedness of the man which got him into these scrapes. He was as timid about responsibility, and modest about his own consequence, as he was bold in his political economy and "impracticable" with all triflers about the business of the country. He hesitated too much about troubling the nation with personal difficulties; and he could not make anybody understand what the risk would be of giving over his free-trade schemes into other hands than his own.

His latter years were thus not his best, in regard to political position: but a future generation was sure to make up for everything by understanding the magnitude and weight of his enterprises, and clearly perceiving that such a man as himself, drawn from his rank in life, and furnished with the knowledge which belongs to that rank, was wanted for the great work of liberating the commerce, and reforming the fiscal principles of his country.

That a middle-class man was wanted for the special work appears also from the fact that Mr. Huskisson was himself in a progressive state, as well as the guide of the nation in a forward course. Long after he had perceived that a protective policy was an injury to all the parties that lived under it, he sustained the highest duties on corn that were proposed from any quarter. He believed that while any manufacture or department of commerce was protected, there must be stringent corn-laws to prevent the price of wheat falling below 80*s*. This was at the time of the peace: and it took him a dozen years more to satisfy himself that the price of corn depends on so many elements that to fix a legislative price is only to increase the risk and confusion. In 1821, he had got so far as to advocate, in a Report on the Condition of Agriculture, a reduction of the corn duties: and from that time forward he had the whole landed interest of the country for his enemies.

In another year or two there seemed to be scarcely anybody left on his side, beyond his personal friends. The silk and woollen manufacturers regarded him as a man with a head full of crochets and without a heart in his breast. He felt his evil reputation very painfully; and his emotions gave a higher quality to his speeches on free trade topics than appeared in any other part of his oratory. He made his subject so plain that he always converted somebody; and there were occasions when he converted almost everybody for the moment. In inland towns, the merchant or manufacturer would tell his wife at dinner, or his partner in the counting-house, that here was another speech of Huskisson's,—more puzzling than ever. It seemed, in the reading, to be as plain and incontestable as any sum in Cocker; yet scarcely anybody but Huskisson himself believed a word of it. This was only for a time, however. Bit by bit he won a little freedom for trade,—got the Combination-laws relaxed,—and obtained some scope for the exportation of machinery. Timid as he was about some kinds of responsibility, he had no fears of the consequences of relaxing prohibitory and protective duties; and he stood calm and confident when hon. members shook their fists in his face, and called him the destroyer of their constituents, and the malignant foe of the landed interest. He had the pleasure of pointing out, before he died, the happy results of his policy, as far as it had had room to work; and he felt the comfort of gaining over more supporters from year to year. He was sustained by some of the best newspapers, of both parties in politics; and he ventured to tell his friends that he held a whole handful of free-trade, and had as yet only opened his little finger. He was quite unaware that his entire handful was only a sample, in comparison with the freedom which would be given within thirty years of his death. It was with deep satisfaction that he learned, in the last spring of his life, that there had been an exportation of silk goods from Bristol, and that the Macclesfield manufacturers now admitted him to have been the best friend to their industry. What would he have said if it had been foretold to him that in thirty years precisely from that time. the last penny of protective duty would be removed from our financial schedule; and that parliament would have ceased to be importuned with complaints of agricultural distress, because agricultural improvement would have placed the landed interest almost beyond the accidents of fortune, while free-trade in food would have released the nation from all fear of famine! Such a prospect would have amazed him almost as much as his enemies. He had not learned everything in his own line: but he was a progressive statesman in a day when to be that was to be unpopular with high and low.

Of his various offices his Presidentship of the Board of Trade is the one which will be remembered as his proper seat. As he sat there, with his thoughtful face, and his prominent eyes, shrewd and gentle at once, and his business-like manners, he was in fact the master and the servant of a new generation and of many nations, —the teacher and the helper by whom British industry has been made free, and colonial wealth and security have sprung up with magical speed; and even France and other countries are letting go their corn-laws and other burdens, and allowing themselves a fair chance in the race of industry.

On the 18th of July, 1827, the two friends bade each other good-bye for the recess, after the stormy session they had had to pass through, on Mr. Canning's accession to the Premiership. For him there was little prospect of holiday; but Huskisson was going abroad. He went up to Canning's bedside; and he observed that his friend seemed to need the trip the most of the two: but Canning replied that it was only the reflection from the yellow bed-curtains that made him look ill. This was their last meeting. The Huskissons turned homewards from Switzerland on hearing of Canning's serious illness: and on the road they heard of his death. Mr. Huskisson believed his own political career to be closed. He no doubt lamented afterwards that he allowed himself to be over-persuaded by the King and Lord Goderich to take office among Canning's enemies. He had shrunk from endangering the continuance of Mr. Canning's policy; and the consequence of his infirmity of purpose was the retirement of all the "Canningites" from the ministry within nine months of the death of their chief. He upheld to the last his friend's policy towards the Catholics, assisting and witnessing their emancipation in 1829. From that time the tide of progression in politics flowed strongly; but Huskisson's task in life was just done. He voted in the next session for a limited measure of parliamentary reform; he witnessed the death of the obstructive King George IV., and presently after died himself. It was by an accident on the railway,—the opening of the Liverpool railway; but the accident itself was occasioned by his frail and feeble condition of health and nerve; and it was as well that he should go to his rest before that tremendous series of reforms was brought forward which would have been too much for him. Each progressive statesman reaches his limit within perhaps an assignable time. Mr. Huskisson had done a great and singular work, and placed it beyond the reach of reactionary mischief. However heartily therefore he was mourned, it was from natural emotion at the loss of such a man in such a way, and not from any calculation of what more he might have done for us, if he had lived another ten years.

In contemplating the man it is impossible to overlook the light thrown upon his character by the devotedness of his wife. She was always his best support and aid in his work. She never recovered from the shock of his death: but she lived several years, eager to be spared till she should have secured his fair fame by the publication of his speeches under every advantage, and provided for his having such honour as noble monuments could give. The statue in the Liverpool cemetery, among others, is her gift.

In the one friend, progressive statesmanship took the form of practical insight into the great material interests of the community. In the other, it manifested itself by diplomacy and oratory in the interests of liberty, international and domestic. A middle-class man was requisite in the one case as in the other, though it was as true as ever that an aristocracy like ours has been, and continues to be, an indispensable safeguard of our liberties. The state of European society during the period which succeeded the peace was one which required the advent of what haughty people would call a political adventurer; a man who came fresh upon the scene, without hereditary entanglements. So Canning was there, with his genius, and his generous sympathies, and his ambition which had nothing sordid in it, and his unequalled powers of expression, by which to convey to the general mind and heart the needs, the aspirations, and the peril and promise of the time. It was impossible to put him down among the demagogues, as some people tried to class Mr. Huskisson with the bagmen. Old men remember how the demagogues abused him as an aristocrat, and how regularly he appeared in lampoons and caricatures as "the spouter of froth" on behalf of tyrants. It was at once necessary for the haters of political adventurers to accept Mr. Canning as a scholar and a gentleman, while the most crusty radical of that seditious time had "to own the soft impeachment" of a mutual sympathy on behalf of oppressed peoples, in both hemispheres. Thus was Canning the statesman for a progressive period, when the fate of nations might hang on the quality of the man who should virtually rule this country.

At the critical time of 1822, when the European peoples were trying to wrench themselves from under the heel of the Holy Alliance, we were so near losing Canning from his proper place, that nothing but the fitness of things could have kept him here. He had bidden good-bye to his friends generally, and had everything ready for going to India. Many grieved that he should go where his special gifts would be half wasted. Some of us may remember how we read in the daily papers of his last movements, as we had before read his last words in parliament. We read that he was at Liverpool, among his old constituents,—staying at his friend Gladstone's. There he was indeed,— sitting one day for hours at his chamber-window, looking over the sea. There was a little boy playing on the strand that day; and perhaps he glanced up at the window, and may remember the face that looked out there. That little boy was the Mr. Gladstone of our day. Mr. Canning was pondering some news which was on the way to the King in Scotland. Lord Londonderry had destroyed himself; and there might now be an opening for changing the political aspect of all Europe. He did not know,—nobody knew what would be done next. The King dreaded above everything the necessity of accepting Canning as a member of the Cabinet: Canning himself told his Liverpool friends, when the news was in all mouths,

that he had no knowledge whatever "of any arrangements likely to grow out of the present state of things." There was no other man, however, the Liverpool people said; and they were confident he would not go to India. The unprogressive politicians about the King put off to the last moment their invitation to Canning. It was on the 12th of August that Lord Londonderry died, and it was on the 11th of September that Mr. Canning became Foreign Secretary. He had then only five years to live; but, instead of going to India,—the India of the old Company,—he did such things at home that his son is now in India, carrying that empire through its transition from the rule of the Company to an immediate dependence on the Crown and parliament;—a piece of progression which was not at that time contemplated.

The King had special reasons for wishing Canning at the ends of the earth. Canning had been early a faithful friend and adviser of the Princess of Wales; he would never join in any of the measures of her enemies; and when he found that her affairs were closely implicated with the acts of administration at the time of her trial as Queen, he resigned his office at the Board of Control. It could not be at all agreeable to the King to have for his Foreign Secretary the old servant who had left the government for such a reason, two years before: but there was no alternative.

In spite of "the Anti-Jacobin," and other protests of Canning's against the revolutionary ailments of the public mind, during his early life; and in spite of his devotion to Pitt, and his opposition to Pitt himself on the question of parliamentary reform, Canning was now regarded as a progressive statesman, and disliked in high places on that account. He had worked hard to bring about the Irish Union, relying on the virtual pledge that the disabilities of the Catholics should be removed; and he was understood to be bent on the removal of those disabilities. Yet more, he was on the side of each nation which was unhappy under effete or cruel rulers, and this description comprehended so many of the governments of Europe, that the King trembled for the consequences to his own ease, and for the effect on his intercourses with his Imperial and Royal brethren.

The foreign policy of England did in fact turn into a new channel when Canning succeeded Castlereagh. It was believed that the latter, if he had gone to the Congress at Verona, would have protested against certain despotic designs, as Wellington did when sent by Canning; but the fact was universally known that the deceased minister was in sympathy with the monarchs, whereas his successor was in sympathy with their betrayed and outraged subjects. Canning's intentions were trusted; his acts were liberally construed; his speeches were idolatrously read by the liberals in every country who would have bitterly mocked at every act and word of Castlereagh's. Canning did not excite to insurrection. On the contrary, he rather precluded it by opening prospects of relief by better means. His dispatches are very quiet, and brief, and clear; and the more quiet and clear his words were, the deeper was the emotion they excited among anxious listeners.

What, then, was his policy? and what his purpose? It is enough to say here that his policy was that of Peace, at a juncture of such interior agitation; and his purpose was, in the first place, to break up the Holy Alliance. He proved himself a progressive statesman by holding these views in such a practical way as that the continental rulers at once found that they would have no aid from England in any scheme of aggression whatever,—against any neighbour, or in coercion of their own subjects, native or newly attached. As the South American provinces were actually released from Spain, Canning treated them as free. Everywhere he accepted clear facts, and acted upon them, instead of wasting time and breaking hearts over political fictions. It required a progressive statesman to do this. So much for his policy, in which he might easily be a representative man. In regard to his oratory, he was altogether exceptional. Statesmen constitute a class; but orators do not, nor ever can. The power is unique in each case; and all that we have to do here with Mr. Canning's eloquence is to note that it was the organ of the diffusion over the world of his progressive statemanship. In all wild places there was somebody who could recite some speech of Canning's. In countries where there was no press for the multitude, the multitude had means of reading what he had said. Wherever Englishmen travelled, they were looked at with interest and kindness as countrymen of the Minister who had willed that Princes should keep their word, and that peoples should have a hearing for their claims. If it seems to us now that there was nothing very remarkable in all this,—nothing more than we are now thinking and doing in the case of Italy,—the observation is itself an evidence of what Canning did for us. He excited the civilised world to rage on the one hand, and to transport on the other, by a policy which is to us, at this day, a matter of course; and he opened up the path to the point we have reached.

There was but too little time. When, in the spring of 1827, he became Prime Minister by Lord Liverpool's illness, it seemed a great blessing to the world. But there were persons enough, who did not think so, to deprive the world of the blessing. The opposition he had to contend with was perhaps the most outrageous on record; and it destroyed him. Everybody who had ever been quizzed by him, disappointed or mortified by him; everybody who feared his courage or his power, or who was tired of hearing him praised; all the foes of progression in general, and of the progressive statesmen of the day in particular, were encouraged to pursue him in full cry. They did it to the death. When he said it was the yellow curtains that made him look ghastly, he was in a ghastly condition. He was too much worn with other opposition to make any stand against disease; and he died, after an agonising illness, on the 8th of August, after five months' tenure of power as Premier.

The part of a Progressive Statesman has not been made entirely easy in this country, even by such pioneers as these. There was much to be

undergone by the next who followed this pair of friends. Sir Robert Peel had, in one respect, a harder task to fulfil than either Canning or Huskisson. He had to be converted to progression himself before he led a progressive policy. This was his difficulty; as that of lack of aristocratic position and fortune had been the impediment in the path of his friends: and Peel perhaps suffered the most of the three. In rank he was about on a level with Canning and Huskisson: but his great fortune, and his having been expressly trained for political life from his youth up, prevented his being taunted as a political adventurer, even if people had not been tired of the useless sarcasm.

All the three had to live and learn; but Peel alone had the difficult destiny of changing sides on great questions of policy. His father represented the characteristic British class of high Conservative traders. He gained a great "stake in the country," as our grandfathers were fond of saying; and he was ambitious that his son should increase the security of such a stake, and glorify the order of men who held it. All influences were brought to bear upon the child first, and then the boy, and the young man, to make him consider himself destined to an illustrious public career, and in the service of Toryism as it existed at that day. His heart and his father's would have failed them for fear if they could have known, when he left Oxford, what a set of measures he would be immortalised by. They would have prayed that he might rather die obscure.

When he entered parliament at one-and-twenty, graced by extraordinary university honours, and independent in fortune, he was on the winning side in every way. It was in 1809, when Perceval was minister, and Castlereagh and Canning were his colleagues, that Peel began his career; and when the murder of Mr. Perceval caused a recomposition of the ministry, Peel had become well enough known as a man of business to be appointed to the Irish secretaryship. O'Connell's party called him Orange-Peel: O'Connell himself pursued him with insult till they came to a challenge; and if there was an Englishman who could be pointed out as the representative of an anti-Catholic policy, it was Peel. He was honest in his opposition to the Catholic claims; but he was not satisfied with the method of governing Ireland; and here perhaps a close observer might have found a basis for speculation as to whether Peel would prove to be a stationary politician, after all. He made the best speeches against Catholic emancipation, session after session; but then, he did not relish or approve of, the sectarian quarrels in Ireland; and he had a notion that a sound popular secular education would be the best thing for the country. The smack of the pungent orange flavour was wanting in this Peel, his party observed: and when 1829 came, there were persons who said they had long ago thought what would happen.

In other questions he was assumed to be sound, as he himself took for granted he must be. His taste was rather for practical reforms than for high-flying political doctrine: but that he was sound in the faith, nobody doubted. He was so modest and diligent, and so respectful to the leaders of his party that nobody looked for the signs and tokens in him of the future political reformer. He was an administrative and economical reformer; but so much the less likely was it that he should occupy himself with liberalism in any shape.

So Lord Eldon and other Tories, who dreaded the vigour of Canning's genius, at the critical period of 1818, exerted themselves to bring in, to Canning's exclusion, the trustworthy Mr. Peel as member for Oxford. Oxford was thus provided with an anti-Catholic representative who would be a better Conservative in all ways than the restive and irreverent Canning could ever be. So thought the Eldons and Sidmouths to whom Canning appeared simply restive and irreverent, and Peel a model of discipline and deference as a partyman. They were sorry that he was steady in resigning his Irish secretaryship: but they should get plenty of work out of him by-and-by. Meantime he supported the Liverpool Ministry with all his force; and he was doing useful things in matters of currency and finance. His Bill for the resumption of cash-payments bears the date of 1819; and he was occupied with that class of questions till after the collapse and crash of 1825-6. He became Home Secretary in 1822, in the place of Lord Sidmouth, on which appointment it was observed by his party that "the substitution of the one for the other could have no effect on the course of administration." The outgoing minister regarded him as a docile pupil and creditable successor. He wrote of him that "nothing could have been more becoming and creditable" than Mr. Peel's behaviour in entering the Home Office. The old gentleman was unaware that Peel's notions of administration were as unlike his as the projects of a social reformer are unlike the devices of a detective policeman.

Canning and Peel were alike in their shrinking from all implication with the scandal of the Queen's trial: and they were the most prominent members of the Liverpool Cabinet during its latest period. No doubt Canning's mind wrought upon Peel's, both in regard to foreign politics and Catholic emancipation, though they were regarded as leaders of the two sections of the Cabinet. Their common horror of parliamentary reform was a strong bond between them: and Peel was certainly coming round to the conviction that the Catholic disabilities could not be maintained. When Canning became Premier in 1827, he lamented that he must lose Peel as a colleague, on account of the Irish question. On that occasion he declared that Peel was the only man who behaved well to him in his hour of difficulty, and that he regarded Peel as his political heir and successor. As Canning's difficulties and popularity at that time were caused by his reputed Liberalism, the declaration must have been abundantly startling to the patrons of the young Peel of twenty years before.

The time was at hand when Peel was to find what it was to be born into an untenable position, and to have to struggle over into another. When his great speech of 1829 was read by every fireside in the kingdom, the universal remark of both parties was that there was no conviction in his mind: he had acted from a regard to expediency

only. He said so himself. He had to choose between two evils; and he chose the lesser, without any pretence of liking it. This event gave the key to the rest of his life, if he and his critics could have understood it. It cost him much anguish to give up the repute of consistency, and he was slow to learn that the function of statesmanship had essentially changed with the necessity of a progressive policy. His business in life was to discern, in spite of early prepossessions, political necessities a little sooner than people in general, and to adopt them with a good grace, and adapt them skilfully to practice, without affording the smallest countenance to political profligacy or levity. It was a task of extreme difficulty, and not at all of supreme honour. He was satisfied, happily, with a lot of singular usefulness, invested with a doubtful or damaged glory. He gave us peace with Ireland; he gave Ireland a renewed existence; he retrieved our finance by a series of measures from the Bank Act of 1819 to the repeal of the Corn Laws in 1846, which might, in each instance, have cost him the sacrifice of his career and of his political reputation. No witness of his first change ought to have been surprised at any subsequent one, because, in each case, his sense of duty was clearly concerned. He was the sincere and devout high-priest of expediency, in that province of human life in which expediency is both the obligation and the rule of duty. He suffered acutely under the various kinds of censure and insult that his position exposed him to; but he rose in character as well as repute, in proportion as his function became clearly understood by himself and others. Before his death he was incomparably the first statesman of the time; and at home his influence was almost equally great, whether he was in office or out of it. His career was not what his father, and his friends, and he himself had imagined: and it was what he would have recoiled from in horror, if he could have had a prevision of it; but it was great in its way, and will be immortal as an illustration of a critical period in the history of Europe. He seems not to have spent any words or thoughts on this point—so deeply interesting to us watchers of the world's history. Peel's memorable concluding aspiration, when leaving office, affords full insight into his own view of his own career. He hoped to be remembered at the cottage dinner-table, where the poor man was henceforth to eat sweeter bread —"no longer leavened by the sense of injustice." He will be remembered there for generations to come. But he will also stand conspicuous in history as, by force of circumstances and by his wisdom vanquishing his will, the great Progressive Statesman of his age, whose work it was to lead on his country while other countries were standing still, or rushing all ways but the right; and whose everlasting honour it will be that the polity conducted by him grew stronger in compactness, loftier in intelligence, and more expansive in prosperity, while the political edifices of the Metternichs, and Bourbons, and Romanoffs, whom he knew so well, were crumbling into ruin, with or without previous explosions of revolution. The fact affords some hint of what England owes to her Progressive Statesmen. Harriet Martineau.

THE GREAT FIRE AT LONDON BRIDGE.

It would seem as if every now and then the elements had a field-day, by way of proving how weak are all the appliances of science to combat with them. Fire, especially, has been testing our cunning of late, and the ground it has chosen for the match against us has been in the neighbourhood of London Bridge. Within a very few years we have had Alderman Humphery's Wharf and Fenning's Wharf burnt down, and now the great fire of June 22nd, in which about two millions of property has been destroyed. After the two former buildings were destroyed, they were rebuilt, declared to be fire-proof. One of them has been tested again by the devouring element, and swept away as speedily as though it had been a card-house. In short, this last catastrophe has demonstrated that fire-proof buildings, as at present constructed, are neither fire-proof against themselves when of large area and filled with combustible materials, nor against neighbouring fires of great magnitude. Poor Braidwood, who has gone to his account, predicted long ago that our system of fire-proofing buildings was a delusion and a snare, and he also, with prophetic eye, foretold the time when fires would, through man's cupidity and carelessness, grow beyond the powers of man to extinguish them. It would seem as though we deliberately planned these costly warehouses, in which the riches of the world are stored, to burn, as we lay the fuel in the grate for the same purpose. Oil and tallow will rarely, if ever, be found stored alone; if they were, the difficulty of firing them would be great indeed, but with these materials we heap immense stores of hemp and jute, which are well known to be very liable to spontaneous combustion.

The materials for the future blaze thus being carefully provided, we pile upon the whole in the upper floors precious silks, teas, and wines. The hemp fires, as it has just done at Cotton's Wharf, and the body of flame becomes so great that fire-engines sink in their presence into ridiculous squirts. Mr. Braidwood has shown that in such fires as that which we have just witnessed, the heat inside these vast buildings becomes that of a crucible, so fierce as to melt the iron pillars and girders with which the different floors are supported, like so much glass. Indeed, this iron, to which we trust so much in our fire-proof buildings, has been proved to be a positive source of danger. Iron heated beyond 600° loses its cohesive power, and becomes utterly untrustworthy. The girders which support the floors are sure to expand, and their action must then be to destroy the strongest walls. For all we know to the contrary, poor Braidwood met his death in consequence of the thrusting out of the walls from this very cause. In order to insure the safety of our so-called fire-proof buildings, the only reliable method is to build with solid bricks, all vaultings being made of the same material. The interior of each warehouse should be so subdivided by these fire-proof walls, that the body of flame and heat in each should not affect its neighbour. If this were done, we predict that we should see no more great fires in London. At one time it was the normal condition of Liverpool to have

several of her largest cotton warehouses destroyed in the course of the year, and so great was the danger from fire that insurances ran up from eight shillings to thirty-five shillings per cent. In 1841 it was determined to cope with the evil not with fire-engines only but with an act of parliament, which forbad the use of continuous roofs, wooden doors, and penthouses, and enjoined the running up of party walls four feet between each building. But the most essential enactment of the new bill was a clause which restricted the cubical contents of the buildings themselves. The result of this measure was a fall in the rate of insurance to its normal level. We have, it is true, the Building Act of the 7th & 8th of Victoria, which limits the cubical contents of warehouses in the metropolis to 200,000 feet—that is, the warehouses may be larger, but the interior walls with which they are divided must never enclose a larger space than we have mentioned. But access must be easy between one part of a warehouse and another, and this is usually given by means of fire-proof doors, which are supposed to be always closed when not actually in use: and as fire-proof warehouses, even of the best construction, are no stronger than their weakest part, we have this source of danger always to apprehend. When a fire occurs it is generally too late to shut the door from the inside at least; but we think some plan may be devised by which either these doors may be closed from the outside, or they may shut themselves on the approach of fire. As long as we have these weak places still remaining in our fire armour, we are no stronger than the vigilance of the warehousemen whose duty it is to shut these ponderous doors.

But independent of the question of fire-proof buildings, it is imperatively necessary that the legislature should interfere with the reckless manner in which all kinds of combustibles are stored within the heart of the metropolis. Is it absolutely essential that hemp and tallow should be stored together, and is turpentine a safe neighbour to such materials? We are told that enormous quantities of turpentine were stored in the cellars of the warehouses next to Alderman Humphery's, the last of the series destroyed. If these had caught, there is no knowing where the destruction would have ended. As it was, it was only the mercy of a total cessation of wind, which prevented half the Borough from being destroyed. It is also very questionable if such matters as oil and tallow should be permitted to be stored near London Bridge, at the very entrance to the pool, which is, at certain seasons of the year, crowded with shipping. Had this fire happened in the winter, the most probable thing that could have happened, would have been the burning of the whole fleet of colliers that usually lie contiguous to the wharves on the Surrey side of London Bridge. The quantities of oil and tallow floating upon the water and drifting down the stream, made it look like a sea of fire, in which, indeed, several boats, a barge, and one ship were consumed. Imagine, good reader, the wild consternation that would have seized the shipping on the river attempting to escape the destruction of fire-ships floating down towards them! Imagine the fearful loss of life, and the further land-fires that would have happened by these fire-ships striking against the water-side wharves; and further reflect that every condition but one was present—and that one, which is sure to present itself at any other time in the year—the presence of the collier fleet—to ensure the fatal combination of calamities we have pictured. Is it right, then, we ask, that a combustible that can live on the water should be stored in such a situation that it might be poured in flame upon the great "highway" of the world?

But it is not our purpose to paint possible disasters, and to frighten our readers with suppositious calamities; we have quite enough to do to awaken the attention of the public to the dangers that are imminent, but which we have yet time to avoid by judicious enactments. We have seen how the flank of the Building Act may be turned by the simple carelessness of a porter in leaving open an iron door; but we do not think the public are prepared to hear that every provision of this useful Act is set at nought by the great Manchester warehousemen of the city,—or rather they have chosen to view the law through their own special spectacles. In consequence of their breaking bulk, these places of business are, they say, exempt from the category of mere warehouses. Acting on this plan, the Manchester warehouses have grown into enormous storehouses, full of the most combustible materials, without having any partition walls at all. Cook's warehouse, in St. Paul's churchyard, is perhaps the most striking example of this evasion of the letter of the law. It contains no less than 1,100,000 cubic feet of space, filled with cotton goods, or nine hundred thousand feet more than the space contemplated by the law. And Cook's warehouse is only a sample of these kind of buildings that are growing in every direction in the heart of the city. Mr. Braidwood was never tired of raising his warning voice against these centres of dire conflagrations. These warehouses, he was often heard to say, are inaugurating an era of gigantic fires, against which the efforts of the Brigade will be powerless. The buildings, too, are so constructed as to render the firemen afraid to enter them. Iron girders, supported by iron columns, hold up the floors of these enormous buildings, and when these become red hot, in consequence of the fierce blast to which they are subjected, the fireman plays upon them at his peril, as the water suddenly contracts them on one side, and they snap and shiver in an instant, bringing the whole building down with a run.

Whilst our wholesale warehousemen are thus storing in the most densely populated portions of the city the elements of fearful conflagrations, the water-companies deny us the water to battle with them. At the late fire it was at least an hour before the engines could be supplied; during this precious hour the fire had time to fortify its position, and the water—when it did come—was too late to be of service. The public should demand a constant supply at high pressure, in which case the one element would always be ready to combat the other at whatever ordinary elevation it may show itself. If the magnitude of the disaster

which has just befallen the insurance companies, leads them to call the earnest attention of the legislature to the points which we have pointed out to our readers, even the three acres of ruins, now to be seen from London Bridge, will not tell their tale in vain. A. Wynter.

THE MILL ON THE RIVER MOLE.

Where are the waters wandering?
The miller's daughter asks;
Under the mill-wheel, over the mill-dam,
Plying their noisy tasks,
They murmur and brawl for a moment,
Then onward and onward they go;
Ever advancing, never returning—
Where do the waters flow?

Where are the waters wandering?
Lying, last night, on my bed,
List'ning their restless dashing,
Methought their wild voices said:
"So shall it be on life's current—
A hope or a joy once o'er—
A wish or a dream once uttered—
Like us, shall return no more!"

Then my busy thoughts went wand'ring
Far into my coming life—
Shall it bear me hence on its bosom,
To mingle with care and strife?
Never, ah! never returning,
As those sad whispers foretold,
To the happy hours of the present—
The careless dreaming of old?

With the voice of the wand'ring waters
Mingled at early morn
The sound of the whirring mill-wheel,
The gentle fall of the corn;
And the twilight, misty and mournful,
Faded away from my sight,
Till the drooping boughs of the willows
Were tinted with rosy light;

And the waters onward wand'ring,
Laughing and sparkling went;
Till my lips their smiles repeated,
And I learned the lesson, Content.
Shall I fear—whilst a loving heaven
Such smiles and guidance bestows—
To float on life's darksome waters,
Or reck where its current flows?

Louisa Crow.

THE PAINTER-ALCHEMIST.

A tall lean man in a student's long gown, much patched and torn, crouched before a furnace, the crimson glow lighting up weirdly the many lines and hollows of his wan face. His beard was ragged, his hair long and matted—once dead black in hue, now part grey from time and trial, part brown from dust, and singeing, and neglect: he had wild-looking, bleared eyes, scorched, claw-like hands, a painful shortness of breath, and the tremor as of palsy vibrating every now and then through his whole frame. The room was large, low-roofed, and lighted almost altogether by the fire, for the sun could hardly pour any of its rays through the long narrow slit of a window cut in the very deep wall of rubble and rough-shaped stones. An utter want of order prevailed in the room and its garniture. Open books and tattered manuscripts, flung about anyhow, covered the floor. Alembics, retorts, crucibles, jars, and bottles of various forms, thick cobweb festoons and coatings of dust; here a pile of faggots, there a heap of charcoal; while mingling with these and in equal confusion a painter's implements—the easel and wand, the pigments and stack of canvases and panels. The ceiling was black from smoke, and the air hot and stifling, charged as it seemed with poisonous fumes. Molten metals bubbled and seethed over the red fire. In the doorway stood a young man in a grey surcoat with silver buttons, a silver-hilted dagger swinging from his belt. He was fanning his face with his cap, evidently oppressed by the intense heat of the chamber.

"I have been deceived then. You are not Francesco Mazzuoli?" he said.

He was small in stature, light and supple in figure, with long abundant brown hair and delicate if not regular features.

"No," answered the man by the fire, without turning round. "I am not he whom you seek."

"And yet they told me I should find him here. He is my relative—my cousin."

"Your name?"

"Geronimo Mazzuoli."

"The son of Michele?"

"The same."

"Come nearer."

"I may not, the furnace is too hot."

"To the window then, Geronimo," and the watcher by the fire rose with difficulty and dragged himself, rather than walked, to the place indicated. He stood there a moment, letting the daylight fall upon his haggard features.

"Now look upon me," he said. "Should you know your cousin?"

"For years I have not seen him. We parted at Parma a long while back. He journeyed to Rome. I have been there since, and learnt tidings of him. Surely I should remember his face; and I have seen his picture, and lately too, at Arezzo, in the house of Messer Pietro, the poet. It was given to him by his master, the Sovereign Pontiff."

"Well, and how looked he in his picture?"

"It was painted by himself, and strangely like him, so it seemed to me, and so all have told me. A noble youth, with the beauty of an angel rather than a man—in his eyes a glory—"

"Enough. Why do you seek him?"

"I bring him news from Parma. I am a painter also, but younger—poorer—I seek of him instruction and help. I would learn from him the secrets of his art. But you are not he, let me go hence therefore."

"Peace! I *am* Francesco Mazzuoli!"

"Impossible!" and Geronimo started back at the wild, crazed look in the other's eyes. "You are old and bent, and—yet pardon me. I should not speak such words to you."

"Where is my mirror? You are right, Geronimo. It is not the same face I painted at Parma in the house of Michele, your father. The same yet not the same—I am old and broken; black from the fire, withered and dying."

He spoke in a strange plaintive tone.

"Ah!" cried the young man, moving towards him, "that is Francesco's voice. Unsay your words, cousin. You are not dying?"

"Living then—for the misery, and shame, and sorrow of life."

"Living for your art, Francesco."

He gave a wild, shrieking, unearthly laugh.

"For my art?—it is dead—look here," and he drew his cousin to the further end of the chamber, and tumbling down a pile of canvases, turned one over with its face to the light. "Look, do you see this?"

"The Roman Lucretia," said Geronimo. "You are indeed Francesco. If I cannot see it in your face, I see it here. Cousin, it is divine. But why unfinished—to work and complete it!"

"I cannot—look into the eyes."

"They are glorious—they glow with life—they move—"

"You see it then?" and he laughed again. "Yes, they are *her* eyes. It is *her* face. I can paint *that* only. I see but *that*. I try to work, but then she looks upon me out of the canvas with eyes of love, of sorrow, of reproach, and—and the tears cloud my sight, cousin. I can paint no more."

"Of whom do you speak?"

"Catarina."

But the word conveyed no meaning to Geronimo. He wrung his cousin's hand kindly.

"It is the secret of your heart, Francesco," he said, in a low voice. "It is holy ground—I will not seek to trespass on it." And he turned away.

For some minutes neither spoke.

"To think that *you*, cousin, should cease to paint!" exclaimed Geronimo at last. "*You*, with the crown of our profession within your arm's reach; *you*, with your skill, your power, your genius—self-critical, and dissatisfied, and desponding! What hope is there for me, then,—a poor plodder only—a simple struggler in the ranks, never to rise to a command? You, the painter of the Madonna in the Air, heavenly in her beauty, robed in golden gauze, the bright flesh glowing through the draperies; the Infant

Christ—Infant and yet Christ—with the globe of the earth in his hand. You, painter of the Vision of St. Jerome and of St. Guiseppe, the Blessed Virgin, and the Angels—works at which the soul thrills, and prayers rise unbidden from our hearts. You, of whom they say at Rome that the spirit of the dead Raffaello has passed into your body, Francesco."

"Do they say that?" asked Francesco, trembling, and pressing his hands upon his heart. "Such words are as exquisite music to the ear. Once they would have made me glad—how glad!"

"Why not now, cousin?"

"Now?" and his wild laugh broke out again. "Now I have a nobler mistress than art."

"What mistress can be nobler?"

"Alchemy!" cried Francesco. "Look here," and with a hurry and eagerness that approached violence, he dragged Geronimo to the furnace. "Look—nay, shrink not from the heat, it is nothing. Watch with me the mystic changes of the crucible, and you shall see the frothing liquid change into dolphin hues; the black crow, the plumed swan, the peacock's tail, the green lion, the pale citron, the scarlet dragon! No pigments can render those tints, Geronimo. By them your brightest palette is but dull, and drab, and dead. Stay with me, and share my studies. All my discoveries shall be yours. You shall halve my wealth—I have found the powder of projection for producing gold, the blacker than black; I have found the congelation of mercury, the flower of the sun, the perfect ruby, the universal remedy that shall make us live for ever, young, and rich, and noble, and beautiful."

"You have found these, cousin?"

"Ay, or shall find them, boy, 'tis the same. I will initiate you, Geronimo, in the sublime mysteries. You shall know the secrets of Jason's helm, Pandora's box, the dragon's teeth, the pelican, the crosslet. We will together break the glassy seal of Hermes. Oh, Geronimo, you will love with me this glorious science. It is nobler than art, for it absorbs it; it is universal, it is all-pervading. The whole world is but an allegory of science. See here," and he hurried again to the pictures, turning them over with trembling hands. "What call you this?"

"The Conflict of the Archangel and the Evil One."

"'Tis more than that—a parable, the sage subduing science, winning the philosopher's stone, the stone of two substances, the fixed and the volatile. The throat of the dragon is the fixed salt, the tail a symbol of the volatile element. Here again," and he pointed to another picture, "the Five Virgins receive from above the ingredients for making gold, the foolish scoffers at wisdom are these with their lamps untrimmed. Here the Magi bring gold, and frankincense, and myrrh—types of sol, and sulphur, and mercury. Why turn away, Geronimo?" asked the painter, panting for breath and trembling with weakness and excitement.

"These are sinful words, Francesco," said the young man, gravely; "perversions of our faith. What would the holy brotherhood of the Staccata say to such speech as this?"

"Ha!" cried Francesco, wildly, "they beat me for less, flung me into prison, bound me with chains—see where the rust bit into my wrists!"

"And why was this?"

"I was to adorn their church of Santa Maria with frescoes. I toiled for them a long while. I painted the Madonna borne up by Angels, gazing in devotion at a glittering cross cased in a crystal urn. The eyes of Catarina suddenly looked upon me from the eyes of the Blessed Virgin, and I paused. Then the monks poured gold into my hands. I turned again to my crucibles and my furnace. They called me cheat and robber, and imprisoned me. I escaped from them. I am free again, Geronimo—before my furnace again!"

"And the frescoes are finished now?"

Francesco shook his head. His cousin seemed pained at this recital, and turned his eyes to the window.

"You shall stay here and study with me, Geronimo. Soon the glory of the science will dawn upon you. Listen, now. It is all more simple than you deem it. All metals are of like components—earth and water; all metals would be gold were their components purely and fittingly mingled; of the water comes mercury, of the earth sulphur—they are the male and female of mineral creation. Purge these metals in the hottest fire, rectify them by more or less sulphur, by more or less mercury, and gold *must* come. I say it *must*, Geronimo. That step gained, we mount to other marvels. We go on—"

"Peace, cousin! these are thoughts to you, perhaps; they are but words to me."

"You will not hear me? You will not grow rich with me?"

"No; I want not your gold! your elixir! your long life—"

"Say that again. You want not gold? You—a poor painter?"

"Oh, Francesco! turn from these pursuits which will but madden and kill you; quit this heated room, poisonous with charcoal fumes, and come out into God's pure air; close your books, and fling away your crucibles, enter the church of S. Stefano, and pray for pardon and for strength to resume the profession you have degraded—the noble art you have trampled under foot. Be worthy of the spirit of the dead Raffaello. Paint again as you once painted, as you alone of living men can paint."

Moved by these words, Francesco cowered before his fire, hiding his face in his hands. Geronimo wiped the heat drops from his forehead. The room seemed to be unbearably hot. He moved to the door again.

"Don't leave me, Geronimo, I am very weak and sinking—don't leave me. I can pardon your words, you know nothing of the great science you despise, but when you see the yellow gold forming in the crucible—when you see the commonest metal transmuted into gold—when wealth unbounded lies at your feet—"

"I have said, cousin, I want not your wealth; and you are wrong, believe me, Francesco, to squander what is nobler than gold—your genius—upon so vain a quest."

"How! a vain quest?"

"I am not learned, Francesco, as you are—still, *I believe!* Let us say that there are mystic secrets to be discovered only by close and painful study and seclusion, and poring over the crucible and the cauldron. Who are we taught shall probe these mysteries? The pure of life, the good, the holy, who pray as they work, who toil for heaven's glory, not their own; who seek gold, not for the good it will do to them, but for the good it will enable them to do to others. Will the covetous succeed, do you think? Never!"

"Spare me, Geronimo!" cried the alchemist, piteously.

"Will gold be found in the crucible when fraud has heated the furnace? Never! You have robbed the monks of the Staccata, taking money and not giving toil; it is *their* money that consumes in that fire. Francesco, you will never find the secret—you seek your own vantage, and you are a cheat!"

"Geronimo!"

"I am sick speaking such words, but I must speak them. May the Virgin make them reach your heart."

"Stay! lift me up—what day is this?"

"The 24th of August."

"And the year?"

"The year of our Lord 1540."

"Ah! the game is nearly played out, Geronimo. It was as I thought. The spirit will quit me, then, as it quitted the divine Raffaello. It was at my age he died."

"You were like him once, Francesco; you had the same sweet smile, the same grace of manner, the same kind eyes and witching voice."

"And now, cousin, now you would say I am savage and ragged, burnt and mad. Yes; very nearly mad. Let us do as you say; let us go out into the air, I am very faint and feeble, and there is something weighing on my heart, and staying my breath—let us hence, I am stifled."

"And the fire?"

"It must go out. I shall need it no more."

He spoke in a tone of deep suffering. Geronimo bore the sinking man into the sunshine. It was almost blinding after the darkness of the laboratory. The sky was deep blue, with here and there a dapple of vapourous white.

"I breathe with more ease here, Geronimo, though the light beats cruelly upon my poor scorched eyes. Don't withdraw your hand, don't shrink from me."

"Indeed, Francesco, I do not."

"Promise me one thing—nay, two. Do you hear me, cousin?"

"I do. I promise."

"When I am dead—"

"Nay, speak not of it. You will live yet, Francesco."

"Peace! I am dying, and I know it. Hear me. You will finish the frescoes of the Staccata for the holy brotherhood, without reward, save only the dead Francesco's thanks."

"To the best of my abilities, I will do this, cousin."

"More—how my hands burn, and yet I shiver; this is fever, is it not, Geronimo? More—let me be buried at the Fontana, the church of the Servite monks, a mile from Casal Maggiore. Let me be buried as a lay brother, without shroud or coffin, save the robe of the order, and place a cypress cross upright on my breast. You will do this? You swear it?"

"I will, indeed."

"So, I believe you. I would be near her even in my grave; and, oh! Geronimo—"

"Speak! what would you, cousin?"

"Blame me not when I am gone—cry not shame upon my grave. If I have been wrong, wicked, impious; if I have sought gold for itself only, as you say, from covetousness—yet—yet there is excuse."

"There will be only sorrow for you in my heart, Francesco. No blame, no bitterness."

"But hear me. You remember, I left you at Parma, I journeyed to Rome, years and years gone. There, Geronimo—there, I loved, with my whole soul, with a love that preyed upon my brain, Catarina—call her only that—more of her name I have breathed to no living soul! I may not tell even to you, my cousin. Look at her face in the face of the Roman Lucretia in the picture; see her eyes in the eyes of the Virgin in the fresco of the Staccata. I loved her madly! Years have gone by, and still that love is mine—new and young and restless in my heart as ever."

He stopped breathless, while Geronimo wiped the wan face and brushed away the withered, tangled hair from the furrowed forehead.

"It was love without hope, Geronimo. She was far above me, noble and rich as she was beautiful. I, a poor painter, the son of a poor painter, the child of dead Filippo Mazzuoli, the flower-painter. I, to dare look up so high! Still, I loved. I knew that she often visited the workshop of Valerio Vicentino, the carver in crystal. With my best picture I bought of him the right to loiter in the room where she might come. It was such happiness to look upon her, to be near her. Soon my heart would bear silence no longer—my passion would burst into words. The opportunity came. I told her all and learnt from her own lips that my love was returned. The miserable folly of this was clear to all others, perhaps, but not to us. Then the end. The black curtain fell between us. We were cruelly sundered. I was driven from her presence, never to see her again. While, yet, there was a whisper torturing my ear, that if I had been rich she might have been mine! I was haunted by a demon that ever cried to me, 'Gold! gold! get gold! A painter you will starve, a sage you will grow rich—find the philosopher's stone, and buy of her proud kinsmen the hand of Catarina!' Well! I have toiled over the furnace, I have watched the crucible—— What sound is that, Geronimo?"

"I hear nothing."

"It is the music of angels! and one voice, with, oh! such a plaintive wail in it, thrills through all. Listen, Geronimo!"

"I hear nothing—yet, stay. Ah! it is the nuns of Santa Lucia winding along the footpath, singing as they approach."

"Geronimo, it is *her* voice; Catarina joined the sisterhood of Santa Lucia! Quick! bear me to her. It is for her I have surrendered all—my art, my life, perhaps even my soul! I have ventured

these, and gained—nothing! Oh! let me crawl to her feet! Let me see her once again!"

As he spoke his voice grew fainter, fading at last into little more than a trembling of his lips. As he essayed to rise, his strength failed him, and he sunk back into the arms of Geronimo. A quivering of the seared eyelids, one long-drawn sigh, and all was over.

The procession of nuns, singing the Ave, passed the house of the alchemist. They paused at the sight of the young man bearing in his arms the lifeless Francesco, and holding to his lips a silver cross. One of the nuns came forward—a tall, slight figure, with a pale, sorrowing face, and a pained look in her eyes.

"He is my cousin," said poor Geronimo, "and very sick, I fear."

The nun bent down, and touched with her thin white fingers the blackened hand of the painter-alchemist.

"He is dead!" said the nun. "Heaven rest his soul!"

"My poor Francesco!" said Geronimo, and his tears fell on the dead man's face as he stooped to kiss his forehead.

"Was that his name?"

"Francesco Mazzuoli, painter of Parma, sometimes called Parmigiano."

"No! no!" With a strange wild cry the nun took his head into her breast. "This is not Francesco!" and she gazed into the livid, withered face eagerly, passionately.

"So please you, it is he indeed—a noble painter. I am his cousin, and know what I say. He sought to grow rich, poor soul! May God forgive him, he practised alchemy! He sought for gold, yet not for himself. Perhaps his brain was turned; he loved, yet haplessly so."

The nun did not speak. She had fainted on the body of Francesco, with her lips upon the lips of the dead man.

"And there were tears in her eyes," said the lady abbess of the convent afterwards. "I never saw tears in her eyes before. Perhaps she will be happier now."

Parmigiano was buried, as he had desired, in the church of the Servite monks, with a cypress cross upright on his breast. Geronimo often found other flowers strewn upon the grave than those he had himself placed there, yet he never knew from whose hand they came. Often to himself, though, he would say:

"Surely the eyes of that sister of Santa Lucia look out in the eyes of the Roman Lucretia, and in the eyes of the Holy Virgin in the fresco of the Staccata." DUTTON COOK.

SAGARTIA ANEMONES, OR MY DRAWING-ROOM PETS.

"Unheard by them the roaring of the wind,
The elastic motion of the waves unfelt,
Still, life is theirs, well suited to themselves."

"Rien n'est plus commun que les bonnes choses; il n'est question que de les discerner, et il est certain qu'elles sont toutes naturelles et à notre portée, et même connues de toute le monde."

THANKS to Gosse, who tells us "the Sea Anemone is an indubitable animal, and its organisation more complex than is usually supposed," and to other men of science of our day, Marine Zoology rises year by year like a growing child, and in the microcosms of our rock pools, nestling rocks, and sandy nooks, we find that life there has its pleasures and its pains, and that there are beings, who, in spite of having once puzzled writers whether to consider them "as a superior rank of vegetables or the humblest order of the animated tribe," are replete with vivacity and animation, sensible of the summer sunlight and the winter cold, and day by day developing to our minds the fact that they have instincts, will, and disposition, as full of interest and amusement as their forms delight us, each in its own kind by their beauty, their varying hues, and their peculiar and most wondrous construction.

When we hear of the "Beadlet Actinia," who displayed its velvety robe and blue turquoises in an aquarium for *twenty years*, how utterly insignificant sounds the tale we tell, in an experience that boasts of little more than a year; but each day might have been a month, such a source of occupation and pleasure has it afforded me to foster and watch the lovely inhabitants of my two or three glass vases—Aquaria. Each individual is endeared to me by association, whether coaxed and petted from its home in the depth of a glassy pool, "from its snug arm-chair," in its native lime or sandstone, from some niche in the overhanging or perpendicular rocks, "or on the surf-beaten sands that encircle it around."

SAGARTIA VIDUATA, THE SNAKE-LOCKED ANEMONE.

The oldest, and to me the most attractive of my pets, is a beautiful Sagartia Viduata, a slim, graceful shaded drab column, warmer in the tint as it rises higher, and carefully striped longitudinally with lighter hues; a fancifully pencilled greyish-tinted disc, with a distinct white mark at the corners of the mouth, and five rows of the purest translucent greyish-blue-tinted tentacula and viola. The substance of the Viduata is of a leathery construction and its constitution apparently like most creatures well formed and healthy, fully adapted to battle with the storms of life; and agreeing with the poet "that sure there is need of *social* intercourse . . . . . in a world that seems to toll the death blow of its decease, and by the voice of all its elements to preach the general doom," the Viduata is seldom found alone. It is somewhat select, however, in the choice of its companions, and found most frequently on terms of the greatest intimacy with the queenly Actinoloba Dianthus Anemone, whether pendent side by side with it, and like it revelling in a crystal drop—for the Sagart Anemone, like the prudent oyster, retains sufficient water to keep it in luxurious comfort during the ebb of tide—cushioned within its own walls, a pulpy cone of jelly, or gummed and flattened to the rock, like a piece of card, in lazy indolence and apathy. Born to an active bright existence, and reared to remain steady and unmoved amidst the roaring of the waters and the violence of the storm, the Viduata, with the patient calmness and resignation that betokens a well-regulated mind, bears his reverse of fortune and translation to a narrow and circumscribed home

with tranquil fortitude, and seldom allows many hours to elapse ere it settles quietly down in some shady corner, if practicable, plumes out its snaky locks, and enjoys the good that is left to it. The placidity of its temper is also manifested in the temperate use of its *acontia*, or missiles of defence, those *tiny white threads*—barbed ecthorea—that are coiled up in different chambers—cnidea—of the body, of all classes of Sagartia Anemone, and form such powerful weapons of defence to those who attack or annoy them. My Viduata is not erratic in disposition; for some four months it remained quietly domiciled in a snug corner of its new home without evincing the slightest curiosity to learn anything of its capabilities or its inhabitants beyond what was seemly to its own comfort and dignity; elevating himself sufficiently to dress and expand his flexuous tentacula, or under the shade of semi darkness elongating its slender column some two inches and a half high, and with a modest graceful bend glancing at the world around him. But if silent, our Viduata is without doubt a keen observer; and with a laudable curiosity and that friendliness and sociability that is instinctively characteristic, one morning,—after partaking of a somewhat voracious meal of raw minced mussel, served to him as a Chinaman takes his rice, bit by bit, from the end of a chop-stick, and conveyed by *him* to his brown lined, wide open mouth, with one of his flexile tentacles, as an elephant conveys food to his mouth by the use of his trunk—was found settled in a new residence, in close proximity to some tiny yellow cup corals (Balanophyllia Regia) and again beside a noble colony of his much-loved Dianthus.

Here where "old faces glimmered through the door, old footsteps trod the upper floors," invigorated twice a week by, I must own, voracious meals, Viduata lived a pleasant summer life; but as winter approached there had evidently been a midnight conclave and a moonlit flitting, for one morning a new flat-surfaced rock that stood in the centre of the tank was in the firm possession of Viduata, along with a handsome Plumose and two fairy elves of Sphyrodita Sagarts, and there they are now, our Viduata leading a calm, undisturbed life, now and then taking a fit of indolence and sinking down into an apathetic flatness, which none other of the Sagarts can surpass or equal, but whether instinct guides him or the sense of his olfactory nerves arouses him, it is for a naturalist to declare; for place a small piece of *mussel* on the closed aperture of its body, and after a moment or so, up rises the column, out come the tentacles, and agape goes the mouth like a young fledgling.

ACTINOLOBA DIANTHUS, THE PLUMOSE ANEMONE.

Many years ago, in one of the colonies, when taking luncheon on board an American man-of-war, a young Yankee officer, after amusing me by a multitude of questions about England and the English, exclaimed suddenly:

"Well! you tell me that people would not take off their hats in the streets to a nobleman without they knew something of him personally. I guess *I* should take off my hat to the Queen of England or the Duke of Wellington if I met them."

This involuntary republican feeling of respect for excellence and worth ever recurs to me as I watch the queenly Dianthus. Elastic and firm in consistency, with a graceful, smooth, circular column, frequently semi-transparently streaked, capped by a *fosse* and a membranous frilling of tentacula, and clothed in sumptuous silky hues of pink, creamy white, or translucent neutral-tinted buff, dark grey, olive, or white, the Diver in the Gulf of Charybdis (of Schiller) never brought up a fairer gem. Whether drawn up to its full height, displaying its tentacles dotted on a frilling, and giving a Queen Elizabeth ruff, all puckers and bows—floating with stately grace, its plumosy tentacles for sails, Nautilus fashion—moored to a rock, its column bending gracefully, "queen lily and rose in one;" or with a diadem of marabouts spread out around the *fosse*—that order of beauty and birth peculiar only to the Actinoloba Dianthus encircling it like a ring, and, by forming a division between the column and the *physiognomy*—if I may be allowed the expression—proclaiming it fully thereby queen of sea anemones.

The *young* Dianthus, with the sympathy and love of a tender nature, at once opens and expands to true friendship, and sheds the radiance of its charms and beauty on a new world around him; but, dignified and placid as is the general temperament of this queen of Actinia, those of *mature* growth, like many beings gifted with reasoning powers, cannot at once submit to a reverse of fortune with that resignation and fortitude which betokens the true nobility of birth and breeding; and frequently many hours elapse after its removal from its ocean home and a senseless cone bestrewed by thready flags of distress (*acontia*) alone tells of our queen of the castle. But, with "self-renunciation life begins," thinks the noble anemone, as she slowly rises like a mermaid from the deep, and spreads out her *golden* hair, glancing proudly but benignantly around her, dining or breakfasting, as the case may be, with luxurious comfort but not voracious appetite, and appearing, later in the day, in the transparent silken robes and courtly plumes that betoken her birth and race—a tribute of gratitude which all the Sagartian Anemones render for their food, most of them appearing in their best and loveliest robes and forms after a hearty meal.

Shall I say that my Plumose loves with passionate strength? For, if slow in making new friendships, like the true and warm hearted, it puts forth all its best energies with sterling reality when once it does become *attached*, suffering its very fibres to be torn and lacerated ere it can wrench itself away, or be persuaded to move, when necessity requires a change of scene or position. And, like one whose life has not been in vain, and being "dead yet speaketh," the bit of fibre left behind buds and expands, and, after a few days, a miniature Plumose delights us with its saucy, *feathery face*, begins to eat and grow apace, and daily tells us of her who was once there. Slow to anger, and consequently sparing in the use of its *acontia*, and dearly loving the society of its own kith and kin and a few select and chosen

acquaintances, for it is seldom or ever quite alone, the Actinoloba, although apparently delicate in looks, is of so vigorous and healthy a constitution that it can stand the vicissitudes of life with greater fortitude than many others of the Sagartian race; and I can but persuade myself that, seated on its stone ottoman, in its aqueous drawing-room, surrounded by those it loves, or comfortably stretched in a horizontal position with ample room and a pure atmosphere, that, in spite of captivity, the Actinoloba Dianthus of the aquarium are a tolerably happy, satisfied race of beings.

SAGARTIA SPHYRODITA, THE SANDALLED ANEMONE.

Surely, if that charming creation, Ariel, sang, "In a cowslip-bell I lie," the mermaids, Lorelei, or nixies—I don't know which are the tiniest—must have found as dainty a couch in the tiny bells of the Sagartia Sphyrodita, a pretty little fairy sea anemone, with a white calyxed-shaped column, streaked transparently, and just tipped in the yellow disced with a warm brown tint, yellow or white disc and mouth, and opaque white tentacles, with a shading into purple where they join the disc, and the *ensemble* so closely resembles Burns' "bonny gem," the field-daisy, that, nestled in some sea grass, or ulva, or gracefully pendent from the satiny fronds of Iridēa Edulis, or penninerved Delessaria, and it is difficult to believe that it is not a meadow flower, but a sentient being, with a temper as easily put out and as easily appeased as a child's, "and, like the young lions, seeking its meat from God."

Our first acquaintance with Sphyrodita began on a lovely summer day when the spring-tide had sent the tired waters to sigh and sleep so quietly, that I had grown oblivious, and was so engrossed in culling the treasures of a rock pool, "that slowly from slumber woke the unwilling main, curling and murmuring until the infant waves leaped on his lap," and I ran a chance of being lured to destruction in some coral grove, when, lo! as I plunged in, and drew a long sighing gasp, with a momentary wish that I had been born a diver duck or sea-gull, that could ride the bosom of the ocean instead of having to furrow through it like a plough, a frond of "Fucus Serratus," freighted with some half-dozen of these sprites of the waves, came drifting towards me, and at once perceiving that chance had given me a prize, I gave all but a shout of Eureka! as I grasped them, and with the enthusiasm of an Archimedes went bounding through the waters to *terra firma* again. And in spite of frequently finding colonies of these Sphyrodita snugly domiciled in the niches of perpendicular *mud*-covered rocks, like so many jewels set in a frame, I cannot but think that, soft as is their construction, and delicate as is their nature under rough treatment, they clearly belong to a hardy nomadic race, "who love to roam o'er the dark sea foam," for often on turning over the fronds of Rhodomenia palmata, or Fucus, I come upon the pretty brown tipped cups of clinging Sphyrodita.

In their drawing-room home they roll themselves up and sleep as dormice do in cold weather, but with warmth and sunlight they expand their petal-like tentacles, and as flies in summer air, now float on the surface of the water, now gem the fronds of the sea-blooms, hang like blossoms from a spray, or deck the brown rock with life and beauty.

SAGARTIA NIVEA, THE WHITE ANEMONE.

In snug little homesteads in the water-worn holes of shelving limestone, decked from without with shrubby Dasya, gorgeous scarlet "Delessaria sanguinea," or winged Alata, and "with a flooring of sand like the mountain drift," or down in the clear deep pools, where Bryopsis and Ceramia, Polysiphonia, Rhodomenia, and green silken Ulva form stately gardens for their pleasure, live a beautiful race of anemones of the high-born Sagartian tribe. To the eyes of the treasure-seeker there affords no fairer sight than Sagartia nivea *at home* in its native bower, in brownish olive or orange-coloured column, the upper part dotted with suckers, with slender tentacles and rippled disc of opaque white, as it waits with graceful bearing and outspread tentacula "for the meat that will come in due season," and presents a perfect picture of placid happiness.

But like some individuals, who can judge the mind by the face, the gifted Nivea at our first glance instinctively learns that our appearance bodes no good to him and his. And after some brave attempts to keep up a semblance of its wonted calmness and equanimity—the quivering tentacles alone betraying the terror from within—it slowly but gradually withdraws within its own walls: nor will it surrender its small garrison by gentle persuasion and coaxing. For, like some gallant little band who hold their own against fearful odds, and while each renewed attempt, each blow threatens death, still finds some new resource wherewith to prolong the struggle, so with Nivea, who, cognisant of one of the oldest stratagems of war, from the first attack pours forth such a plentiful supply of *acontia*, that a natural enemy may be easily persuaded that the ammunition is inexhaustible and beat a retreat. And when nooses and spears—barbed ecthorea—are alike unavailable, the suckers and prehensile base form so powerful a resistance, that ere the poor shaken citadel, completely enveloped in flags of distress, surrenders, it presents such an abject picture of misery and grief, that we feel like a ruthless savage impelled by the irresistible hand of destiny and research to molest these happy people.

And while Nivea is of a leathery construction and sufficiently strong in constitution to live long in a civilised hemisphere, yet it wanders restlessly to and fro, and ever wears the sullen bearing of a prisoner who eats and lives mechanically, rather than the free emigrant who, with his heart in his native land, still grows happy in the present, and if the simile is far-fetched, it is still apt. Nivea reminds one of a poor chained eagle, or a caged skylark who sadly trills—

"We are pressed by heavy laws,
And often glad no more,
We wear a face of joy,
Because we have been glad of yore."

SAGARTIA ROSEA.

Who would not give the meed of "Pulchræa gentis pulcherrima" to Sagartia rosea, with olive-

brown or pinkish-drab column, dark greenish-brown discs, and two or three rows of exquisite satiny, rose-coloured, bluntish tentacles, as its brilliant hue flashes on one's sight for the first time from within the darkened chamber and sanded couch that it loves best in the limestone rock? The light and warmth from heaven are grateful to its senses, the roar of the waters and the battling of the waves are sweetest music to its ears, and soothingly tranquillising to its comfort in activity or repose. The waifs and strays that fall to its share by the wayside strengthen its vitality, add to its stature, and clothe its whole frame in a thanksgiving to Him "who is I AM, even in the uttermost parts of the sea." But Rosea is one who brings a mind not to be changed by time; for invite him to your home, and *tears* at once pour from its satin smooth skin, and the white threads of sorrow and dismay clothe it like a winding-sheet. Gently and firmly you pass the steel chisel under a portion of its prehensile base, and fondly you imagine the castle is surrendering; but "This rock shall fly from its firm base as soon as I," says our resolute beauty; and by suckers and every available power it clings, and with the grasp and tenacity of a drowning man holds on to its much-loved home. We gain our end by bringing a portion of the rock with us; but, as La Bruyère says, we obtain our desire when it ceases to be of value to us; for, in spite of its leathery consistency and healthy-looking frame, the fair Rosea is a very Swiss with a *mal du pays* in our microcosm, and soon, very soon, it fades and droops, and ere long "a silent change dissolves the glittering mass."

SAGARTIA MINIATA.

wish I could say that Sagartia miniata is as bashful as the Brittle Star "Ophiocoma," who, rather than submit to the vulgar gaze of the genus homo, recklessly throws off his arms and legs. I fear Miniata's is a far stronger passion, for could an arrow from her quiver kill, few would survive who come to seek this pugnacious, cross-grained *gentlewoman* of her race—as luxuriating in her crystal drop she hangs pendent from the ceiling of her home in the beetling rock, or "sits high smiling in the conscious eye" in an arm-chair in an aqueous parlour, inhabited by queenly Dianthus, Viduata, &c. Various are the colours of Miniata's column—brownish-red, olive-green, orange or brick-dust, with a plentiful supply of palish suckers adorning the upper half, and disks and tentacles speckled like a bird's wing, in tints of red, brown, black, white, drab, or velvety-purple—of course differing in different varieties in colouring and marking.

Soft and delicate as Miniata seems in substance and construction, no Sagart is possessed of a stronger or healthier frame, or would live longer in a state of civilisation were it not for its irascible nature.

For like an angry reptile it stands upon the defensive, and is the first to begin the fray. A touch from even a camel's hair brush, however lovingly given, brings forth a shower of white thready darts, that dangle about its frame afterwards, a miserable example of ungovernable temper—that were it not for the strong interest Miniata cannot fail to excite in its prettily marked garb, and her quiet, well bred manners and simplicity when left to her own devices, I should be inclined to compare her to a scorpion, who sometimes destroys itself by its own venom; for more than once have I known instances of individuals, who, quite healthy at the time, have drooped and died after giving way to a fit of naughty ungovernable passion. By frequently finding Miniata able to come home with me, almost at the first greeting, and without the aid of a chisel or a fragment of her habitation to comfort her, I conclude that she loves to wander amid the garden walks and alleys of her native pools and bowers, as much as she delights in exploring the boundaries and mounting the glassy heights of her new home. With what delicate politeness and reserve she passes the castellated dwellings of her neighbours, avoiding personal contact with the most scrupulous nicety! Although I am bound to add that if by chance a stray hand—tentacle—should touch her in friendly greeting, up goes her back like a Highland terrier, and a tell-tale thread dangling after her proclaims that the civility has only been construed into an insult. Miniata perched upon the heights of the tank, with her straightened column just laved by the water, her tentacles expanded, and prettily begging for a morsel, which she takes and devours with the keen relish and contentment of a frank nature, or seated in the hollow of a pecten or cockle-shell, in peace and quietness—free to come and go as she chooses—like people who have a good position in the world, and the wherewithal to maintain it—Miniata's little weaknesses can be amiably overlooked, and she moves in her sphere with credit to herself and with sufficient admiration and notice to be considered a very worthy member of society and her face.

SAGARTIA TROGLODYTE, THE CAVE-DWELLER.

Having described the queens and gaily-dressed beauties of our small aqueous society, we come now to tribes who are born in far more lowly situations, and are what we shall term the artisan and rustic population of Sagartia Anemone. Although, let it not be inferred that the forms of the cave-dwellers and the mud are not as interesting and, in cases, as beautiful, as those of their race literally born to a higher or more elevated sphere. For as nature is no respecter of persons, and frequently decks the village belle with the fairness of the lily and the sweetness of the rose—or forms the desert flower, nourished by the dews and sunlight of heaven only, a triumphant rival to the palace exotic—so many a Bellis and many a cave-dwelling Troglodyte is a marvel of delicate loveliness. As is the varieties Rubicunda and Lilacina of Sagartia Troglodyte, with buff-tinted greyish column, longitudinal lines, and pale suckers, rich tinted rose or lilac-coloured tentacles, and a disc varied with black, white, and grey, in "a delicately pencilled pattern that has justly been compared to the mottling of a snipe's feather" (see Gosse's book on Sea Anemones), and that always in the normal species, and in many varieties, have at each tentacle foot a mark

like the Roman capital letter B; but these are artisans, "coaxed and dandled into eminence." The normal species of Troglodyte are clothed in tints of buff, grey, black, white, and red; and from the time they come out like buds from the parent stem, little miniature creations from a pin's head and upwards, who seat themselves on the soft, crumbling sandstone, or in the sand expand their saucy tentacles, and wait with exemplary patience for the morsel that will get a blessing with the rest, they are the architects of their own fortunes; for Troglodyte increases his possessions with his years, and a sandstone specimen who attains a diameter of an inch in column, two inches in the expanse of flower, and two inches and a half in height, may justly be termed a very Cyclops—or more aptly, self-made man of his race. With leathery construction, and constitution vigorous and healthy, Troglodyte is like the genus man, who must be sustained by food, or it will degenerate, and die.

"Ye who are wealthy a lesson learn,
Hear what the blessed Jesus said,—
Give us each day our daily bread,
And drive out want from the poor man's shed."

It seems hard to force Troglodyte to emigrate from his comfortable home, but as he is a classical animal, an island home is, after all, well suited to him; consequently he bears his translation with the calmness and contentment of a mind easily pleased and grateful for small blessings, and lives a settled domestic life, occasionally giving way to a fit of apathy and flatness, but coming out afterwards decked in neatest trimmest attire, and with renewed vigour and appetite, ready to exclaim with Ulysses, "I will drink life to the lees."

SAGARTIA BELLIS, THE DAISY ANEMONE.

Sagartia bellis, with straight, ungraceful column and flattened disc, dotted, not fringed, with tentacula, in the *ensemble* resembles a salver on a stalk, without a foot; and in pink and purple column, and disc beautiful in its hues of black, white, grey and blue—in scarlet pencillings and clear brown, white, and pink—or almost wholly white—reminds one of the awkward, stupid clown dressed out in holiday attire, for Bellis is a Sagart who loves the mud, and, like many of our poor brethren, thrives and grows apace in an atmosphere redolent of fumes, to say the least, not grateful to our olfactory nerves; for while there are varieties of the tribe who, like Rubicunda and Lilacina Troglodyte, are beautiful and elegant in form, and dwell in homes where "the pure and clear element gently is laving," yet the Weymouth Bellis, in yellow wainscot-hued column and black, white, and grey-freckled disc, and the Cornish, love to congregate in the slimy mud. Here they and their enormous families of little ones grow sleek and fat, laughing at care and its sister evils, for "He who made all things for His glory" provideth for them. "It is good to be contented," says Bellis, when you transplant him to a pure atmosphere. "I am cosmopolitan enough to be able to live anywhere, where such life as I have can be;" and so he accepts the morsels that fall to his share—chooses a residence which he seldom changes, gives no trouble, allows his arms to rust in their case, and drinking Lethe, says, "Oh, rest, ye brother mariners, we will not wander more."

I have many more pets in my microcosm. There are Devonshire Cup Corals, Carophyllia Smithii, who dwell in shelly homes and eat voraciously, but gratefully dress afterwards in white and pink, with, on rare occasions comparatively, a green brooch at their mouth; Balanophyllia Regia, the yellow Ilfracombe Cup Coral, who chokes over his morsel, like the old and toothless; Corynactis viridus, in my opinion but one degree removed from the Sagart Anemones, in sea-green garb, and a fringing of pinkish purple tentacula on footstalks, make pale fair stars to be admired, but clinging to their victims with a grasp that cannot be easily shaken off, and devouring like very cannibals; Serpula contortuplicata, who run up their winding staircases, on fifteen hundred legs, to come and exhibit their gorgeous and truly beautiful scarlet, or scarlet and white, and crimson fans and stoppers, seem to see without eyes, and vanish as quick as lightning. And lastly, there are pretty painted prawns, tame vivacious creatures, who row their pliers at our approach, and beseechingly seek for a "bit piece" with the pertinacity and humour of any black-eyed roving little "Arab" of bonnie Scotland; but for the present I have finished.

LINA.

PITY THE SORROWS OF A POOR BLIND MAN!

So I did. Who could help it? He was, to all appearance, not only blind, but perfectly helpless: an old man with a white head, and limbs all cramped and stiffened; bearing, placarded on his bosom, the above injunction. Let any one among us, who walks in the sunlight, taking his eyes as matters of course, cover them up for a moment, and think what it would be to grope about in a perpetual darkness,—not that he may give himself a gratulatory hug at his freedom from his neighbour's affliction, but that, feeling its magnitude he may pity it,—and he too would possibly turn and relieve the sorrows of the poor blind man, as the placard bade him do.

Every morning as I passed his corner I pitied him: that is to say, when I was not looking straight before me into my own business too earnestly to remember his. He never whined—a habit which would have set the teeth of my compassion on edge at once—and he never begged orally; only, he was there. Then I caught myself speculating about him. How did he get to the corner? How did he get away again from it?

A certain writer, instancing a difference between genius and no genius, takes two men passing an overturned waggon. The ordinary man, or no genius, simply sees the wreck before his eyes, while the genius immediately begins to imagine what it used to be, and how it looked before it was overturned. According to that view, let me flatter myself that I must have been a genius, since I got into a habit of making this poor old figure up afresh; calculating what he was like before he went blind; how long his legs had been

when they were straight, and how far apart his nose and chin when there were any teeth between them. But I never could find out how he got to his post, or from it. In some mysterious way he was there in the morning, always, whether I passed early, or late; and in the same mysterious way he was not there at night, but I never could attain to a sight of his manner of progression.

By-and-by, he became familiar with my voice; there would be a slight trembling of the eyelid, a wistful raising of his head in the direction of the sound when I spoke, and sometimes a mumbled blessing. For you see, I was weak about the sorrows of this poor blind man, and constantly ministered to them.

I began, indeed, in my interest for him, to make sundry inquiries into the nature of asylums for the blind, and to question him concerning his parish, whether he had any friends; where he came from, &c. But to these questions I obtained no other answer than the desponding upward movement of the head and eyelids, or else disjointed phrases, such as—

"No one to care for me—desolate old man—no, no."

More than once it seemed to me that my questions annoyed him; I put that down to delicacy of feeling, and was all the more anxious that something should be done.

One morning, however, I perceived new and touching symptoms of distress in the countenance of my blind friend. Not that he was demonstrative; he did not speak, but his attitude expressed the utmost despondency, and every now and then he quietly lifted the corner of a ragged handkerchief to his eyes. I noticed, too, that he got more alms than usual,—naturally, for no one could pass without being struck with the silent despair which seemed to hang about him.

Of course, I accosted him, and then his tale of trouble came out. His daughter was dead, and he had no money to bury her. This was his last visit to the corner; there would be no one now to help him along the crowded streets. He was old and crippled:—no help for it; he would not complain. Only let him get the money to bury his daughter decently, and he could die contented, for there was no one to care for him.

Some one among the pedestrians looked at us smiling, and whispered that it was "too old a dodge;" and with a momentary misgiving I slipped the usual small coin into the blind man's hand, and went on. But when looking round I saw big tears rolling silently down from the poor sightless eyes, I turned back, I could not help it, half-a-sovereign found its way somehow from my fingers to the cramped ones of the vagrant, and the usual mumbled blessing fell on my ears, mingled with an assurance that I should see him no more.

"Where do you go at night?" I asked, hesitating. He made no answer, only shaking his head slowly from side to side.

"Tell me where you are to be found, that I may see if anything can be done for you."

There was an odd twitching about his mouth as he muttered out that it was "no place for a gentleman to come to—no, no," following it up with more blessings. I persisted in my questions, however, and then, all at once, raising his head with the old uncertain movement, he said if I would tell him where I lived he would crawl there on his hands and knees, that he might thank me for my goodness.

So I went on my way and saw him no more; and very soon I left off speculating about the sorrows of the poor blind man, or expecting him to crawl on his hands and knees to thank me; the mist of business and time gathered over him, and he was "out of sight, out of mind."

One day as I was preparing to go out, a neat brougham drew up before my door, and a card was brought in to me, inscribed, "Mr. Valentine Brown."

I had no knowledge of the name, and I was in a hurry, but so, apparently, was the owner of it, for he followed his card without waiting for the ceremony of invitation, and stood before me bowing; a white-haired gentleman, elderly, but well preserved, and showing a remarkably good set of teeth as he smiled. Also a pair of wonderfully bright black eyes glistened through his gold-rimmed spectacles. As he did not speak immediately, I intimated that I had not the honour of his acquaintance.

"That," said Mr. Valentine Brown, indicating his card with a pleasant smile, "is the name by which I have been hitherto known. I am about to resume my real one. I have sold my corner."

Anyone will imagine that my mystification was not lessened by this speech and its singular conclusion. What possible interest could I have in the curious gentleman's "corner," whatever that may be, or the sale of it?

"I am indebted to you for many kindnesses," proceeded Mr. Valentine Brown. "Indeed, I may say that had it not been for the extreme interest—so extreme as to border on the inconvenient—you were pleased to take in my affairs, I might not have effected so early a retirement."

I was about to express my utter innocence of having been at all interested in the concerns of a gentleman who was an utter stranger to me, but Mr. Valentine Brown checked me with a gently dignified wave of the hand.

"I promised however to call upon you; I consider it only polite to repay your kindness by setting your mind at rest respecting my circumstances. I am retiring from public life, and have sold my corner."

Repeating this emphatically, Mr. Valentine Brown, by a quick movement, took off the gold-rimmed spectacles, and abstracted a complete set of teeth from his mouth. He then closed his eyes, raising his head in a wistful way which I at once recognised; twitched his eyelids and his mouth, and mumbled out a blessing.

And before I could recover from my amazement I was alone. A white-haired old gentleman was bowing and waving a ringed hand from the interior of the neat brougham, above the door of which, as it rolled away, I fancied—but it might have been fancy—I saw the top line of a well known placard—

Pity the sorrows of a poor blind man!

LOUIS SAND.

THE STEELYARD.

TACITUS (A.D. 62) designates London as famous for many merchants and the abundance of its merchandise. "Londinium copia negociatorum et commeatu maxime celeberrimum." This point of time from whence the authentic annals of London proceed was little more than a century later than the first invasion of Britain by Julius Cæsar, and only nineteen years after the expedition under Aulus Plautius in the reign of Claudius (A.D. 43), when Britain became subject to Roman domination. The Trinobantine metropolis thus becomes associated with the earliest of the cities whose resources have been maintained up to the present time, when, as regards its population and the extent of that commercial status the renown whereof originates with our earliest knowledge of its existence, it is admitted to stand unrivalled among cities of the modern world. The city of the Trinobantes, it is concluded, was situated on the slope which extends from St. Paul's churchyard to the site of Dowgate, and the contiguous wharf of the Steelyard. The name of Dowgate is derived by Pennant from Dwr, in the Celtic water, as water gate. The line of Watling Street probably still represents the main thoroughfare of the Trinobantine city, as it does the prætorian way of Roman Londinium. This appears to have proceeded from St. Albans, the Roman Verulamium, and entered London by way of Holborn at a gate on the site of the present Newgate, and reaching Dowgate, to have communicated by a trajectus or ferry with the road called Stoney Street in Southwark, which led to Dover and Richborough, the Ritupæ or Ad Portum Ritupis of the Romans, whose vast walls continue in the south, like the Picts' wall in the more northern part of this island, a noble monument of Roman intercourse. The position of London must originally have been one of considerable natural strength, being fronted on the south by the expansive estuary of the Thames, which is presumed by Sir Christopher Wren to have spread as far as the opposite hill of Camberwell, the embankments whereby it was subsequently curbed being still traceable, and which Wren considered to have been of Roman construction.

It must be noted, with reference to the site of the London of that period in contiguity to such a flood, that it had the disadvantage of lying considerably lower than the present level, and hence it may be supposed that it must have needed some strong embankment, to preserve the lower part of the city from immersion, and evidences of such a work have come under observation in the discovery of the trunks of trees closely rammed and interlaced with branches, so as to form a very effective barrier against the encroachment of the tide. The stream called Langbourne, which sprang from the marshy ground now occupied by Fenchurch Street, and the Wallbrooke, which rose in the marshes of Finsbury, and ran into the Thames to the east, with the river Fleet to the west of the city, and the marshes that bounded its northern side, sufficed to render its position nearly insular. Out of the limited river frontage thus circumscribed, the wharfs in question include a considerable space; and although history does not point to the precise locality of the trade for which London had become celebrated at the commencement of its annals, yet it carries us so far back as to justify the presumption that here was the original centre and focus of British commerce. Here, within the walls of the Steelyard, the Easterlings, or merchants of Almaigne had their port and their warehouses, according to existing documentary evidence, at least as early as the reign of Ethelred; and at this point the wealth of primitive Britain, consisting of wool, hides, tin, lead, and corn, was exchanged for the manufactured goods of the traders of Brabant and Flanders, who, having originally little or no superfluity of natural produce, were under the necessity of obtaining the raw material in return for the produce of their superior skill in handicraft. As until a period much later, we were not a ship-building people, the trade of London was for several centuries engrossed by the German merchants of the Steelyard, and the entire freightage to and from the continent carried on by means of their shipping.

Through Flanders and Brabant lay the high road to the old imperial capital north of the Alps,—Cologne, the Colonia Agrippina of the Romans—and it was evident that the merchants of the Steelyard were the medium by which we dealt largely with that city; but it is not until the reign of Henry the Second, at a time when Cologne was the largest and most prosperous city in Germany, that we find the record of a busy traffic between the two marts.

The mercantile alliance between this country and Germany was greatly promoted by the marriage of Maud, the eldest daughter of Henry, to Henry the Lion, the mightiest prince of the empire, and who held the two important duchies of Saxony and Bavaria; but, being ultimately subdued and driven into exile by Frederick Barbarossa, he forfeited all his lands except Brunswick and Lunenburgh, which were settled upon his wife, and found an asylum at Rouen and Westminster. A token of the kindly relation between England and Cologne appears when Richard Cœur-de-Lion obtained his release from the thraldom of Henry the Sixth of Germany, at the exorbitant ransom of 150,000 marks of silver. He passed through Cologne; and Adolphus Berg, the Archbishop, leading him into the Cathedral of St. Peter, in presence of a great multitude of knights and citizens, intoned himself the chaunt of the day, "I know that the Lord hath sent his angel, and hath delivered me out of the hand of Herod, and from all expectation of the people of the Jews." The king, in acknowledgment of this joyful reception, granted to the citizens of Cologne, in a charter dated Liège, February the 16th, 1194, that they should henceforth be free of a duty of two shillings a year, which they had been bound to pay as a tax to the crown for their Guildhall in London, and that they, without any restriction, should have the liberty to travel throughout his realm, and to sell and buy at all the market-places, wherever and whenever they pleased. It was in grateful remembrance of this boon that the bishop and citizens, a few years after, united to promote the election of Otho the Fourth, Richard's

favourite nephew, as King of the Romans, and on many after occasions stood manfully by him. In the meantime, Cologne had joined the great Hanseatic *Bund* which, following the example of an earlier union between the great towns of Flanders, had established a confederation of cities within the pale of the empire. The Hanse confederation obtained a settlement in London in the year 1250, their establishment being the premises of the Steelyard in Thames Street, where some remains of masonry of the 13th century are observable, and which have probably appertained to the chapel of the guild, built at the time of their taking possession of the premises. Henry the Third, in 1259, at the request of his brother, Richard of Cornwall, the "Kyng of Alemaigne," of the scandalous old song, granted them many valuable privileges, which were renewed and confirmed by his son, Edward the First, and additional privileges were conferred by the citizens of London, on condition of their maintaining one of the gates of the city, called Bishopsgate, and their sustaining a third of the charges in money and men to defend it "when need were." King John had previously, at the especial suit of his nephew, Otho the Fourth, issued the first letters patent to the merchants of the city of Bremen, afterwards one of the principal members of the Hanse union, securing them free import and export to and from England.

Among the royal and autograph letters of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries in the archives of the Tower of London, is a curious letter addressed by the advocate, consuls, and commonalty

The Steelyard, Thames Street.

of the City of Hamburgh to Henry the Third, wherein those worthy magistrates, in a somewhat pugnacious vein, claim redress for the injuries sustained by a citizen of theirs—Master Willikin Kranee—from the inhabitants of Dunwich, one of the most flourishing ports in the eastern counties.

The extended monopoly of the English trade by the cities of northern Germany, had, in the beginning, excited considerable jealousy and opposition on the part of the Cologne merchants, who, on account of their ancient factory in Dowgate ward, claimed the exclusive right to English commerce; but, supported by Richard of Cornwall, the Hanse merchants stood upon their privileges, and the rights and properties of the Cologne merchants soon merged in those of their rivals, with whom they became united under the charter of Henry the Third, dated 1260, the united bodies being designated the merchants of Almaigne, who possess the house in London called the Dutch Guildhall—*Aula Teutonicorum.* In a volume preserved in the City, being a list of the mayors and sheriffs of London, called *Liber de Antiquis Legibus*, the following is narrated:

Soon after the martyrdom of Thomas à Becket, there came to his shrine, at Canterbury, a native of Cologne—Arnold of Grevinge, with his wife Odè, who, since their marriage, had continued childless. This couple fervently invoked the saint to fulfil their earnest and possessing desire, and to bless them with children, and promised if they were favoured with a son that he should de dedicated to the Church of Canterbury. Arnold settled afterwards in London, where Odè bore him a son,

Thomas, and a daughter, Juliana. Thomas failed to take the monastic vows, but joined the army of the Crusaders under Count Baldwin the ninth of Flanders, and assisted at the conquest of Constantinople, where, with his leader, he disappears from the stage, but Juliana became the wife of Thedmar, a native of the city of Bremen, and by him the mother of eleven children. One of these, born on the 9th of August, 1201, received in baptism the name of his grandfather—Arnold. He was destined to act for a number of years an important part in the affairs of the city of London, where he appears about the middle of the century as one of the aldermen. This worthy officiated for several years as alderman of the Teutonic Guild, which association, with his aldermanhood of the city, cannot but have been of the greatest advantage to the trade and privileges of the Steelyard. The policy of standing well with the civic authorities, induced the Hanse merchants to be liberal in their gifts, and, accordingly, on every New Year's Day, they presented the Lord Mayor with fifteen gold nobles (a coin of the value of six shillings and eightpence), wrapped in a pair of new gloves, in conformity with an old custom, as it appears, by the laws of the Saxon king, Ethelred the Second. They likewise presented the new Lord Mayor on his election to office with a keg of the best sturgeon, commutable into forty shillings, and two barrels of herrings, worth two nobles; and a hundred-weight of Polish wax, commutable likewise into forty shillings. Andrew Aubrey, who seems to have been a great favourite with the foreign merchants, received from them a voluntary gift of fifty marks. By means of these voluntary customs they preserved their own jurisdiction as emanating from an alderman whom they themselves had chosen. These politic merchants are found to be not sparing of their wealth in other payments and donations. They paid considerable fees to their own counsel, who were chosen from the serjeants at law; to the usher of the Royal Star Chamber, who with due formality was regularly invited to the annual festival given in the Steelyard, on the day of Saint Barbara (December 4th), a dinner at which a couple of magnificent codfish were considered an indispensable dish, to the Lord Mayor and Sheriff of the city of London, their ushers, and yeomen, and to the servants of the ministers of the crown, the Lord Chancellor, and the First Lord of the Treasury.

In the kindly intercourse maintained by the Steelyard merchants with their neighbours of the city, they make a buxom and gallant figure among the pageantry in which citizens ever delighted.

When Henry the Sixth returned in February, 1431, from Paris, a magnificent reception was given to him on his entrance into London, the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and Aldermen riding on horseback, in their purple and scarlet robes, richly lined with fur. John Lydgate, the rhyming monk of Bury, who describes this spectacle does not fail to include the German merchants.

And Esterlings* clad in her maneres,
Conveyed with the sergeauntes and other officeres,
Estatly horsed aftyr the maior riding,
Passed the suburbis to mete with the kyng.

But it is with the dis racted reign of this imbecile and ill-fated monarch, and the strife that ensued between the rival houses of York and Lancaster, that the reverses of the thriving community of the Steelyard begin to appear, and in addition to the drawbacks of an unruly and seditious time, the jealousy of native merchants interposed to their disturbance. Added to those adverse influences, great resentment was created by certain cities, members of the Union, by their reprisals upon some English traders who had committed a breach of the peace and disturbance on the high seas. At one time the English captured a fleet of 108 vessels belonging to Lubeck and to Riga houses, which being heavily laden with salt, were bound on their way homewards, just passing the Bay of Biscay.

In revenge, the large Bergen trading vessels of Lubeck infested for a considerable time the whole of the German sea, and seized many English galleys laden with cloth and other merchandise. These reprisals continuing, to the great detriment of commerce in general for some years, several ambassadors passed to and fro, but without much progress towards a settlement of the dispute. It was demanded, on the part of the English, that the merchants of Almaigne should pay the same duty on wine and wool which all other foreigners who frequented the English markets were subjected to. In 1469 they were condemned to pay a fine of 13,520*l.*, many members of the guild were taken into custody, and the privileges and the property of their establishment in London were in jeopardy of being finally seized. The rupture, when at the worst, was taken up by the English parliament, and Henry the Sixth brought about a settlement in a peace concluded at Utrecht, and ratified at Westminster on July 20th, 1474, by which their old privileges were restored intact to the Hanse merchants.

After riding out this storm at the imminent peril of foundering, the Hanse merchants contrived to steer their way amid the troubled waters of the Reformation, and enjoyed their civil and religious liberties nearly to the end of the 16th century. The great change, however, which ensued in the maritime character of the English during the reign of Elizabeth was inimical to the stability of the foreigners, and after Drake and Norris had taken sixty Hanseatic vessels, and in reprisal English residents had been expelled from Elbing and Stade, the German merchants were ordered to quit the Steelyard, by a royal writ dated January 13th, 1598. The property was appropriated by the crown as a depository of naval stores, but soon after the death of Elizabeth it was given back by contract to its former owners, on condition of their admitting, on similar terms, the English merchant-adventurers to the ports of Hamburgh, Lubeck, and other towns.

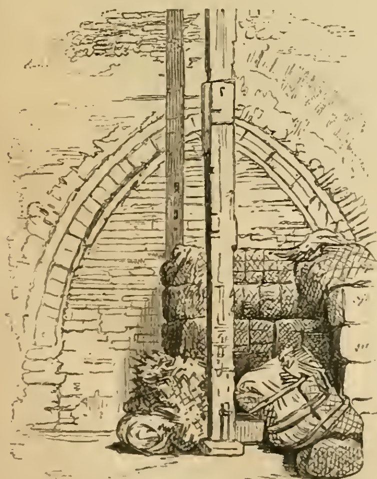
But it appears from some passages that the Steelyard privileges had previously been with-

* This designation of Easterling, by which the German merchants were popularly distinguished, originated the word sterling as applied to coin. The Easterling money was at the time much superior to the common English currency. It was likewise called silver of Guthrum's Lane—a neighbouring thoroughfare chiefly occupied by the gold-beaters, for whose purpose the German metals were in request.

drawn by order of Edward the Sixth, and this circumstance seems to have escaped the precise discrimination of Lappenberg — "*urkundliche* Geschichte des Hannichen Stalhopes," who gives a compendious history of their transactions. On the complaint of English merchants, called the "Merchant Adventurers," sentence was given that they had forfeited their liberties, and were in like case with other strangers (King Edward's Diary in Burnet, Feb. 23, 1551). Great interest was made to rescind this sentence, and ambassadors from Hamburgh and Lubeck came to the king, "to speak on behalf of the Stiliard merchants" (ibid. Feb. 28th). Their intercession was ineffectual. "The Stiliard men," says the king, "received their answer, which was to confirm the former judgment of my council" (ibid. May 2nd). This sentence, though it broke up their monopoly,

The Steelyard, A.D. 1543, from a Drawing by Anthony Van den Wyngrerde, in the Sutherland Collection, Bodleian Library, Oxford.

did not injure their Low Country trade in any great degree, and the merchants of the Steelyard still continued to export English woollen cloths, and to find as ample a market for their goods as the English merchants enjoyed. By this it would appear that their monopoly ceased in the reign of Edward the Sixth, and that by the order of Elizabeth they were further deprived of their factory in



West Door of the Chapel, Steelyard.

Thames Street. After this the Germans occuped only a portion of the premises for themselves, letting the remainder. They appointed a resident steelyard master, which office is continued to the present time. The buildings of the Steelyard succumbed to the great fire of 1666, after which calamity the Germans got involved in a string of legal suits, which, however, they contested stoutly, steadily maintaining their own as heretofore, and they were invested with a Royal Charter by King Charles II., with the right of erecting a church of their own close to the Steelyard, on the spot where a church had stood previous to the fire. This became the mother church of all the Lutheran churches and chapels in the metropolis. The name of the Steelyard may be deduced from Stapelhof or Staelhof, the house of the merchants of the Staple. In the Utrecht treaty of 1474 it

Badge of the Hanse Towns, in the Screen of the All Hallows Church.

is styled Staelhof. This seems a more likely definition than that of Stillyard, from the public beam and balance which was maintained there, and by which all goods were weighed on landing, in order to secure the king's toll. The Aula Teutonicorum of the thirteenth century was situated on the Dowgate side of the premises. In the thirteenth century it was the Hall of the Merchants of Cologne previous to their incorporation with the Hanse Merchants. Some remains of masonry of

Caen stone, with a large early English doorway, still exist in a building which seems to correspond in situation with a chapel-like edifice, which is shown in the large and remarkably fine drawing of London from the tower of St. Mary Overy's, in Southwark, taken in the reign of Henry the Eighth, by Antonio van den Wyngrerde, who accompanied Philip of Spain to this country on the occasion of his marriage to the Princess Mary of England. This valuable memorial of old London is dated 1543, and is preserved in the Sutherland collection of the Bodleian Library, Oxford. In this delineation the Steelyard premises extend considerably beyond their present area westward, and appear bounded by the wharf of the Vintry. Within this circumference, from the thirteenth century downwards, several premises had become included, comprising the house of Sir Thomas Salisbury, that of Sir Richard Lyons, another house given originally by Richard the Second to a follower of his Queen, Anne of Bohemia, and five houses in Windgose Lane, adjoining. In the sixteenth century the whole of the consolidated property was in the possession of the German merchants. The old hall was a huge stone building, with round-headed gates opening into Thames Street, which, with the walls by which the premises were enclosed, afforded the Germans a sufficient defence against the assaults to which in unsettled times they were liable as foreigners—always extremely obnoxious to the rabble of ancient Cockaigne. Over each of the gates was a Latin distich, that in the centre being ascribed to the paternity of no less a man than Sir Thomas More.

Hans Holbein painted in this country four famous pictures, besides many others of minor dimensions—one of them in the Hall of the Barber Surgeons, the other in the College of Physicians; the third and fourth were two large pictures painted in distemper in the Hall of the Easterling merchants in the Steelyard.

These pictures exhibited the triumphs of Riches and Poverty. The former was represented by Plutus riding in a golden car; before him sat Fortune, scattering money, the chariot being loaded with coin, and drawn by four white horses, but blind and led by women, whose names were written beneath; round the car were crowds with extended hands, catching at the favours of the god. Fame and Fortune attended him, and the procession was closed by Crœsus and Midas and other avaricious persons of note. . . . Poverty was an old woman, sitting in a vehicle as shattered as the other was superb, her garments squalid, and every emblem of wretchedness around her. She was drawn by asses and oxen, which were guided by Hope and Diligence, and other emblematic figures, and attended by mechanics and labourers. It was on the sight of these pictures that Zucchero expressed such esteem of the master. . . . The large pictures themselves, Felibien and Depiles say, were carried into France from Flanders, whither they were transported, I suppose, after the destruction of the company.—*Walpole's Anecdotes*, ed. Dallaway, i. 152.

Copies of them made by Verrio were in the collection at Strawberry Hill, and engravings of them by Vosterman exist.

A stately mansion on the river bank, now represented by a modern edifice, was the residence of the Steelyard master. Between the river and Thames Street was a garden planted with fruit-trees and vines, where the young Teutons might gambol, but dry-mouthed, for the act of plucking an apple or plum involved the heavy penalty of five shillings. An old tap, still in favour with the Thames Street carters and porters, flanks the premises on the Thames Street side, next Allhallows the Great. This represents the ancient Rhenish Winehouse, where, perhaps, Rhine wine continued to be drunk from the time when Henry the Second first sanctioned the free importation of Hock to the citizens of Cologne. Thomas Nash in his "Pierce Pennilesse, his Supplication to the Devil," makes a sluggard say: "Let us go to the Stiliard, and drink Rhenish wine." And in one of Webster's plays, we have, "I come to entreat you to meet him this afternoon at the Rhenish Winehouse in the Stilyard. Will you steal forth and taste of a Dutch bun and a keg of sturgeon?" Smoked ox tongues were likewise among the whets for which this house was renowned, which explains the allusion in "Nobbe's Bride," "Who would let a cit (whose teeth are rotten out with sweetmeat his mother brings him from goshipings), breath upon her vernish for the promise of a dry neat's tongue and a pottle of Rhenish at the Stilliards?" Blount even after the great fire attests the old-established reputation of the Steelyard tap. In his Glossography he says "the Steelyard was lately famous for Rhenish wines, neats' tongues, &c." A pleasing memorial of the German merchants is still preserved in the neighbouring church of All Hallows, where they attended divine service in the days of stout Queen Bess, being an oaken screen, among the carvings whereof their badge, the German eagle, is conspicuous. This was carved at Hamburgh, and presented to the parish by the Germans on being expelled their premises by the manful queen, in memory of old kindness and better days.

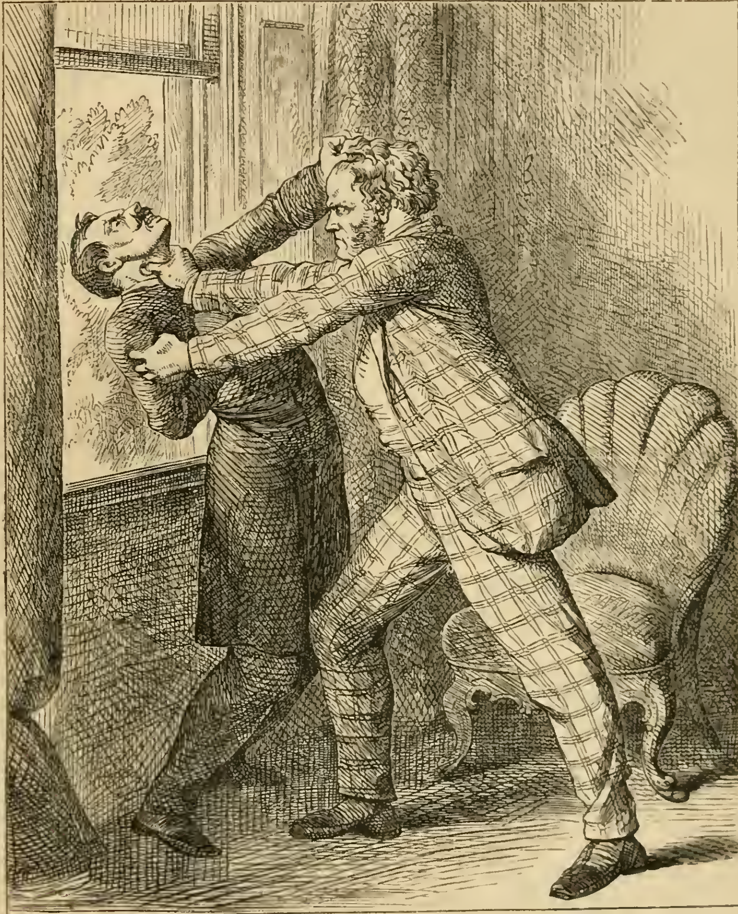
The Steelyard is about to become a thing of the past. The railroad surveyor, with his levels and rods, has cast the eye of destruction upon it. The premises have been sold by the senates of Lubeck and Bremen, in whose right it continued, and a railway, in continuation of the South-eastern line, will drive through its area to a projected terminus in Cannon Street. It is highly probable that when the excavations requisite to this project shall be effected, remains of great and curious antiquity may be revealed to rejoice the eye of the watchful antiquary.

J. W. Archer.

The Congress at Rhinocorura.—Epiphanius, the Greek father of the church, the same who forbade the reading of the writings of the far-famed Origenes. states (in his "Panarion Hæresium, 83"), that the first congress held about the division of the world was at Rhinocorura, where the three sons of Noah met, and divided amongst themselves all the countries of the globe, and which political act Noah afterwards confirmed in his will. The pious Philastrius (a contemporary of Epiphanius) goes still further, and counts the disbelief in the above division, and in its legitimacy, amongst the number of heresies: it is the 118th in his nomenclature.

THE SILVER CORD.

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS.



CHAPTER LXXX.

There is a crowd about the gate of the garden that is before the house in the avenue, but the people do not come nearer than the gate, for the police is there, and stern orders are given to stand away, and no one dares to climb upon the coping of the little wall, which, in England, would have long since been swarming with a double line of clinging gazers.

It is easy enough to keep off a well-behaved and obedient mob, but it is not so easy for the all-powerful police to enter the house, although they know that a fierce deed has been done there. The front door has been tried in every way, but the key inside prevents false keys from being used, and all the united force of the stalwart gendarmes has been brought to bear, but vainly. But the police are in earnest, and the crowd stands back as an officer passes out to summon the nearest blacksmith. Meantime other officers inspect the lower windows, but they are securely fastened with shutters, and to break in that way will require instruments.

They listen, however, and order silence in the crowd that they may listen the better, and the intelligent French mob instantly comprehends the object, and is hushed. But the police do not give sign that they can hear anything within. It would be strange if they could.

The officer has not returned with the blacksmith, and two Englishmen arrive hastily. These are Hawkesley and Aventayle. The crowd let them pass, and the former addresses a few words to one of the gendarmes, and is recognised and admitted, with his friend, before he has finished his sentence.

"Why does not somebody get a ladder, and go through a first-floor window? There is one open," is the prompt and practical demand of Mr. Aventayle.

But the police look coldly at the speaker, and prefer to do things in their own way. And here

comes their comrade with a working-man in a clean blouse. He had done his work, and was going out, but has seized two or three hammers and a wedge, and hastens in aid of the law.

The smith is brought up to the door, and looks at it and at those who have sent for him, and delays operations for a minute or two, and then removes his blouse, with the air of a man who is master of the situation. But the police have little patience with sentiment, and a sharp word, which calls up an angry glance in the man's dark eye, nevertheless quickens him, and he places his wedge on the hinge side of the door. An exclamation of approval from one of the officers brings a slight smile of contempt to the smith's lips.

"I suppose that you would try there," he says, pointing to the lock, "so that when you had broken the bolts, you might have the further pleasure of breaking the chain, if you could."

"How do you know that there is a chain?"

"Because I put it up myself, and was desired to make it strong, as the house was left to women, who wished to be secure."

"And are not the hinges secure?"

"I was not told to do anything to the hinges," replies the blacksmith.

They stood his blows, however, very well, and it was some time before he could make an opening for the wedge. It was gained at last, and the man struck hard, and the strong door began to give way.

Hawkesley was watching eagerly as the upper part of the door seemed to be yielding, and was ready to be the first to rush into the house, when Aventayle said:

"Surely she should not have come."

"She—who?" and Hawkesley turning, saw Mrs. Lygon making her way through the crowd.

He sprang away, and was by her side in a moment.

"I beg you not to come, Laura," he said. "This is no place for you. For God's sake stop away from the house. I will fetch you, if you will, when we have done."

"I must come in with you, Charles."

"You do not know what you are asking—"

"I must come in. You cannot understand why I say so—but you must let me come. All my life may hang on a moment's speech with him."

"With him,—with whom?" said Hawkesley, impatiently.

Before Laura could reply, Henderson hurried up.

"It is useless, it is wicked—you must not, madam, indeed you must not. It is too dreadful. Take her away, sir, for the love of Heaven. It is too dreadful!"

The girl's face was pale with terror, and her bright keen eyes shone out with a ghastly effect. She clung to Laura, and with gesture and earnest words implored her to keep back.

"I must see him," said Laura, in a low voice.

"You cannot, dear lady, you cannot. And if you—"

But a crash announced that under the blows of the smith, aided by the pressure of the other men, the door had given way.

Hawkesley was about to run back to the house, but paused to adjure Laura to wait his return.

"If you would only hear me for one moment, dear lady," implored Henderson. "Run in, Mr. Hawkesley, run in. I am sure that Mrs. Lygon will give me one minute."

He saw that the girl had something that she *would* say, saw that she would detain Laura, by force if needful, and he darted back, and hurried into the house.

The police had already rushed through the large room in front, and through the smaller chamber, and had found no one. Charles Hawkesley hastened up-stairs to the drawing-rooms, and as he reached the landing, a gendarme, followed by another, confronted him—they had ascended by the private stair from the room at the back, the stair down which Mrs. Lygon had been conducted to her hiding-place.

The next moment Hawkesley was in the front drawing-room. It was empty.

Not so the second room.

There were signs there that men had closed in a fierce struggle, and near the open window the carpet was torn from its fastenings as by the stamping and grinding of foot and heel—furniture had been dashed about in that wild strife.

But these were points for the police to note. Hawkesley saw none of them.

He saw only the dead body of Robert Urquhart.

There lay the strong man. Upon his lip was blood, but this had flowed, as was plain, from wounds self-inflicted, and when he had set his teeth grimly, in some access of fiery passion, now still for ever. But he had died by a single blow,—a blow that had been delivered truly, and home. It had been struck, and he had gone down. Across the place of the wound the fold of the loose coat had fallen, and it was not until one of the officers gently drew it back, that the tale was told. It was not told in the face, for upon the strong features had come a calm that gave them a loftiness they had rarely shown in life, and upon the bleeding lip there was almost a smile.

"That man has not died in the presence of his murderer," said, in a low voice, one of the officers—a soldier who had seen other deaths. "What is that gold in his hand?"

The hand was stiffening, but it yielded easily as yet, and Hawkesley drew from its clasp a small locket. It had been worn on a ribbon, which was broken, and there were specks of blood upon the glass, as if it had been pressed to the wounded lips.

Hawkesley knew well the fair hair of Bertha.

"He has forgiven her—forgiven her his death—but that was the least he had to pardon," said Hawkesley, his voice breaking with his tears.

But he spoke in presence of the dead only—the officers had dispersed on the traces of the assassin.

CHAPTER LXXXI.

Aventayle had lingered behind his friend, for, lacking the personal interest which hurried Hawkesley on to whatever sight might be in store for him, the former owned to a shuddering repugnance to encounter, needlessly, a spectacle

of terror. A few words from one of the men told him that a far other result than that which he had expected had followed the meeting of the enemies, and Aventayle, made yet more willing to be spared a terrible sight, gladly accepted the thought that he had better be the first to break the truth to Laura.

But she was gone.

"Had she been told?" asked Aventayle, hurriedly.

"Madame knows all, sir!" said, respectfully, a young man who came up to the Englishman. "The young person who was with her has conducted her home," added Silvain.

"That was kind and right," answered Aventayle, and he turned towards the house, and wished that Hawkesley would descend.

"Monsieur is a friend of Madame Lygon," said Silvain, earnestly.

"At least of her family—of Mr. Hawkesley."

"So I am informed; and it would be kind if Monsieur would deign to favour me with a few minutes of conversation."

Aventayle instantly assented; and Silvain, leaving a message for Mr. Hawkesley, the charge of which was instantly taken by half a dozen in the crowd, led the Englishman away to some distance.

Silvain briefly explained his acquaintance with the family upon whom this fearful misfortune had come, and if Aventayle had been in the mood for suspicion, the young Frenchman's manner would have dispelled any doubt as to his loyalty. He spoke with little restraint, and as one who considered his being aware of many painful circumstances was not now a fact to be apologised for, more serious affairs being pressing.

"I was desired to tell your friend what I am about to tell you, Monsieur, but it was afterwards thought that I might more properly confide it to yourself, to be again mentioned to him at such time as you may think best."

"I will do so," said Aventayle. "My God! what has happened? That man, whom I saw in all his health and strength in the court of the hotel, and now!"

"We may die for glory, we may die for duty," said Silvain, "but it is hard to die in vain, as that brave man has done."

"We have no right to say that of any death," said Aventayle, after a pause. "But these police, will they hunt down the murderer, or will they let him escape? and the people, why are they not encouraged to join in the hunt? Surely he has not had time to get far away."

"He will not escape," replied Silvain, "but the police will have their own way. Will Monsieur pardon me if I ask him to attend, for a short time, to what concerns tho welfare of the living rather than revenge for the dead?"

"Go on—I will do my best to bear what you say in mind. But I feel as if I had in some way been mixed up with this fearful business, and I am scarcely a free agent."

"We ought all to feel thus when a crime against society has been committed," said Silvain, who had read some books, and remembered something of what was in them. "But the crime will be punished, in the meantime let us attend to ourselves."

They walked on as he spoke, and quite beyond observation of those who had collected, and were rapidly collecting in the avenue.

"I would not speak much of the painful business which has brought you, Monsieur, and your friends to France," said Silvain, "but as I am to make you completely understand, I must suppose that you know that the person who is, doubtless, the assassin of M. Urquhart, had a secret which involved the reputation of two ladies. One of them is now a widow," he added, pointing in the direction of the house, "the other I need not name."

"I know all this—more than I desire to know."

"But is Monsieur aware of the business which brought the man Adair this day to Versailles?"

"I have some knowledge of it," said Aventayle.

"And I have reason to know that he was supposed to be about to rush into a very great peril, and that it was certainly not thought that he would leave that house alive."

Silvain's face assumed a warning expression.

"Pardon me," he said, "but that is far more than any man should say to any other man when such an event has happened. I will consider it not said, but Monsieur will do well to be guarded. I will only assume that it is understood that this Adair had a very important object in view when he came to the house of the late M. Urquhart."

"That I know nothing about."

"It was so, and I am to inform you of the circumstances, in order that M. Hawkesley may know them. Adair had in his possession a volume of letters which he produced to the unfortunate man whom he has slain, and these letters are the fatal evidence against the lady who—who is now dwelling in Versailles."

"*Had* in his possession, you say. Do you mean that he has not now got them?"

"That is the point to which I am coming, Monsieur. This Adair, of whom I cannot speak with too much abhorrence, was an agent of the police, and may still consider himself so; I have reason to believe that he so deludes himself. That he was so, however, is certain, and equally certain that he was for a long time here at Versailles, at which time, though he did not know it, he was as vigilantly watched as any person upon whom he had been ordered to keep his eyes. I myself had a share in observing him."

"Another agent of police," said Aventayle, drawing back involuntarily.

"Nothing of the kind, Monsieur," said Silvain, with some dignity. "In my own interest, and to repay certain wrongs, I availed myself in the single case of this man of certain offers that were made to me, but it was in this case only, and I shall never again undertake such a duty. When I tell Monsieur that I am about to marry an Englishwoman, he will probably receive my word as to the police question."

"Yes," said Aventayle, bluntly, "I do not believe that an honest English girl would marry a damned spy, and I beg your pardon."

"There is no offence, Monsieur," said Silvain, quietly. "I was about to say that Adair finally

discovered that he was watched, and became much more cautious, but not sufficiently so to attain his own ends. He did not really know who was observing him. But he did know that his papers were examined, and at times borrowed, and he was fully aware that none of the ordinary places of concealment which his own lodging gave him were of much use. He was a bold man, and he adopted a bold course."

"Yes?"

"The safe possession of this volume of letters was everything to him, for he intended to obtain a very large sum for them, and retire to England; and he informed me that he meant to become an actor."

"That is true; and I, who am a manager, was asked by the miscreant to bring him upon the boards."

"For the boards we shall substitute the scaffold, I doubt not," said Silvain, coolly. "He had, Monsieur, become intimately acquainted with the interior of the house in which he has committed this frightful crime. I need not remind you how it happened that he had the means of acquiring that knowledge—"

"I understand."

"But it was intimate and complete. And having this precious volume of evidence to conceal, he placed it in the very house of the man whom he had wronged, and in the very room in which the women whom he had so cruelly injured had been in the habit of spending their hours. That was very brutal, very atrocious."

The nature of Silvain spoke out frankly. He felt that the circumstance he was mentioning aggravated the crimes of Adair.

"Yes, Monsieur, there was a secret recess at the bottom of an almost secret well in a closet in that chamber, and there did Adair deposit his cursed proofs; there, where the dresses of the poor ladies must have touched within a few inches of his treacherous book. And, Monsieur, it was to fetch this book, a task that he would entrust to no other hand, that Adair came back this day to Versailles."

"Ha! To fetch this book of letters. And poor Urquhart found him in the house, and has been killed in endeavouring to arrest him?"

"How it occurred," said Silvain, in a tone that implied his desire not to be needlessly explicit, "how it occurred that M. Urquhart became aware of the intentions of Adair will no doubt appear when Adair is before the tribunal of justice. It is enough that they met in the house, and that Adair has bought his escape at the price of a crime."

"Taking the letters with him?"

"No, Monsieur."

"How do you know that?"

"Because, Monsieur, the letters had been removed from the place of deposit before Adair entered the house."

"By whom?"

"By a trustworthy person, Monsieur."

"Who retains them, of course," said Aventayle, instantly suspecting that a new bargain for the evidence was about to be offered. "Well?"

"You are doing an injustice to one who never injured you, Monsieur," said Silvain, reproachfully. "The secret that the letters were hidden in the well-hole became known to the young person whom I am about to marry. Unhappily she did not discover it in time to make the knowledge useful, but at least she was in time to prevent Adair from gaining a great triumph. She ventured into the house, and secured the letters."

"Well done. I beg her pardon for having wronged her in thought. Then Adair must have searched in vain for them, and perhaps, in his rage at the loss, attacked the unhappy man who has died by his hand."

"It may be so, Monsieur. I may believe that M. Urquhart entered the fatal house, intending vengeance upon Adair. But this may be known hereafter. The letters—"

"Yes, the letters, where are they?"

"They are in the hands of Madame Lygon."

"What!" exclaimed Aventayle. "Mrs. Lygon has got all the evidence against her—has got delivered to her without fee or reward what all the police in Paris did not seem likely to get at all? That is a bit of good news in the midst of our trouble."

"There will be neither fee nor reward, Monsieur, given or expected. The poor are not permitted many luxuries, but sometimes they may be allowed the luxury of doing good for nothing."

Aventayle had heard that virtuous sentiment in many a melodrama, but it was uttered by Silvain with so much propriety that it was impossible to regard it with disrespect. And the event of the hour had scared away all disposition to levity, at least in a mind like that of Aventayle. A harder man might have rallied sooner.

"And this is what I am to tell Mr. Hawkesley?"

"This is what I was desired to say."

"Out of evil—and it is dreadful evil—comes good," said Aventayle. "These letters arrive at an hour when we had no right to expect good fortune."

"Whether the recovery of the letters is good fortune or not," said Silvain, gravely, "others have more right to form an opinion than myself. I did not gather, Monsieur, from what has been said to me, that any great gain would arise to the lady who now has them, but it is something to have rescued them from the clutches of Adair, who would have sold them at a high price."

"He, at least, implied that they were invaluable to her," said Aventayle. "But this is, as you say, for others to decide. Have you more to say to me?—I should return to poor Hawkesley."

"You have not asked my name, Monsieur."

"I have not. I have been too much shocked to remember anything."

"Mr. Hawkesley may not know it, but it is well known to Madame Lygon. My name is Silvain, my shop any one in Versailles will show your friend."

"I shall not forget it."

CHAPTER LXXXII.

HE returned to the house, before which the crowd had now collected in large numbers, and it was with some difficulty, and only after an

appeal to the police, that Aventayle could make his way to the gate. The strangest stories were being exchanged by the people as to the fearful event, and the most distorted and improbable surmises seemed to receive the most favour. It would have been difficult indeed for the populace that stood before that gate to have imagined the true key to the mystery of the deed that had been done, but the wildness of some of the conjectures that were offered was extraordinary. One tale only need be mentioned, and this because its history is less mysterious than itself. It was distinctly affirmed by several of the crowd that the house was notoriously haunted, that the master who now lay dead had been the terror of the mountain region in which he had lived before coming to France, and that he had escaped to that country in the hope of avoiding the spectre of a woman who in early life had fallen a victim, first to his love and then to his hate. That he had fled in vain, and that having espoused a young and beautiful wife, he had compelled her to share his hours of despair, and to witness the approach of the spirit. That there was a winding stair in the house, constructed by the murderer to remind him of his castle in Scotland, and that it was up this stair that the spirit glided, at the hour at which the deed had been done, and fled down it shrieking, as the living victim, flying and praying for life, had done in the old castle. At length the poor wife, unable to bear such terrors, had fled to her home in England, but the murderer, though he had shut up the house, and endeavoured to leave it, had been compelled to return by the summons of the spirit, and, in madness, had at last died by his own hand. Those who may recall the device by which, when it was desired to exclude the domestics in Mr. Urquhart's employ from the lower portion of the house, the girl Henderson effected that object by a terrifying narrative, have the key to the origin of the story which was freely circulated among the crowd, and to which the female part of it was by no means indisposed to lend belief.

Aventayle was admitted to the house, but was requested to remain in the apartment below, while an official note of the circumstances attending the supposed murder was being completed. But Hawkesley was informed of his having come in, and hastened down.

"It is too fearful to think of now," said Hawkesley, holding his friend's hand. "What shall I say to you for having entangled you in such a terrible business?"

"Not a word, but tell me whether I can be of any use."

"I fear not, but stay. You went out to see Mrs. Lygon."

"She knows all and has been taken home."

"I know that, and you went away with Silvain, the lover of a girl who attends on Laura."

"You know him then? He is to be trusted?"

"Perfectly."

"He has given me a message for you."

And in a few words, few, considering the excited condition of Aventayle, he conveyed to Hawkesley the information Silvain had given.

Brief as the story was, Hawkesley heard it with an impatience that increased from the moment he comprehended the fact that the letters had been rescued from Adair's possession. But the excitement manifested by Hawkesley did not seem to be mixed with the gratification which Aventayle, who had formed his own idea as to the character of the letters, expected. On the contrary, Hawkesley compressed his lips, and paced the apartment hastily.

"I ought not to leave this place, Aventayle," he said, abruptly, "and yet I must see Laura."

"Is there such haste?"

"Yes—her impulse may lead her to—to do what will cause irreparable mischief—and yet to leave *him*, while the officers are making these perquisitions—I must go, however."

"Surely, Hawkesley, you can write, or send such a message by me as will save that necessity?"

"That is true—and yet, unless you comprehend all—but I must not leave that poor, noble fellow in the hands of strangers. Aventayle, find Silvain again—that you can easily do—and make him take you to Mrs. Lygon's lodgings. Say you came from me, and she will, I am sure, see you. But if she is actually too ill to see you, and nothing else will prevent it, speak to the girl, Henderson. She is to be trusted. This is the one message, the solemn charge from me. *Do not destroy one line, as you value all that is dear to you in the world.* Not one line—impress that on her, Aventayle, and say that I came from the dead man's presence, released the dead man's hand, that I might send her that charge."

Silvain had mixed in the crowd, and with a certain scorn, as one who knew the history of the fable, listened to the fiction which has been mentioned.

"It is entirely untrue," he said to a matron who had just finished her version of the story. "The man who lies dead in that house was a brave and noble man."

No one contradicted him, for he spoke almost angrily. But as soon as he had, in obedience to a signal from Aventayle, joined the latter at the outside of the crowd, another matron remarked—

"Of course he will say so. It is his duty. He marries a girl who came from England, and knows the frightful secret."

"She has seen the spectre," affirmed another woman, half terrified at her own speech.

"My son wants a wife," said a third, "but sooner than he should share his bed with a girl who has seen a foul sight like that, I would gladly dress him for his bed in the ground."

Aventayle, under the guidance of Silvain, soon reached the house in which Mrs. Lygon had her apartments.

"I am sure that she cannot see you, sir," was the reply of Henderson. "I hardly dare take the message, but I will venture, as you come from Mr. Hawkesley. At least I will knock."

Mrs. Lygon could see no one—"would see no one," had been the answer to Henderson.

And no inducement, not even Silvain's support of the request, would induce the girl to go up again.

"At any other time," said Henderson; "Sil-

vain knows that I am not easily daunted, and I would go in a moment. But not now. I have never seen her as I have seen her to-day, and there is cause."

"But under any circumstances Mrs. Lygon *must* have the message I bring. You, who have done so much to serve her, will simply be undoing all the good you have done if Mr. Hawkesley's message is not delivered to her."

"You hear this, dear Matilde," said Silvain, earnestly.

"I tell you," said the girl, in a low voice, "I dare not. That is something for me to say."

"Tell me," said Aventayle, "what is Mrs. Lygon doing?"

"*You* know, sir, what has come into her hands to-day."

"Yes, yes, and that must be what Mr. Hawkesley specially means. What is she doing?"

"*Now*," said Henderson, still in a low voice, "she is reading page upon page of handwriting, with her face in a flame, and with the hot tears coming down like rain, but, for all that, the last time I looked into the room, her eyes glared at me like coals of fire. I will not go in again."

"You do not know what mischief you may be doing by your fear," replied Aventayle. "I must speak to her myself, if it is outside her door."

The tapping of a foot was heard in the room above.

"That is for me!" exclaimed the girl.

"Ask her to admit me, if only for a moment," said Aventayle, hastily, "but if this is impossible, say this,"—and he gave Hawkesley's message.

In a few minutes Aventayle was requested to come upstairs.

Laura was seated at her table, and before her lay the rescued volume—the volume which we have seen but once—when Ernest Adair laid it in the hand of Robert Urquhart. Some hand had torn from it several leaves, but they were still there.

"I am just in time, it seems," said Aventayle, pointing at the volume.

"I am sorry to have sent you down what must have seemed a rude message," said Mrs. Lygon, "but I was very much occupied, and I did not recognise your name. A friend of Mr. Hawkesley's ought not to have cause to complain of incivility from me."

Where is this face of flame—where are these coals of fire? thought Aventayle, as he looked at the beautiful and self-composed woman before him, and listened to her excuse, offered in the tone of the drawing-room. And yet, after what has happened to-day, what right has she to be so calm? She ought to be agitated. I do not like this woman.

And so hath been judged, and so will be judged until the day of the one judgment, when, for the first time, justice shall be done on earth as it is in Heaven, many a cause that is but half understood.

"Has your servant conveyed the message which Mr. Hawkesley begged me to deliver?"

"I scarcely understood it. But now that I think I understand it, from what you said at coming in, I will only ask you to say that my brother-in-law's wish shall be obeyed to the letter."

There was something of triumph—it was but a little—but it broke out in spite of the well-ordered features, and the calmness of tone.

"That nothing will be destroyed?"

"Nothing," said Laura.

She laid her hands upon the book, as if to guard its contents against all the world.

"My errand is done," said Aventayle, "and it will be my apology for my intrusion." He was about to go, when she took his hand.

"You have come in all kindness," she said, in a low voice, and with agitation, "and you ought not to be sent away with the thoughts that I know are in your mind. But bear with me, Mr. Aventayle. You cannot know what the day has brought to me. Have you any children?"

"Indeed yes," said Aventayle, "God bless them!"

"Then you *can* understand—but I must not talk to you so," she said, trying to smile as tears forced their way—"I have no right to talk to you. Only, if you had seen a black wall rise between you and those children, and day by day grow stronger and blacker, shutting you away from them for ever, and then there suddenly came to you—we have such things in dreams,"—and again she tried to smile, "a hope that the wall was crumbling away—you would know how to bear with a mother whose heart was nearly breaking, but who believes that the black wall is coming down. God bless you, and thank you for bringing me Charles's message, but there is no fear of what he seems to fear—assure him of that."

Again she held out her hand, and he pressed it and went down.

"A word, my good girl," said Aventayle, when he found himself with Henderson. "Did I understand aright that Mrs. Lygon had been informed of the dreadful thing that has happened to-day?"

"Silvain told you so, sir, did he not?"

"Yes."

"He was right to tell you so, but it is not true."

"What do you mean?"

"We did not dare. And she thinks at this moment that it is Adair who has been killed."

"I thought it must be so. Keep the truth from her until her present excitement is over. I thought it must be so. Mr. Hawkesley shall come up as soon as he can leave the house. By all means keep the truth from her."

The police had examined the whole building, and had easily detected the mode by which Ernest Adair had entered. They found the traces of his feet, and those of the unmistakeable foot of Urquhart, but in the mould of the bed between the wall and the window, they also discovered the marks of a third person's tread. The shoes had been well made, but must have been those of an artisan or other member of the humbler class of society. This fact remained to be explained, and was much debated by the police.

There had been but two men who could have explained it, and one of them could bear no more witness in this world.

The other was a mechanic who had mingled in the crowd, had remained in it, but silently, during all the proceedings, and had spoken but once.

That was when Silvain, having listened to the charges which were so wildly advanced, and to the strange story of the spirit, had indignantly broken out with his declaration that he who had been slain was good and noble.

"He was both," said the man, with a deep oath. "And he has died by the hand of one whose head is the due of the executioner. God willing, the debt shall be paid."

The people looked at him strangely, and he went away.

(*To be continued.*)

DEATHS BY FIRE.

When a hermit, in our day, retires to a mountain, to spend his latter years in the repose which befits declining strength, his out-look from his retreat is very unlike that of the ancient hermit. In the dusty tombs of the Thebaid, where there were scorpions under the stones, and crocodiles in the river below, and jackals made the night dismal with their cry, and no green thing was visible for the greater part of the year but the sombre palm and the scanty foliage of the thorny acacia, the recluse did not want to know anything about the world, or his brethren living in it. He might not object to have somebody come now and then to admire him, and tell him how holy he was, and how wise he must be; but he was far too wise and holy to condescend to learn anything in return, or to suppose that a mundane visitor could have anything to tell that could be worth his listening to.

So it was with the somewhat more comfortable dwellers in the limestone caves of Syria. They must have had rather less to endure, though the heat is quite severe enough between Jerusalem and Jericho; and the winters must have been cold in the windy caverns of the honeycombed limestone; and there were storms and floods which the Egyptian hermits never knew. But the valleys of Syria are green almost all the year round, and the terraced hillsides sustained herds and flocks, and there were people within call almost everywhere. The Syrian hermit might, I suppose, abjure his kind if he pleased; but he was not so far out of the way of them as his brother on the Upper Nile. Still, it was a point of piety and pride to forget life and the world, or to strive to do so; and thus the old hermit could have no interest in the events of the day, nor anything to say on them which was worth anybody's going far to ascertain.

The case has always been the same with monks and nuns of all denominations—well-meaning persons who consider spiritual prudence a virtue of the highest order, and who are therefore not likely to take large and genial views of human affairs. In this respect they are all pretty much alike—whether they are dressed in yellow, praying by wheel on a Thibetian mountain, or dressed in black or grey in a Spanish or South American convent; or dressed in white, grey, or black in some holy seat of sisterhood, where no pleasant feast ever greets the senses, no gay music cheers the spirits, and no news ever arrives to gratify the needs of feminine sympathy. None of these have ever used their mountain perch as a station whence to study human life. There are other classes of persons too—and not only princesses and their attendants—to whom life itself is made a sort of Happy Valley, where they are encouraged to occupy themselves with such pleasures as they are capable of, without thinking of wishing to know anything that lies outside. Of recluses like these there are multitudes in every highly civilised country. They are present wherever luxury and pride have grown up, and knowledge has not overtaken them, as we all hope it will some day. These people, however, are not conscious of their seclusion from genuine life. They take *their* world to be *the* world: and as long as they do that they will not arrive at much understanding of human affairs, or interest in them.

Very unlike all these, ancient or modern, is the old man of our time who has not strength for such strenuous life as that of our cities, and therefore retires to a lodge on the mountain, whence he may survey the past and the present at once, and, by observing and reflecting, come to know more of the world than when he lived in it. There is the press now-a-days, instead of the costly and scanty parchment literature of the early ages. There is the newspaper, which satisfies all yearnings after gossip. There is the post, which now reaches every man who can read a letter. There is the telegraph, which publishes interesting news more rapidly than the king's riders or the fiery cross could carry it four centuries ago. Thus, when there is the inclination to look on, as human affairs are transacted, the recluse can do it in a way which was not possible of old. The hermit also has leisure, which the man of business has not, to set down his thoughts on what is interesting other men; and if what he sets down is worth other men's reading, in odd moments of leisure, he may possibly find himself privileged to do something for somebody's benefit, after he seemed to have gone out of the way of it. Such is the view of a hermit of 1861: and, unless his mountain air has intoxicated him, or distance has made him confound his dreams with the actual movements of mankind, he will venture to discuss, from time to time, some topic of the day in which he is in sympathy with society, or some considerable part of it.

The sympathy of society is roused, but too many times every year, by the Deaths by Fire which take place in perpetual succession. It is a question with many whether there are more or fewer deaths by fire than in an earlier stage of the world's civilisation. Now that all England is mourning Mr. Braidwood, and that many families are privately aghast at the horrible fate which on the same occasion has overtaken some member of the household, in pursuit of duty, or of gain, or in the apparent wantonness of chance, there must be a multitude of persons thinking and talking of death by fire, and most of them, probably, regarding it as one of the chief disgraces of our civilisation. We do not now burn towns in warfare, as our forefathers did. We

do not roast a tribe of aborigines in a cave, as has been done in Africa in our own time. Men are not now burned at the stake for their opinions, —unless in some of the American Slave States and in Cochin-China. Kings and courtiers do not dress up in skins and pitch for a masquerading dance, and catch fire from torches, like the unhappy Charles VI. of France, and writhe in the torture of the damned. Yet it may be doubted whether a larger proportion of the present generation does not die by fire than in the ruder times of old.

Up to this Midsummer we should have said that we were past the danger of such conflagrations as the Fire of London: but to-day men speak less confidently of that than they would have done at any time in their lives before. It seems to be agreed now that a very slight change of circumstances might have laid London (the city) or Southwark low at Midsummer 1861. We have witnessed several great fires within one generation. The Hamburg fire is of itself a warning against security in modern civilisation. Where wooden houses or thatched roofs are in use,—in Russia, in Norway, in Switzerland, in the French provinces, in our colonies, and in outlying villages in our own counties, great fires are always happening somewhere. We do not forget the monstrous Canadian fires, making a clean sweep of the lower part of Quebec, and of half or a third of a town, here and there. St. John's, New Brunswick, is subject to fires almost periodically, like an individual here and there who has a terrible fever every seven or ten years. The two New York fires of a quarter of a century ago will never be dimmed in their impression on the minds of those who witnessed either of them.

There are many persons now living who say that no desolation that ever they witnessed can compare with the scene when those fifty-three acres of calcined ruins lay crumbling, after the smoke had at length gone out. In the midst of the white, powdery heaps of ruin, stood up aloft a singularly ugly building;—a tall and narrow fire-proof warehouse, with iron doors, behind which was a store of hay, absolutely unsinged. By this token, our Tooley Street fire was more severe; for fire-proof warehouses, with their double iron doors, were overpowered at last;—the walls and floors calcined and the doors red hot, so that nothing behind them could be preserved. It should be remembered that civilisation may intensify fire as much in one direction as it restricts it in another. Two centuries ago, narrow streets of wooden houses caught like rows of gas jets, blazed up, and were soon mere heaps of wood-ashes; and the more substantial warehouses contained nothing like the mass of combustible substances that our modern commerce accumulates in one place. Probably, no port in the world then held so much tallow as choked the sewers, and flooded the streets, and blazed across the river at the Tooley Street fire, and went on burning in the vaults after it: and oils were a rare commodity in the days of the Stuarts to what they are now.

We cannot but perceive also that there is something much more barbarous and shocking in the deaths yet known at this recent fire than in the few which happen when slight wooden houses or rows of thatched cottages are consumed. Men in boats burned on the Thames like moths in a candle, are a worse spectacle than we had fancied ourselves exposed to in these days. The flame spreading as the ignited tallow or oil spread over the surface, till it surrounded a boat filled with tallow, and set fire to it; the men in the boat, doomed and seeing their doom, but plunging overboard into one sheet of burning grease to avoid the same agony within the boat;—this sight of horror, witnessed by the glare from the shore, could not be surpassed by any spectacle of old days,—nor equalled, unless by the vindictiveness of war, which drove back enemies into a burning house at the point of the lance.

Whenever there have been conflagrations, there have been deaths by crushing under walls; but the massive walls which we build as a protection against fire are more dangerous than the wooden erections of our fathers, and make a more total destruction when overthrown. In a region of log or frame-houses, Mr. Braidwood would not have perished as he did: but then, again, such a man would not have been engaged in his special duty. In the newly settled American States, and also in Swiss villages, where wooden dwellings and stores exist, the proceeding, in an alarm of fire, is to pull down the logs or planks with hooks, and put out the fire, or let it burn piecemeal. When we build massive walls, in fire-proof warehouses, we do what we can to repel the calamity of fire; but, if the fire once gets the upper hand, the danger from the walls is greater than ever before.

There is an air of fatality about such an incident which reminds one of the revolting accumulation of calamity which renders fire after an earthquake or a railway accident so horrible; or, I may add, a conflagration in an American forest or prairie or on a Russian steppe. We are given to understand—and we scarcely need to be told it—that there is a feeling of despair, a sensation of being hunted by fate, in such circumstances which is, of all human experiences, the most terrible. When the earthquake has levelled every house, and imprisoned the inhabitants in the ruins, the worst has yet to come. Fire bursts forth wherever air penetrates, and consumes the life and property that the convulsion had left. At Mendoza, a few weeks since, this was the surpassing horror, as it was in the great Lisbon earthquake.

Most of us remember the railway accident between Versailles and Paris, nearly twenty years ago; and the prominent image in that terrible scene is still the lady—name unknown—who perished in full view of a crowd who could do nothing to help her. She was fixed by the waist (apparently without pain) between two parts of a carriage, and when she became aware that fire was the danger, she at first called wildly for help. When she saw that it could not be rendered, and when her light scarf caught and flickered away, she gave one gaze upward, buried her face in her hands, and stirred no more. Many times since has fire followed the crash of collision till it is naturally almost the most dreaded of the two.

Perhaps even these are not such appalling events at the moment to the sufferers as a forest

or prairie-fire. The leaping of the flame from side to side, the capricious ignition far and near, and rapid race of the yellow darting flames, the roar of the fire in the woods, the kindling of great trees as if they were torches, and the flare-up of small ones, shrivelled, burnt, and gone in a minute, and the lowering smoke, which seems to make the wood a burning prison—all these are enough to make the stoutest heart stand still. But the prairie-fire is worse, from its overwhelming speed, which paralyses the imagination, and delays or precludes all rational attempts to escape. There are but two ways: to burn the grass in front soon enough to have it sufficiently cool to pass before the greater fire comes up; and to plunge into water sufficiently broad to admit of breathing amidst the smoke. The rush of animals of all kinds adds to the terror. The wildest are not likely to be mischievous at the moment; but the sudden crowd of beasts, birds, and reptiles, all in terror, and most making for the water, where there is any, is enough to give the sensation of the world coming to an end. When travellers die, in such a case, it is evidently from suffocation—a rapid death at least. When they are saved, it is by going through something very like suffocation, by keeping even their heads under water as much as possible till the smoke and heated air roll off.

In regard to such extensive fires as these, which menace life on a large scale, the natural question is, whether our advanced civilisation cannot cope with their forces. But for the importance and the urgency of this question we could hardly bear to dwell on the subject at all. The answer seems to be that our civilisation introduces new perils, while enabling us to deal with some old ones; and the conclusion is, that the loss of life by fire is still shockingly and shamefully large. Our gas, our explosive compounds, so much more in use than formerly, our lucifer-matches, which nothing can keep out of the hands of dunces and children, and our vast stores of inflammable goods, have increased our dangers from fire at least as much, we are told, as science and skill have lessened them by lightning-conductors, fire-proof buildings, fire-brigades, and water-works, and other devices. But it is comfortable to reflect that we are more likely to be guarded than imperilled by further scientific and practical development. We may surely learn to manage our gas and other explosives better. As popular education advances, there will surely be less folly in the management of dunces and children; and there is, I believe, a strong impression abroad that, though Phillips' fire-annihilator has not yet proved anything like a match for the great conflagrations of our day, it intimates the true principle of antagonism to the evil. If we can learn to administer at pleasure any substance or action with which combustion cannot co-exist, we shall have the mastery presently. Men used to suppose that water was the true agent. Poor Laura Bridgman—the girl without eyes, ears, or sense of smell or taste—could not make out why people let a fire go so far as to cause the engines to rumble over the pavement. She asked why somebody did not blow it out, having understood that people blew out a candle. That blowing should put out a candle and make a house burn more fiercely puzzled her; and in like manner it was puzzling to people in possession of their five senses that water, which extinguishes a moderate fire, should aggravate a fierce one. As it does so, it directs us to search for substances or forces so antagonistic to combustion as that we have only to bring them into some practicable form for use on the breaking out of fire. To have Phillips' fire-annihilator is better than to have no resource, and especially in places where no system for the repression of fire is in action; but the great use of the invention will, no doubt, prove to be as a suggestion of the right direction in which to work towards a remedy of one of the greatest calamities of human life.

After all, the greatest loss of life by fire is not in these conflagrations of cities, or even houses, but by accidents to individuals. These accidents are almost always owing to imprudence; but, as they are very frequent, and belong to particular customs and the use of particular implements, it is better to look to the customs and implements rather than scold the imprudence. As long as we have open fires in poor people's homes there will be burnt children; as long as tipsy tramps carry lighted pipes into hay-lofts and stables there will be inquests on dead tramps and fires in outhouses; as long as women wear hanging or protuberant sleeves and balloon skirts there will be inquests on young ladies and housemaids. The fatal instrument, however, which destroys more life than the parlour or kitchen or nursery fire is the lighting apparatus—from the rude torch of barbarous times to the latest; or, perhaps, we may soon be enabled to say, the latest but one.

Those old torches must have been extremely dangerous,—as indeed they are now in the rural dwellings of Norway, where it is the business of one person in the room to light and renew the slips of resinous pine-wood, which burn out in a few minutes, dropping sparks whenever moved, and with every breath of air. Candles must have been dangerous in days when the floors were strewed with rushes, or sprays from the woods. By King Alfred's lantern we know how the draughts in the ill-built houses of that age wasted the candles; and the same winds would blow the sparks about. Some Americans now attribute the frequency of fires in their country partly to the haste, and consequent imperfection of house-building, by which chimneys set fire to the whole dwelling, and yet more to the use of wood for fuel, and the consequent carrying about of wood-ashes, which are singularly treacherous in their concealment of fire. These causes were in operation when King Alfred put his candles into a lantern, to make them serve at once as a light and a clock; and those who did not so protect the flame, and preclude sparks, no doubt suffered much from fire.

Candles have, however, lasted from that day to this. Ours is probably the last generation which will be able to say as much; but at present it is true. In each age there have been other lights. There have been cressets in the streets, and courts, and inn-yards; and lanterns in the hands of people of all degrees. There has been a burning

of oil in lamps, ever since men caught large fish, or crushed seeds on a large scale. Cressets, lanterns, and oil-lamps have all given way before gas in the open air, and in large edifices, shops, and even private houses; yet has the old-fashioned candle remained—sometimes with an air of new-fashion about it—to this day. The candle, with all its barbarism, its grease, its snuff, its waste, its clumsiness, and its dangerousness, has kept its place with a pertinacity which future generations will wonder at.

Its approaching extinction has been foreshown by a long series of endeavours to improve it. In the same way, we strove to improve our street lamps, when old men like myself were boys. When a lamp of a certain sized wick did not give light enough, we added threads to the wick. We cleaned the glass oftener; and spoke sharply to the lamplighter; we found fault with the oil; and then we again added threads to the wick. Some people hinted at a new method altogether, and pointed to little boys getting a brilliant flame out of a coal in the fireplace through the bowl of a tobacco-pipe; but Sir Humphry Davy said, publicly, that that was all nonsense, and that when we could bring down the moon we might light the streets with gas, and not before. So most people settled their minds to their oil-lamps, and preached content. Yet lighting by gas followed. For many years we have, in like manner, been improving candles. The improvement is real; but not the less must the candle go out before a better flame.

The old candle-drawer of the housemaid is seldom to be seen now, happily. Most households have done with that abomination,—the greased sheet of brown paper, the scrapings of tallow, and shreds of snuff: the filthy glove, and grimed and greased snuffers and candlestick. But in too many kitchens, the cook still has to deal with tallow-candles; and the housemaid has only exchanged tallow for composition or wax. The improvement is great; but there is still more or less dirt; the substance, whether fat or waxy, still runs down when the wick flares; and there are droppings all over the house where any sort of candle is carried. Above all, the danger to life is scarcely at all lessened by any improvement in the quality of the candle. If an expiring mineral wick is less dangerous than the old cotton one, in one way, it is more so in another. In getting rid of the stench, we have lost a warning.

Everybody knows all this, I may be impatiently told; and that is the reason why we have had such a series of domestic lamps for many years. This is true; but the lamps have never superseded the candles, as the candle-makers can show. And no wonder; for the many varieties of oil lamps, up to the date of camphine and naphtha, had little advantage as to sweetness and cleanliness over the candle; and then the camphine and naphtha lamps were denounced as dangerous.

For centuries lives have been lost every year, every month, perhaps—including the whole world—every hour, from something flying against the candle, or sparks from the candle falling upon something. People reading in bed, or falling asleep over a light; men in nightcaps, women in large sleeves, children in pinafores, have all been victims by hundreds. Linen on a drying-horse, a muslin curtain in a window, rags or paper in a closet, waste cotton in a warehouse—anything to which a candle was brought near, might, and did sometimes, cause somebody's death. Yet we have perhaps heard more outcry since camphine and naphtha-lamps came in than in all the old days of candles. This is not surprising, for accidents have been frequent and very terrible. I have observed in the American newspapers, in particular, a long and steady warfare against this invention, with an occasional publication of the number of deaths caused by it. The answer is twofold. The Americans use camphine and naphtha in small hand-lamps, which are easily upset. This is rash. But in regard to the use of camphine and naphtha in standard lamps, it is safe if the simple rules are observed,—to feed the lamp by daylight, and never to carry it lighted. If carried lighted, it may be dropped; and we know how a housemaid was burned to death in ten minutes, a few months since, by that particular accident. She dropped the lamp, trod on the burning fluid, with the notion of stamping it out, set fire to her under-clothing, and was lost. It is abundantly easy to trim the lamp in the morning; and, if left till after dark, the person who holds the candle while another pours in the fluid is regularly amazed, when an accident happens, at the distance at which it can catch fire.

With camphine we might get on very well in drawing-room or shop; and nobody could be burnt but by criminal rashness: but till recently there has been only the candle, or the unsavoury oil-lamp for the kitchen and bed-rooms, and for going about the house. Now, at last, we seem to have got hold of something which gives us all the good, and none of the bad, of former methods; and we see accordingly whole villages and towns leaving off candles and taking to photogene-lamps. In primitive country towns the tinmen cannot make lamps fast enough for the cottages and kitchens, and shops for miles round, and, cheap as photogene is, its price rises from the vehemence of the demand. I hope it is true, as we are told, that the fluid is harmless if spilt. It seems to have every other virtue, and it is really a pleasant thing to see the change in humble dwellings, as well as to note the increased safety in richer households.

We can now leave a light burning in a chamber without danger as without cost, by turning down the photogene hand-lamp to a mere glimmer, and there are neither sparks nor droppings on the stairs. Instead of the flaring, wasting tallow candle on the kitchen-table, or in the windy cottage, one may see now the pretty tin lamp (only sometimes too gaily painted) suspended overhead, giving an abundant and equal light to all the room. With the ordinary care in cutting the wick there is no smell, there is no dirt, and it is the cheapest light yet known. Whether it will continue so when it has cleared off all the ranges of mountains of small coal round the mouths of our coal-pits, another generation will see. At present, its cheapness causes a saving of pounds in a year to many housekeepers, and affords to the humbler consumers a better light

than they have ever before enjoyed for less money. We shall never know what the reduction is in babies burnt; but of the fact of the reduction there can soon be no question.

I must resist the temptation of speculating on the effect on industry of the extinction of candles. It would be amusing to relate what has happened already, and to show what must be expected when there is no demand for dips, moulds, composition, or wax; or for candlesticks or snuffers, of any form or size; and when a brisk trade springs up in lamps, chains, and shades, from the humblest to the most elaborate and graceful. But that view will wait. Our candle-makers export such vast quantities of the commodity that the change at home will not show any great immediate influence on the tallow-trade or the northern fisheries. That part of the subject may wait. And I cannot but feel that my main topic is somewhat too grave for it.

However few may like to speak of it, we all really wish to know something of the endurableness of death by fire. There ought to be a good deal of evidence on this head, considering the number of lives so lost in all ages. There is, in fact, a good deal of evidence; but it is so various as to be found very perplexing. The only rational conclusion is that there are great varieties of suffering, in accordance with the differences in men's frame of body, and yet more, state of mind.

We must remember that nearly all who perish in conflagrations of dwellings die by suffocation, except the few who die as Mr. Braidwood did. Persons who have had severe burns from which they have recovered have said that all the bodily pain was afterwards: either the flame did not hurt, or the perturbation of mind rendered it unfelt. An acquaintance of mine, burnt in the hands in saving a child, and suffering tortures afterwards, even said that the sensation was for the instant rather pleasant than otherwise. But this has no bearing on what we want to know,—the endurableness of being burnt to death.

We need not, unhappily, go back to the old records of religious martyrdom for evidence. Men are burned alive now, year by year,—not only in Red Indian warfare, nor in missionary life among the heathens,—but in the United States, and wherever slavery exists.

In 1836 a negro was so burned in Missouri. The management of the deed was as cruel as the deed itself. Suffice it that, after the longest half-hour he had ever passed, one gentleman said to another, "His pain is over, he does not suffer now:" when a voice from the foot of the tree, and behind the fire, said "Yes, I do." This victim had been very quiet: and his steady utterance of prayers and hymns showed what we are glad to know. But there is more direct evidence.

There has never been any doubt about the exhilaration of spirit with which men and women could meet that death, and any other. It is so common in the history of martyrdom that we all expect to find it, in every new instance. Latimer's exultation about lighting a great candle in England animates without surprising us: and we can sympathise with Ridley's noble economy in the midst of his last walk, when, seeing, on his way to the stake, a poor man barefoot, he slipped off his own shoes, and gave them to the staring stranger, saying it was a pity a pair of shoes so wanted should be burned. All this we understand: but the declaration of several of the martyrs in the midst of the fire that they felt no pain has perplexed many. The dying men themselves supposed it a miracle. We know now that when the skin has been acted upon to a certain point, sensation is lost. There have been instances of this absence of pain in fatal cases within a few months.

The best thing we know, in this matter, is the beautiful anecdote of one of our Protestant martyrs (was it Fisher of Hadleigh?) and his imperilled friends. Those friends expected that their turn would be next; and in the brotherly spirit of the time and circumstances, they talked over the whole matter with him. They would be present, on a rising ground in front of the stake,—which was very cheering to him: and he engaged to make a sign, if he found the pain endurable,—which would be very cheering to them. He would raise his hands above his head, in a manner agreed upon. They went and looked on; and for long they saw nothing. They could not wonder;—it was too much to expect the sign. At last, the victim raised—not his hands, for they were gone, but his arms, above his head, and kept them there so long as to leave no doubt of his intent. For all generations since this has been a comfort. It may make no difference, in any case, about encountering the martyrdom; but it is a great and genuine solace to know that the faculties may work truly in such extremity.

It is an extremity which is now never endured but by somebody's fault: and it is doubtful whether the proportion of victims to ignorance and carelessness diminishes. Do we mean that there shall ever be an end to deaths by fire?

From the Mountain.

SLAPTON.

Our village of Slapton is well known throughout Devonshire. Pleasure-seekers troop hither for the day. Excursion-steamers make trips to us. Numerous, and sometimes royal, visitors enjoy the hospitalities of the Sands Hotel. The coast-railway from Dartmouth to Plymouth will make Slapton a fashionable watering-place. At present, we are somewhat difficult of access. Totnes is our nearest railway-station. The place, however, is so justly celebrated throughout the county which contains it, and so deserving of a more extended fame, that a short account of it may not be uninteresting to the general reader. He may have read Flavel's work, prefaced "from my study at Slapton." He may have heard of Admiral Hawkins' glory in his great house of Poole; yet, forgetful, it is ten to one that he will say, as my friends said when I settled here, "Where in the world is Slapton?"

The parish of Slapton is washed by the sea. On its left is Dartmouth Harbour. On its right is the Start. The village itself nestles some three-quarters of a mile inland, where no wind can touch

it, and the one great breaker of the deep bay calls to it with a chastened sound. As the Start is the first land of the homeward-bounder, all the commerce of London and Southampton passes below the Slapton Hills, and ever and anon looks in the Channel Fleet, shows its white teeth, and away! but it is not for its marine interest only, shared with many other places, that Slapton is celebrated. I do not pretend that the most delightful thing in life, as a sick woman once said, is to lie in bed and see the Start Light go around, around, around! The two celebrities of Slapton are the Ley, and the Tower.

The Ley is a stream-fed lake, barred by a gravel bank from the sea. It exceeds two miles in length; its width ranges to half-a-mile; its waters have no channel into the sea, but percolate through the gravel. The brine cannot percolate to them. On the sea-side is the great fishing-ground of England. In shore numerous fishing companies draw the seine. The fish are sold by auction. In lieu of a hammer the auctioner holds a handful of sand, when the last grain has run out, the then highest bidder is the purchaser. Out at sea are the numberless trawlers of Brixham. That delicious little fish, the launce (ammodytes), is almost peculiar to Slapton. So also is the scallop. Besides these we boast nearly every fish that swims, especially "the woodcock of the sea," the red mullet. On the rocks around Dartmouth, and on the Skerries below the Start, are towns of crab and lobster pots, which every week in the season disgorge into the London market many hundred basketsful of crustacea. In the winter these towns cease to be submarine, and bleach about the beach and the cottages, whilst their site is swept by the oyster-dredger.

The Ley rivals the sea in piscine glory. "Good fische in Slapton Pool," we read in an old chronicle; and the pool still sustains its reputation. Perch may be caught as fast as the hook is baited. Boat-loads upon boat-loads are used every season for manure. Roach are as plentiful as perch, though they do not wear the perch's armour against the relentless pike. Pike of twelve pounds' weight and upwards are frequently captured, and one old fish, called the king of the pike, supposed to weigh upwards of thirty pounds, is often seen but never caught. The best spot for pike-fishing is beside the long beds of bulrushes. There are acres of these bulrushes in the Ley. They are very valuable for thatching, and plasterers use them instead of laths.

An enterprising gentleman, now dead, purposed to establish a manufactory for converting them into pens. They certainly, under his process, rivalled the best quills. Whether, in these days of steel, the project would have answered financially, is another question. It may be supposed that the Ley is the breeding-place of many aquatic birds, and the resort of many more in hard weather. A contest between a wild duck and a pike is worth seeing. The pike catches the duck's leg in its serrated jaws. Then comes the old game of French and English. Pull pike—pull duck. Now the duck is submerged. Now grisly snout and fierce eye are drawn out of the water. This duel is generally terminated by the duck flying away minus a leg.

Every year Sir Lydston Newman, to whom the property belongs, celebrates what is called a Ley day. He occupies with his friends about seven boats, which pull down the Ley in line of battle. Their fire consequently covers the whole width of the Ley. The wild-fowl would, under ordinary circumstances, take to the sea and escape. On this occasion hundreds of shooters occupy the banks, and direct a constant fusillade against elopers. Crowds of frightened birds, ducks, teal, widgeon, coots, *et hoc genus omne*, fly up and down the Ley, and fall in hecatombs.

A lively account of this scene appeared a few weeks since in the "Field," and, some years ago, there was a capital picture in the "Illustrated London News." Those of our readers who can refer to this picture will see the amusing battle over the dead birds. Every bird that falls has been shot at by some dozen guns, and there are possibly some dozen claimants. Years ago this annual battue used to be attended by an old prize-fighter. He carried a gun, but no ammunition. When a bird neared him, he pointed his gun. Probably the bird fell before the discharges of his neighbours. "My bird," he used to cry; and where was the rash one who would pick up that gage of battle?

The other celebrity of Slapton is the Tower. It is ninety feet high, and still in fine preservation. It is the only part remaining of a famous chantry, built by Sir Guy de Brien, one of the first Knights of the Garter. Sir Guy de Brien was standard-bearer to King Edward the Third at the Battle of Calais, 1349, and was rewarded for his intrepidity by a yearly pension of 200 marks from the Exchequer. Sir Guy de Brien does not lie here. He married the widow of Hugh de le Spenser, and was buried with her in Tewkesbury Abbey. His splendid tomb is described in pages 151 and 152 of "Sepulchral Monuments," and engraved in plate liii. of that work. They sang for the knight's soul at Slapton till the year 1545, when the chantry was surrendered to King Henry the Eighth, and granted to Thomas Arundell. Where once mass was said and music resounded, is a garden, and on a simple board these lines:—

> The knight's bones are dust,
> And his good sword rust,
> His soul is with the saints we trust.

J. S. V.

MY BURGLARY.

A REAL EXPERIENCE.

In the year 18—, I lived in a detached house in what is called the Regent's Park, about two miles from Southampton. One morning in the month of June, the servant came into my bedroom earlier than usual, in a great state of excitement, saying:

"Oh, sir, they have been trying to break into the house."

It was then only about seven. I jumped up, bundling on my clothes as quick as I could, and set about inquiring all particulars, when it appeared that this attempt had been made about four in the morning, that the cook had heard a crashing noise, and had called out to the stable boy, who slept over the stable, close adjoining the house, who had also heard the noise, and that they

then and there compared notes as to the time, and then (most probably being too frightened to move) went to bed again. I, finding nothing had been stolen, took matters more quietly, eat my breakfast, lit my cigar, and walked about, thinking what steps I had best take. Having gathered some little knowledge, through curiosity, at different times, from London detectives, &c., as to the different modes in which *a crib was cracked* (Anglicè, a house broken into), I examined the breach, that being a broken pane of glass, near the bolt of the window latch, where the attempt at entry had been made. I found that the putty, which had become very hard, had been attempted to be cut away, with the view, evidently, of taking out the pane of glass, and that in attempting this the window had been broken, and then the latch of the window undone, and the shutter (which the thief thought no doubt turned on a hinge, but was a moveable one) had, on being pushed, fallen down on the stone floor, which was, of course, the crashing noise heard by the cook and the boy.

I knew from this inspection that the man was not an *artist*, and but a "muff" at his work. This was something (though not much certainly) to go upon. While examining the putty, I fancied I saw something shining. I then examined it more closely with a pocket microscope which I always carry about with me, and I then saw the jagged portion of the blade of a pen-knife, and on further search, found another piece of a blade, and on placing the two bits together on a sheet of writing paper, found they were portions of the same blade. To find the remainder of the knife—*that was the thing!* As then the case would begin to assume a criminating shape, diligent search was made, but with no effect.

Now there was attached to the house a kitchen garden, and a small flower garden, which were once a fortnight put in order by a working gardener, who lived close to Southampton. His job generally took two days, but always more than one; and on this occasion the garden was undergoing its usual trimming; the morning of the second day being the morning of the attempted burglary. I perceived that the gardener had not returned to complete his work. I did not think very much of this circumstance, as once or twice before he had given me the trouble of sending after him; he having left my job half-finished in order that he might work at some other one elsewhere. I then told the stable lad to go after the man, and to tell him if ever he served me this trick again I would employ him no more. On which the boy said, "Oh, sir, he has been here this morning, and he said he was coming back again in the afternoon to do half a day's work."

On hearing this I was just turning away, when the lad added: "He came here in a pair of *slippers*, and on my saying to him, 'Them's *rum things* to come a gardening in,' he said: 'Yes, they be; but I have been up nearly all night playing at cards with some pals, and my feet swelled so I could not bear my boots on.'"

Now all this was very possible, and, perhaps, not improbable, and, under other circumstances, I might have thought nothing about it, but my mind being naturally full of the burglary I caught at the word "slippers"—connecting these articles in my mind as part of a "cracksman's" dress—and like lightning, and as if by inspiration, though with no data on which to ground it, the strongest conviction seized hold of my mind, *John, the gardener, is the man.* So strong was this that I could not be quiet; I could see him, as I fancied, cutting away the putty, &c., &c. I returned to the boy, and asked him a variety of questions, and particularly as to what else John, the gardener, had said, and as to his manner, &c., without eliciting anything of importance. At last I said, "Did he tell you *where* he had been playing at cards?"

"Yes," said the lad. "At the Pig and Tinder-box, in —— Street."

So, thought I, as I am going into Southampton, to see Inspector P——, I will just look in at the Pig and Tinder-Box, and have a talk with the landlord. So I told the boy to get the horse harnessed as quickly as possible, and into Southampton I drove, putting up in the next street to the Pig and Tinderbox, so as not to excite any suspicion by driving up to the door; and, walking into that establishment, ordered a glass of beer, and asked for the master of the house.

"Do you know a man of the name of John, a gardener?" said I.

"No," said he; "I can't exactly say as I does by name, but I daresay I should know him if I were to see him; we has so many, you know, of all sorts coming to this house, but I should not wonder if my man knows him."

So the man was called, and I asked him:

"Were you serving the customers last night?"

He said "Yes."

"Do you know John Holder, a gardener?"

"Yes," said he; "I *knows* him."

"Does he often come here?"

"Not very often," said he.

"Was he here yesterday?"

"*No.*"

"Was he here last night, either before or after twelve?"

"*No.*"

"*Are you perfectly certain of this?*"

"Yes."

And I said:

"If you were called upon, would you *swear this?*"

"Yes."

"And he could not have been in any other part of the house without your being aware of it?"

"*No.*"

Now, thought I to myself, "Gardener, the scent is getting uncommonly warm. I'm running you down a little faster than you think for." For I now had *no doubt* he was the man. How stood the case? House broken into, John comes in the morning in slippers, tells a lie unasked for, and, when he hears I am getting up, is evidently afraid to meet me, and bolts away, saying he will return in the afternoon.

My next visit was to Inspector P——, who, after giving instructions to another policeman to come in half-an-hour's time to my house with his dog-cart, accompanied me back again to my house, having previously gone with me to the Pig and

Tinderbox, to have repeated to him by the barman that which he had said to me.

On our arrival we found John at work, mowing the lawn. I *apparently* took little or no notice of him, but whenever I could do so furtively had a good look at his countenance, and *whenever I looked*, as P—— and myself were walking about the garden (he, P——, being in plain clothes), his eye was on us, and I observed he was, in consequence of this, notching the grass. P—— and I had a long conversation; he hesitated very much about taking the man, he said; he was inclined to agree with me that it was very likely he was the man, but he said we have not enough, at present, to go upon. So, after a little further delay, he went up to the gardener, and said, very suddenly, "Have you heard Mr. S——'s house was broken open last night?"

"God bless me!—no," says the man. "What a terrible thing, to be sure."

Lie number two, for John, the lad, had told him in the morning. No notice was taken of this lie by either of us, but a sort of smile now played upon the inspector's countenance, and he proceeded to ask him:—

"Have you seen any suspicious-looking character about here lately?"

"No," said the man, "nobody."

"No tramping fellows, or anybody of that sort?"

"No," he had noticed no one of the kind.

All this time the inspector kept getting a little closer to him, and in a light playful tone, said, while just tapping the outside of his waistcoat-pocket, "Lord! how your pockets stick out! Do you carry your tools in your pockets? Let's see what you've got in them," and suiting the action to the word, coolly put his hand in the man's pocket, upon which he first of all turned deadly pale, and then began to ride the high horse, from which he had, as is about to be told, a mighty tumble.

Pocket number one brought forth some pawn-tickets, and some lucifer-matches, and other articles of trifling import. Pocket number two brought forth various things, and among them a buck-horn handled knife with two blades, *one of which was broken*. On seeing this I could hardly contain myself, and was about to say something, when Inspector P—— gave me a look, as much as to say, "*Mum for the present*," that functionary at the same time saying to John in the blandest and most insinuating manner, "Now, just let you and I have five minutes' conversation inside the house, and then you can go on with your work."

So into the house they walked: I was then walking behind them. Presently I observed P—— (without turning his head in the least on one side), impatiently shaking something in his hand, which he held behind his back, as if for me to take it, so I walked up to the side of him, and unobserved by John, he slipped into my hand *the knife with the broken blade*.

I knew then what I had to do, and showing the inspector and his new acquaintance into a room, went into another room, got a sheet of note paper, placed on it the two broken bits of blade before alluded to, and then opening the broken blade of the knife, put it to the broken bits, and the three made a complete knife, and a complete case. For on my return to my friends in the other room, I merely said, "*It's all right, P——, it's a case.*"

P—— thereupon quietly took from his pocket a most elegant pair of bracelets, very bright, and made of iron, but with this peculiarity about them, that they were joined together by about three inches of strong chain; and with these ornaments he adorned the wrists of our now common acquaintance the gardener, John. By this time the policeman had arrived with the dog-cart, in which John, the gardener, was asked to go for an airing.

Now, at 4 A.M., John, the gardener, was cutting away the putty from my window; at 2 P.M. he was seated, decorated as I have described, in the smartest of dog-carts, between Inspector P—— and Policeman X, of the Hants Constabulary, on his road to W—— gaol.

The case came on before the late Baron A——. He was indicted for burglary, but was directed by the judge to be acquitted, as to constitute a burglary it must be proved that a portion of the person must enter the premises, and this entry the evidence did not sufficiently prove. But, by the direction of the judge, he was detained and re-indicted for misdemeanour, all the evidence being gone over again; the jury did not take five minutes to pronounce a verdict of Guilty, and he was sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour.

A hint to gentle burglars in general.—If he had flung away the knife with the broken blade, he might have got off. The correspondence of two minute pieces of steel convicted him. S. W.

THE FATHER OF THE REGIMENT.

(AN OLD GRENADIER'S STORY OF AN EPISODE IN THE RETREAT OF NAPOLEON'S "GRANDE ARMÉE" FROM MOSCOW.)

THICK snow-wreaths weighed upon the firs,
Snow shrouded all the plain,
Snow brooded in the dusky clouds,
Snow matted the chill rain,
Snow filled the valleys to the brim,
Snow whitened all the air;
The snow-drifts on the Dnieper road
Blinded us with their glare.

The white snow on our eagles weighed,
It capped each crimson plume;
Knee-deep it now began to rise,
Striking us all with gloom.
It clotted on our waggon wheels,
And on our knapsacks weighed,
It clung to every soldier's breast,
And every bayonet blade.

It quenched the shells and dulled the shot,
That round us faster fell,
As all our bayonets glancing moved
Down the long Russian dell
That to the Dnieper river bore.
Ney battled in our rear;
Griloff was nearly on us then,
The Cossacks gathered near.

The Russian lancers charged our guards,
Our grenadiers, and horse;
The Russian serfs, with axe and knife,
Were gathering in force,

As floods of us with carts and guns
Bore down upon the ridge
That led, by snowy swathes and slopes,
Unto the Dnieper bridge.

The sun, a dull broad spot of blood,
Smouldered through icy clouds ;
The snow, in blinding heavy flakes,
Was weaving soldiers' shrouds.
Here lay a powder-waggon split,
Its wheels all black and torn,
And there a gun half buried in
The ruts its weight had worn.

Drums splashed with blood and broken swords
Were scattered everywhere ;
Our shattered muskets, shakos pierced,
Lay partly buried there.
Guns foundered, chests of cartridge burst,
Lay by the dead defaced ;
By hasty graves of hillocked snow,
You could our path have traced.

Still one battalion firm was left
(Made up of Davoust's men)
"The *Vieille Roche*" we called the band,
In admiration then.

The "Father of the Regiment,"
De Maubourg, led us on,
With the old Roman's iron will,
Though hope had almost gone.

Two sons he had, who guarded him
From every Cossack spear ;
One was a grenadier, whose heart
Had never known a fear ;
The other boy a lusty drum
Beat by his father's side ;
I often saw the father smile
To see the stripling's pride.

There came a rush of ponderous guns,
Grinding the red churned snow,
Making their way o'er dying men
Unto the bridge below.
Ney gathered close his prickly squares
To keep the Russians back,
For fast those yelling Cossacks came
Upon our bleeding track.

Maubourg was there erect and firm ;
I saw him through the fire ;
He stooped to kiss a dying friend,
Then seemed to rise the higher.

Great gaps the Russian cannon tore
Through our retreating ranks,
As slowly, grimly, Ney drew back
Unto the river banks.

Shot in the knee I saw Maubourg,
Borne by his sons—slow—slow;
They staggered o'er the muddy ruts,
And through the clogging snow.
"Fly, leave me, children! Dear to France
Young lives are," then he said.
They both refused—a round shot came,
And struck the eldest—dead.

The boy knelt weeping by his side,
Trying in vain to lift
The old man's body, which but sank
The deeper in the drift.
"Leave me, my child!" he cried again.
"Think of your mother—go.
We meet in Heaven. I will stay,
Death is no more my foe."

The boy fell weeping on his breast,
And there had gladly died,
But I released his clutching hands,
And tore him from his side.
One kiss—no more—and then he went,
Beating his drum for us;
I did not dare to turn and see
The old man perish thus.

Again there came a rush of spears,
But we drove on the guns.
We—bronze and iron with the heat
Of the Egyptian suns.
The eagles led—our bayonets pressed
Over the Dnieper bridge;
Ney was the last to turn and pass
Down the long gory ridge.

The boy became a marshal, sirs;
I saw him yesterday
Talking to Soult, who loves right well
To chat of siege and fray.
He often finds our barracks out
And comes to see us all,
We who escaped from Moscow's fire,
From Russian sword and ball.

Walter Thornbury.

"CATO" ON THE BOARDS.

Was Mr. Addison laying to heart Horatian counsel when he retained his tragedy in his writing-desk for nine years? Not that he denied it an airing now and then. It was in 1703 that Captain Richard Steele, at a tavern, read privately to Mr. Cibber, afterwards manager of Drury Lane theatre, a manuscript, unfinished, being four acts of a play upon the death of Cato, which Mr. Addison had planned and commenced during his travels. Of course there was a bottle upon the table, and of course the Captain sipped his wine pretty freely during the pauses of the play, resting his voice, which had been rolling and swelling and storming enough in the sounding speeches and pompous music of his friend's work, and commenting upon its glories and merits and marvels. Perhaps now and then Mr. Cibber took up the wondrous tale, and rendered a scene or two with more elegant elocution, and with more of a player's propriety of action, if without the excessive passion and exuberant enthusiasm of his comrade the author's friend. Doubtless the drawer was rather astonished at the stir the two gentlemen in the private room were making, if indeed he was not accustomed to boisterous eccentricity on the part of the captain, who was always noisy over his bottle or his glass of strong waters, laughing, crying, speech-making, clamorous and troublesome, and rather a bore it may be, with his ceaseless trumpeting of Joe Addison and his doings and his genius. However, about that time he had cause to be loud in his friend's praise. Many applauded strokes in his second comedy, "The Tender Husband," as Sir Richard afterwards confessed, had been supplied by Addison's kindly hand. The play had been acted with great success, and is indeed full of humorous writing. In his next essay Sir Richard, running alone, was very sober and dull, perhaps a little too moral for his audience, and the "Lying Lover" was damned straightway.

Captain Steele was delighted at the warm approval the incomplete "Cato" received at the hands of Mr. Colley. Perhaps they both then grew rather melancholy over their cups, as the merriest topers will sometimes grow. The player was greatly disappointed to learn from Captain Steele that "whatever spirit Mr. Addison had shown in his writing it, he doubted he would never have courage enough to let his 'Cato' stand the censure of an English audience: that it had only been the amusement of his leisure hours in Italy, and was never intended for the stage." Men who write plays persist that they never intended them to be played, just as men who write poems will have it that they never purposed to print until "obliged by hunger and request of friends." Sir Richard spoke with much concern of his friend's unfortunate diffidence, and in the transport of his imagination could not help saying, "Good God! what a part would Betterton make of Cato!" But on the 28th of April, 1710, poor Mr. Betterton died: and he had been three years in his grave in Westminster Abbey when Cato came upon the stage.

It could have been no secret, however, that Mr. Addison had written a play. Captain Steele knew of it, and talked about it frankly and noisily after his wont. Pope, too, had seen and read it. Still the author shrank from completing his work; would have it that it was unfit for, and that he had never contemplated its production on, the stage. He was always shy and bashful, keenly sensitive like all men with delicately acute powers of observation—he held back with a child's timidity from the idea of failure—and perhaps the coarse, stormy applause of a theatrical success seemed almost as repellent to him as the dreadful violence of failure. The rude cheers and vulgar clapping of hands had little attraction for him; but how much more terrible the hisses and catcalls and groans! He wore his nerves very much on the surface, and he started at thoughts: his quick fancy gave such vivid vitality even to his dreams. "Still," as Dr. Johnson writes, "the time was now come when those who affected to think liberty in danger, affected likewise to think that a stage-play might preserve it: and Addison was importuned in the names of the tutelary deities of

Britain to show his courage and his zeal by finishing his design." Yet he deliberated and vacillated, and at last announcing his inability to complete the play, applied to his friend Mr. John Hughes to write a fifth act for him. Hughes had published poems on the "Peace of Ryswick" and the "Court of Neptune," on the return of King William, and a Pindaric ode on the death of the king, called the "House of Nassau." How little Hughes must have known Addison! He thought his request quite serious, and in a few days had written several supplementary scenes, and submitted them for the play-writer's examination. Meanwhile, of course, Addison had gone to work and produced half an act. So there was an end to Mr. Hughes's labours. In due course Mr. Addison finished his play, "but," says his biographer, "with brevity irregularly disproportionate to the foregoing parts, like a task performed with reluctance and hurried to its conclusion." Many of his literary friends, Pope amongst them, still counselled him to be content with printing the play, and not run the risk of a stage representation; it was hinted to him that the audience might grow tired even of the very best rhetoric; that he had written a poem, not a play; a book for students, not groundlings, and so on; while his political associates were urging the importance of his work as a party manifesto. The audience, he was assured, would recognise a Tory in Cæsar, an apostate Whig in Sempronius, and an analogy between Cato struggling to the death for Roman liberties and the patriotic Whigs rallying round Halifax and Wharton. Addison yielded to the wishes of his party with an apparent reluctance. He was charged, however, with having only affected coyness, while his mind was thoroughly made up to give his play to the actors. It is noteworthy that the most savage attack upon him came from his own side. Dennis, a zealous Whig, in his "Remarks on Cato," written with a cleverness only equalled by its coarseness, charged him with "raising prejudices in his own favour by false positions of preparatory criticism, and with poisoning the town by contradicting in the 'Spectator' the established rule of poetical justice, because his own hero, with all his virtues, was to fall before a tyrant."

"Cato" came upon the boards in April; a time of the year when it had been usual to devote three nights a week for the benefit plays of particular actors. However, it was decided that the benefits should be postponed to make way for Mr. Addison's great tragedy. Wilks, Dogget, and Cibber were the managers. Addison read his play to the actors in the green-room. Perhaps his bashfulness marred his eloquence. On the occasion of the second reading he begged Mr. Cibber to take his place, and was so delighted with his intelligent elocution, that he requested him to undertake the part of Cato. Probably Addison was carried away by the excitement of the scene, or he would have been less pressing that a comic actor should represent the chief character in a tragedy. Cibber was vain enough, but he was shrewd also. He knew his own forte. He did not care to risk his comedy laurels, the triumphs of Lord Foppington, Fondlewife, and Sir Novelty Fashion, for any philosophic glories to be gained in the toga of Cato. He preferred the part of Syphax; Wilks chose that of Juba. There must have been a sort of notion that Cato was what actors call an "uphill" part. They both agreed that Booth was the best representative of Cato that could be secured, while yet there was a fear that Booth, being quite a young man, might decline to appear in so solemn and severe, and—to use the professional term—"heavy" a character. So Wilks took the part to Booth's lodgings, pressed upon him its importance, and persuaded him to accept it. Booth waived all discussion as to the importance of the character, and admitted his willingness to play it, if the managers so desired, reserving entirely his own opinion in regard to it. "This condescending behaviour," we are told, "together with his performance of the part so much to the delight and admiration of the audience, gave both Wilks and Cibber the greatest pleasure."

All hands at the theatre were busied in the production of Mr. Addison's play. "As the author had made us a present of whatever profits he might have claimed from it, we thought ourselves obliged to spare no cost in the proper decoration of it." This must be understood with limitations. *Mise en scène* was in an early state of existence. The scenery, dresses, and decorations were rather more splendid than appropriate. There were strange conventions then insisted on in regard to stage costume. Addison, writing in the "Spectator," gives us frequent glimpses of the dresses and decorations of the drama of his day. "The ordinary method of making an hero is to clap a huge plume of feathers upon his head, which rises so very high that there is often a greater length from his chin to the top of his head than to the sole of his feet. This very much embarrasses the actor, who is forced to hold his neck extremely stiff and steady all the while he speaks, and notwithstanding any anxieties which he pretends for his mistress, his country, or his friends, one may see by his action that his greatest care and concern is to keep the plume of feathers from falling off his head." Whether Mr. Booth, as Cato, wore a plume is not ascertained, but it is highly probable that he did. Certainly he wore a full-bottomed wig, value fifty guineas; certainly Marcia appeared in a hoop and brocaded satin, and others of the performers were loudly applauded for their magnificent gold-laced waistcoats. Mrs. Betty Lizard, in the "Guardian," we find, "overlooked the whole drama, but acknowledged the dresses of Syphax and Juba were very prettily imagined." Her sister, Mary Lizard, writes, "My brother Tom waited upon us all last night to Cato; we sat in the first seats of the box of the eighteen-penny gallery. You must come hither this morning, for we shall be full of debates about the characters. I was for Marcia last night, but find that partiality was owing to the awe I was under in her father's presence; but this morning Lucia is my woman," &c.

Every care was taken to secure a success. As in the case of Ambrose Philips's "Distressed Mother" (Racine's "Andromaque"), the house was filled with the author's friends, determined upon the

triumph of "Cato," so far as lusty applause could bring about that result. Captain Steele undertook the packing of the house, and accomplished his task thoroughly. Fancy the gallant officer, his hat cocked jauntily, clothed in his best scarlet coat, rather soiled about the gold-lace edgings, assembling a select party at the Devil, or the Gray's Inn, or the Fountain, or the Tennis Court Tavern or Coffee-house. Bumpers round to the success of Joe's tragedy! He never wanted an excuse for a glass, but this was really a prime one, and then a rather unsteady march of the chosen band to the theatre.

Addison was very nervous about the whole business. Suppose that political zeal should carry the house too far? It was a time of extraordinary excitement. Mr. Pope's line in the prologue, "Britons, *arise*, be worth like this approved!" might stir up the audience to some treasonable act. The author of the play might be charged with promoting insurrection. "The line was liquidated," says Johnson, "to *Britons, attend!*" The opposition peers crowded the boxes. The pit was full of zealous partisans, frequenters of the Whig coffee-houses, and students from the Inns of Court. To make assurance doubly sure, Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Governor of the Bank of England, "Sir Gibby," as he was popularly called, came from the city, bringing with him a host of fellow citizens, "warm men and true Whigs, but better known at Jonathan's and Garraway's than in the haunts of wits and critics," as Lord Macaulay says. These were instructed to cheer to the utmost whenever a Tory hiss was heard. But, in truth, these tremendous preparations for defence were entirely unnecessary.

The Tories had never contemplated the slightest opposition to the play. The gentle, courtly, and kind-hearted Addison was the last man whose opinions they would have dreamt of attacking through his literature, much less whom they would have planned to crush by an acrimonious antagonism. The severest Tory-writers paid homage to him as a scholar and a gentleman of wit and virtue, in whose friendship many of both parties were happy, and whose name they heard, with regret, banded about in the brawls of factions. Certainly the conduct of Captain Steele and his civic auxiliaries was irritating enough to provoke opposition. But the ministerialists only laughed good-naturedly when Sir Gibby and his friends made the mistake of applauding the sham patriotism of the hypocritical Sempronius with greater enthusiasm than they could be induced to bestow on the calmer eloquence of Cato. Pope, in his letter to Sir William Trumbull, gives a vivid description of the first night. "Cato was not so much the wonder of Rome in his days, as he is of Britain in ours: and though all the foolish industry possible has been used to make it thought a party-play, yet what the author once said of another may the most properly in the world be applied to him, on this occasion:

> "'Envy itself is dumb in wonder lost,
> And factions strive who shall applaud him most!'

The numerous and violent claps of the Whig party on the one side of the theatre were echoed back by the Tories on the other; while the author sweated behind the scenes with concern to find their applause proceeding more from the hand than the head. This was the case, too, of the prologue-writer" (Pope, himself), "who was clapped into a staunch Whig at almost every two lines." Imagine Addison ("he had light-blue eyes, extraordinary bright, and face perfectly regular and handsome, like a tinted statue," says Colonel Henry Esmond), imagine Addison standing in the wings, or, as Mrs. Porter related, wandering through the whole exhibition behind the scenes with restless and unappeasable solicitude, shrinking rather as Booth rolled out his lines at the footlights, and the audience shouted plaudits not to the poet but to the politician—approved not the polish and music, and even beauty of his verses, but the inuendoes of party supposed to lurk in them. Was he satisfied, do you think? Was his muse not rather ashamed and affronted? Still the loud roar of applause, Captain Steele playing the part of fugleman, must have had a pleasant ring in it. And it would have been hard at that moment to pause and analyse it, to see how far it was adulterated with the spirit of faction.

The sons of Cato enter, and the play begins:

> "The dawn is overcast: the morning lours,
> And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
> The great, the important day, big with the fate
> Of Cato and of Rome," &c.

Some of the critics (they must have been of the Tory camp) thought they discovered here a plagiarism from Nat Lee's "Alexander":

> "The morning rises black: the louring sun,
> As if the dreadful business he foreknew
> Drives heavily his sable chariot on," &c.

The actors were very perfect; indeed there had been most careful drilling and rehearsing. To many of them the author or his friend the captain had been at pains to give personal direction and instruction how they should enact their parts. Lacy Ryan, a young man of eighteen who acquired a considerable fame by his performance of Marcus, one of the sons of Cato, had been expressly selected for the part by Addison, who, with Steele, invited the player to a tavern to explain to him the character and instruct him in its rendering. He was famous afterwards for his representations of the lovers of tragedy and the fine gentlemen of comedy, though a wound he received in the mouth from the pistol of a footpad was said to have occasioned an unpleasant alteration of his voice. Cibber as Syphax endeavoured to follow the style of Kynaston, who had imported into tragedy an ease and freedom approaching the colloquial. The sticklers for the dignity of the tragic music had always deprecated this innovation, and Addison, at the rehearsals, had expressed a fear that the audience might take too familiar a notice of the sentiments of Syphax delivered by Mr. Cibber. After the performance, however, the author came round to the actor's opinion, and admitted that "even tragedy, on particular occasions, might admit of a laugh of approbation." The fact was the tragedians, accounting themselves as of the highest caste of players, had been always angry

and jealous at the progress of comedians. Powell had once been in a great rage because he had been obliged to appear as Cæsar Borgia, in a much less splendid coat than Cibber wore as Lord Foppington.

Wilks was greatly admired as Juba. He played with much animation and feeling; was very graceful in his attitudes and actions. Comparing him with Booth, Cibber says: "In sorrow, tenderness, or resignation, Wilks plainly had the advantage, and seemed more pathetically to look, feel, and express his calamity." He was noted for his perfectness in his parts: it was said "that in forty years he never five times changed or misplaced an article in one of them." Mrs. Porter appeared as Lucia. Speaking of a later period of her career, Horace Walpole declared that, in passionate tragedy, she surpassed even Garrick. She was entrusted with the epilogue—a frivolous composition by Dr. Garth, and quite unworthy of the occasion.

But, of course, the real hero of the performance was Barton Booth. A Westminster schoolboy, under Dr. Busby, he earned his first laurels by his acting in a Latin play at the school. About to proceed to the University, he absconded and joined the company of Mr. Ashbury, the manager of the Dublin theatre. Ashbury was a good actor—was famed for his Iago. Wilks, Booth, and others gained greatly by his instructions. He had even taught Queen Anne, when she was only princess, the part of Semandra in Lee's play of "Mithridates, King of Pontus," performed at the banqueting-house, Whitehall, by persons of rank. For his services on this occasion he obtained the appointment of Master of the Revels in Ireland. Mr. Booth played for three seasons in Dublin with extraordinary success. He then came to England strongly recommended to Mr. Betterton. As a young man he had unfortunately fallen into habits of excess rather fashionable in his day, but warned by the example of George Powell, an actor who had ruined himself by his intemperance, "Booth" (says Cibber) "fixed a resolution which from that time to the end of his days he strictly observed, of utterly reforming: an uncommon act of philosophy in a young man of which in his fame and fortune he afterwards enjoyed the reward and benefit!" He had founded his style upon Betterton as Wilks had founded his upon Mountford and Cibber *his* upon Kynaston. Acting is full of traditions. Victor, in his "History of the Theatre," thus describes Booth: "He was of a middle stature—five feet eight, his form rather inclining to the athletic though nothing clumsy or heavy: his air and deportment naturally graceful, with a marking eye, and a manly sweetness in his countenance. His voice was completely harmonious, from the softness of the flute to the extent of the trumpet. His attitudes were all picturesque: he was noble in his designs and happy in his execution." Aaron Hill pays the actor a high compliment when he says: "The *blind* might have seen him in his *voice*, and the *deaf* have heard him in his *visage*." The elocution of Mr. Booth's day was very much of the *ore rotundo* order. Blank verse was delivered with a solemn and stately articulateness. However, the actor indulged occasionally in a whirlwind of passion. In Lear, we are told, "his fire was ardent and his feelings remarkably energetic: in uttering the imprecations in general he was more rapid than Garrick." His principal parts besides Cato were Pyrrhus, Othello, Brutus, Lear, Marc Antony, Aurungzebe, Jaffier, the Ghost in Hamlet, &c. Macklin described the actor's Pyrrhus "as awfully impressive," so much so that he stood fixed with amazement at it. When he played Brutus, and delivered the sad words, "*Portia is dead!*" the whole audience are said to have wept with him. He was essentially a tragic actor. Once at the command of the Queen, and following the example of Betterton, he played Falstaff, but as he never repeated the part, it is probable the experiment was unsuccessful. Those who have smiled at the notion of the player appearing as Cato in a full bottomed wig, may be interested in knowing that he was considered for his time a very careful dresser. He was the first to wear a plume of feathers in the helmet of the Ghost in Hamlet, and to cover his feet with felt so as to make no noise in passing over the stage. Booth was born in 1681 in the county Palatine of Lancaster. His health failing him he retired from the stage in 1729. He died in 1733. He was twice married—first, in 1704, to the daughter of Sir William Barkham, a Norfolk baronet, and, secondly, to Miss Santlowe, an actress who had made a great reputation in the character of the Fair Quaker of Deal. Scandal whispered that she had acquired a large fortune by accompanying John Duke of Marlborough to Flanders in the campaign of 1706. She survived her husband forty years. Booth was said to have been concerned in the building of Barton and Cowley Streets, Westminster; to the former of which he gave his own Christian name, and to the latter the name of his favourite poet.

The political triumph which the Whigs were enjoying in the success of "Cato" was ingeniously countermined by Bolingbroke, who sent for Booth between the acts, and before the whole theatre presented him with a purse of fifty guineas for so well defending the cause of liberty against a perpetual dictator, and dying so bravely in the cause of liberty. This was an adroit reference to Marlborough's attempt, not long before his fall, to obtain a patent creating him Captain-General for life. Dogget, the manager, a sturdy Whig, regarding this as leaving the victory in the hands of the Tories, proposed that a similar present should be made to Booth by the Whigs, "as he could not bear that so redoubted a champion for liberty as Cato should be bought off to the cause of a contrary party." Booth was nothing loth to receive tribute of this kind from both sides of the house. Indeed, his reputation was so greatly enhanced by the honours paid to him, that he laid claim to a share in the management of the theatre, and in the license for the following season his name was added to the names of the existing managers. This so mortified Dogget, that he at once threw up his share in the property of the theatre, and was said to have thus abandoned an income of 1000*l.* per annum. However, he had already acquired a fortune by his frugality and success,

and could therefore afford to indulge his spleen thus liberally.

"Cato" was played every day for a month (Mondays excepted) to constantly crowded houses. It came at the close of the season, a sort of splendid aftercrop, bringing a gain to the management almost equal to two fruitful seasons in one year. In the summer, the Drury Lane actors played "Cato" at Oxford with remarkable success. The gownsmen demanded admittance in crowds at twelve o'clock at noon, and hundreds went away unable to obtain room. The Vice-chancellor publicly thanked the players "for the decency and order observed by our whole society," says Cibber; adding, significantly, "an honour which had not been always paid upon the same occasions." The actors received double salaries, and the managers were still enabled to pay fifty pounds as a contribution towards the repair of St. Mary's church. Indeed the London and Oxford profits together brought to each manager the handsome sum of fifteen hundred pounds.

The most important of Booth's successors in the *rôle* of "Cato" were Quin, Sheridan, and, lastly, Kemble. On the occasion of Quin's first appearance in the character, he modestly announced in the bills that Cato would be *attempted* by Mr. Quin. Nevertheless, he so roused the audience by his powerful acting in the scene where Cato extols his dead son, brought in upon a bier, with the words, "Thanks to the gods, my boy has done his duty!" that the house rang with acclamations of "Booth outdone!" while the famous soliloquy, "It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well!" was vehemently encored! Still he must have been rather pompous and blatant in his style, he was so bent on giving intense sonority to his elocution. He pronounced the letter *a* broad and open. Garrick sounded it more like an *e*. When Quin, as Coriolanus, ordered the centurions to lower their *fasces* as a tribute of respect to Volumnia, the actors thought he said their *faces*, and commenced to bow their heads, greatly to the amusement of the house. A Welsh actor, named Williams, playing a messenger, and delivering the line, "Cæsar sends health to Cato," pronounced it "*Keeto*," greatly to the wrath of Quin, who burst out with "Would he had sent a better messenger!" This led, unhappily, to serious consequences. Williams, deeply incensed, vowed vengeance, and attacked Quin under the Piazza, on his return from the tavern to his lodgings. Quin drew, and they fought desperately, Williams receiving a mortal wound. Quin was tried at the Old Bailey, and a verdict of Manslaughter was returned. Mr. Sheridan is said to have played the part "with fine classical taste; excelling in the level declamatory portions." John Kemble was perhaps the first to represent "Cato" correctly as to costume, though it was some time before he deemed it necessary to be particular in that respect. His first appearance in London was as Hamlet, when he wore a black velvet court suit, with a star and riband, and long hair, powdered but dishevelled.

With Mr. Kemble playing "Cato" to the Portius of Mr. Young, the pronunciation difficulty was revived. The former would call Rome, *Room;* the latter adhered to the more ordinary pronunciation of the word. Neither would give way, and the pit laughed at and applauded each actor by turns as he came to the contested word and rendered it in his own fashion. Kemble's manner of pronouncing, indeed, was at all times eccentric. He called "innocent," *innocint;* "conscience," *conshince;* "virtue," *varchue;* "fierce," *furse;* "beard," *bird;* "thy," *the;* and "odious," "hideous," and "perfidious," became *ojus*, *hijjus*, and *perfijjus*. But Kemble was the last "Cato,"—"The last of the Romans!"

Time is a great iconoclast—reverses all sort of verdicts. What has become of "Cato"? as a poem? as a play? In his day it did much to raise Addison's fame: it does little to support it now. Johnson calls it the noblest production of Addison's genius. Macaulay places it long after the masterpieces of the Attic stage, after the Elizabethan dramatists, after Schiller, Alfieri, Voltaire, Corneille, Racine. In truth, Addison, in spite of his refinedly sensitive organisation and his great knowledge and appreciation of human nature, produced a play without feeling and without nature—a literary bas-relief, carven out of cold and colourless stone—its only recommendations, that it was right according to rule, and fashioned accurately after classical patterns. It gave London a month's excitement, and has since supplied the world with some trite quotations—that is all. It is melancholy to think that Mr. John Dennis's coarse criticisms were probably just. Addison made no reply to them. As Pope said, he was best avenged, as the sun was in the fable upon the bats and owls, by *shining on*. Perhaps Addison would have been thankful if Pope had been equally reticent. He published an unwise reply, called "The Frenzy of John Dennis." Addison publicly disclaimed all share in it, and Pope, bitterly hurt, was his friend no more.

DUTTON COOK.

THE ORIGIN OF THE LAKE OF GIDDEN.

IN the island of Rugen, in the Baltic, may be seen the Lake Gidden, the origin of which, according to a popular tradition, was as follows.

There once lived in the island two women, one of whom was charitable and compassionate, and the other hard-hearted and avaricious. One evening, in the midst of a tempest of wind and rain, a poor old man, dressed as a beggar, presented himself at the cottage of the ill-disposed woman, and begged for a bit of bread and a night's lodging. This woman was rich, but for all that she refused to relieve him, and roughly drove him away. The old man next went to the other woman who was poor. She received him with kindness, and shared with him her last morsel of bread. He passed the night under her roof, and in the morning, on thanking her for her goodness, he said:

"In return for your hospitality, you will, for a whole day, have in abundance whatever you may first take in hand."

The woman smiled, taking the speech for a good-natured jest, expressive of the wayfarer's gratitude. After accompanying the old man for a

short distance, the woman, on her return home, went to a cupboard for some linen, to make into a shirt for her child. She was aware that of the linen there were but three yards, but when she measured it, she found there were more. She measured off another three yards, but still there was a remnant. She then set to work, and continued to measure off, more and more, while the linen continued to lengthen in proportion. Astonished at the circumstance, she persisted in measuring, till she filled the whole of her cabin, and then her yard, and then she went forth into the fields, holding in her hands the end of the cloth, which still continued to lengthen, spreading itself upon the ground, like so many pathways upon the grass behind her.

At once delighted and surprised, she thus prolonged her work till nightfall. She had become rich. The event soon became known to the neighbours, and among others, to the ill-disposed woman. To the latter it was grievous to have missed such an opportunity for gratifying her covetousness. She now regretted having refused the old man a night's lodging, and with a view to rectify her mistake, and also to gain, possibly, still more than the good woman had done, she sought out the old man, and invited him to her dwelling. He came. Hiding her selfishness under a false appearance of benevolence, she prepared him a soft bed, and regaled him to the best of her power. On the following day the old man thanked her, and going out, said,

"For this day thou wilt have in abundance of whatever thou wilt first take in hand."

Hardly had the old man gone, when the woman, actuated with but one desire, hurried to her money, of which she determined to count out an immense quantity. Fearing, however, lest she might be robbed, she betook herself to a very solitary spot, where she might be unseen of any one. Before beginning to count her money, she wished to wash some coins that had got dirty, and for this purpose, on pouring some water over them, she found that the water would not cease flowing. It flowed and flowed, till herself, and her house, and her fields were completely drowned; and it is on that spot where now lies the Lake Gidden.

OUR SCHOOLS OF DESIGN.

The various schools of art and design are now doing excellent service to the young aspirants of the brush, by sending forth from their walls first-class teachers of drawing and painting, whose rigorous training of eye and hand renders them able masters and mistresses to government, public and private schools, and private families of the highest rank; and the teacher's first-class certificate is as valuable to the talented possessor, and as highly prized, as a "double first" to an University man. Since, then, there *are* places where drawing is correctly taught to students of both sexes at small cost, why do not *all* artists, who can possibly afford the time and expense, avail themselves of the privileges afforded by the Head Department of the Government Schools of Design, at South Kensington? Where, as at all the district schools, correctness of outline and distance are looked upon as the first, not last, principles of art; and where no students, however talented, are permitted to handle the brush till they can thoroughly and skilfully wield the pencil—in fine, they are taught to walk before they run; to spell before they read.

Some account, perhaps, of the Head School of "Art and Design," at South Kensington, whilst specially intended for the benefit of the artist, may not be either unamusing or instructive to the general reader, as to the scale of fees, daily routine of duty, and the general arrangement and conduct of the establishment. There are then two terms of sessions (as they are called) in each year, the first commencing in March, and terminating in July; the other in October, and ending in February. August and September are the long vacation months. At Christmas and Easter, a week's relief from duty is permitted: and gladly do the weary students avail themselves of the permission. The fees are but 4*l.* a session, which (not very large sum) includes admission to all the lectures. Hours of study from ten till four—a quarter of an hour being the prescribed time for luncheon. Each student is expected to provide himself or herself with an easel, large drawing board, maul stick, plummet, pencils, paper, india-rubber, case of instruments (containing large and small compasses with pen and ink legs, dividers, and scale), note book, T-square, and, if possible, a set of models for home study. The female classes are under the same roof, but quite distinct from the male schoolrooms. They receive the most careful instruction, under certificated mistresses; and the masters of the male schools, on certain days, attend to the more advanced classes. On first entering, the student is placed in the "Elementary Class" room, and a simple geometrical diagram given him to copy, always remembering that no measuring with strips of paper, or the pencil laid actually on the copy, is for one moment allowed; the former held at a distance and the eye alone are to be relied on by the would-be artists. For, at this early period of his art education, whatever proud ideas may exist in the scholar's own mind regarding his ability, the authorities think only of training the eye and hand to obey the mind. Gradually, progressive copies of "ornament" follow these simple diagrams, till step by step the student, rejoicing in his progress, attempts the magnificent prize piece, with its flowing curves and wreathing flowers. The horror and dismay with which these copies are at first regarded is almost ludicrous. "I can draw people, horses, dogs, houses, trees, any thing in short; but these detestable two-sided things," is the common exclamation of the dismayed beginner. But in these horrid two-sided monsters, the utility of ornament consists: for every leaf, point, curve, or flower, on either side, being exactly the same size, height and distance apart, the skill and patience of the novitiate is tried to the uttermost to make them agree: and for the first few weeks Mr. B.'s mark, Miss C.'s mark, are written in very legible pencil dashes on "broken-backed curves," "crooked verticals," and "ill-balanced points," without the slightest regard to the miserable student's feelings.

There are no half-measures of condemnation at Kensington; no making believe that a crooked line is standing straight, or that figures, drawn upon the inimitable Dutch-doll system, are perfect copies of flesh and blood anatomies. But, with iron gentleness, if we may so speak, every fault, however minute, is pointed out, and marked with the fatal black sign. Be sure, that when praise is awarded, it is most richly earned and deserved, or it would not have been received.

The Rubicon of "ornament" once passed, the student enters upon a course of model drawing, and the "figure from the flat" for which his previous studies have fully prepared him; geometry and perspective having been studied, hand-in-hand with "ornament." Models consisting of cones, cubes, vases, &c., are gracefully grouped in the class-rooms for the purposes of study, whilst once a week a lecture is given by one of the masters on the same subject (model drawing); when both schools, male and female, assemble in the lecture-room for a morning's hard work, the teacher stands raised above his pupils, and having "set up" a model in such a position that all may obtain a good view of it, executes a correct copy of the same, from his point of view, on the large black slate which occupies one end of the room, explaining at the same time to the attentive students the best method of measuring and drawing each line; after which, one hour is allowed for the completion of the lesson, by the expiry of which time every one is *expected* to produce a pretty correct copy of the model. No cheating at model drawing by forbidden measurements, or looking for assistance at our neighbour. For as no two persons can possibly obtain the same view of the cube, or whatever it may be, from the different dispositions of their seats, every student is thrown entirely upon his or her own resources for the completion of the task. Once or twice during the lecture the master examines carefully each individual copy, and then returns to his stand to await the termination of their labour. It is a highly amusing sight to watch a large number of students engaged in this branch of their studies. Suddenly, and as if moved by some spontaneous and irresistible impulse, thirty or forty right arms, with pencils in hand, firmly clutched between their fingers, are rigidly extended towards the model, exhibiting an infinite variety of young ladies' undersleeves, and gentlemen's more sombre coat sleeves. The left eye of each student being tightly screwed up, and in stern silence they effect their measurements. In a few seconds they fall as swiftly as they rose, and every one appears to be engaged in amateur scrubbing—to judge by the vigorous movement of the right arm—up and down the drawing-board. When Mr. C—— speaks all the scrubbing ceases instantly, whilst all eyes are turned somewhat confusedly on the speaker's amused countenance.

"Young ladies and gentlemen, I have been watching you for some time, and find that *every one* of you, without exception, have been rubbing out. I must beg you will *think* more before using your pencil, for it is great carelessness that causes such constant use of india-rubber, and I wish you would not use it at all."

In silence, and with many darting out arms at the model, as if hurling imaginary javelins at it, and many furtive applications of india-rubber, the lesson continues till the clock strikes—at the first stroke of which the lecturer leaps from his stand, and, finished or *un*finished, carries off all the drawings for private correction, and the scholars disperse to their several occupations. The lectures on geometry and perspective are conducted on precisely the same principle; the student following the master's diagram on the slate, line by line on their paper. The female anatomical classes are held in the summer, those for males in the autumn session. Those students *only* who are drawing from the "round" figures, &c., are expected to attend them. Strangers to the department can also attend these lectures at the moderate charge of ten shillings the course; and, singular as it may seem to all who shrink with horror and dismay at the very thought of the picture of a skeleton hand or foot, the anatomical classes are the *best* attended and the least shirked of any in the schools—yes, positively shirked, as several of them actually are. For the old school distich, applied to Kensington studies, and written by one of its harassed students in the moment of vexation, would most probably have run thus:—

> Ornamentation is vexation,
> All models are as bad;
> Geometry perplexes me,
> Perspective drives me mad.

These two last-mentioned studies are absolutely *detested* by the majority of the younger, and a great many of the *elder* students; and, if they can by any means avoid attending them, they will. And to confess the truth, there *are* easier tasks than obtaining clean, clear, correct geometrical and perspective diagrams, whether in pencil or in ink. And on examination days, woe be to those who are not "well up" in these absolute essentials of certificated merit. To model drawing succeeds the "figure from the flat," "ornament from the cast," and lastly, the "figure from the round." Let it be remembered that each of these studies must be thoroughly mastered in its outline before the pupil is permitted to attempt its shading. And, to those unacquainted with the inexpressible beauty of correct outline, the drawings exhibited annually at South Kensington appear all but marvellous. Take for instance that awfully-wonderful anatomical marvel, "the Laocoon." In the flat copy there is not one line of shading; yet we gaze at the "mere outline" completely fascinated by its terrible beauty. The straining eyeballs upturned in death's intensest agony. The heaving chest with its quivering muscles, starting as from the torture-stricken frame, are all so truthfully, so terribly expressed in simple outline, that it is impossible to gaze for any length of time on the school copy without shuddering.

If "the grand old masters" did not consider their dignity at all lowered by severe studies of anatomy, surely the young masters of the new school would do well to follow their example. We might then hope that in a very few years the entire race of deformed quadrupeds and bipeds

(those painted libels on nature) whom art has afflicted with crooked wooden legs, twisted shoulders, jointless arms, and worse than all (when a lady's in the case), distorted throats and countenances, would disappear, and no longer disgrace the canvas they were meant to adorn. And that in future no great works, otherwise of the highest order of art in every particular, would be deteriorated by that fatal want—the absence of correct outline and good drawing.

Intending students, of course, should inform the Head Master of Kensington what branch of art they particularly wish to study, and the time they can afford to stay; so that he may best advance their desired end. So, wishing all such well through ornament and perspective, we say farewell.

ISABELLA KENTISH.

THE DESERTED DIGGINGS.

BY AN OLD CHUM.

It was about an hour before sunset, on a beautiful day in early spring, that I rode slowly amongst the solitary heath-clad ranges of the once famous Kajunga diggings. For miles and miles the bed of every gully, the crest of every hill, and the broad surface of every flat, were thickly dotted with hillocks of pipe-clay heaped up near some fallen-in shaft, over the mouths of many of which windlass-legs, with here and there a windlass-barrel, were still standing. Three years before, every hill and gully in the district was thickly peopled. The site of tents and stores might still be easily traced on the ground, which, where they had stood, was hard and grassless, while on every side sod or log-chimneys—the latter, for the most part, entire, the former in various stages of decay—gave abundant proof how numerous had once been the dwelling-places of the digger. The country through which I had for some hours been travelling is in general barren and desolate in the extreme, badly watered and seldom affording even the scantiest feed, so that, once robbed of its gold, it had speedily relapsed into its former uninhabited state. The past winter, however, had been a remarkably rainy one, and, under the genial influence of the spring sun, the landscape had assumed the most beautiful appearance. The flats were emerald-green with young grass, while the ranges presented all the hues of the rainbow from the many-coloured heaths through which my horse made his way breast-deep. Thousands of wild flowers sprang up on every side, whilst overhead the wattle-blossoms, gleaming like gold amongst the delicate foliage, filled the air with perfume. The timber had been sadly thinned in old times by the axe of the digger, and by frequent bush-fires, but still many a noble white-gum stood in the flats, and the summits of the hills were clothed with the stringy bark and peppermint. Pausing on the top of a range a little higher than its neighbours to contemplate the beauty of the scene, my eye caught sight of something bright glancing amongst the trees to the north, which I at once guessed to be the Kajunga Creek, on the banks of which I meant to camp for the night. Giving my nag his head, he settled at once into that curious shambling gallop which an old stock-horse will keep up for hours, and in a few minutes I reached the creek on whose banks I found, as I had expected, very tolerable feed.

Dismounting, I took off the saddle and bridle, and placing them on the ground beside my blanket and cooking utensils, I hobbled my horse, and left him to go where he would; then, after a plunge in the creek, I kindled a fire, made my tea, toasted my chops on the end of a stick, and, having thoroughly satisfied my appetite, mixed myself a good stiff pannikin of brandy and water from my capacious flask, and, seating myself cozily on a log before the fire, lighted my pipe and began to smoke. The sun had now gone down some time, and the stillness of the starlit night was unbroken save by the rattle of my horse's hobbles as he changed his feeding-ground, and occasionally by the plaintive notes of the curlew, or the cry of the more-pork, the night-cuckoo of Australia.

Yielding to the potency of the grog and the soothing influences of the honey-dew, I had fallen into a semi-dozing state, when I was suddenly aroused by the sound of voices, and almost immediately afterwards three men stepped out of the gloom into the bright fire-light, and, with a hearty "What cheer, mate!" commenced making themselves comfortable for the night, much after the same fashion I myself had pursued an hour or so before. They were evidently all diggers, for I noticed the marks of the pipe-clay on their moleskins, and as they had only their blankets with them and no tools, I guessed, as was the case, that they must be on their road down to town. After they had supped, I produced the brandy-flask, and, as may be imagined, we fraternised at once. We talked upon various subjects; of the good old times, when gold was plentiful and diggers few—of the bad new times, when diggers abounded, but gold was, alas! scarce; of Eaglehawk; of the Balaarat riots, in which one of my companions had lost a couple of fingers; of dodging the police in the old licence-hunting days, and of a hundred other kindred subjects which, to an old gold-seeker, furnish an endless fund of amusement. I myself had handled the pick and rocked the cradle for many a long day, so that I was fully qualified to bear my part in the conversation. After some time, however, the current of talk slackened gradually, and at last we had remained silently smoking for several minutes, when one of my companions, addressing himself to another, a short but enormously powerful man, who was extended at full length before the fire, and whose face was so completely buried in hair that only the tip of his nose and his sharply twinkling eyes were visible, said:

"Bill, my boy! didn't you work somewhere hereabouts, once upon a time?"

"Yes," replied Bill; "about a matter of three years and a-half ago I worked on the old Kajunga, more by token, I had the best hole in Murder-will-out Gully that ever fell to my share since I first handled a pick."

"Murder-will-out Gully!" I exclaimed; "well, I have heard some queer names given to gullies and flats in my time, what with Dead horse, Lucky-woman, Peg-leg, Nip-cheese, Pinch-gut,

and such like, but that beats them all. Pray, why was it so called?"

"Well, you see, mate," said Bill, "I am not much of a hand at pitching a tale, but, as you seem the right sort, I'll try for once. It will be four years on the third of next month since first I came on to Kajunga. I had been working at Friar's Creek, in tucker-holes,* for some time previously, for my mate had been bad with the dysentery, and, of course, I couldn't leave him. At last, however, he died, and having been told that there were some old shipmates of mine up here, I determined to come up and try my luck. Well, I soon picked up with a fresh mate, and a pretty tidy hole, too, for there was gold galore in these parts then. There was a rare rough lot about here, though. You see, it was a goodish way from the old established gold-fields, and the diggings were scattered over such a deal of ground, that what few troopers we had up here went pretty nigh for nothing, so that every man of us used to sleep with his loaded revolver under his head, as in the old times on Golden Point. I was camped a few miles higher up the creek, and in the next tent to us were a couple of chaps who had been working there some time; but, partly through want of luck, and partly through blowing all they earned in the grog-shanties, they were pretty well always down on their luck. The name of the youngest of them was Charley Smart—Smart Charley we used to call him, though; for of a Sunday he used to come out in a grey shirt all worked with scarlet silk, a great red sash round his waist, a real Panama hat, breeches, and knee-boots, all which swell dunnage he had brought with him from California, where he and his brother, who was then away at M'Ivor, had worked for some time. He was a very good-looking young chap, though he was as white in the face as a parsnip, but he was uncommon strong and hearty, and an out-and-out good workman. His mate Alick—or Black Alick, as we used to call him, on account of the darkness of his skin—was a chap of about fifty years of age, and as ill-looking a customer as you could well meet with on a day's march, even in this country. I have heard since that he was tried in the old country for robbery and murder. There wasn't quite evidence enough to bring the hanging matter home to him, though there wasn't much doubt of his guilt; so he saved his neck, and came out to the colonies at government expense instead. He was a gloomy, morose kind of fellow, very quarrelsome when in drink, and as unsociable as a bear, for when he was out of cash to knock down in grog he used always to turn in as soon as ever he had swallowed his supper, never coming out to sit by the fire and smoke and yarn like the rest of us used to do. Smart Charley was quite another guess sort of chap. He would sit up half the night as long as any one was left to talk to, and seemed to dislike the blankets as much as Black Alick loved them.

"Now, a short distance from where we were camped, there was a grog-shanty—not one of your new-fangled, weather-boarded hotels, with a grand bar all set out with swell decanters full of bad liquor, but a jolly great tent, well put up, with a good fly over it, lined throughout with green baize, and a sod chimney to it that would hold an eight-foot log—as comfortable a crib as a man could wish to set foot in who was content to pour good stuff out of a black bottle, and drink it out of a pannikin. It was kept by a Yankee—a very fair specimen of one he was, too, and an uncommon good hand at drinks, to be sure. The way he could mix a julep was a caution. Well, a whole lot of us chaps used to frequent this shanty more or less, and, though I never was much of a one for drink, I used to go up pretty regular of a Saturday night, and have a hand at yuker or cribbage, and a glass or two of hot whiskey-and-water, real Scotch, and first-rate at that. The Yankee boys who came there said it was nothing to Monongohela; but Charley, who had been some time in America, said that that was all gas. However, as I never tasted the liquor in question, I can't say. Among the fellows who used the shanty—the 'Stars and Stripes,' as we called it—was one who dropped in occasionally, who went by the name of Indian Hepe, though he was no more an Indian than you are, for his father was a Scotchman and his mother a Mexican woman of Sonora; but he had been stolen away when a lad by the Indians who live on horseback—Comanchees, I think, they call them—and had passed pretty nigh twenty years of his life among them. I have heard that he became a chief, and had raised a deal of hair in his time; but whether this was true or not I can't say, for he was a silent sort of chap, and never said much about his past life. He had come on to the California diggings soon after they broke out, and afterwards came over to Sydney, and from there to Victoria. We used to think him a bit mad, for he would go away with his gun all alone for weeks, living upon what he could shoot, and when he came back to work he used to prefer spending half the night by himself in the bush, stretched out on his back, staring up at the stars, to sitting comfortably by the fire and smoking his pipe like a Christian. There were queer tales afloat about his having told some fellows' fortunes up on Eaglehawk, and how all he said had come true. Well, one Saturday night—I remember it well, for we had nuggeted pretty nigh thirty ounces that day—we were all of us up at the Stars and Stripes. Alick and Charley had been pretty well in luck that week, and they insisted on shouting * all round, time after time, till we all, I fancy, had taken a little more than was good for us, and even Hepe began to talk a bit. Charley seeing this began gammoning and chaffing him about his powers of fortune-telling. The Indian took it very quietly at first; but, when Charley went on too much at him, he got riled, and said he:

"'Charley, I can tell you something that will happen to you, as sure as you are sitting before that fire.'

"'What is it, Indian?' says Charley; 'speak up!'

"'Well, the best hole of the best rush that ever was or ever will be on Kajunga shall be found by you, and yet you will never handle an

* A tucker-hole is one that affords a bare subsistence.

* Shouting is Australian for standing treat.

ounce of the gold, and, what's more, those that work it will never profit by it.'

"At this we all laughed heartily, and says Charley:

"'If it's ever my luck to come across a bit of good ground, I should like to see the chap living that would jump* it, and I'd not only handle the gold but spend it, too. As to profiting by it, why that's another thing altogether; but if I didn't, the Stars and Stripes would, at any rate.'

"Hepe didn't make any reply, but sat quietly smoking his pipe for a bit, and then got up and went away. By this time Alick had begun to get nasty, and wanted to fight everybody in the shanty, one down the other come on, so I thought it time to make tracks for my tent and turn in.

"It seems that soon after I left, Alick and Charley had a bit of a barney, which ended in a regular stand-up fight, and when old Stars and Stripes attempted to separate them, they both went into him like mad, and beat him pretty nigh into a jelly before the other boys could get him away. He was precious savage at this, as you may think, and swore that neither of them should ever have another nobbler from him, either for love or money.

"A few days after this shindy the rush to the White Hills took place, and Alick and Charley got a capital claim, dead on the gutter. It was so good a one that they couldn't have knocked down all they made, even if they had had every night to do it in; but old Stars and Stripes wouldn't have them at any price, and, though there were lots of grog-tents in the neighbourhood, there wasn't a drop of decent stuff to be got nearer than the township, which was pretty well three miles off, with a rare rough road to it, bad enough to travel even by daylight—so they were obliged to lay by their gold, whether they would or not.

"For the first few Sundays they used to start off for Kajunga as soon as day broke, drink all day, and come reeling back just before sunset. But there had been ill-blood between them ever since the night of the row, and on the third Sunday they had another fight, and Charley drew his revolver on Alick—a bad habit he had learned over in California. There wasn't any harm done, for some of the boys who were present interfered; but there was no love lost between them from that day, and, though they still worked and lived together, they seldom or never spoke, and used to grub separate. Alick still kept up his Sunday journeys to Kajunga, but Charley never went down any more, turned quite steady, and saved up a heap of gold. This sort of game went on for three months or more, till one Wednesday evening, as we were sitting round the fire after supper, Charley says to me:

"'We shall have washed up by Saturday afternoon, Bill, and as I and Alick don't hit it any longer I shall start away on Sunday morning for Melbourne, and have a spree. I expect my brother Jack will get down there in a couple of weeks or so, and then we will either come up here again to prospect for the claim the Indian told me of, or try some fresh diggings. I rather think, however, I shall do the latter.'

"On Saturday night Charley came and had his supper with us.

"'It's my last night on the old Kajunga,' says he, 'I wish you would get old Stars and Stripes to let me in, I should like to shout for the boys once more before I go.'

"I went up to the shanty, and after a deal of trouble, I made it all right for Charley, but Alick he wouldn't have, do what I would, and I tried pretty hard, too. However, I might have saved myself all bother on his account, for it seems while I was away he came out of the tent, and Charley, who was as good-hearted a fellow as ever breathed, asked him to shake hands and have a nobbler, but Alick only swore at him and went in again. Well, we had a right down jolly night of it, to be sure. Stars and Stripes brewed us some stunning rum punch, and we had lots of singing and plenty of good yarns, and were very merry, without any of us getting much over the mark. Rather late Indian came in, for, like the rest of us, he liked Charley, and would have been sorry to let him go away without wishing him luck. Charley shook him by the hand.

"'Indian,' says he, 'I hav'n't found this grand hole yet, though I have had a pretty fair one, and can't complain.'

"'Wait a bit,' says Hepe, 'you'll find it, no fear.'

"Charley laughed, and was going to make some reply; but just then one of the boys began a song with a chorus as long as from here to the top of Mount Lofty, and we all joined in of course, and so the subject was dropped. We knocked off soon after midnight, and I walked down to the tent with Charley.

"'Good bye, old fellow,' says he, 'I sha'n't see you in the morning, for I shall be off by daybreak, and I know that you can do with a tidy amount of sleep on a Sunday. I sha'n't be long making town, for I mean to take nothing with me but the things I stand up in and my gold. The tent is Alick's, and if he leaves before I return, I have told him to let you have my tub and cradle and tools, and if I am not back in three months, why you are quite welcome to them. Good night, old chap, and good luck to you.' With that we went into our tents, and in a few minutes I was wrapped in my blankets and sound asleep. Just about dawn I was woke up by Charley, who was whistling away most vigorously as he made his fire and boiled the water for his tea. He wasn't long in finishing his breakfast, and then away he went on his journey as brisk as a bee. Instead of taking the main road which led to Kajunga, he passed right by our tent, and struck at once into the bush, intending, no doubt, to give the township a wide berth, which was a very sensible notion of his, as there were a deal of old hands and roughs loafing about it, and he carried a large amount of gold about him. As I was dropping off to sleep again, I thought I heard a slight noise as if some one was passing our tent on tip-toe, but as I was too sleepy to give much heed, and the dog which lay stretched out at the en-

* To jump a hole means to take possession of it under the pretence that it has not been worked for 24 hours, or that its owner possesses another claim.

trance of the tent didn't bark, I just gave myself an extra coil in the blankets, and was soon in the land of Nod. I seldom got up of a Sunday much before ten, but as my mate and I had agreed to go out on the plains that day after some turkey that had been seen about, and it being my week to cook, I roused out pretty early, lighted the fire, and set to work to get breakfast ready. I was busy frying the chops, when, looking up, I saw Alick coming along the road from the township. He had his gun under his arm and a brace of snipe in one hand.

"'Why, Alick,' said I, 'you have been out after the birds pretty early.'

"'Oh,' says he, 'Charley made such a cursed row this morning, that he woke me up, and, as I couldn't get to sleep again, I thought I would try if there was anything to be got along the creek. I have been pretty well all the way to the township, and this is all I've lighted on.'

"'Well,' says I, 'I hope we shall have better sport, at any rate.'

"'I hope you will,' says he; and into his tent he goes.

"Well, things went on pretty much in the old way with us for the next few weeks—the only thing in any way remarkable was the change that had come over Alick. Since Charley's departure he never shut himself up of a night as he used to do, but came out regularly and sat with the rest of us till the very last man went off,—and then even he did not seem much inclined to turn in himself. Not that he was a bit more pleasant than before, for formerly he used to speak now and then, but now he never so much as opened his mouth, but sat smoking and staring into the fire, and looking altogether as miserable as a bandicoot. Nobody cared about him for a mate—and indeed he never looked after one himself, but went and worked as a hatter * at some surfacing which had just been struck on the side of Ironbark Gully. The stuff wasn't very rich, but as there was a considerable depth of it, and it was very easy washing, being quite free from clay, and not requiring above two waters, he did pretty well at it. He had taken to save his money, too, for his Sunday journeys to the township were entirely dropped, and the Stars and Stripes wouldn't have him at any price, though he begged hard to be let in. Well, it may have been a couple of months or thereabouts after Charley left us that me and my mate were sitting one fine night in front of our tent doing our pipes. It was full moon, and pretty nigh as light as day. Alick had been working late, and was busy in his tent getting his supper ready, to cook which he had lighted a big fire not very far from where we were seated. I had just been talking to my mate about Charley, and was wondering whether he meant to come back for his things or to leave them for me, when who should I see come out of the bush just behind Alick's tent but Charley himself. He was dressed just the same as usual—gray shirt, red sash and all, but looked, if possible, a trifle more bloodless than ever. To my surprise he passed by the tent, and though I shouted out to him he took no notice, but walked straight over to the fire and sat down on a log which lay beside it, with his back towards us. Well, I was just going up to ask him what he meant by cutting a couple of old pals in that style, when out came Alick, carrying a billy full of soup in his hand, which he was going to warm up, and as he kept stirring it round while he walked, he did not notice Charley, who sat quite still, looking at the fire, without ever saying a word. Alick stooped down, settled the logs so as to make a firm place on which to set his pot, and as he lifted up his head after placing it on the fire, he caught sight of Charley. Never shall I forget his face, if I were to live a thousand years. For about half a minute he stood as still as if he were turned into stone—his mouth wide open, his eyes starting out of his head, and his cheeks as white as pipeclay; then, with a horrible yell, he fell head foremost in the fire. My mate and I rushed up, dragged him from amongst the blazing logs, and when we had done so, and turned round to look for Charley, he was gone. Well, I can tell you, I began to feel pretty scared, and no mistake.

"'Ned,' says I, to my mate, 'there's something wrong here. If that wasn't Charley himself it was his ghost, and I am sure if he had been living he would never have gone off like that, without having a talk with us and the rest of the boys.'

"'Nonsense,' says he, 'there ain't any such thing as ghosts.'

But though he pretended to laugh at the whole affair, and said that Charley was only having a game with us, I could see by his looks that he was more inclined after all to be of my opinion than of his own. However, we didn't have much time for talking, for all the while we were holding up Alick, who, though not very badly burned, was quite insensible. We carried him into his tent, and tried everything we could think of to bring him round, but as it was all of no use, my mate proposed that he should sit up with him one half the night, and I the other. Well, it might have been about midnight when my mate came and woke me up. 'Why,' says I, 'what's the matter with you? you look as white as a ghost?' 'Get up,' said he, 'and come along with me. Poor Charley, I am afraid it's all over with him.' As I couldn't get anything more out of him, I hurried on my clothes and went with him to Alick's tent. By the light of the candle, which stood on the table near the head of the bunk, I could see Alick's features plainly. He was asleep, but his face was perfectly livid, and the perspiration was rolling in huge drops down his forehead. For about a quarter of an hour he lay like this quite still, my mate and I watching him in silence. Suddenly, however, he raised himself up, and screamed out:

"'Keep him off! keep him off! he has come to drag me down to hell. His grave cannot hold him, and yet I buried him deep down, deep down. Mercy, my God, mercy, mercy, mercy!'

"His screams gradually grew fainter, and at last he fell back perfectly exhausted.

"'Has he been taken like that before to-night?' says I.

"'Yes, just before I came and woke you up.'

"'Well, you go and turn in now, and I will

* A digger who works alone is so called.

stay with him till morning, and then we'll think what is best to be done.'

"It might have been about daylight when Alick roused up all of a sudden. He sat up, looked round the tent, and seeing me seated on the opposite bunk, he exclaimed:

"'Why, what's all this? I must have been ill.'

"I didn't make him any answer, so he laid himself down again, and turning himself so that I couldn't see his face, he said, after a bit:

"'Where's Charley? Didn't Charley come back last night?'

"'Where Charley is, Alick,' said I, 'you best know.'

"'What do you mean by that?' says he, savagely, starting up, and facing me.

"'I mean,' says I, 'that you said things in your sleep last night that want explaining.'

"'What did I say?' says he.

"'Never mind the exact words,' says I; 'but I may just as well tell you that before my mate and me you said as much as that you had murdered Charley Smart.'

With that he dropped back on his bunk again, as if he had been shot. He lay a long time without speaking. At last he raised himself up on one arm, and, says he:

"'Bill, it's no use my keeping the matter to myself any longer. Charley's ghost came for me last night, and though I escaped him that time, it's all up with me I feel. I did murder him. I followed him that Sunday morning, and shot

him down in a gully a few miles from here. I hid his body in the scrub, and in the evening I went down and buried him, but his grave was not deep enough—his grave was not deep enough.'

"'Well, Alick,' says I, 'I didn't ask you to tell me all this, but now you have done so, I must do my duty.'

"'I know—I know,' says he. 'Let me go down with you, and show you where the body is buried, and then you may hand me over to the traps as soon as you like. I have been sick of my life this long time.'

"Well, I called my mate, and sent him up to the Stars and Stripes, where he found some of the boys who had come in for their morning-drink, and told them all about it, and a pretty row there was at once, as you may well think. Some of the Yankees were for lynching him right away, but the rest of us wouldn't agree to it, and at last it was settled that Alick should go down with us, and show us the grave; and that in order not to attract the attention of those whom we might meet on the road, he should not be bound. It was necessary to take the greatest care in order to get him safe into the hands of the troopers, for if the news of the murder had once got noised about the township, he wouldn't have had many minutes to say his prayers in, I can tell you. However, we put our revolvers in our pockets, and gave him

notice that if he offered to escape we would shoot him down like a dog. He led us right through the bush, without ever speaking, till he came to a very long gully with steep sides, and about the middle of it he stopped, and pointing to a great half-charred log, said :

"'Underneath that.'

"We rolled away the log and began to dig, taking it in turns. It was a lightish soil, and easy sinking ; so that working with a will, as we did, it wasn't very long before we reached the body.

"It was in a horrible state of decay, but still it wasn't so far gone, but what we could swear to it. We left some of our party with it, and then we started with Alick to take him to the police camp at Kajunga. Now, the creek, about a mile above Kajunga runs at the bottom of a tremendous precipice 300 or 400 feet in height, and along the top of this precipice lay our road. The scrub is very thick about there, and comes pretty well up to the edge of the cliff, so that there is but a narrow pathway of a few feet in width. Well, we had got almost within sight of the township, when who should come out of the bush about a hundred yards a head of us, but Charley. It was broad daylight, so that there was no mistaking him. Well, I can tell you, my heart beat double-quick, and I don't think that any one of us felt quite at his ease. Alick was walking by my side when he caught sight of Charley advancing towards him. With a yell of terror he rushed across the narrow path and flung himself headlong over the precipice. He did it so suddenly that none of us could even offer to prevent him. I sprang to the edge of the cliff just in time to see him strike heavily against a projecting granite boulder, and fall with a dull splash into the dark waters of the creek, which closed over him for ever. When I looked round I saw the supposed ghost gazing over the precipice with an expression of horror and amazement in his face.

"This can't be anything but a man, after all, thinks I, so I marched straight up to him, and I then saw at once that it was not Charley, though the likeness was so striking that at a short distance it would have deceived any one. The mystery was soon explained. He was Charley's brother, Jack Smart, who not finding him in Melbourne, as he had expected, had come up to Kajunga to look after him. The evening before, he had missed his way, and got up to our tents. He had not replied to my welcome, because, being very deaf, he had not heard it. Alick's extraordinary behaviour upon seeing him, had led him to believe that he was amongst a lot of candidates for the Yarra Bend,* so that while we were lugging Alick out of the fire, he quietly sloped into the bush again. Having worked for several years along with his brother in California, he had taken to dress exactly in the same style, which made the resemblance between them almost perfect. Well, you may be sure, when the news of all this reached the township, there was the devil to pay. Everybody knocked off work, and started off to see the place where the murdered man had been buried. There had been a pretty smart shower since we dug the body up, and as a Scotchman of the name of Campbell was looking at the grave, he saw something bright among the dirt that had been thrown up. He stooped down and picked it up, and what should it be but a nugget of pretty nigh three ounces, a small piece of which had been washed clean by the rain. Well, he jumped straight into the grave, and drove his pick in at once, and Rush Oh ! was the order of the day. Claims were marked out on every side, the corpse was left to the care of Jack Smart and the police, who had just come up, and the gully was soon alive with the whole population of Kajunga, mad with excitement. I had marked out a claim about fifty yards from the grave, claim as it was called, and was hard at work sinking for my bare life, when some one touched me on the shoulder. It was Hepe.

"'Well,' says he, 'what I said has come true. He found the claim, but he never handled the gold.'

"Well, whether it was chance or not, I cannot say, but everything Hepe told us, that night came to pass ; for that was the best rush ever known on Kajunga, and the grave claim was allowed on all hands to be the best hole on it ; and yet those who worked it never benefited by it, for the two Campbells who had it, after working it right out, all except one pillar, attempted to take that away without putting in proper props, so the roof of the drive fell in on them, and they were both killed. What became of the gold they took out of it was never known. No government receipts were found either on their bodies or among their things, nor could an ounce of gold be discovered though search was made wherever it was thought they might have stowed it away. My belief is that they planted it somewhere in the bush, but where, no one will ever know, for it ain't likely that pick or spade will ever be plied upon the old Kajunga again.

"'And what amount of gold do you think they took out of their claim ?' said I.

"'Well, me and my mate cleared nearly 2000*l.* a man after all expenses paid. The American hole, which was the best after Campbell's, turned out, I know, upwards of 5000*l*, so that I should think there must be between 5000*l.* and 6000*l.* lying somewhere handy if one only knew where to drop upon it ; but prospecting for that lot amongst all these wild gullies would be but a poor spec, I reckon. And now, mates, my yarn is clean spun out, and as we must be up with the sun in the morning, I shall say good night.'

"So saying, he knocked the ashes from his pipe, rolled himself in his blanket, and in a few minutes was sound asleep, an example we were none of us slow to follow."

AN OLD CHUM.

* The Yarra Bend is the Melbourne Madhouse.

A DEFINITION.

SHE asked the Professor : he shook his white head,
And tried very hard to be firm ;
"An Album is not much in *my* way," he said :
"Pray, madam, define me the term."

She smiled on his spectacles : quite shut him up
With a smile that all argument ends :
"Why, Doctor, I thought you'd been better brought up.
An Album's a HANDBOOK of Friends."

H. M. MOULE.

THE SILVER CORD.

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS.

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

It was late in the night, and the moonlight again lay upon Versailles, and Laura was at her window.

Her brother-in-law would see her early in the morning.

Versailles had long been silent, and the only sounds that came upon the ear of the watcher were the calm voices of the bells that told the hours, and the occasional sweep of the wind through the silvered trees. And little she heeded either, for her thoughts were of the same hour in an English home, and of children in the deep still sleep of happiness.

How long she had sat at that window she knew not. But she believed herself to be standing near the little bed of her youngest child, and softly drawing back the clustered hair from his forehead, when she heard her name uttered, and she was again at the foliaged window of her house of exile.

Startled, first, and then with a shudder that agitated her whole being, Laura made a faint effort to reply, but the word died upon her lips, and she became stone-cold with terror.

For she knew the voice but too well.

"You are there, I can see you," said Ernest Adair, distinctly, but not aloud.

But Laura could neither answer, nor make a sign, nor obey the instinct that bade her draw away from the window.

"You hear me, but you will not reply," he said. "It is not needful. You have the victory, and you have deserved it. But go to England, or your triumph will be useless. You hear me. Go to England."

Her hand had lain among the foliage, and an involuntary movement detached a leaf, and it fell.

"I understand you," said Adair. "That is a sign that you hear, and will obey my counsel. Lose no time, for death is busy among us. Farewell."

He picked up the leaf, but she did not see the action, and she heard no more. Henderson found

her on the bed, when morning brought the faithful attendant to the room, and Laura was lying near the wall, and with her hands tightly clasped over her eyes, as if to shut out some horrible image. Yet she had slept, thanks to the overmastering excitement of the past day, and she woke, pale as ashes and distressingly prostrated, but in full possession of self-consciousness.

In a few minutes, however, she sprang up, hastened to the drawer where she had placed the volume of letters so strangely obtained, and hurried from the chamber, which she would not enter again.

A small room on the lower floor was hastily arranged for her, and here she awaited the arrival of Charles Hawkesley.

Laura spoke not, and Henderson attended her with silent assiduity, placed before her food which the girl had to remove untasted, and performed such few offices of the toilette as Laura would bear.

"Stay in the room," were almost the only words that Mrs. Lygon uttered, and they were said in a tone of entreaty, all unlike her usual calm voice of gentle command. The girl stood and watched her, and counted the minutes until Hawkesley came.

Then, relieved from her guard, Henderson fled from the room and from the house. For her own inferior class of courage had fairly broken down, and she dreaded to be near Mrs. Lygon when the discovery of the truth should be made. Yet, true to her self-imposed duty, she lingered near the door, and expected to see Mr. Hawkesley rush out and hastily summon her to the aid of her mistress.

No such hasty summons came.

More than an hour passed from the time at which Hawkesley had entered the room. Then, Laura herself appeared at the door of the house, beckoned Henderson in, gave her orders to come on to Paris to an address in the writing of Mr. Hawkesley, and soon afterwards left the house with her brother-in-law.

The girl watched them as they went away, and observed that Laura kept her eyes upon the ground. This of course Henderson did not understand.

Nor did Charles Hawkesley. For, informed by Aventayle that the truth had not been told to Laura, Hawkesley had resolved to continue to withhold it until Mrs. Lygon had been removed from Versailles. It was his intention to conduct her to Paris, and then, if she would be guided by him, to escort her to England. But, in the meantime, he had the last duties to perform to him who had died in the house at Versailles.

They reached Paris, and on the way Charles Hawkesley explained to Laura that he wished her to remain there for two days, after which he proposed to take her to England. In the meantime he would place her in a lodging where she would be entirely freed from intrusion by friend or enemy.

"Have I an enemy?" said Laura, in a low voice.

He understood her, but made no direct reply. She gave a silent assent to the arrangement he proposed, and he drove with her to the lodging he had decided on, gave all directions for her comfort, and a special and private order that on no account should either French or English journals be brought to her. Then he took an affectionate leave of her, promising an early return, and left her, thoughtfully sending in a few books in the hope that Laura might avail herself of the poor yet not altogether unavailing distraction which any attempt at diversion of the current of the mind from its course of sorrow will sometimes bring to the weary.

But he might have spared this care. In another hour Laura was on the road to England.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

Charles Hawkesley hastened to the bureau of M. ——, and, early as it was, he found that official in attendance.

"I suppose that I have nothing to tell you," said Hawkesley.

"Nothing," replied M. ——, with a manifestation of sincere sorrow—with a regret that was not a mere manifestation. "The past is past, and nothing so sad has chanced within my memory. I will not afflict you with my sympathy, Mr. Hawkesley, but be assured that I, too, have a right to be afflicted at the death of a brave, good man. I honoured him much, and when the time comes I may be able to prove to you that I have not used mere words of custom in saying this. It is more to the purpose that I should speak of the future."

"The necessary formalities—"

"Must be strictly observed, of course, but shall be performed with every delicacy and rapidity. You will desire to charge yourself with the details of the funeral. I will send to you a person who will make this duty as light as possible—who will carry out all your directions with perfect intelligence."

"I thank you, M. ——. And, now, has the murderer been arrested?"

"I am to conclude that you fix the deed upon one person only?"

"Have we not ample proof?"

"Of that we shall have to speak hereafter. But, be this as it may, the man Adair will be seized in due course. Up to within the last hour, he had not been captured."

"Surely it is impossible that he should escape?"

"I have seen such escapes that I have resolved to call nothing impossible to a clear-headed and resolute man, but I cannot doubt that we shall secure him, if it is desired."

"If it is desired!" echoed Hawkesley, astounded.

"I have, I see, given you a new thought, Mr. Hawkesley," said M. ——. "Do not reject it, however, merely because it has surprised you."

"Surprised is no word for what you cause in my mind."

"Listen, nevertheless, and once more let me beg you to believe in my assurance that I am profoundly grieved at what has chanced."

"You have used that word twice."

"It was accidentally, then, but we need not pause upon that. Mr. Hawkesley, I believe that if I resolve to capture this man Adair, I shall

have him. Whether I do so shall depend upon your own decision, and that I will not ask you to give hastily. In the meantime, beyond a certain *cordon*, Ernest Adair shall not pass. If you, on consideration, call for his arrest, it shall be made. But I am prepared to give you a stronger proof of my regard for the memory of him who is gone than you perhaps can appreciate. If you decide that it will be better for Ernest Adair to escape, that escape shall not be impossible."

"The assassin!"

"I will not try to enforce my own view by any o :the lesser arguments which have occurred to me. I will not urge on you that we have no proof of the origin of the final quarrel that ended so miserably—that the probabilities are all against its having been provoked by the weaker man, and not by the stronger—that French juries have sometimes a strange tenderness for a scoundrel whose history can be mixed up with a sentimental story like that of Adair's. I will suppose that he has committed wilful murder, and that he will be found guilty of it, and executed. What is now a mystery, save among a few relatives, and among some officials who are as mute as the tomb, will then become common scandal in Paris and London. It is not my duty—on the contrary, it is far away from my duty—to place this consideration before you; but I loved your friend, and I take all the consequences of setting all this before you."

"It does not weigh with me, M. ——," said Hawkesley. "Justice demands that the miscreant who betrayed my dear friend's honour, and who has taken his life, should come out on a French scaffold, and die."

"You speak of justice, but you mean vengeance. But that is a common confusion of thought."

"Let it be so," said Hawkesley, sternly. "I would myself stand by and see the wretch's head fall."

"Do you think that I do not share your indignation? But is there not a higher duty than the gratification of a just revenge? Will you resolve on proclaiming to the world that the noble-minded Urquhart was a dishonoured man?"

"He was not dishonoured," returned Hawkesley. "An honourable man is robbed, but the deed of the scoundrel who pillages him does him no dishonour, and the crime of a bad man and a bad woman inflicts no shame upon the memory of Robert Urquhart. He suffered a great misfortune, and we will punish the villain who inflicted it."

"Come and say this to me in six hours, and I will act upon what you say. But there will be one thing more for you to consider. Were the name and fame of Urquhart alone involved, and as he has happily left no children to bear the brand of disgrace, specially no daughter whose husband the world will call a bold man, there might be nothing more to say, and I would telegraph that Adair should be at once arrested. But the subject of our interviews in this room, Mr. Hawkesley, has not been the misfortune of Adair, but of another equally honourable man, whose reputation you were still more eager to protect."

"Lygon. I have thought of that," said Hawkesley.

"You could not fail to think of it. But have you considered well what must inevitably happen if this criminal procedure continues? Do you think that Adair on his trial will be more reserved than Adair in this room? Will he, in view of the guillotine, respect the name of your sister?"

"Do you not know that we have seized the letters, M. ——, the villain's proofs, as he calls them?"

M. ——'s well-trained features gave no sign that he was hearing news. But he said:

"I learn this for the first time, Mr. Hawkesley, and I own it to you with perfect frankness. Others will have to explain how it is that I hear it first from you. But accept my admission as another proof that I am acting loyally by you. Who has the letters?"

"Mrs. Arthur Lygon."

"That, then, was the packet which you carried when she left the terminus with you, and you drove away to the lodging. They should have known better than to describe it as—as a dressing-case," said M. ——, taking up a scrap of paper that lay beside him. "It is in Mrs. Lygon's possession, of course?"

"Yes, and he will be a shrewd man who gets it from her keeping."

"We are on grave business, and it is not worth while for me to invite you to come in three hours and see it on this table," said M. ——. "Let it remain in the poor lady's keeping—she clings to it doubtless as a sheet anchor. Yet will your possession of it prevent scandal? Will not Adair rejoice in describing its contents, and in challenging you to produce the letters?"

"Who will believe a miscreant and assassin?"

"The world, which always believes the worst. And, besides, the letters are inextricably mixed up with the case. It is impossible that the treacherous revelations of Adair can be checked, if he is once arrested, unless, of course," added M. ——, with no affectation of coolness, but in the tone of remonstrance which he had hitherto employed, "unless he should be permitted to evade a trial by placing himself beyond the reach of this world's justice. Of this I fear there is no chance. He will have leisure in confinement to calculate the odds too well. He would be a fool to destroy himself. If he lives, he will reveal the double mystery which has come into his keeping."

"How was it," said Hawkesley, with a passionate oath, "that Urquhart failed to crush the very life out of him!"

"Aye," repeated the other. "It was strange. So strange that those may be pardoned who believed that the issue which has happened would be impossible, and therefore left events to take their course."

"What do you mean?"

"No matter. I will tell you another time. Now, will you leave me? You have a melancholy occupation before you, and that claims your first attention. I will send to you, as I have said, a man whom you can trust. Afterwards, Mr. Hawkesley, give your best consideration to all that I have said. Remember, I am counselling you neither way, but I am setting the whole case before you, and I am ready to act as your calm

judgment may decide. You have before your eye a grim picture of a merited punishment. We may never be able to realise it. But, Mr. Hawkesley, even if we should, shall we have done what is best and kindest? It is a good sight to see a scoundrel's head fall where it can plot crime no more, but it is a better sight to see a loving woman restored to the arms of her little children. Choose which picture you will have, and come to me again. And I swear to you that nothing shall be lost by your taking time for consideration."

"He will not escape?"

"Nothing shall be lost."

At this moment a signal was given that a subordinate had something to communicate, and the drawer in the wall gave M. —— another scrap of paper. He read it quickly.

"Stay, Mr. Hawkesley," he said. "I have something for you. Do you know that Mrs. Lygon is now at the Northern Railway, about to depart for England?"

"It is impossible!" exclaimed Hawkesley.

"It is true—read for yourself."

And he handed across the scrap of paper, which contained the information he had given.

"What does this mean?" said Hawkesley, bewildered.

"She is alone, you observe."

"Alone, too."

"That is of no consequence. And she had better return alone than in the society in which she came over to France."

"You put a thought into my head. What if that fiend is again upon her track."

"Be calm," said M. ——, laying his hand on Hawkesley's arm. "I give you my word of honour that Ernest Adair is within four miles of the house at Versailles. He has nothing to do with her journey."

"If he appears before her, he will kill her," said Hawkesley.

"He will not appear before her, I tell you, and why should he attempt a new violence? Ah, the letters!"

"No, I do not mean that, I do not mean that. We have not told her who has fallen—she believes that it is her enemy."

"Ah! And the world is now clear before her, and she rushes back to England fearlessly, the first moment that she is set free. A brave lady. You must not stop her, Mr. Hawkesley; we can do so, of course, at the first station, on pretext that we want her as a witness, but it must not be. Let her go."

"Go—I am rejoiced that she has gone, though she might have trusted me with her intentions. But she has gone with a belief that *he* is dead, and when she learns the truth—"

"Yes, let us consider. That complicates her position, poor lady. And yet let her go. Mr. Hawkesley—may I ask you a question which implies the most offensive suggestion, and yet—"

"You would ask whether I believe her innocent. Yes, as God shall judge me."

"Then let her go home."

"I will not seek to stop her. *Can she have seen her husband?*"

"We will ascertain."

He wrote some lines, despatched them, and renewed the conversation.

"Have you, Mr. Hawkesley, informed Mr. Lygon of the truth? No, I know that you have not done so personally, for you passed the night at Versailles, but you may have written."

"I thought it better to entrust the mission to Mr. Aventayle, as I had little time to spare, and Mrs. Lygon was, of course, my first consideration."

"You sent him up; but has he discharged the duty?"

"I go from hence to the hotel."

"It might be well not to go without knowledge as to whether the lady has met her husband. Shall I ask you to wait?"

M. —— went out, and Hawkesley was left to revolve the question whether Urquhart should be avenged, or Laura should be saved from a new peril.

But, upon this occasion, he was not allowed very long to deliberate. M. —— came in to him with the double information that neither Mrs. Lygon nor Mr. Aventayle had seen Arthur. The former fact was stated, the second was equally clear, for Lygon had not opened the door of his room since the preceding night. It was not the business of the chief of the police to know how this had been ascertained, but his employé knew that the door in question opened outwards, and the rest of the evidence was simple enough.

"Then it will be my business to tell him," said Hawkesley.

"Yes," said M. ——, "and also, if I may suggest this, to ascertain his thoughts on the subject on which we have spoken."

"Possibly," said Hawkesley, thoughtfully.

"He is surely, of all persons, the most interested in the decision," said M. ——.

"It is true. When can I see you again, M. ——?" said Hawkesley, somewhat abruptly changing the immediate subject before them.

"Always. But do not hasten. I have told you that time is not of vital consequence. One thing more. You have sent the truth to England. Your friend Aventayle has telegraphed in your name."

"Yes, I begged him to do so."

"I mention it only because in the event of Mrs. Lygon going to the house of her sister, the facts will at once become known to her."

"That is true," said Hawkesley, "and it did not occur to me."

"Why should it? You had intended to break the truth yourself to Mrs. Lygon."

"This is most painful!" exclaimed Charles Hawkesley, walking about the room in excitement. "Why did she not remain, as she promised?"

"I must not ask the reason of your vexation."

"Yes," replied Hawkesley, frankly, "it is this. I have desired my wife to tell the terrible news to her sister Bertha, who is now lying ill in my house. The scene will be a most sad and agitating one, and I did not think of causing my wife the second affliction of having to make the revelation to Mrs. Lygon, who will hasten to her with the belief in which she has left Paris."

"Your concern at this moment is for your own wife."

"Certainly it is. Does it appear strange to you?"

"Do not speak with irritation. I was plotting how to meet this new trouble, Mr. Hawkesley. There is a way, of course, but to adopt it would be to stop Mrs. Lygon in her journey."

"What is it?"

"I could easily cause the truth to be told to her at Boulogne, or at Folkestone—or perhaps—yes, I will undertake to let it meet her on her arrival in London."

"No. I will not cross her path with another grief. If she goes to her sister's, let her learn the truth there. No one will tell it her more gently, or advise her more wisely."

"This is for yourself to decide. Should you think differently some hours hence, there will still be time to interpose."

"I will now go to the hotel."

"To remain there, if you will, until a person comes to you from me. After you have dismissed him, it will be for you, Mr. Hawkesley, and for your brother-in-law, to decide on the very grave consideration which I have taken the liberty of suggesting.

"Grave indeed," muttered Hawkesley, as he went out, "and I find myself exchanging smooth words over the question whether an infernal murderer and villain shall escape us. It is like a dream—it is like a dream."

CHAPTER LXXXV.

Cautiously and thoughtfully as the telegraphic message, dispatched by Aventayle to Mrs. Hawkesley at the request of her husband, had been worded, in order to soften as far as possible the epigrammatic curtness of such messages, and to do away with the startling effect which the hardness of the official hand, in lieu of that wont to be so welcome, produces upon those unaccustomed to such communications, there was still the cruel fact which no care could render less cruel. Beatrice learned that her husband's valued friend, the husband of the feeble woman on the sick bed above, had been stricken down in his strong manhood, and that her weak sister was a widow. Shocking as was the news, melancholy as was the thought that he concerning whom it was sent had been the subject if not of harsh judgment, of suspicion and mistrust on the part of Beatrice when she last wrote, it was far more shocking to her when she came to recal the circumstances under which he and Bertha had parted for ever, and the nature of the revelation which it became her duty to make to the scarcely penitent creature who manifested so inadequate a sense of her sin, so vague a dream of her future.

For herself, Mrs. Hawkesley, with some self-reproach, owned that horror had more share than actual grief in the sensations with which she had to struggle. That she had never thoroughly liked, perhaps had never thoroughly appreciated Urquhart, has been made clear in an earlier part of our story. The negative feelings with which she had regarded him had been altered into something almost resembling hatred by the circumstances which have been told. Chiefly had his unhesitating judgment on Laura, his imperative demand that Lygon should be convinced of her worthlessness on the strength, not of evidence examined by himself, but of testimony that had been conclusive to Urquhart, confirmed Beatrice in her hostile feelings towards him, nor had they been softened by the effect which Robert Urquhart's sentence had produced upon the mind of her own husband. She was the best of wives, and not the less so that she had the genuine wifely belief that the best of husbands submit to few influences save those of home. Beatrice, therefore, was well prepared to be impressed, even by the careless and non-consequent tales of Bertha, and at the moment of the arrival of the despatch she had no inclination to retract a syllable of the imputations which she had conveyed to her husband.

Then came the telegraph message, and Urquhart was gone, and that strange revulsion, which the head cannot justify and which the heart cannot refuse, that disposition to see only what was good in those who are no longer with us for good or for evil, followed, and Beatrice's affectionate nature was more afflicted than she could have imagined possible from aught connected with the stern, rough Urquhart. Before she could give herself up to the task of breaking the news to her sister, Mrs. Hawkesley had her own self-rebuke—remorse were too strong a word—to deal with, and it was with a doubly sorrowful heart that she addressed herself to the thought how she might in the gentlest manner open to Bertha the tidings that he whom she had so wickedly wronged was beyond the reach of her penitence.

"Aunt, I wish you would not have letters," said little Fred Lygon, who had stolen into the room where Beatrice, not heeding him, was once more reading the message.

"Do you, darling?" said his aunt, too accustomed to the ways of childhood to be startled at any child-appearance from any quarter in which playfulness could reveal itself. "Why, dear Fred?"

"Because letters make you look ugly. Tell the postman not to bring any except they come from mamma or papa."

She kissed the child, and went to her own room, whence, after some time, she passed across to Bertha's, with a tremor foreign to her usually calm nature.

"I thought that you were never coming any more," said Bertha, raising herself in the bed, and speaking fretfully.

"I have not been away long, dear," answered Beatrice, more gently, perhaps, than she would have replied on another occasion. "I had a good many orders to give, and most of them were for you."

"It is more than an hour," persisted Bertha, "for I have heard the church clock strike twice; but you think that because I am ill in bed I must believe anything you like to tell me."

"My dear Bertha," said Mrs. Hawkesley, coming near her, "you cannot feel that you have been treated with any neglect here. I am sure that it has been a labour of love with us all to do all that we can for you."

"I am not complaining," retorted Bertha. "You are always finding fault with me, and I wish I were dead."

"Bertha," said her sister, very gravely, "do not speak lightly of death. It may be that you will hear of it sooner than you expect."

"Preaching does me no good, Beatrice, as you might know by this time. I am much obliged to you, of course, for all that you have done, and to Charles for having brought me home here, but what has happened has happened, and we cannot alter it by talking. I wish I were well enough to go away from you all, and not be a trouble and a shame to those who must hate me."

"You have no right to talk in this unkind manner, Bertha, dear. I think that you are stronger and better to-day, and I want to speak to you very seriously, but not in the way of preaching, as you call it, though I am sure you have not heard much that deserves the name, and nothing that has not been meant affectionately."

"Give me some of the lemonade. It is not fresh, and it is quite warm, but it is good enough for me."

"Fresh is being made for you, dear. Now, can you listen to me for a few minutes, as I have something to say which you must hear?"

"If I must I must, and it is of no use asking. I dare say that I am as well to-day as I shall be to-morrow."

"I have a letter from Paris, a very sad letter."

"What has happened?" said Bertha, eagerly. "He is not coming over after me—do not say that."

"Indeed he is not."

"You are quite certain?"

"Bertha, I have a message for you which you will remember to the last hour of your life," said Beatrice, desirous to bring her sister into a more fitting frame of mind to receive the fatal intelligence.

"It is of no use sending me reproaches. As soon as the doctor will let me, I will go away, and be out of the reach of you all."

"And where will you go, Bertha?"

"I do not know. I suppose Charles will advise me. I suppose that *he* will do something for me when he has calmed down, and will not let his wife be without the means of living."

"Whom do you mean by he?"

"Whom should I mean—my husband."

"You have no husband, Bertha."

"Beatrice," said Bertha, clutching at her sister's arm. "What do you mean? He has divorced me?"

"You are divorced indeed."

"But that is impossible. It is not true, Beatrice; you are saying it to work upon me. There are no divorces in France. I know that, though you think I know nothing. It is wicked of you to play upon my feelings."

"You are divorced for ever, Bertha. Mr. Urquhart is gone."

"Gone!"

"He is dead."

Mrs. Hawkesley turned away, that she might not see the agitation which she felt that her words must produce in the face of her sister. Beatrice even listened for the rapid breath, for the sob, but she heard nothing, and her immediate impression was that Bertha must have fainted. The next instance Beatrice was about to throw her arms round Bertha, but paused, so utterly different was the result of her words from that which she had expected.

Bertha was lying back on her pillow, but her cheek had not lost the fever flush, and her eyes, undimmed with tears, were even brighter than before. She was muttering something, but Mrs. Hawkesley was too much shocked to seek to hear what it was—and as she looked, the expression on her lip was assuredly not that of grief, and Beatrice struggled against the impression that it partook of an opposite character. There must have been seen in Beatrice's face something of the indignation which she felt, or else Bertha's own conscience must have accused her of heartlessness, for she raised herself, and said, though in no tone befitting the occasion—

"It is very shocking. How did it happen, Beatrice?"

"Suddenly."

"Ah! He told me more than once, poor fellow, that he knew that it would be sudden when it came. Poor Robert!"

And she hid her face in her handkerchief, but when she withdrew it, there were no tears glistening on her cheek.

"It was sudden indeed, Bertha. He died a violent death."

"My God! One of his railway accidents—was it so, Beatrice?"

"He died by the hand of a murderer."

This time the face of Bertha became white indeed. The fearful news had found its way to her selfish heart, and in the agitation with which she clung to Beatrice there was no feigning.

"Don't tell me that. Say it is not so, and that you were only trying me?"

"Do you dare to think that I would speak falsely on such a matter? Bertha, your husband, your noble husband, has been killed in his own house, in the house that was yours until you left it of your own will."

"Do not speak to me so. I am too weak to bear it, I am indeed. Tell me—no, do not tell me until I am stronger. He has been killed. Was it a robber that broke in—yes, tell me that and no more."

"He has been killed by the worst of robbers—by the man who robbed him of the heart of his wife."

Bertha gazed at her for a few moments, and then, with a sort of cry, said,

"You are speaking falsely to me after all. He is dead—yes, and he has died of a broken heart—say it is so."

"His heart was too proud to break for what you could do, Bertha," replied her sister. "He has been killed, I tell you, and the man who has killed him is Ernest Adair."

"Then Robert must have attacked him, and Adair must have acted in self-defence. It is very dreadful, but it must have been so, and every one has a right to defend himself. But it is very dreadful," she repeated, shrinking from under the kindled eye of her sister.

"It is dreadful," repeated Mrs. Hawkesley, slowly, "but not so dreadful as this. And your first impulse is to find an excuse for the murderer."

"No, no, I did not, I do not. I was only saying—how eager you are to judge me!—I was only saying how it must have been, for I remember that poor Robert declared he would one day be the death of Ernest."

"Of Ernest?" said Mrs. Hawkesley, bitterly. "Can you use the name as if—O! I cannot speak to you, Bertha. May it please God to bring you to a fitter state of mind! I cannot speak to you. There is the telegram; read it if you please, and if you can, pray to be forgiven the fearful wickedness which has brought a good man to such a grave. Oh! Bertha, Bertha!"

And, weeping the only tears which had been shed at that interview, to which she had looked with so much agitation, Beatrice hastened from the room.

"What would she have had me say," murmured Bertha, when she was alone. "Throw myself back in an agony, and declare that I loved him better than my life. I did not, and I will not say so."

(To be continued.)

SHADY VALLEY.

The time was toward the heats of June,
And all the mellow afternoon
With my ripe heart was just in tune,
As I lay a-dreaming.

For yes, my heart was ripe with love;
The very airs that stirr'd the grove
Blew kisses o'er me from above,
As I lay a-dreaming.

The river glided smoothly by—
The blue bright bird shot silently
Between my covert and the sky
As I lay a-dreaming.

By drooping alders doubly bound,
The water slid without a sound
Until, below the rooted ground
Where I lay a-dreaming,

It smote a bank of ruddy loam,
Where, underneath, a secret dome
Of pebbles fretted it to foam
As I lay a-dreaming.

But further, where the stream was wide,
The kine were standing side by side
Cooling their knees against the tide,
As I lay a-dreaming.

And still beyond, were orchards green,
Red cottage roofs, and in between
Bright meadows, where the scythe had been
While I lay a-dreaming.

And over all, the hollow hills,
Fill'd with that purple light, which fills
Our hearts too with such regal thrills,
As we lie a-dreaming.

But my low nest was shut within
To such a leafy calm, wherein
My thoughts went freely out and in
As I lay a-dreaming.

The squirrel on his branch at play—
The blossom falling from the may—
No creatures moved but such as they,
Where I lay a-dreaming.

So sweet a spot, so soft a breeze—
Such beauty of enfolding trees!
Ah! what could mar my luscious ease
As I lay a-dreaming?

A country wench came by, to see
Whereas her missing kine should be;
And this is what she said to me
As I lay a-dreaming:

"Git up, ye dawdlin' gaapin' loon!
Ah'd liever gang mah wa-s to t' toon
An' fettle t' sheep this efternoon
Nor lig theer a-dreamin'!"

I look'd at her in strange surprise:
I could not think in anywise
She was an angel from the skies,
Though I lay a-dreaming.

For oh, too deep was the disguise:
The hand with which she veil'd her eyes
Seem'd like a Titan's hand in size,
As I lay a dreaming.

She was a woman though, and young—
The very creature I had sung
In fancy, with a poet's tongue,
As I lay a-dreaming.

Therefore I spake and answer'd her:
"Maiden, you do but come to stir
My soul, and make it joyfuller
To lie here a-dreaming.

"For you too, gracious as a fawn,
By ferny glade and mossy lawn
Full oft have loved, at eve or dawn
To lie thus a-dreaming.

"And all the interwoven grace
Of sound and hue that fill'd the place
Has doubtless 'passed into your face,'
As you lay a-dreaming.

"Oh, you then, nursed in summer woods,
And lull'd by rolling waterfloods,
Will give me leave, in these high moods,
To lie here a-dreaming."

The maiden stared, but answered not:
Yet, striding slowly from the spot,
I heard her say—I know not what—
As I lay a-dreaming.

"Yon chap's a snivellin' tiv hissell,
An' wat he meeans Ah canna tell;
He's daft, Ah doot, or drunk wi' yell
Te lig theer a-dreamin'."

Arthur J. Munby.

QUEER CULPRITS.

According to Jewish law, "If an ox gore a man or a woman, that they die, then the ox shall be surely stoned, and his flesh shall not be eaten: but the owner of the ox shall be quit." After giving this command, Moses proceeds to enforce the doctrine of the responsibility of the beast's owner, and to ensure his punishment, should he wittingly

let a dangerous animal run loose; also to make provision for his security under some extenuating circumstances. These commands were carried into the laws of mediæval Europe; the jurists, at the same time, introducing refinements of their own, and enforcing them in numerous cases, which afford matter for curious inquiry, and are full of technicalities and peculiarities, at once amusing and instructive, as throwing light on the customs and habits of thought in those times.

Now take the case of a child injured by a sow, or a man killed by a bull: the trial was conducted in precisely the same manner as though either sow or bull were morally criminal. They were apprehended, placed before the ordinary tribunal, and given over to execution.

Again: an inroad of locusts or snails takes place. Common law is helpless, it may pronounce judgment, but who is to execute its decrees? Temporal power being palpably unavailing, the spiritual tribunal steps in; the decision of the magistrates being useless, perhaps excommunication may suffice. This, then, was an established maxim. If the criminal could be reached, it was handed over to the ordinary courts of justice; if, however, the matter was beyond their control, it fell within the jurisdiction of Ecclesiastical Courts. Poor culprit, not a loop-hole left by which to escape!

Let us consider the manner of proceeding under the former circumstance. A bull has caused the death of a man. The brute is seized and incarcerated; a lawyer is appointed to plead for the delinquent; another is counsel for the prosecution. Witnesses are bound over, the case is heard, and sentence is given by the judge, declaring the bull guilty of deliberate and wilful murder; and, accordingly, must suffer the penalty of hanging or burning.

The following cases are taken from among numerous others, and will afford examples:—

A.D. 1266. A pig burned at Fontenay-aux-Roses, near Paris, for having devoured a child.

1389. A horse tried at Dijon, on information given by the magistrates of Montbar, and condemned to death, for having killed a man.

1386. A judge at Falaise condemned a sow to be mutilated in its leg and head, and then to be hung, for having lacerated and killed a child. It was executed in the square, dressed in man's clothes. The execution cost six sous, six deniers, and a new pair of gloves for the executioner, that he might come out of the job with clean hands.

1499. A bull was condemned to death at Cauroy, near Beauvais, for having in a fury "occis" a little boy of fourteen or fifteen years old.

A farmer of Moisy let a mad bull escape. The brute met and gored a man so severely that he only survived a few hours. Charles, Count de Valois, having heard of the accident whilst at his château of Crépy, ordered the bull to be seized and committed for trial. This was accordingly done. The officers of the Count de Valois gathered all requisite information, received the affidavits of witnesses, established the guilt of the bull, condemned it to be hung, and executed it on the gibbet of Moisy-le-Temple. The death of the beast thus expiated that of the man. But matters did not stop here. An appeal against the sentence of the Count's officers was lodged before the Candlemas parliament of 1314—drawn up in the name of the Procureur de l'Hôpital at Moisy, declaring the officers to have been incompetent judges, having no jurisdiction within the confines of Moisy, and as having attempted to establish a precedent. The parliament received and investigated the appeal, and decided that the condemnation of the bull was perfectly just, but found that the Count de Valois had no judicial rights within the territory of Moisy, and that his officers had acted illegally in having taken part in the affair.

Here is a list of the expenses incurred on the occasion of a sow's execution, for having eaten a child:—

To the expenditure made for her whilst in jail . 6 sols.
Item. To the executioner, who came from Paris to Meulan to put the criminal to death, by orders of the bailiff and the Procureur du Roi . . . . 54 sols.
Item. To a conveyance for conducting her to execution . . . . 6 sols.
Item. To cords to tie and bind her . 2 sols. 8 deniers.
Item. To gloves . . . . . 2 deniers.

The charter of Elenora, drawn up in 1395, and entitled "Carta de logu," containing the complete civil and criminal code for Sardinia, enjoins that oxen and cows, whether wild or domesticated, may be legally killed when they are taken marauding. Asses convicted of similar delinquencies—common enough, by the way—are treated more humanely. They are considered in the same light as thieves of a higher order in society. The first time that an ass is found in a cultivated field not belonging to his master, one of its ears is cropped. If it commits the same offence again, it loses the second ear; should the culprit be hardened in crime, and inveterate enough to trespass a third time, it is not hung, does not even lose its tail, but is confiscated to the crown, and goes to swell the royal herd.

During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the guilty animals suffered death on the gallows, and our sires considered that such a punishment must strike terror into the minds of all cattle owners and jobbers, so as effectually to prevent them from suffering their beasts to stray at large over the country. Later on, however, these capital condemnations were done away with, the proprietor of the animal was condemned to pay damages, and the criminal was killed without trial.

One more specimen, and we shall pass to cases coming under Ecclesiastical Courts.

Country folk believe still that cocks lay eggs. This is an old superstition, people holding, formerly, that from these accursed eggs sprang basilisks, or horrible winged serpents.

Gross relates, in his "Petite Chronique de Bâle," that in the month of August, 1474, an abandoned and profligate cock of that town was accused of the crime of having laid one of these eggs, and was brought before the magistrates, tried, convicted, and condemned to death.

The Court delivered over the culprit to the executioner, who burned it publicly, along with its egg, in a place called Kohlenberger, amidst a

great concourse of citizens and peasants assembled to witness such a ludicrous execution.

The poor cock no doubt suffered on account of the belief prevalent at the period that it was in league with the devil. A cock was the offering made by witches at their sabbaths, and as these eggs were reputed to contain snakes—reptiles particularly grateful to devils—it was taken as a proof of the cock having been engaged in the practice of sorcery. "There is nothing, then, remarkable in the fact that, at a time when superstition did violence to religion, reason and law, an unfortunate cock should have been condemned to the flames, along with the egg it was reputed to have laid, since that egg, in the mind of the judges even, was regarded as an object of legitimate terror—as the production of a demon."

We shall pass now to the second part of our subject—namely, proceedings against snails, flies, mice, moles, ants, caterpillars, &c.

It has frequently happened, in all parts of the world, that an unusual number of vermin has made its appearance and destroyed the garden produce, or that flies have been so abundant as to drive the cattle mad from their bites. In such cases the sufferers had recourse to the Church, which hearkened to their complaints and fulminated her anathema against the culprits. The method of proceeding much resembled that already stated as being in vogue in the ordinary tribunals. The plaintiff appointed counsel, the court accorded a counsel to the defendants, and the ecclesiastical judge summed up and gave sentence.

All requisite legal forms of law were gone through with precision and minuteness, to exemplify which we shall extract some details from a consultation on the subject, made by Bartholomew de Chasseneux, a noted lawyer of the sixteenth century.

After having spoken, in the opening, of the custom among the inhabitants of Beaume of asking the authorities of Autun to excommunicate certain insects larger than flies, vulgarly termed *hurebers*, a favour which was invariably accorded them, Chasseneux enters on the question whether such a proceeding be right. The subject is divided into five parts, in each of which he exhibits vast erudition.

The lawyer then consoles the inhabitants of Beaunois with the reflection that the scourge which vexes them devastates other countries. In India the *hurebers* are three feet long, their legs are armed with teeth, which the natives employ as saws. The remedy found most effectual is to make a female in the most *dégagé* costume conceivable perambulate the canton with bare feet. This method, however, is open to grave objections.

The advocate then discusses the legality of citing insects before a court of justice. He decides that such a summons is perfectly justifiable. He proceeds to inquire whether they should be expected to attend in person, and, in default of their so doing, whether the prosecution can lawfully be carried on. Chasseneux satisfies himself and us that this is in strict accordance with law.

The sort of tribunal before which the criminals should be cited forms the next subject of inquiry. He decides in favour of the Ecclesiastical Courts. The advocate proceeds to convince his readers, by twelve conclusive arguments, that excommunication of animals is justifiable; having done so, he brings forward a series of examples and precedents. He asserts that a priest once excommunicated an orchard, whither children resorted to eat apples, when—naughty chicks!—they ought to have been at church. The result was all that could be desired, for the trees produced no fruit till, at the request of the Dowager Duchess of Burgundy, the inhibition was removed.

He mentions, as well, an excommunication fulminated by a bishop against sparrows which, flying in and out of the church of Saint Vincent, left their traces on the seats and desks, and in other ways disturbed the faithful. Saint Bernard, be it remembered, whilst preaching in the parish church of Foigny, was troubled by the incessant humming of the flies. The saint broke off his sermon to exclaim, "Oh, flies! I denounce you!" The pavement was instantaneously littered with their dead bodies.

Saint Patrick, as every one knows, drove the serpents out of Ireland by his ban.

This is the form of excommunication as given by Chasseneux:—"O snails, caterpillars, and other obscene creatures, which destroy the food of our neighbours, depart hence! Leave these cantons which you are devastating, and take refuge in those localities where you can injure no one. I. N. P.," &c.

Chasseneux obtained such credit from this opinion that, in 1510, he was appointed by the authorities of Autun to be advocate for the rats, and to plead their cause in a trial which was to ensue on account of the devastation they committed in eating the harvest over a large portion of Burgundy.

In his defence, Chasseneux showed that the rats had not received formal notice; and before proceeding with the case, he obtained a decision that all the parsons of the afflicted parishes should announce an adjournment, and summons the defendants to appear on a fixed day.

On the adjourned trial, he complained that the delay accorded his clients had been too short to allow of their appearing, in consequence of the roads being infested with cats. Chasseneux made an able defence, and finally obtained a second adjournment. We believe that no verdict was given.

In a formulary of exorcisms, believed to have been drawn up by S. Gratus, Bishop of Aosta in the ninth century, we find unclean beasts excommunicated as agents of Satan.

From such a superstition as this sprang the numerous legends of the Evil One having been exorcised into the form of a beast; as, for instance, by S. Taurin of Evreux (Bolland, Acta SS., 11 Aug., p. 640, col. 1); and by S. Walther of Scotland, who died in 1214, and who charmed the devil into the shapes of a black dog, pig, wolf, rat, &c. (Bolland, 3rd Aug., p. 264). The devil Rush, in the popular mediæval tale of "Fryer Rush," was conjured into a horse, and made to carry enough lead on his back to roof a church.

Felix Malleolus relates that William, Bishop of

Lausanne, pronounced sentence against the leeches which infected the Lake of Geneva and killed the fish, and that the said leeches retreated to a locality assigned them by the prelate. The same author relates at large the proceedings instituted against some mosquitoes in the 13th century in the Electorate of Mayence, when the judge, before whom they were cited, granted them, on account of the minuteness of their bodies and their extreme youth, a curator, and counsel who pleaded their cause, and obtained for them a piece of land to which they were banished.

On the 17th of August, 1487, snails were sentenced at Mâcon. In 1585, caterpillars suffered excommunication in Valence. In the 16th century, a Spanish bishop, from the summit of a rock, bade all rats and mice leave his diocess, and betake themselves to an island which he surrendered them. The vermin obeyed, swimming in vast numbers across the strait, to their appointed domain.

In 1694, during the witch persecutions at Salem, in New England, under the Quakers Increase and Cotton Mather, a dog was strangely afflicted, and was found guilty of having been ridden by a warlock. The dog was hanged. Another dog was accused of afflicting others, who fell into fits the moment it looked upon them; it was also put to death (T. Wright, Sorcery and Magic, vol. iii.). A Canadian bishop, in the same century, excommunicated the wood pigeons; the same expedient was had recourse to by a grand vicar of Pont-du-Château, in Auvergne, as late as the eighteenth century, against caterpillars.

The absurdity of these trials called forth several treatises during the middle ages. Phillip de Beaumanoir in the thirteenth century, in his "Customs of Beauvoisis," complained of their folly; and in 1606, Cardinal Duperron forbade any exorcism of animals, or the use of prayers in church for their extermination without licence.

A book published in 1459, "De Fascino," by a Spanish Benedictine monk, Leonard Vair, holds up the practice to ridicule. Eveillon, in his "Traité des Excommunications," published in 1651, does the same.

One curious story more, and we shall give a detailed account of one of these trials.

We have taken this from Benoit's "Histoire de l'Edit de Nantes" (tom. v., p. 754), and give it in the writer's own words. "The Protestant chapel at La Rochelle was condemned to be demolished in 1685. The *bell* had a fate sufficiently droll: it was *whipped*, as a punishment for having assisted heretics; it was then buried, and disinterred, in order to represent its new birth, in passing into the hands of Catholics. . . . It was catechised, and had to reply; it was compelled to recant, and promise never again to relapse into sin; it then made ample and honourable recompense. Lastly, it was reconciled, baptised, and given to the parish which bears the name of Saint Bartholomew. But the point of the story is, that when the governor, who had sold it to the parish, asked for payment, the answer made him was, that it had been Huguenot, that it had been *newly converted*, and that, consequently, it had a right to demand a delay of three years before paying its debts, according to the law, passed by the king for the benefit of those recently converted!"

We propose now giving the particulars of a remarkable action brought against some ants, towards the commencement of the eighteenth century, for violation of the rights of property. It is related by P. Manoel Bernardes in his "Nova Floresta" (Lisboa, 1728), and is quoted by M. Emile Agnel among his "Curiosités Judicaires et Historiques;" to whom and to the paper of M. Menabréa, entitled "Procés fait aux Animaux," in the twelfth volume of the Transactions of the Chambéry Society, we are indebted for much of our information.

"Action brought by the Friars Minor of the province of Pridade no Maranhao in Brazil, against the ants of the said territory."

"It happened, according to the account of a monk of the said order in that province, that the ants, which thereabouts are both numerous, large, and destructive, had, in order to enlarge the limits of their subterranean empire, undermined the cellars of the Brethren, burrowing beneath the foundations, and thus weakening the walls which daily threatened ruin. Over and above the said offence was another, they had burglariously entered the stores, and carried off the flour which was kept for the service of the community. Since the hostile multitudes were united and indefatigable night and day,

Parvula, nam exemplo est, magni formica laboris
Ore trahit quodcumque potest, atque addit acervo
Quem struit . . . (Horace, Sat. i.),

the monks were brought into peril of famine, and were driven to seek a remedy for this intolerable nuisance: and, since all the means to which they resorted were unavailing, the unanimity of the multitude being quite insurmountable, as a last resource, one of the friars, moved by a superior instinct (we can easily believe that), gave his advice that, returning to the spirit of humility and simplicity which had qualified their seraphic founder, who termed all creatures his brethren—brother Sun, brother Wolf, sister Swallow, &c.—they should bring an action against their sisters the Ants before the divine tribunal of Providence, and should name counsel for defendants and plaintiffs; also that the bishop should, in the name of supreme Justice, hear the case and give judgment.

The plan was approved of; and after all arrangements had been made, an indictment was presented by the counsel for the plaintiffs, and as it was contested by the counsel for the defendants, he produced his reasons, requiring protection for his clients. These latter lived on the alms which they received from the faithful, collecting offerings with much labour and personal inconvenience; whilst the ants, creatures whose morals and manner of life were clearly contrary to the Gospel precepts, and were regarded with horror, on that account, by S. Francis, the founder of the confraternity, lived by fraud; and not content with acts of larceny, proceeded to open violence and endeavours to ruin the house. Consequently they were bound to show reason, or in default, he concluded that they should all be put to death by

some pestilence, or drowned by an inundation; at all events, should be exterminated from the district.

The counsel for the little black folk, replying to these accusations, alleged with justice to his clients, in the first place: That, having received from their Maker the benefit of life, they were bound by a law of Nature to preserve it by means of those instincts implanted in them. *Item*, That in the observance of these means they served Providence, by setting men an example of those virtues enjoined on them, viz., prudence—a cardinal virtue—in that they (the ants) used forethought, preparing for an evil day: "Formicæ populus infirmus, qui præparat in messe cibum sibi" (Prov. xxx. 25.); diligence, also, in amassing in this life merits for a life to come, according to Jerome: "Formica dicitur strenuus quisque et providus operarius, qui presenti vita, velut in æstate, fructus justitiæ quos in æternum recipiet sibi, recondit" (S. Hieron., in Prov. vi.); thirdly charity, in aiding each other, when their burden was beyond their strength, according to Abbat Absalon: "Pacis et concordiæ vivum exemplum formica reliquit, quæ suum comparem, forte plus justo oneratum, naturali quadam charitate alleviat" (Absalon apud Picinellum, in Mundo symbolico, 8); lastly of religion and piety, in giving sepulture to the dead of their kind, as writes Pliny, "sepeliuntur inter se viventium solæ, præter hominem" (Plin., lib. xi. 36); an opinion borne also by the monk Malchus, who observes, "Hæ luctu celebri corpora defuncta deportabant" (S. Hieron., in Vita Malchi).

Item, That the toil these ants underwent far surpassed that of the plaintiffs, since their burdens were often larger than their bodies, and their courage greater than their strength.

Item, That in the eyes of the Creator men are regarded as "worms;" on account of their superior intelligence, perhaps superior to the defendants, but inferior to them morally, from having offended their Maker, by violating the laws of reason, though they observed those of nature. Wherefore they rendered themselves unworthy of being served or assisted by any creatures, since they (men) had committed greater crimes against heaven than had the clients of this learned counsel, in stealing their flour.

Item, That his clients were in possession of the spot in question before the appellants had established themselves there; consequently that the monks should be expelled from lands to which they had no other right than a seisure of them by main force.

Finally, he concluded that the plaintiffs ought to defend their house and meal by human means which they (the defendants) would not oppose; whilst they (the defendants) continued their manner of life, obeying the law imposed on their nature, and rejoicing in the freedom of the earth; for the earth belongs not to the plaintiffs but to the Creator: "Domini et terra et plenitudo ejus."

This answer was followed by replies and counter-replies, so that the counsel for the prosecution saw himself constrained to admit that the debate had very much altered his opinion of the criminality of the defendants. He had, the learned counsel for the defendants argued, admitted that the action was brought by brethren against sisters, brethren Monks against sister Ants. The sister Ants conform to the law of nature imposed on them, continued the counsel for the insects; the brother Monks, claiming to be ruled by an additional law, that of reason, violate it, so that they place themselves only under the law of animal instinct, the same which regulates the ants. The latter are not raised to the level of man, but the friars have lowered themselves to that of brutes. Consequently, the action is not between man and beast, but between beast and beast. All arguments founded on the assumption of higher intelligence in man consequently break down.

The judge revolved the matter carefully in his mind, and finally rendered judgment, that the Brethren should appoint a field in their neighbourhood, suitable for the habitation of the Ants, and that the latter should change their abode immediately, under pain of major excommunication. By such an arrangement both parties would be content and be reconciled; for the Ants must consider that the Monks had come into the land to sow there the seed of the Gospel, and that they themselves could easily obtain a livelihood elsewhere, and at less cost. This sentence having been given, one of the friars was appointed to convey it to the insects, which he did, reading it aloud at the openings of their burrows.

Wondrous event! "It nigrum campis agmen," one saw dense columns of the little creatures, in all haste, leaving their ant-hills, and betaking themselves direct to their appointed residence."

Manoel Bernardes adds, that this sentence was pronounced the 17th January, 1713, and that he saw and examined the papers referring to this transaction, in the monastery of Saint Anthony, where they were deposited.

We might conclude with a still more extraordinary trial, recorded in the Eyrbyggja Saga (Ed. Thorkelin, Havniæ, 1787), which took place in Iceland during the twelfth century, where a house had been haunted nightly by a band of ghosts, and the inmates instituted legal proceedings against them, somewhat in the manner above recorded; with this striking difference, that the ghosts attended the trial in person.

The story, however, is long, and an outline of it has appeared in the Icelandic travels of Captain Forbes, R.N. We have omitted the account accordingly, though with regret, as it is full of most singular details.

S. Baring-Gould, M.A.

COUNT DE ST. GERMAIN.

The last century was very fertile in adventurers, who cleverly took advantage of the struggle continually going on between superstition and scepticism to enrich themselves at the expense of their dupes. Such men as Cagliostro could only exist at a period when people still believed in the philosopher's stone, and hoped to restore their estates injured by frantic extravagance by the employment of the Great Secret. Among these

adventurers, one who made a great sensation in his day—and probably the best of the gang—was a person who began to be talked about in 1750, first under the name of the Marquis de Montferrat, then at Venice as the Count de Bellamare, at Pisa as the Chevalier Schœning, at Milan as Chevalier Welldone, at Genoa as Count Soltikoff, and at Paris as Count de St. Germain, which name he retained till the end of his life. His speciality was, that he gave himself out as a practical proof of the possibility of extending the limits of strength and life far beyond the ordinary compass, if not of attaining eternal youth and physical immortality. No one was ever able to discover his real origin, or the country where he was born, and even Frederick the Great speaks of him in his Memoirs as a man whose secret could never be discovered. When St. Germain alluded to his childhood, which he was fond of doing, he represented himself as surrounded by a numerous suite, enjoying a delicious climate on magnificent terraces, just as if he had been heir-presumptive to some king of Granada in the Moorish times. An old Baron de Stosch declared that he had known, during the regency, a Marquis de Montferrat, who passed as the natural son of the widow of Charles II., King of Spain, by a Madrid banker; others took St. Germain for a Portuguese Baron de Betmar; others, again, for a Spanish Jesuit of the name of Aymar; while, on the other hand, many declared that he was an Alsacian Jew, of the name of Wolf, or else the son of a customs-officer at San Germano in Savoy, called Rotondo. One day, when in a violent passion, the Duke de Choiseul declared that he was the son of a Portuguese Jew, which would coincide to a certain extent with the version of Baron de Stosch. He spoke English and German well, Italian admirably, French with a slight Piedmontese accent, and Spanish and Portuguese in perfection.

The Duke de Choiseul had a grievance against St. Germain, because he had served as the instrument in an intrigue which the King, or rather the Marshal de Belle-Isle, had formed without the cognisance of the Minister of Foreign Affairs. The Duke's favourite plan—which he regarded to some extent as the glory of his political career—was the reconciliation and intimate alliance he had succeeded in establishing between the Houses of France and Austria. Belle-Isle, the old adversary of Austria since the war of succession, eagerly combated the Minister's policy; but Louis XV. and the Pompadour were tired of the war, which did not progress as they wished. Choiseul also desired peace, but doubts were entertained whether he sought it as actively as the other party desired. St. Germain was among Belle-Isle's intimate friends, and often gave him remarkable advice. At this period he told the Marshal that he was on very friendly terms with Prince Louis of Brunswick, who was then at the Hague, and assured him that nothing would be easier than to open negotiations for peace by the intermediation of this prince. The king and the minister of war therefore sent St. Germain to the Hague; but Count d'Affry, the French envoy at that court, discovered the secret of this mission, and immediately sent off a courier to Choiseul, complaining bitterly that peace was being arranged under his very eyes by a perfect stranger. Choiseul sent back the same courier at once to d'Affry, with despatches enjoining him to demand most emphatically from the States General the extradition of St. Germain, who was to be sent in handcuffs to the Bastille. The following day Choiseul communicated d'Affry's despatch to the council, read the answer he had sent, and then, looking boldly at the king and Belle-Isle in turn, he said:

"If I did not await the king's orders in this matter, it resulted solely from my conviction that no one here would dare to treat for peace without the cognisance of your majesty's minister for foreign affairs."

The king looked down like a culprit, Belle-Isle did not say a word, and Choiseul's measures were approved. But, for all that, St. Germain was not put in the Bastille. The States General certainly displayed a readiness to consult the king's wishes in this matter, and at once sent a large body of troops to arrest St. Germain; but as, at the same time, they secretly warned him of what was taking place, he had time to escape and seek shelter in England. Thence he proceeded to St. Petersburg, where, we are told, he played a part in the revolution of 1762, though it is impossible to discover in what character. One thing is certain, that at a later date he became an intimate friend of the Orloffs. When he appeared at Leghorn, in 1770, with a Russian uniform and name, he was treated by Alexis Orloff with a degree of respect that haughty personage showed to few. And Gregory Orloff, who met him, in 1772, at Nuremberg, with the Margrave of Anspach, called him his *caro padre*, gave him, it was asserted, 20,000 Venetian sequins, and said of him to the Margrave, "That is a man who played a great part in one revolution." From St. Petersburg he proceeded to Berlin, and then travelled through Germany and Italy. He resided a long time at Schwabach and the court of the Margrave of Anspach, whom he accompanied to Italy. Eventually, he settled at Eckernförde, in the duchy of Schleswig, near the Landgrave Charles of Hesse, who was a great professor of the hermetic sciences, and consequently the prey of a multitude of charlatans. It was at the court of this prince that he died, wearied of life, in 1780. During the latter part of his life he was only attended on by women, who nursed and pampered him, and in their arms he heaved his last sigh, after watching his strength gradually expire. His papers passed into the hands of the Landgrave Charles, from whom no information could ever be drawn as to the enigmas St. Germain's life offered to his contemporaries, and who, besides, was not competent to appreciate the character of individuals of that class.

Altogether, it may be said of St. Germain, that he seems to have been one of the most inoffensive of the charlatans of the eighteenth century, and that his work had no other object than to allow him to enter the fashionable world and share in its pleasures: to lead a comfortable life at the expense of a few great lords, and amuse himself at the astonishment his eccentricities excited. For

this purpose, he profited very cleverly by the mystery that surrounded his birth, the possession of some chemical secrets, and the very rare advantage of retaining for many years that appearance of vigour which led to the belief that his exterior always remained the same; a fact which may possibly be explained by the employment of certain cosmetics, the secret of which his chymical researches had supplied. It is possible, moreover, that during his repeated journeys through Europe, this man, who was not restrained by any regard for social position, might have been employed in secret intrigues that constantly extended his sphere of action. He seems also never to have aimed at exercising lasting influence, and to have been exceedingly modest in his pretensions.

He was of middle height, and powerfully built; and, indeed, retained the most robust appearance for a long time. Ramon, envoy from France to Venice, asserted that he knew him in that city in 1710, as a man who appeared of about fifty years of age. In 1759, he was assumed to be sixty; and Morin, Secretary to the Danish Legation, who made his acquaintance in Holland in 1735, asserted five-and-twenty years later that he did not then appear a year older. In Schleswig, he retained to the last moment the appearance of a "well conserved" man of sixty. If all this be exact, he possessed either rare good fortune or great skill. Possibly, though, the Venetian St. Germain of 1710 was not the same; and, if this hypothesis is admitted, there would be nothing extraordinary in what we are told on this subject.

It is certain, however, that he sought to make persons believe that he had attained an extraordinary age; and he employed for this purpose various artifices, though he never made any positive assertions. Still, we must remark, in his defence, that he never went so far, as has been said, as to assert that he was a contemporary of Pontius Pilate, to whom he had rendered certain services, or boast of the efforts he had made at the Council of Nicea to promote the canonisation of St. Anne. These stories emanate from a mystification which was carried on far too long, and practised by a Parisian joker of the day, who possessed a peculiar talent for counterfeiting people, and who was eventually surnamed "My Lord Gower," because he mainly exercised his talent at the expense of newly-landed Englishmen. This individual was introduced to circles where St. Germain was unknown, and he was passed for the latter, and exaggerated his part, though he did not meet with less credulity on that account. Still, it is true that St. Germain credited himself with several centuries of life: if he were speaking with a weak-minded person, of events that occurred in the reign of Charles V., he would confide to him quite naturally that he was present at them; but if he had to do with a less credulous person, he contented himself with describing the slightest details with such vivacity and minuteness, and even the chairs and seats the actors occupied, that his hearer must fancy he was listening to a man who had really been witness of the facts he narrated.

At times, for instance, when alluding to a conversation with Francis I. or Henry VIII., he would feign absence of mind, and say, "The king then turned to me and said—," but immediately recollecting himself, he would recal the last words, and add, "and said to Duke so and so." He was thoroughly acquainted with anecdotic history, and in this way composed pictures and scenes drawn so naturally, that no eye-witness could have described in a more effective manner than himself events that happened in past ages. "Those humbugs of Parisians," he said one day to Baron Von Gleichen, "imagine that I am four hundred years old, and I confirm them in the idea, because I see that it affords them such pleasure. Still, for all that, I am many years older than I appear."

He possessed a great number of chemical receipts, especially for the composition of various cosmetics, and colouring matters, a very fine alloy of copper and zinc, and also for the manufacture of false precious stones, as it seems. He one day showed Baron Von Gleichen, in addition to a small collection of exquisite paintings, among which was a Holy Family by Murillo, a mass of diamonds so brilliant and large, that Gleichen fancied he gazed on the treasures of the Wonderful Lamp, and there was nothing to prove that the stones were false. But he no more asserted that he possessed the universal specific, than he did the Philosopher's Stone. He lived most temperately, never drinking at his meals; and the only medicine he took consisted of senna, prepared by himself. This was the sole advice he gave to his friends, when they consulted him on the art of living for a long while. It is true, though, that he spoke now and then with mysterious emphasis of the profundities of Nature, and opened up a large field for the imagination with reference to his learning and illustrious descent.

Differing from other charlatans, he never offered to sell governments the art of making gold; but, in accordance with the greatest lights of the age in which he lived, he pointed out to them the means of enriching themselves indirectly by the employment of all sorts of economical receipts, as well as great financial operations. While he thus had all the appearance of a man seeking to make a fortune, he was one day arrested in Piedmont on account of a note which was alleged to be false; but he produced more than 100,000 crowns in excellent securities, immediately paid the suspected note, and was so infuriated with the governor of the town, that the latter immediately had him set at liberty, with many humble apologies for the mistake that had been made.

He treated the Margrave of Anspach in the coolest possible way, like a young man who as yet knew nothing about superior things. To add to the consideration he enjoyed at that little court, he at times showed letters from Frederick the Great.

"Do you know that handwriting?" he said one day to the Margrave, showing him a letter still in its cover.

"Yes, it is the king's private seal."

"Well, you shall not know what is inside," and he coolly returned the letter to his pocket.

Such are all the facts I am enabled to collect with reference to Count St. Germain, who greatly excited public curiosity in his day. Possibly he

was a rogue. I am not at all prepared to deny it; but at any rate he did not prey on public credulity to the extent of other men of his stamp. I have collected this memoir of him, merely to show by what clumsy artifices our ancestors could be gulled.

Lascelles Wraxall.

OUR SECRET DRAWER.

There is a secret drawer in every heart,
 Wherein we lay our treasures one by one;
Each dear remembrance of the buried past;
 Each cherished relic of the time that's gone;

The old delights of childhood long ago;
 The things we loved, because we knew them best;
The first discovered primrose in our path;
 The cuckoo's earliest note; the robin's nest;

The merry hay-makings around our home;
 Our rambles in the summer woods and lanes;
The story told beside the winter fire,
 While the wind moaned across the window panes;

The golden dreams we dreamt in after years;
 Those magic visions of our young romance;
The sunny nooks, the fountains and the flowers,
 Gilding the fairy landscape of our trance;

The link which bound us later still to one
 Who fills a corner in our life to-day,
Without whose love we dare not dream how dark
 The rest would seem, if it were gone away;

The song that thrill'd our souls with very joy;
 The gentle word that unexpected came;
The gift we prized, because the thought was kind;
 The thousand, thousand things that have no name.

All these in some far hidden corner lie,
 Within the mystery of that secret drawer,
Whose magic springs, though stranger hands may touch,
 Yet none may gaze upon its guarded store.

Isabella Law.

HOW I INVESTED MY LEGACY IN THE PURCHASE OF LEASEHOLD PROPERTY, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

"Look here, John!" cried my wife one evening, as we were reading the "Times"—I absorbed in the debates, and she conning the supplement. "Here's a chance of investing our money," and she read as follows.

£500. Any person possessing this capital can obtain $27\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. by the purchase of first-class long Leasehold Property, at low ground-rents, let to tenants of the highest respectability. Apply to Mr. Jollybold, on the premises, Arethusa

Villas, Arethusa Park. Omnibuses to the Bank, 4d. No Agents need apply.

"Why, John," added she, "that makes nearly 140*l*. a year. Only think of that!"

"Nonsense, my dear," I returned. "You must have made a mistake. The advertisement means 27*l*. odd as the income, and that is rather more than five per cent."

"It does not say 27*l*. annual income, I tell you," she returned; "but 27¾ per cent."

I read the advertisement myself. There it was clear enough. Twenty-seven and three-quarters per cent. on an investment of 500*l*.

"Ah!" I replied, "some tumble-down cottages, I dare say."

"But it says let to tenants of the highest respectability."

"Well," I rejoined, "I should consider those who paid their rent, tenants of the very highest respectability, to whatever station of life they may belong."

"Nonsense, John," said my wife. "Artisans don't want omnibuses to the Bank at fourpence."

Upon second consideration I acknowledged she was right. Artisans do not usually take fourpenny rides every morning.

"There seems a genuineness about it, too," she added. "No agents need apply. At any rate, it is worth looking after. It's time we did something with the money."

The money here alluded to was 500*l*., which I had received under the will of a deceased aunt, and of course it was necessary that we should invest it in the most advantageous manner. I was doing tolerably well in the cheesemongery line, and was paying my way, which is something in these hard times. I did not want the capital in my business, and we were consequently upon the look out how to make the most of it. My wife had examined the "Times" supplement every evening for a couple of months, and we had answered several advertisements, but nothing seemed likely to suit.

"What do you say, John?" continued she. "Shall we go and look at the property?"

I agreed to this proposition, and on the morrow we visited Arethusa Park. We had some little difficulty in finding Mr. Jollybold, described in the advertisement as "on the premises." As Arethusa Park contained some fifty or sixty houses, we didn't know which house to apply to, and after making various inquiries without effect, I looked in at the Freeholders' Arms, a large flaring public house in the vicinity, and by a curious coincidence Mr. Jollybold was there in the parlour. He was a huge fellow with a very red face, and husky voice.

"I have called, Mr. Jollybold," I said, "in answer to your advertisement."

"Just so," replied Mr. Jollybold.

"Would you be kind enough to show me and my wife the property?" I said. "She is waiting outside."

"With pleasure," returned Mr. Jollybold, tossing off the remains of a glass of brandy and water.

"Would you be kind enough," I began, as we walked down the park towards Arethusa Villas, "to explain to us how so large a per-centage as 27¾ per cent. is to be made? Is it quite genuine, or is it a trick in the advertisement? We know that people advertise all sorts of things now-a-days, so that we hardly know how to give credit to honest representations."

"Perhaps you don't know much about house property?" said Mr. Jollybold.

"No," I said. "The fact is, I have never yet dabbled in bricks and mortar, but having had a legacy left me of about the sum you mention, I thought I might possibly—if all things suited—try the nature of the investment."

"Just so!" replied Mr. Jollybold. "And you'll find it a speculation unequalled at the present day. I only wish I had more money to put in it, and I'd very soon make my fortune."

"I should think you would," said my wife, "if near 30 per cent. is made of money."

"Thirty per cent!" cried Mr. Jollybold, "not 30 but 300! Why, look here," he said, pointing to some houses on an adjoining estate. "The man who took that land had the whole five acres for 100*l*. a-year, and relet it at 600*l*. a-year. He sold his improved rents for near upon 12,000*l*. Can California or Australia beat that?"

"Well, no," I said, "I should think not. But is there anything, Mr. Jollybold, to be done in a similar way with the property we are come to look at?"

"To be open and candid," replied Mr. Jollybold, "I don't think there is. You might, perhaps, put a couple or three pound on the ground-rent of each house if you wanted to sell, but as you'll do pretty well as it is, I should advise you to keep 'em. This is the property," said he, stopping before four large semi-detached houses, with long flights of steps, porticoes, and fine cornices and balustrades at the top.

"Why, you don't mean to say these four houses are to be sold for 500*l*.!" I exclaimed with astonishment.

"I do," returned Mr. Jollybold, "and no nonsense about it either."

"But I certainly cannot understand you. Why these houses let, I should think, for 50*l*. or 60*l*. a-year!"

"65*l*. a piece—260*l*. a year for the lot," said Mr. Jollybold.

"Then there's ground-rent," I said, "to be deducted."

"That's 10*l*. a house," he replied, "and a very low rent too for such houses."

"But I don't yet quite understand, Mr. Jolly bold, how you make out with an outlay of 500*l*. I am to get 27¾ per cent.?"

"Perhaps not. Not being acquainted with the ins and outs of house property, you don't very likely understand what the 'equity of redemption' means?"

"Equity of redemption," I said, "no, I don't."

"Well that's what I've got to sell," returned Mr. Jollybold. "You don't expect to buy the land when you get a lease, do you? but you have the use of the land all the time you pay the ground-rent, don't you?"

"Yes," I said, "until the lease is out."

"Just so," returned Mr. Jollybold; "and when

you mortgage a house you have the use of it just the same all the time you pay the interest, don't you?"

"Of course. But are these houses mortgaged, Mr. Jollybold?"

He seemed to consider this a good joke, and he could not help indulging in a gruff laugh. "Is anybody stupid enough," he rejoined, "to build houses without hiring money? and how do you think I could sell you these to pay 27¾ per cent. if they wasn't mortgaged? And—"

I stopped him here, and said, "As that is the case, Mr. Jollybold, I would rather have nothing to do with the property, and so I wish you good afternoon."

"You must excuse me," he said, "for laughing at your observation, but as you are not up to the nature of building transactions, you of course require an answer to your question, how I can sell you these houses to pay 27¾ per cent.? Well, it is just here. They are let at 65*l.* a piece; this makes 260*l.* a-year for the whole. Now, deduct 40*l.* for ground rent, and 7*l.* for insurance, and that leaves 213*l.* Then they are mortgaged for 1500*l.* at 5 per cent., and this gives another deduction of 75*l.*, and leaves a yearly gain of 138*l.*, and this I am willing to sell for 500*l.*"

I made the calculation on a piece of paper. There was no mistake about it; 138*l.* per annum for 500*l.* gives 27¾ per cent.

"And your interest in these houses, over and above the mortgage, is your equity of redemption, Mr. Jollybold?"

"Just so!" said he; "and now, having made these calculations, I should think you could see the advantage of using other people's money as well as your own."

"But in case the money is called in?" I suggested.

"There's always plenty of people to let you have money on mortgage," he said; "and there's only the expense of shifting from one to the other, which is very trifling."

"Then there's repairs," I said.

"Repairs to these houses!" he replied. "Why they haven't been built twelve months yet, and are let to first-class people. Bless you! them houses will be better when the tenants leave 'em than when they went in. Repairs! Why tenants of this sort don't send to you when a nail wants driving, or a window clatters. They're above it. Now there's Mr. Coffers, head clerk at a Lombard Street bank, lives in No. 1, and I should say if he's laid out a penny on that house since he's been in it he has spent 50*l.* in fittings. And this tenant at No. 2 is a merchant in a large way of business in the city, and *he* aint likely to be bothering you every day. I *have* had tenants in 20*l.* a-year houses as did dip into your pockets, but when you have property like this there's no mistake about it. Just look in and see one of them. They're all alike. Let's go into Mr. Coffers'."

Mr. Jollybold, having received permission of the servant, ushered us into the double drawing-room of Mr. C., elegantly furnished, and abounding in mirrors and nick-nacks. My wife and I looked more at these than at the rooms, but Mr. Jollybold requested us to notice the splendid marble mantelpieces, the enriched cornices, the china finger-plates, and the plate-glass windows. I confess I had an itching to become possessed of such desirable property, on such apparently easy terms: and my wife, I am sure, had similar feelings. How it would magnify the legacy in the estimation of our neighbours! As Mrs. Coffers was upstairs, we did not see the upper floors, but contented ourselves with looking into the back garden, through the drawing-room window. It was tastefully arranged, and sparkled with geraniums, calceolarias, and various other flowers.

"Well, now, what do you think of it?" said Mr. Jollybold, as we came down the steps. "Did you ever see better finished houses? Don't they do credit to a man's taste? And if you had seen the kitchen floor you would have said, 'Jollybold does know how to arrange houses.' Talk about convenience!—there," said he, "I'll defy any man to plan more convenient houses than them."

"And are they well built, Mr. Jollybold?"

"They're built too well, sir. Leasehold houses ought to be built to last only one day longer than the lease, and then they ought to tumble about the freeholder's ears. But as for these houses, they'll last three times 99 years, and when the leases are out, they'll be rather better than they are now, for then they will be thoroughly seasoned."

"What do you say, my dear?" I said to my wife; "shall we entertain the offer?"

"I think, if Mr. Jollybold would say 450*l.*," she replied (she has a shrewd way of business, has my wife) "we might do so."

"Now, that is tolerably good, ma'am," said Mr. Jollybold; "you must excuse me for saying so, but you came here doubting if my representations were correct, and now you find everything honest and straightforward, you want to beat me down in price. I mean business, sir," he said to me, "and I don't abate one penny—and if you don't take the houses, I have a customer who will; indeed, he had only left the Freeholders' Arms five minutes before you came in."

"And you didn't close the bargain?" I said.

"No, sir. He wanted the purchase to stand over for a couple of months, and offered an extra 50*l.* if I would agree to it, but I said 'No, if I have a customer he must be a ready-money man.' So, sir, if you are prepared with the money, there's the houses."

"I have the money," I replied, "and could pay for them to-morrow."

"Oh, yes!" continued my wife. "Our stockbroker could sell out at an hour's notice."

"Just so!" said Mr. Jollybold; "and the sooner you have the property, the sooner you will get 30 per cent. instead of 3 for your money."

The thought struck me if Mr. Jollybold was making 30 per cent., why did he want to sell such desirable property, and I asked him what had induced him to put the houses in the market.

"It is just this," he said. "I'm building at other places, and I must cover some of the land by a certain time, or forfeit my agreement; I therefore want the money at once—not from poverty, but for keeping the ball moving."

Although I did not understand much about building matters, I knew that builders were speculating men, and speculating men of necessity require money. I consequently accepted Mr. Jollybold's explanation; but in order to be cautious, I said "I don't doubt your veracity, Mr. Jollybold, but as we are strangers, I should like to have some corroboration of the particulars as to lease, term, and so on."

"Do you know Driver and Tartar of Boswell Court?"

"How strange!" I exclaimed. "My aunt's solicitors!"

"Then you are prepared to credit them?" said Mr. Jollybold. "They are the identical men that prepared these conditions."

And he took from his pocket the particulars and conditions of sale of Arethusa Villas.

"Oh! then," I said, "you have offered the property by auction? How was it it did not sell? Your auctioneers are men of celebrity."

"They have too much business," said Mr. Jollybold. "They sent a clerk down to look at the property. He made himself jolly at my expense at the Freeholders' Arms, and at the time of sale the auctioneer himself didn't know if Arethusa Park was at Highgate or Brixton, and so I lost the sale."

"Might that be the reason why you put 'No agent need apply' in your advertisement?"

"One reason. But I like old Ben Franklin's maxim—'If you want a thing done, do it yourself,'—and I know you quite agree with me in this, or you would have sent an agent to negociate for you; instead of which, like a wise man, you make every inquiry yourself and sift things to the bottom, and then have the satisfaction of knowing that you are dealing with an honest man who has nothing to conceal."

"I confess candidly," I said, "I am quite a novice in these matters; but every man can make common-sense inquiries and judge for himself."

"Just so!" replied Mr. Jollybold, "and any man of common sense can understand what is meant by this rigmarole of conditions of sale, although filled with lawyer's lingo. Here's the condition for limiting title" (pointing out the clauses to me), "and here's the clause that the property is sold subject to the mortgage, as I told you. You also notice that what I said of the ground-rent and so on is correct. And so we may as well adjourn to the Freeholders' Arms and sign the contract."

"I should like some consideration before doing so," I said. "I feel disposed to purchase the houses, but if you will allow me, I will take these conditions home with me to look over, and if I think there is nothing objectionable, I doubt not we shall come to terms."

"Appoint your own time," said Mr. Jollybold, "but let it be early, as I have a good deal of business to transact."

"The day after to-morrow?"

"I am afraid," said Mr. Jollybold, "I couldn't say that day. Say to-morrow, at your own house. Perhaps you'd give me your address?"

"John Fingudgeon, Cheesemonger, Little Turnwheel Street."

"To-morrow, ten o'clock," said Mr. Jollybold, "and I'll call upon you."

We shook hands and parted.

"Don't you think it will be a capital speculation?" said my wife. "And only think how we shall rise in the estimation of our neighbours. I have heard from two or three quarters that people fancy that the legacy was 2000*l.* at least, and won't they believe it when they hear we have bought four such large houses? How uncommonly fortunate I noticed the advertisement!"

"I hope it will be all right," I said; "but I should like somebody's opinion about this rigmarole of conditions, which I don't understand."

"Oh, nonsense, John!" returned my wife. "Why you know that hundreds of houses are sold by auction to people who have never even seen them before, and they are all sold under conditions; besides, Driver and Tartar, your aunt's solicitors, wouldn't put in anything but what was quite right and proper, so you needn't fear anything."

I saw plainly enough she was looking forward to the important addition to our income of 138*l.* per annum.

We had scarcely discussed matters thus far when Mr. Jollybold presented himself.

"I quite forgot," said he, "when you left me, that I had business to transact to-morrow that would prevent my calling upon you, and as a few hours can make no difference, you may as well pay me a deposit of 50*l.*, and settle the matter at once."

"I would much rather put it off till to-morrow," I said; "and, in fact, I have not 50*l.* in the house."

"It don't matter, 25*l.* will do," said Mr. Jollybold; "just to bind the bargain."

I hesitated, and advanced various objections, which Mr. Jollybold very readily answered, and in half-an-hour I had signed the conditions to purchase the equity of redemption of Nos. 1 to 4, Arethusa Villas, for 500*l.* My wife and I retired to rest perfectly satisfied with our day's work.

The next morning I called on Messrs. Driver and Tartar, in Boswell Court, informed them of my purchase, and asked their opinion of the speculation.

"We don't know anything except from representation," said Mr. Driver; "but, as the percentage is large, we should say decidedly it is a good speculation."

"But is there anything you know of likely to detract from it?" I asked.

"No. For leasehold property, I should say it was good, and you need not trouble yourself about the money being called in. The mortgagee is a wealthy man, and don't trouble himself all the time the interest is punctually paid."

I left Mr. Driver doubly satisfied with my speculation. In due time the necessary assignment was prepared, and I entered upon the property. Having to pay 45*l.* for legal expenses I confess rather astonished me, and, to tell the truth, rather inconvenienced me in my business. I thought the amount large, and told Driver so. (We had agreed that he should act for both parties to save the expense, and he had estimated the

cost to me at first at 15*l.* to 20*l.*) He assured me "that various unexpected matters had turned up, which had taken a good deal of trouble to arrange," but that now I was perfectly safe, and had nothing to do but to receive the proceeds of the property. I consoled myself with the thought that 45*l.* would soon be met by the rents coming in, and in another three months I should more than make it up.

Legal matters having been settled, I went to introduce myself to the tenants. Mr. Coffers, No. 1, was not at home. Mrs. C. received me somewhat distantly, but congratulated herself on having a fresh landlord, "for Mr. Jollybold," she said, "was a low, ignorant fellow, and any change would doubtless be a change for the better." No. 2 was also not at home, but Mrs. Crantin no sooner became acquainted with the purport of my visit than she requested me to look down into the kitchen and see if I could apply some remedy to prevent the chimney from smoking, which was at present intolerable. Cook would also show me where the pipe was stopped that had caused the back area to become flooded, which was in such a state that Mr. Crantin had threatened to call in the inspector of nuisances and compel Mr. Jollybold to remedy it; but I as the new landlord would do it as a matter of course for the sake of the property. I promised to get it done.

No. 3 *was* at home. His name was Dunderly. He was an elderly gentleman attached to scientific pursuits, and appeared in a dressing-gown and slippers, although it was five o'clock in the afternoon. The other portions of his attire were decidedly seedy, his hair was unkempt, and his beard of a fortnight's growth.

"And so you have bought the property, Mr. Fingudgeon, eh?" said Mr. Dunderly: "and I hope, as you are no doubt a capitalist, you will do what I have been asking that lubber, Jollybold, to do ever since I took the place—to build me a laboratory at the back of the house. The fact is, I am damaging the property against my will, in carrying out my scientific experiments. Just look here," and he opened the folding-doors between the front and back drawing-rooms. "Notice the ceiling."

I looked up and saw a part of the plastering had fallen, showing the bare laths, and the whole ceiling was quite black.

"I can't help such accidents occasionally," he said, "when trying experiments with new gases. One of my retorts burst by the explosion of a new gas I was experimenting upon, and you see the effect. Now, if you were to build me a laboratory which would stand these effects, I should not be necessitated to conduct my experiments in this room."

I thought I would be candid with him at once, so I told him I could not allow my house to be used in such a manner, and should expect him to put it into repair, and desist from carrying out his experiments there in future.

"My dear Flintgibbon—"

"Fingudgeon," I suggested.

"Fingudgeon, I stand corrected. My dear Fingudgeon, don't you know I have a clause in the agreement with Jollybold that I may use this room until the laboratory is erected—you don't know it?"

"No," I said.

"Just like Jollybold. I thought he would take somebody in with these houses. But he's a shrewd fellow after all. I tell you what it is, Findragon, I was kicked about from pillar to post for half a dozen years until I met with this house. There wasn't a landlord who would let me one, as my propensities are so well known, until Jollybold let me this. 'I don't care,' said he, 'how you use the house, only do me the kindness to keep the laboratory door shut, in case any one comes to look at the house, and I'll give you a compliment when I catch a flat to buy 'em.' And so he has caught you, Pinbutton, has he?" said Mr. Dunderly.

I felt irritated at his calling me so constantly out of my name, and with his impudent manner. I told him I would see my solicitor as to the way in which he was using the house, and he might very soon find himself troubled with law proceedings. His conduct I considered disgraceful.

"My dear Grimgibbon, don't be so foolish," he said. "Out of nothing, nothing can come. It's no use going to law with a penniless fellow, and I shall always be penniless while I carry on these experiments, and I shall carry them on until I die. Probably blow myself to atoms, and some day, not unlikely, you will find the greater portion of my remains sticking to the laboratory rafters. But whatever you do, my dear Primbudgeon, don't go to law."

I left Tenant No. 3 in a pet, and was really glad that when I knocked at No. 4 the door was not answered.

When I got home my wife thus accosted me:

"John, I have been making a calculation of the profits we shall get out of our new houses, and I am going to keep an account of what they cost, and how much they bring in. See! I have put down on one side—

Purchase £500
Law Expenses . . . £45

and we shall soon have the quarter's rent come in, which I shall put down on the other side. But how do you like the tenants?"

"No. 1, as you know," I said, "is highly respectable. No. 2 seems pretty good, but wants some repairs."

"Not so soon, surely? Why Mr. Jollybold said there would be nothing wanted for a long time to come."

"It seems the kitchen chimney smokes, and I suppose the landlord has to attend to that."

"And No. 3 tenant?" asked my wife.

"He's a curious fellow, very fond of experimenting on gases, and so on." I was ashamed to tell her of the reception I had met with.

"And No. 4?"

"The tenant was not at home."

I sent a jobbing bricklayer to No. 2, who ran me up a long bill. He was a great chimney doctor, and he declared the lady was delighted, as he had made it draw 'first-rate, like a furnace.' I could not help thinking I was being drawn myself as I told my wife to put down 6*l.* 13*s.* 2*d.* on the same side of the account.

The purchase was settled about a month before the quarter, and I was rather glad that the quarter came round so early, as I began to be in want of money. I waited for a fortnight, and then wrote a polite note to each of the tenants that I would call on a certain day for the rent. I did so, with the following result:

No. 1 was prepared with the money *minus* a deduction of 1*l*. 8*s*. 6*d*., nine months' sewers rate; 2*l*. 4*s*. 3*d*., nine months' property tax; and 18*s*. 6*d*. land tax. "And then there's this little bill of 2*l*. 18*s*. 9*d*. for repairing the cistern, whitewashing the ceiling, and part papering the staircase, where the wall was damaged by the water," said Mrs. Coffers, "making a total deduction, according to Mr. Coffers' account, of just 7*l*. 10*s*.; and here is Mr. Coffers' cheque for the remainder."

"You must excuse me, madam," I said; "but I have only had the houses a month, and you have brought me in bills of nine months' taxes, and the repair of cistern."

"Oh!" she said, "that is a matter that required immediate attention, and you could not expect us to send all the way to Little Turnwheel Street for a plumber." The allusion to my address she accompanied with an evident sneer.

"I should like to consult Mr. Coffers," I replied, "before I give you a receipt."

"It's no use your calling at the Bank," she said. "He cannot attend to you there, and he does not like to be disturbed when he comes home to dinner. The taxes you are charged with have to be allowed to the tenant in the rent, and you must apply to Mr. Jollybold if he did not allow you the deduction when you purchased the houses. Mr. Coffers, thinking probably you might be ignorant of these matters (another sneer at Little Turnwheel Street), requested me to give you this information; and he has left a receipt, drawn in a proper manner, which you will be kind enough to sign."

After a little demur I did so, and left with a cheque for 8*l*. 15*s*. instead of 16*l*. 5*s*.

Mr. Crantin, No. 2, was not at home, and Mrs. Crantin knew nothing about business matters. I must call at Mr. Crantin's offices in Polyblank Court.

I had not much hope of Mr. Dunderly.

"Ah! Flintbudden," he said, "how are you? Brought a builder to set out my laboratory? Upon my word you are a genuine fellow. I am glad to have such a man for a landlord. I don't regret that Jollybold met with such a customer for his houses."

"I don't congratulate myself on having such a tenant as you are, Mr. Dunderly—so I tell you plainly. You know very well I don't intend to build your laboratory, and it is only press of business that has prevented me from troubling you with law proceedings for wilful damage to my house."

"Well, I can assure you, Pindudgeon—"

"I must beg of you to call me by my proper name," I said, snappishly. "My name is Fingudgeon, and you have called me a dozen other names at least."

"I beg your pardon, Fingudgeon, but that is such an outrageous combination that our chemical couplings are as nothing to it. Let me see, what were we talking about?"

"The object of my visit," I said, "you know from my letter."

"What letter? I have been so much engaged lately in carrying out a series of valuable experiments which are destined to confer such immense benefits to mankind at large, that I have overlooked matters relating to one's self. And so you wrote to me, did you? And as you are here, perhaps you will be good enough to tell me what was the purport of the letter, to save me the trouble of looking for it."

"Plainly, then, Mr. Dunderly, I have called for the quarter's rent, which I apprised you, by letter, was due a fortnight ago."

"No wonder then," he replied, as coolly as possible—"no wonder I didn't pay any attention to it. Do you know I never pay any attention to mere applications for money by a private individual. In fact to me they are a matter of rejoicing, and I pass them over to my wife with the remark, 'Luck again, my dear. Jones, or Brown, or Smith, or Green—as the case may be—will wait another month before they take proceedings;' and, I assure you, I let 'em wait," said Mr. Dunderly, with a chuckle.

"But rent is an obligation that cannot be passed over so lightly," I said.

"Quite right, Pillgudgeon," he replied; "and the more cautious a man ought to be, when he pays his rent, to know that he is paying it to the right party."

"You don't doubt my authority to collect my own rents, do you, Mr. Dunderly?"

"I have no doubt," he said, "that you are an honourable man, Mr. Flintgudgeon—there, I am right in your name for once—and that your address is Little Turnwheel Street, but in what direction that locality may be I know no more than Jupiter; but as for any legal proof that you have purchased this house of Mr. Jollybold, you have given me none. I have no doubt that Jollybold has sold his interest in it, but it does not of necessity follow that you are the purchaser, or that you have any more right to demand the rent than any lawyer's clerk out of luck who might call in on speculation. I should not pay him of course, but as you are in reality as much a stranger to me as any lawyer's clerk (and I assure you a much greater stranger than some), I must request you to give me some more definite evidence of being Mr. Jollybold's successor than you have yet done, Mr. Filgudgeon."

"I'll go and fetch Mr. Jollybold, who will at once convince you. We will settle that in ten minutes, Mr. Dunderly."

"Will you?" he returned. "Then I expect you'll take an aerial flight, and a pretty quick one, Mr. Findudgeon."

"What do you mean?" I said. "Mr. Jollybold wrote to me, only a week back, that he would call on me in a few days in answer to a letter I had written him."

"You don't know Jollybold has emigrated then?" he replied; "why he's halfway to the

Polynesian Islands by this time. He's been gone a month."

"You surprise me!" I cried; "Jollybold emigrated?"

"Yes, Mr. Flintgudgeon. Jollybold has emigrated to one of the Polynesian Islands, and I have no doubt, by his shrewdness and perseverance, he will open up the country, provided the natives don't eat him first; but I don't think they will do that, as he would be rather gross eating."

"But I received a letter from him only last week."

"From Gibraltar, or some other port?"

"No, from the post-office, round the corner."

"Another proof of Jollybold's shrewdness," said Mr. Dunderly, "but carried a little too far. He needn't have deceived you, Flintdudgeon, after he had pocketed your money. He might have told his amanuensis that you were an exception."

"However," I said, "that does not alter the matter. You are living in the house and must pay the rent; and if you don't do so, I shall take legal proceedings."

"A man occupying a house, undoubtedly implies an obligation to pay rent," replied Mr. Dunderly; "but you must recollect I have not yet attorned to you as my landlord."

"Attorned?" I said, "I don't understand you."

"Don't you?" he returned; "then there's a nut for you to crack. But whatever you do, Flintgibbon, don't go to law!"

"Much as I detest law," I exclaimed, "I don't intend you shall get the better of me, and so you shall see, Mr. Dunderly;" and I left him in a worse pet than on the previous occasion.

On ringing at No. 4, I was greeted by a baker-boy in the following manner:

"No go, my man," said the boy. "You needn't lose your time chiming there. They've stepped it."

"Stepped it!" I exclaimed, "do you mean to say that Mr. Kankerdale has left?"

"Rather!" replied the boy, "and you're jolly lucky if they don't owe you anything."

I made inquiries at a neighbouring grocer's shop, and was informed that Mr. Kankerdale had always been looked upon as doubtful pay; that he had run in debt right and left, until proceedings were taken against him. He had then disposed of his furniture under a bill of sale, and had finally decamped with the key. "And lucky it was for Jollybold," said the grocer, "that he hooked the Turnwheel cheesemonger before he emigrated."

I was ashamed to confess that I was the individual alluded to, and at once returned home without making further inquiries with a cheque for 8*l.* 15*s.* in my pocket instead of 65*l.* less property tax, as I had anticipated. On my entrance, I found a note awaiting me being an application for a quarter's ground-rent.

"Well," said my wife, "that's only 10*l.* and not much to pay out of 65*l.*"

"I wish I had 65*l.* to pay it out of," I said, "but unfortunately I have not taken enough to pay even this small demand." I was some time before I could bring my wife to understand the precise state of affairs

"I'd go and consult Driver at once," she said. "I would not be dictated to by tenants. I'd show they had a landlord to bring them to book."

I thought I had better call on Mr. Crantin, the tenant of No. 2, at his offices in Polyblank Court. After waiting for an hour and a half in a musty office, in the company of a small boy, perched on a high stool, Mr. Crantin came in. I asked him civilly for the rent, and he opened his cheque-book and commenced filling up a cheque.

"By-the-bye," he said, "there's a deduction this quarter of 5*l.* as per agreement."

"What for?" I asked.

"Why, haven't you your agreement? I'll show you mine."

He soon found it, and by it I saw Mr. Jollybold had agreed to return 5*l.* a year.

"It's usual," he said, "with these builders, to keep the rents up, and return you a portion afterwards. It makes the houses sell better."

"Then," I replied, "you only really pay 60*l.* a year?"

"Exactly. Then, I think there are a few deductions for rates and taxes. So you had better call again, as I haven't got the papers with me; and when you do so, bring me a note from Jollybold, to say that he has transferred his interest to you, will you? Good morning."

Feeling rather tender upon the point of 45*l.* for law expenses, I resolved to consult a neighbouring broker on the best way of proceeding against Mr. Dunderly and Mr. Kankerdale. I knew Grinder as a shrewd fellow who had had considerable experience in distraints, and he, at any rate, would not charge me six and eightpence every time I consulted him.

"I'll tell you what it is," said Grinder. "I know what *I* should do with Master Dunderly. I'd put a man in. That'll bring him to his senses."

"But he told me, Grinder, that he had not attorned to me as landlord. What does that mean?"

"It means that he has not paid you any rent, or in any other way acknowledged you as his landlord, that's what the lawyers would tell you; but Lor' bless you!" said Grinder, "when you once put a man in he'll be sure to look about him. If he's rusty at fust he'll cool down before the five days is out, and stump up the ready."

"And suppose he don't pay in the five days?"

"Why then we condemns and sells his traps," said Grinder.

"But suppose, Grinder," I said, "he brings an action?"

"Let him," said Grinder. "I'll guarantee you against all law-suits."

Inasmuch as Mr. Grinder was not worth ten pounds, his guarantee was not very valuable; but as he was an experienced man, I determined to sign a warrant to distrain on Mr. Dunderly's goods, and leave Grinder to fight it out.

"And now, as to Kankerdale's house?" I inquired. "How can I get possession of that?"

"Leave that to me as well," said Grinder. "I'm up to a move or two. I'll get a man to slip in the back way. He will open the front door. I, as your agent, will (quite by accident) be passing

that way, and will go in and take possession. And there you are!"

"Capital thought, Grinder," I replied; "I am glad I spoke to you."

"Well, I haven't been in the business five-and-thirty year," said Grinder, "without knowing something of the dodges to be played."

The next evening Grinder called. "How have you got on with Dunderly?" I said.

"In all right," replied Grinder; "although I thought the old blade would be too chary for me. He kept me dodging about till late in the afternoon, but I managed it at last. Uncommon short of furniture though. The front parlour may fetch eight or ten pound, the rest aint worth above four or five more. I aint surprised a bit. People who come it tidy in the parlour is very often short otherways. I shall send the old man I put in a shake down, for there aint anything to sleep him at present."

"And did he object to the proceedings?"

"He was tolerably cheeky," said Grinder; "especially when I put his old bottles and jars down in the Inventory. He declared I was making an excessive levy,—that they was worth 40*l.* or 50*l.*, and a good deal more rubbish of the same sort. But Lor! such coves always is fussy. 'I'm an old blade,' I says, 'at this work, and you don't frighten me.'"

"And what do you think he'll do, Grinder?"

"Pay the rent and expenses," said Grinder, "if he's any respect for his old bottles and jars. That's what he'll do."

"And how about No. 4?"

"Not quite so satisfactory. In course I took your word for it, that there was nobody in the house, so I gets a man to go round to the back, and as luck would have it, he finds a window-sash undone. He pops in, and was going up the stairs to open the front door, when he meets a one-eyed old customer lame with one leg, and deaf as a post. 'What do you want here?' says One Eye. 'I'm come from the landlord,' says Joe. 'Can't hear you,' says One Eye—'write it down on a bit of paper,' which Joe did. 'Now, put down the address,' says One Eye, and Joe, thinking he might be took up for housebreaking, did that too. 'Very well,' says One Eye, 'that will do, you can go out of the front door if you like,' and so far the old man behaved very civil. "So I suppose," said Grinder, "you'll have to wait a little longer there. But it was an uncommon good job old One Eye was so civil."

I thought I had better be prompt with my ground-rent, so I called upon Mr. Marker, my ground landlord, on the following day, to pay the quarter due. He was an octogenarian, with a black scull cap on. He was seated at a writing-table, apparently making up his accounts.

"And what do you want?" said Mr. Marker, as soon as I had been ushered into his presence by a slip-shod girl.

"I've called to pay some ground-rent for Arethusa Villas," I replied.

"Oh! I beg your pardon. Sit down. Sit down, Mr. ——"

"Fingudgeon," I said.

"Sit down, Mr. Fingudgeon," continued Mr. Marker; "I'm sorry I didn't recognise you."

This was not to be wondered at, as he had never to my knowledge seen me before.

"You have purchased Mr. Jollybold's property, I think?" said Mr. Marker; "and very glad I am it has got into other hands. Jollybold was a bad fellow. I always had the greatest difficulty in getting my rent. Ten pound, I think, less property tax, Mr. Fingudgeon?"

I really felt it was fortunate that it was no more, and that Mr. Jollybold had not in this instance deceived me.

"And now, Mr. Fingudgeon," said Mr. Marker, handing me the receipt, "as you are a fresh tenant, I may as well see your Insurance receipt."

"I have unfortunately left it at home," I replied.

"But you have paid your Insurance, of course?"

"Oh, yes! I paid it the day after it was due."

"Very proper," said Mr. Marker. "Nothing more necessary for a leaseholder to see to than the Insurance;—600*l.* a house in the Sun Office," he suggested, referring to an account-book.

"No, sir," I said; "in the Phœnix."

"And do you know the consequence of that, sir?" said Mr. Marker, looking up from his book over his tortoiseshell spectacles.

"No, sir," I replied; "I suppose one office is as safe as another. My wife's brother being an agent to the Phœnix, I gave it to him."

"Well, sir," said Mr. Marker. "That is a breach of covenant, and do you know that the consequences of a breach of covenant are ejectment?"

"But won't the Phœnix do, sir?" I said.

"No," he replied, "the Phœnix won't do. I suppose you have not had much experience in leases?"

I told him the present was the first house property I had been interested in.

"Well then," said Mr. Marker, "I won't be hard with you as you are inexperienced, but everybody must pay for experience, so I will compromise the matter for 50*l.*"

"Fifty pounds!" I exclaimed, "and what am I to pay you 50*l.* for?"

"For a waiver of the breach of covenant. But if you prefer it," said Mr. Marker, "I'll bring an action of ejectment. It's fatal to your lease, sir, depend upon it, so you had better pay me 50*l.* than lose two or three thousand."

"Fortunately," I replied, "I am not so much interested in the property as that."

"If you have mortgaged then," said Mr. Marker, "you are open to an action from the mortgagee for the amount of his claim in case I oust you from the property; at least I imagine so. But if you don't understand these matters you had better refer me to your solicitor."

I gave him Messrs. Driver and Tartar's address, and left Mr. Marker, somewhat dispirited.

I did not like to tell my wife of these repeated drawbacks to the property, and began to inwardly curse Mr. Jollybold and the newspaper that had so unluckily raised our expectations of 27¾ per cent., and I am sorry to say also inwardly blamed

my wife for drawing my attention to the advertisement, although it was equally my fault in purchasing Arethusa Villas. I had one satisfaction, it was my own and not my wife's legacy, and she could not therefore blame me for spending her money.

I was serving in the shop the next day, when a shabby-genteel fellow, with a greasy hat, inquired if my name was John Fingudgeon.

I replied in the affirmative.

"I have to serve you with a writ of action for trespass in the matter of No. 4, Arethusa Villas," said the shabby man. Almost immediately afterwards I received a letter from Mr. Dunderly to the following effect:

My dear Fingudgeon,—I advised you not to go to law. To take the law into your own hands or to trust a bungler is even worse folly.

A man, calling himself Grinder, made a distraint on my goods and chattels on the 16th inst.

Please to look to your almanac, and you will see that the sun retired behind the horizon at 6·17 on that day. He made his levy at 6·22, which was, consequently, according to distinguished authority, an illegal act, and you thereby render yourself liable to an action, with which I shall proceed, unless you compromise the matter to my satisfaction.

I need not further allude to the attornment, as your lawyer will advise you on that subject.

I suppose everybody must buy their experience. You have doubtless bought it long since in the matter of cheese; you are now doing so in the matter of bricks and mortar. Yours very truly,

Diogenes Dunderly.

As it was now necessary that I should apply for legal assistance, I at once started off to Boswell Court to see Driver.

"I am glad you have called, Fingudgeon," he began, "I was just going to write to you. How on earth came you to alter your insurance? I have received notice of action for ejectment from Old Marker, and, depend upon it, if we don't make a compromise you will lose the property. The expenses are not much at present, but we had better come to terms with him at once."

"He asked 50*l.*," I said, "but I would not consent to that."

"Leave it to me," said Driver, "and I will make the best terms I can. He is a crotchety old gentleman."

I was obliged to consent, for I knew nothing how to proceed to conciliate Mr. Marker. I then introduced the matters of Tenants 3 and 4.

"Here's a nice kettle of fish, Fingudgeon," said Driver. "You have no answer to Mr. Kankerdale, and the result is doubtful with Dunderly."

"But is not Grinder responsible for the distraint?" I said.

"You will, of course, be made a party to the action, and Grinder is not worth a shot. His making the levy five minutes after sun-down is clearly illegal, and it is a question of some importance whether a landlord has a right to distrain upon a tenant who has not attorned to him. It will be better to compromise both cases."

I need not trouble the reader with minute particulars of these transactions. Messrs. Driver and Tartar managed to conciliate all parties at a very considerable expense to me, so considerable indeed that I was compelled to borrow upon my stock and furniture, which had the effect of weakening my credit with the commercial world. I did fortunately get my rent of tenants Nos. 1 and 2, and after six months' trouble, and a cost of 50*l.* for repairs, I got possession of Nos. 3 and 4, but without receiving any rent. They stood empty for six months, and just when I had let them at 50*l.* per annum, I received intimation from the executors of my mortgagee—who had died suddenly—to pay in the 1500*l.* Driver tried his best to get the mortgage transferred, but no one would let me have the money. I tried sale by auction, which cost me another thirty pounds, and, like Mr. Jollybold's trial-sale on a former occasion, there were no bidders, and at last the houses fell into the mortgagee's hands, and I lost my 500*l.*

The result of my speculation was as follows, for the twelve months I possessed the equity of redemption of that desirable property—Nos. 1 to 4, Arethusa Villas. My wife gave up keeping the accounts in disgust, but I have taken the amounts out of my cash-book; and, as I look over the items, I feel myself a sadder, although a wiser man.

	£	s.	d.
Purchase-money	£500	0	0
Expenses of transfer	45	0	0
Settling three actions	162	5	6
Expenses borrowing to pay above	35	3	4
Repairs to the four houses	65	2	3
Putting them up by auction without effect	30	0	0
Ground-rent	40	0	0
Interest on mortgage	75	0	0
	£952	11	1
Received rent from two tenants, less taxes, &c.	105	6	10
Loss	£847	4	3

From this experience I would advise ignorant persons to pause before they invest their savings in the purchase of "desirable household property to pay 27¾ per cent." Venditus.

AN ARTIST'S RAMBLE ALONG THE LINE OF THE PICTS' WALL.

PART I.

It was about the end of August in the year 18— that my friend H—— and I passed by the good ship City of Hamburgh from the Thames to coaly Tyne, and landing at Wallsend, a place of fame wherever a sea-coal fire is appreciated, we trod Northumbrian ground, for the first time on the part of H——, but not so on mine, for there are few portions of that picturesque and historic land with which I am unacquainted. The object of our journey was that of a sketching tour, H—— having in view the wild moorland scenery of Tynedale, I, the vestiges of antiquity in which the county abounds. With those objects in contemplation, we resolved to take the line of the Picts' wall for our guidance, and accordingly commenced our walk at Wallsend, the eastern extremity of the wall, for it would appear that the Roman engineer did not hold it necessary to carry this great work to the German Ocean, which washes the rocky base of Tynemouth Priory, about

four miles to the eastward—a space commanded by the position of this extremity of the wall. This site is recognised as the Segedunum of the Romans, and traces of the station are still visible on the spot called the Well or Wall Laws, about six yards south of the engines of Wallsend colliery. In Horsley's time there were distinct traces of the ramparts of this work, and evident remains of two turrets at the western and eastern corners of the station, and another at the south-west corner. A wall and other works have extended to the river, where the remains of a quay and the traces of a causeway in communication with it mark the spot where, upwards of sixteen centuries ago, the Roman vessels loaded or discharged their cargoes, long ere the coal trade was dreamed of, and where now the staithes appertaining to the waggon-ways of Bigge's Main, Fawdon, Cox Lodge, and Wallsend collieries render the scene a right busy and a black one. The name of this station is derived by Wallis, the historian of Northumberland, from the Roman *seges*,—corn—and the British *dun*, a hill, and he conceives that here was a magazine for corn shipped from the more southern provinces of the empire. Although I have said that Wallsend is recognised as Segedunum, there is no direct evidence by which it can be exactly identified with the station so named in the *Notitia Imperii*, a list of the several military officers and magistrates of the eastern and western empires, with the names of the places at which they were stationed, probably composed about the end of the reign of the Emperor Theodosius the younger, before the Romans were compelled by home disturbances to abandon this island. The sixty-ninth section of this document contains a list of the prefects and tribunes under the command of the Honourable the Duke of Britain. That portion of the list which refers to the stations between the Tyne and the Solway is headed *Item per lineam valli*—also along the line of the wall, and contains references which the wall-pilgrim may consult with advantage.

Before setting forth, being anxious to tread upon sure ground, we cast about in order to obtain the best information for our guidance in identifying the several stations, and above all, to make a sure start; we therefore consulted the volume of Dr. Bruce,* the latest and best of the wall guides. The Segedunum of the Notitia immediately follows the title *per lineam valli*, but the point is at which end of the line to place it, to discover, indeed, whether we are to proceed with the names set down in the list from east to west along the line, or the contrary way. "The stations on this list are manifestly," as Horsley observes, "set down in some order, so that if we ascertain the identity of some of them, we may form a pretty correct estimate of the position of the intermediate, or neighbouring stations. When in the remains of a station inscribed stones are found bearing the name of a cohort mentioned in the Notitia, the inference is natural, in most cases at least, that the Imperial Notitia will furnish us with a key to the ancient designation of the station, and the argument is perfect when the designations thus obtained correspond exactly in the order of the places as given in the Notitia." Dr. Bruce points to an example in the station of Chesters, on the North Tyne, where several slabs have been found bearing the name of the second ala or wing of the Astures.

ALAE
II ASTVR(UM).

"Now as the Notitia represents this ala or troop of cavalry to have been stationed at Cilurnum, the probability is that the camp on the west bank of the North Tyne is the Cilurnum of Roman Britain.

"Immediately following the second wing of the Astures at Cilurnum on the Notitia list is the first cohort of the Batavians at Procolita. Now the station immediately west of Chesters is Carrawburgh, and here a slab and an altar have been found inscribed with the name of this very cohort. The conclusion is natural—Carrawburgh is the Procolita of the Notitia." In this way a succession of stations have been identified from Segedunum (Wallsend) to Amboglanna (Bird Oswald) in Cumberland; but here, from the land being more under cultivation, traces are less evident, and no inscriptions have been found to identify the stations westward of this point. No inscribed stones of any consequence have been found at Wallsend, although it is conjectured many have been worked into the masonry of the colliery for which the station served as a quarry. But this deficiency was in a measure made good by the discovery, at Tynemouth, where it is supposed there was a Roman fort, of an altar, the inscription on which reads as follows:—

I (OVI) O(PTIMO) M(AXIMO)
AEL(IVS)RVFVS
PRAEF(ECTVS) COH(ORTIS)
IIII LIGNO
NVM

From Wallsend the wall ran westward, and, passing Walker, i. e., the town by the wall, and climbing Byker Hill, it proceeded to the bank overlooking the Ouse Burn, a stream which runs into the Tyne on the eastern boundary of Newcastle, where there was a castellum or exploratory tower. Descending the hill from thence, where the fosse is still to be traced, it crossed the burn and reached the Sally Port-gate of the mediæval walls of Newcastle, where there was a castellum, and crossing the top of the hill, called the Wall Knoll, it passed a small stream called Pandon Dean, by an arch near the Stock Bridge. Ascending another hill it crossed the Lort Burn by an arch, and reached the site now occupied by St. Nicholas' Church, and formed the rampart of the next station.

Newcastle—the Pons Elii of the Notitia—has afforded a position of great strength and command. It is supposed to have taken its Roman appellation from the Emperor Hadrian, who was of the Ælian family. He rebuilt Jerusalem and bestowed on it the name of Ælia Capitolina.

Evidences that the old bridge stood upon a Roman foundation were evident on its being rebuilt after the great flood in 1771. The wall formed the

* The "Notitia" list of stations is printed in Dr. Bruce's compendious history of the Roman Wall.

northern rampart of Pons Elii. Horsley considered that each side of this station measured six chains, and that its east wall ran at right angles from the wall where the St. George's Porch of St. Nicholas' Church is situated, and continued along the brow of the hill—at the part called the Head of the Side—till intercepted by the earthen rampart called Hadrian's Vallum, near the east-end of Bailey Gate. The old castle is conceived by Horsley to have stood a little more to the south-east than the present castle, erected in the reign of William the Conqueror, and from which the town took its name of Newcastle. On the brink of a height looking down upon the bridge, masses of strong masonry and a chaos of Roman ruins were found when the ground was cleared for building the present Moot Hall; likewise a Roman doorway, walled up, a well, and a quantity of the *débris* common to Roman stations. It is highly probable that the new castle was built from the stones of its predecessor; and Brand expresses his belief that inscriptions belonging to the station of Pons Elii lie concealed in the walls of the present castle.

From St. George's Porch the wall stretched through the garden of the vicarage and intersected the line of the town wall a little to the north of the west gate, then mounting the rising ground it reached the station of Condercum. There are plans of this station, and of the Roman hypocaust, found near it, in Brand's "History of Newcastle," drawn in 1751, by Robert Shafts, Esq. Some altars and inscriptions were found here; one of them, discovered in 1669, is referred by Horsley to the time of the Emperors Marcus Aurelius and Lucius Verus. This altar is dedicated to Jupiter Dolichenus, who presided over mines, and this has led to a supposition that the coal seam of this neighbourhood had been wrought by Roman hands. Coins, bronzes, and other Roman relics, have, from time to time, been found here. For nineteen miles out of Newcastle, the Carlisle road runs chiefly upon the foundation of the wall. At East Denton the wall becomes visible in a fragment thirty-six feet long, having three courses of facing stones on one side, and four on the other. Beyond Denton Burn, the wall, turf-covered, travels with the road, but apart, for some distance, and here the vallum is very prominent. Near Denton Hall, formerly the residence of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, a mound indicates the site of a Mile Castle. Before crossing Walbottle Dean, the vallum appears very distinctly, skirting the road which here runs upon the wall again, and as it approaches Heddon-on-the-Wall, the fosse appears on the right of the wall, and the vallum, boldly prominent on the left. Here a considerable length of the wall, with four courses of facing stones, is very perfect. At this part the ditch or fosse is carried through freestone rock. About a mile to the north of Heddon-on-the-Wall are some tumuli. Past the eighth mile-stone is Rutchester—probably a corruption of Roodchester, from a rood or cross. This station is recognised as the Vindobala of the Notitia. The wall intersects its east and west ramparts. It includes an area of nearly five acres. At an ancient stronghold which has been converted into a farm-house, Hutton, in his famous Wall Pilgrimages, experienced a churlish reception, as he considered; perhaps it was only a manifestation of the canny north country way—kindly but cautious — for he himself admits that his travelling appearance was not prepossessing; but he has his fling in the following homely verse:

> I saw old Sir at dinner sit,
> Who ne'er said "Stranger, take a bit,"
> Yet might, although a poet said it,
> Have saved his beef and raised his credit.

The above tower has the repute of being haunted by a tricksy, but not malevolent sprite called Silky. The tower is reported to have been raised by William of Welton, a worthy whose strength is still proverbial in those parts. One of his feats of prowess is said to have been exhibited when age had deprived him of sight. This blind Samson, sitting outside the tower, called a plough-boy to him, and asked him to let him feel his arm, as he wished to find what sort of bones folk had now-a-days. The lad, apprehensive of his grip, held forth instead of his arm the iron plough coulter, which Will forthwith snapped in twain, pensively observing: "Men's banes are nought but girsels (gristles) to what they were in my day."

The Wall and Vallum near Heddon-on-the-Wall.

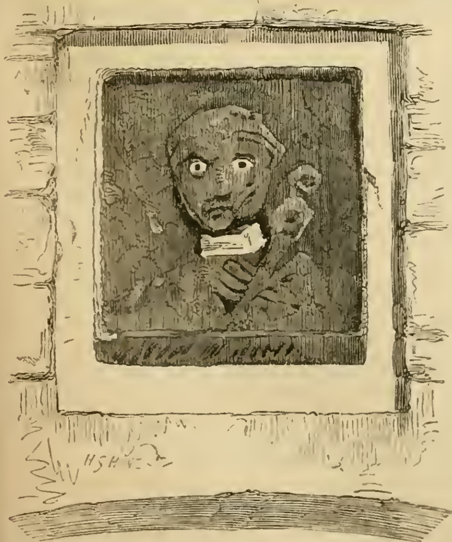
Near Halton Castle is the station of Halton Chesters, the Roman Hunnum. An aqueduct of about three-quarters of a mile in length was opened out, and it is remarkable that it lay on the north, or hostile side of the wall, where the supply of water was liable to be cut off by the enemy. The foundations of a building were likewise found one hundred and thirty-two feet in length, containing eleven apartments, the first of which was forty-three feet long, and twenty wide. It is conjectured to have been the apartment appropriated to persons waiting their turn for the bath, the other rooms being for the hot, cold, tepid, and sweating baths used by the Romans; who, doubtless, derived health and vigour from their scrupulous attention to cleanliness. The greater part of these interesting remains have been demolished and the station

itself is nearly concealed by an overgrowth of vegetation.

A little further on, the road, which here travels on the site of the wall, is carried over a small stream, by a culvert of Roman masonry four feet in width, and the same in height.

Beyond the sixteenth mile-stone, on the ascent of the hill of Stagshaw Bank, the ancient Watling Street crosses the road at right angles. This road, planned for the promotion of intercourse between the northern and southern parts of Britain, appears, in many parts, very perfect. A fort called Portgate formerly stood here to guard a passage through the wall, but no traces of it remain. We had walked thus far along the line of the wall, noting its features as we went along; but before proceeding further it was agreed that we should stay a while, both at Corbridge and Hexham, in order to make a survey of those places and their surroundings. We, therefore, returned upon our track as far as Halton Castle, and proceeded, passing Aydon Castle, romantically situated on the edge of the steep and wooded banks of a stony brook; and, anon, we found ourselves snugly established at the Angel inn at Corbridge, in the full enjoyment of a goodly refection, being a compromise between tea and dinner.

After this refreshment, we sauntered by the margin of the Tyne, accompanied by our intelligent host, to see the vestiges of the Roman bridge which crossed the river, about half a mile to the west of Corbridge. The water being low, these remains were clearly visible, consisting of large masonry with luis holes bound together by strong leaden cramps, but the traces of the station with which the bridge communicated have become almost entirely obliterated. Camden conjectures this to have been the *Curia Ottadinarum*, noted by Ptolemy, but Horsley makes it the Corstopitum of



Bust of Mercury built into the wall of a cottage at Corbridge.

Antoninus. It is said, by tradition, that King John had the area of this station dug up in all directions, in a search for treasure which, as he believed, lay buried there. On sallying forth the following morning, H—— was struck by the odd appearance of a small bust of Roman sculpture, apparently—by the appurtenance of the caduceus—a head of Mercury. This had been built in over the door of a cottage. It was painted black with a white neck-tie. While he stood, with his hands in his trousers pockets, absorbed in the contemplation of this eccentric image, the owner of the cottage stepped out, and said:

"Ye'll be admirin' ma piper?"

"Piper?" quoth H——.

"Ay, just a piper; dunna ye see the chaunter ower his shouther?"

"But what in the world made you paint him in that way?"

"What for? why to make him look bonny. Aw call him the Black Prince; ay, money a ane stops to look at ma Black Prince: some say he's King Brutus. Why, man, the Duke, hisself, smiled at it, as he walked by."

When I joined the pair, I suggested that it would be well to get off the paint, but the man grew indignant, vowing he had given the piper a coat of paint every year since he came to the cottage, and we left him. H——, however, as often as he went that way, would stop, and gaze intently on the black abomination, and the solemn abstraction of his look began to impress the iconoclast with a degree of misgiving of which I took advantage to press the removal of the paint, but though evidently shaken, he still refused to give in, until the keeper of a small chemist's shop opposite, who had joined us, pronounced the talismanic word, "whisky," in my ear.

"Now," I said, "just you get off the paint. I will order some stuff from the chemist to wash the Black Prince's face; ay! and some whisky to wash your own throat when all's done."

The victory was gained.

"There's ma thumb on't," he said; and we left him to wash the blackamoor white.

This happy conclusion was effected just as we were departing westward, and when we returned, there was Mercury restored to his original complexion, and our convert standing, with his fingers, which he had burned with the caustic agent used to remove the paint, wrapped in rags, proudly contemplating his performance. Many of the houses in Corbridge exhibit fragments of sculpture and inscribed stones from the Roman station, either worked in promiscuously, or for the sake of decoration. In one house a quern had been worked in the angle of a wall. A Roman eagle composed part of the masonry of a pigsty. Some Roman altars appeared built into the wall of the vicarage, and among the medieval masonry of a peel-tower, at the end of the town, there appeared a large Roman inscribed stone, quite perfect. The church-tower appeared wholly composed of Roman stones. In the churchyard, there is a tower which Camden calls, "a little turret built and inhabited by the vicars." H—— and I sat down in the evening to draw this tower, from points of view somewhat apart. While I was thus engaged a butcher suddenly stood before me with the head of

a black-faced ram, which he had just hewn from the carcass, saying :

"There's a pictur!"

"Yes," I quietly observed, "that would please Sir Edwin Landseer."

"O, your friend, yonder!" he exclaimed. "He shall see it," and rushing to my unconscious companion, shoved the black and gory trophy under his nose, with a suddenness that well-nigh had the effect of a Medusa's head upon him, exclaiming :

"There, Sir Edwin! match me that, if you can!"

The Corbridge folk are not possessed of much deference, especially the boys: the latter, wherever we turned, hailed us as the "strange men." While I was drawing the interior of the tower, which is roofless, I was fairly bombarded by the boys on the outside of the door, which I had secured, with volleys of stones; and when I remonstrated, saying it was very uncivil treatment of a stranger, their spokesman up and said :

"Hoot, aye! we ken nout about civility here; we're real bad uns, we are!"

Next morning, when at the same task, I saw the large eyes of a brat glowering through a loophole, and, after a long silent stare, I heard his wooden clogs clattering over the pavement, he calling: "Eh! they've getten the strange man in the lock-up, now!"

It appears the tower is occasionally used as a cage for offenders, but I was told they mostly let themselves out.

Fortified Vicarage in the Churchyard at Corbridge.

We now wended on our way to Hexham, as I was desirous of showing my companion the stately Abbey church and its Saxon crypt constructed of Roman stones, some of them bearing Roman inscriptions. The day after our arrival, being Sunday, we were setting out in order to attend Divine Service, when the handmaiden, who waited on us at the hostel of the White Hart, inquired what we would take for dinner, and volunteered the recommendation of a fool and bacon, at which H——, who had not yet overcome the dialect, looked disconcerted till I explained that a fowl was meant.

Next day we devoted to a survey of the antiquities of the place, to describe which would require more space than I can here command; but I cannot quit Hexham without mention of an odd illustration of the proverbial inch given and ell taken. In scrambling among some pigsties, that we might get a better view of part of the Abbey church, I was struck by the complacent grunt of a fat hog, in full enjoyment of his *dolce far niente*, and remarked to his owner, who looked on with the satisfied look of one who beholds a prospect of fat bacon, "Your pig is a true gentleman; he has nothing to do, and he does it." H—— told me after that the man had said to him, aside, "Sir, your friend made a remarkable observation—particler. He said ma pig was a gentleman, for he had nothing to do, and he didn't even do that." Leaving Hexham, we turned back and took up the line of the Wall, where we had left it, at Portgate, and submitted our steps to its guidance. In the plantations on the hill, after passing the seventeenth milestone, the works appear in great boldness, and, just before reaching the eighteenth milestone, we observed the remains of a Mile Castle. And now we began to descend the hill towards the north Tyne, and reached St. Oswald's Chapel. In a field near to the chapel, called Molds Close, a quantity of bones and fragments of weapons have been turned up, from time to time. According to tradition, a fight was won here, after which England rose in greatness and prosperity; but when another battle shall be won on the same field, her decline will as surely ensue. This prophecy is supposed to have a vague reference to the battle in which King Oswald first raised the standard of the Cross, and vanquished the fierce British chief Cadwallon. In commemoration of this event the convent of Hexham erected the chapel in honour of St. Cuthbert; and the canonised saint Bede, who calls this fight the battle of Heavensfield, says it was fought just north of the Roman wall, and informs us that "It was a custom continued a good while before his time, for the monks of Hagulstad (Hexham), who lived near that place, to go thither every year, on the day before that of his death, and there to say vigils for the health of his soul, and the morning after to offer the sacrifice of the holy oblation, with lauds to him." A large silver coin or medal of Oswald was found on repairing the chapel. In the grounds of Brunton, still lower down the hill, a remarkably fine fragment of the wall appears. It is seven feet high, and contains nine courses of facing stones entire. At Chollerford, the North Tyne was crossed by a bridge, the remains of which are now in process of excavation, and present a striking example of Roman masonry, being of a very massive character, and finely wrought and jointed. Approaching the bridge from the east, the works are quite perceptible. On the west bank of the river is Walwick Chesters, identified with the Roman Silurnum. Here we look down upon the ground plan of a Roman station, with its narrow streets, at right lines, as we might look upon a plan drawn out upon paper. The station contains an area of upwards of six acres; it is of the customary parallelogram form, the corners being slightly rounded. Between the station and the river are the traces of

suburban buildings. Within, and near the middle of the station, is a vaulted chamber, or cell, which is entered by a descent of four steps. At the threshold was found the original door of wood, sheathed with plates of iron, the whole being firmly riveted together with large square nails. The roof is vaulted over, and the side walls incline slightly inwards. Some excavations near the eastern rampart have brought to light a series of eight apartments. A street, three feet wide, increasing to four feet, is met at right angles by another, paved with flag stones, which leads to the entrance of a large apartment, under the floors of which are flues for warming the building, similar to those at Halton Chesters. In one of the rooms a cistern, or bath, was found. From this chamber passages on the right and left lead into apartments, in one of which the statue of a river god—perhaps, it has been surmised, the genius of North Tyne—was found. This figure is much superior to the ordinary pitch of Roman provincial art. Indeed, although carved in a coarse material, it is conceived in a high style of design. A bank, overhanging the river, at a short distance from the station, is conceived, from the discovery of several sepulchral monuments, to have been the Roman cemetery. It is a spot well suited to the quiet and sanctity of death, the west wind sighing through the grove that overshadows it, and the river flowing round the base of the hill towards the most beautiful of its many fine curving sweeps, might sound to the fanciful ear like an everlastingly murmured dirge for the repose of the departed who rest there.

At Walwick Chesters, many fine pieces of sculpture and architectural fragments are preserved, together with a dedicatory inscription of the soldiers of the second wing of the Astures, which appears to have been appended to a temple. This having fallen to decay, was restored by command of Marius Valerianus, under the superintendence of Septimus Nilus, Prefect. This stone has the peculiar interest of having furnished the key by which the succession of stations became identified by collation with the Notitia.

On the summit of Warden Hill, sometimes called Castle Hill, to the south of the Chesters, and near the confluence of the North and South Tyne, there is a circular camp, which comprehends an area of about two acres. The circular form indicates a British stronghold, but it may have been appropriated by the Romans as a look-out post, as it overlooks the country surrounding the station and bridge to a considerable distance. This elevation commands a fine view of the vale of the South Tyne, on whose southern bank the venerable towers of Hexham are conspicuous. Following the works over the hill of Tower Tay, from the summit of which an extensive prospect is obtained, including the groves of Nunwick, and, on the other bank of the North Tyne, Chipchase Castle, the ancient stronghold of the Herons, a bold undulation of hilly country is bounded by the grey peaks of the Cheviot Hills. Near Tower Tay are the remains of a Mile Castle. Here the fosse of the wall and the vallum are hewn out of the solid basalt rock.

The next station, being the seventh, on the Roman line, is Carraw, the Roman Procolita. It was garrisoned by the first Batavian cohort—that which fought with Agricola against Galgacus, in the great battle of the Grampian Hills. A mutilated stone, bearing the word BATAVORUM, was found among its *débris*. This station is a mere heap of shattered ruins. Leaving Carraw, we have before us a succession of four mountainous ridges which face the north in crests of perpendicular crags, some higher than others, and forming a mass of basalt that crosses the country in a rugged line bearing north by east to the sea at Holy Island. The wall rises boldly as we approach the central portion of the barrier, which, in harmony with the scenery, pursues a more determined course, and presents itself in more imposing masses. Where the wall tops the crown of the crag, the north fosse disappears, and the vallum follows the course of the wall at the bases of the hills. Those inaccessible precipices offer to the north a barrier to which the wall cannot have added strength, and it must have been carried over them chiefly to shelter the guards and sentinels against the bitter northern blast.

On the side of the hill at Sewingshields are the remains of a Mile Castle. From this height, looking northward, a dreary stretch of waste and moss land extends from the base of the crag as far as the eye can reach, while, on the south, the view is rich and extensive, Hexham being clearly visible, nestled in an inflexion of the woody banks of the Tyne. Northward of the crag, there stood a border tower, called Sewingshields Castle, but not a stone remains. It is said to have suggested the idea of Scott's "Castle of Seven Shields." A buried treasure, it was believed, lay concealed within its walls.

Seven monarchs' wealth in that castle lies stow'd,
The foul fiends brood o'er them like raven and toad.
Whoever shall guesten these chambers within,
From curfew till matins, that treasure shall win.

But as there is no longer a chamber to "guesten" within, the adventure is nought, and the prophecy fulfilled.

The waste ridge of Cheviot shall wave with the rye,
Before the rude Scots shall Northumberland fly,
And the flint cliffs of Bambro' shall melt in the sun,
Before that adventure be peril'd and won.

Among some traditions told by the people hereabout, I select one communicated to Dr. Bruce by Mr. Adam Cranston, Master of Grindon School, relative to an odd plan practised by the Scots of angling for Romans. "The Romans are said to have been remarkably lazy, so much so, that in the hot weather of summer, having almost nothing to do, they lay basking in the sun, on the south side of the wall, almost in a state of torpor. The Scots were in the habit of watching their opportunity, and, throwing hooks with lines attached to them, over the wall, caught the poor Romans by their clothes or flesh, and by this means dragging them to the other side, made them prisoners."

In some of the local traditions, King Arthur and Queen Guenevra are the hero and heroine. A column of basalt in the neighbouring crag is called King Arthur's Chair.

Beyond Sewingshields is a gap in the crag,

called the Cat Gate, which may have been used by the Romans as a sally-port, when they made a foray on the Scots. Next comes Busy Gap, where the wall, being more upon the level, is greatly exposed, and a provision has been made for increasing its strength by the projection of a triangular rampart to the north. Busy Gap was notorious of yore as the chief resort of border reivers and mosstroopers. To this place of ill repute Camden refers, as "a place infamous for thieving and robbing," and says, "I could not with safety take the full survey of it (the wall) in this neighbourhood, for the rank robbers thereabout." In Newcastle, formerly, to call a brother burgess "a Busy Gap rogue," was a matter liable to the censure of a guild, as is attested by an entry in the books of the Company of Bakers and Brewers of Newcastle-on-Tyne. A custom still kept up in Newcastle is significant of the terms which the townsmen held with those of the more immediate border. At eight o'clock on the eve of the day for holding the annual horse and cattle fair, the great bell of St. Nicholas is tolled.* This is called "the thief and reiver bell." At the close of the fair the bell is again tolled. This custom was formerly intended to intimate a kind of armistice, by virtue of which the Bordermen were to consider themselves free to come and go, unquestioned and scatheless, during the interval between the tollings of the bell.

The next Mile Castle is situated opposite to a farm-house called the Kennel. Hodgson describes it as having, when it came under his notice in 1832, an interior wall on every side, and conjectures that the central area had not been roofed over, but only the space between the double walls. Something similar is observable in the imputed Celtic building of Chun Castle in Cornwall, and the Norman keep of Coningsburgh Castle in Yorkshire, the space between the double walls being reserved probably for dormitories and that in the centre for cooking, eating, and in-door recreation. Housesteads, the Roman Borcovicus, is allowed to be the finest position upon the Roman line. The impulsive Stukeley terms it the Tadmor of Britain; Dr. Bruce, with greater propriety, the British Pompeii. When Stukeley saw this station, the very disorder of its ruins may have had its effect on the imagination; but now, the progress of excavation has created a more intelligible interest in the light thus thrown upon its order and details. The inscriptions, altars, statues, and fragments of sculpture, which raised the admiration of former visitors, are now to be sought for in the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle, but the gates, streets, and divisions of the station, so far as the excavations have reached, present a series of details calculated to excite the most lively interest. The four gates of the station have been cleared. They are double, so that the station is only accessible by passing through two lines of defence. The gateways have been closed by heavy two-leaved gates. The jambs and pillars of all the gateways are composed of large and massive stones of rustic masonry, the central pillar, taken at the second course of masonry, measuring six feet square. Between each portal is a large stone on which the gates have closed. On either side are guard-rooms, nearly perfect, with the exception of the roof. At the south gateway and outside the wall of the station there is a building, concerning which H—— and I had some discussion, my notion being that it was the bakery of the station; and while I was trying to prove this, a shrewd looking labourer, who was poking about some *débris* at hand, observed, "If you'll excuse me, gentlemen, its nowther the one thing nor the 'tother of what ye're talkin' aboot."

"Indeed!" I asked, "And pray what may it be?"

"It was just Johnny Armstrang's malt-kiln," was the reply of this second Ochiltree.

A little upwards of a century ago Housesteads was possessed by a family of the name of Armstrong, descendants of the famous Johnny, who sold it and the adjacent land for the sum of fifty-eight pounds. The farm now lets at the rate of three hundred pounds of annual rent.

At this suggestion of our new acquaintance, we were induced to view this building with a medieval, rather than a Roman eye, and it became evident that the subject of our inquiry had been no other than the Peele of some reiving Armstrong, consisting of a basement, wherein his cattle were housed, and over this a tower in which he had his abode, and, behind, a kiln in which he dried his corn: for in the days of Border strife, when one man sowed and another reaped, it was not always expedient to leave a crop till it should mature into full ripeness. The compactness with which the streets and houses are packed within the walls of the station indicates the necessity of housing a large body of men in as limited a compass as possible. The houses are very small and the streets exceedingly narrow. One street led from the north to the south gate, which appears to have been crossed by another from the east to the west gate, the centre being marked by a large square column. Traces of more spacious buildings appear in the northern quarter of the station, one of which measures seventy feet in length and eight feet in breadth. This has been, apparently, a chamber for the transaction of public affairs. Two hypocausts have been found within the walls, and one outside the station, by the Knag Burn, a stream which runs to the eastward; in the latter the flues were found to be full of soot. The station of Housesteads includes an area of nearly five acres. The suburbs have been very extensive. A little to the south, extending westwards, the hill-side has been scarped in flights of terraces similar to the hanging vineyards seen in Italy and on the steep sides of Lebanon. A stone-cased well of Roman masonry lies a little to the west of the station, but none has been discovered within its walls. In the Notitia, Borcovicus is the station of the *Cohors Prima Tungorum*. Inscriptions having reference to this cohort have been found in the station.

J. W. Archer.

* The great bell of St. Nicholas still performs one or two other old-fashioned functions. It still tolls the curfew, which, in my recollection, was the signal for a general closing of shops. "The great bell of St Nicholas Church," says Braud, "is tolled at twelve o'clock at noon on this day (Shrove Tuesday), shops are immediately shut up, offices closed, and all kinds of business ceases, a sort of little carnival ensuing for the remaining part of the day." This is called the pancake bell. I believe it is still rung, but the closing of shops has long been discontinued.

THE SILVER CORD.

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS.

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

When Mr. Berry left Mrs. Hawkesley, after the interview in which he had made his strange revelation, he went over to Canonbury Square, and sent in his name to her father.

Archibald Vernon was in his favourite position, on a sofa drawn so comfortably near the window as that the light fell full upon his newspaper, while the curtain shaded him from the glare. He was, of course, in a morning robe and slippers, and the air from the opened sash played pleasantly with his soft white hair—once or twice he had permitted himself the fancy that he was somewhat in a draught, but having deliberately balanced the comparative inconvenience of moving, and that of enduring the slight breeze, he had decided in favour of bearing the latter until some one else should come in and close the window for him. And he was deep in the long-winded sentences of a President's Message.

Mr. Berry followed close upon the servant, and Mr. Vernon, though rather vexed at being interrupted so soon after breakfast, rose to receive him with the courtesy habitual to the man whom the world had used so ill.

"It is some years since we met, Mr. Vernon," said Berry, "but I need not recall myself to your recollection."

"My sojourn in Lipthwaite," replied Mr. Vernon, smiling, "was so pleasant in many respects, that I am not likely to forget a Lipthwaite friend. Pray sit down."

And being on his feet, Mr. Vernon availed himself of the opportunity of closing the window.

"Have you read the Message?" he asked, pointing to the "Times." "It is singularly interesting."

"What message?" replied Mr. Berry. "Some telegraph?"

"The President's Message. We have been expecting it most anxiously for some days."

"Not I. I really forget who is President, and I am sure I did not know that he was going to issue a message. I suppose that it is all moonshine and verbiage, as usual?"

"I see you retain your old Tory notions, Mr. Berry," said Mr. Vernon. "We used to battle over them in Lipthwaite, you will remember. Do you recollect contending that the barren platitudes we call a speech from the throne were better than the well-reasoned and eloquent essay which a republican president addresses to the people?"

"I dare say that I did. I know that I should take the same side, if I cared enough about politics to discuss such matters now."

"Now, my dear sir? Why, politics now have a commanding interest, a grand importance which they have never had before. Every event has its significance, and all events are tending to bring on a great and mighty change, a regeneration of mankind."

"Mankind wants regenerating, badly enough, but I don't suppose it will be done by Presidents' Messages and newspaper gabble. However, if such things amuse you, you are right enough to look after them. I shall not interrupt your studies very long, but I shall be glad of a little conversation with you."

"Nothing disagreeable, I hope," said Mr. Vernon, with sincerity, and looking keenly at Mr. Berry.

"We are both of us too old to be afraid of disagreeable subjects," said Berry, who was in no mood to make allowances for the selfishness of his companion.

"The less time we have before us, the more pleasantly we should try to occupy it," said the other. "That is one of the pieces of wisdom which my white hairs have taught me. But, of course, if you feel that there is anything I ought to hear—though I would much rather it were put into writing—"

"I have been a lawyer, Mr. Vernon, and we write when we do not mean to come to the point. I shall not detain you long, and I cannot write what I wish to say."

With a wistful look at the paper, which Mr. Vernon knew would be called for in less than an hour, he begged Mr. Berry to proceed.

"I shall make no apologies to you, Mr. Vernon," said Berry, "for bringing a painful subject before you, for I am certain that as a father you will feel that none are needed."

"Painful," and "a father." The first word was a good deal stronger than "disagreeable," and the second called up a still more unpleasant train of recollections in the mind of Mr. Vernon. How he wished that he had gone out for the walk which he had always intended to take after his breakfast. But there he was, and there was no escape for him.

"None of my children ill?" he said.

"I suppose that, if so, it would hardly have been left to me to inform you."

"Nay, I did not know. Canonbury is a good way from my daughter Beatrice's, and Laura is still, I suppose, in some part of France. To tell you the truth, I do not see either of them quite so often as when we were all at Hermit Hut. But I am glad to hear you say that nothing is the matter."

"I said nothing of the kind, Mr. Vernon," said Berry, whose manner, formerly so genial, had become incisive and unpleasant. "Ill-health is not the worst thing that can come upon us."

"In my mind, the very worst, except perhaps poverty. I hope that, as a professional man, you do not come to tell me of any pecuniary misfortune."

And Archibald Vernon thought, uncomfortably, of the regularly paid rent for his very comfortable board and lodging, and that a quarter would be due in a short time.

"No, sir. But I come to tell you of something that should affect you more than either of the misfortunes which you have mentioned. When I have told you, I shall leave it to you to act as you may think your duty dictates."

"To act" was another phrase that grated upon Vernon's organisation, but he had sufficient reliance upon his own powers of self-conviction to assure himself that it must indeed be a powerful cause that should drive him to any action more distasteful than writing a letter, or perhaps entering a series of protests in his private diary. So he listened with the composure which we feel when we have our destiny in our own hands.

It must be allowed that the tone of his companion was not one calculated to overcome the passive resistance of Mr. Vernon.

"You are a thinking man, Mr. Vernon," said Berry, almost sneeringly, "and, therefore, I address myself to your head, and not to your heart."

The speech was abrupt and offensive, and Vernon felt it, and said with some dignity:

"You will deliver your business in your own way, Mr. Berry. I trust that it may be less disagreeable than the manner in which you seem inclined to open it."

"I dare say that it will excuse any defect in manner, sir. I am too old to be very fastidious, and you are not, I take it, much my junior."

"I am unaware that we are ever too old to be courteous, Mr. Berry."

Mr. Berry looked at him for a moment, and might have intended to make a more harsh reply. But, after a pause, he said:

"Mr. Vernon, when you were in Lipthwaite, I had some opportunity of observing the mode in which you educated your children. I have a perfect recollection of having more than once made you aware that I did not think your system—if it deserved the name—was a proper one, or that it would be attended with happy results. I recollect, also, that though you were always prepared to debate the affairs of Europe, or of Madagascar, or any other place, with the utmost fulness, you showed a touchy impatience at hearing a word upon matters that really concerned you. On one occasion, the last, you met me with an answer that prevented my ever alluding to the topic again."

"It is years ago, Mr. Berry, and I do not remember the circumstance, but it was not unna-

tural that I should decline the advice of a gentleman who had no kind of right to offer it."

"I will not say that I had no kind of right, sir, for it happened that, at the time, I filled a public office in our town, and certain matters came under my knowledge, partly because of my filling that situation. But I used my own judgment, and I decided that I was not warranted in saying more to you than one acquaintance might say, in private friendship, to another. It might have been better had I been less scrupulous, but that consideration is now beside the question. Let me go on to say that subsequent circumstances seemed to show that you had been more fortunate than I thought you deserved to be. Each of your daughters married, and married well, and appeared to lead a happy life. There was, therefore, no more to be said."

Mr. Vernon made no reply.

"I heartily wish," continued Berry, "that it had never been my fortune to bear again of any of the ladies, except that they continued to be good wives to the husbands whom they had been so fortunate as to secure."

"Mr. Berry," said Vernon, reddening, "I do not sit here to listen to anything implying that any husband whom a daughter of mine could marry was not at least as much honoured in the marriage as she could be."

"Those words and that look, Mr. Vernon, would well become a father who had fulfilled his duties to his children, instead of bringing them up with no care except what a day-school could afford, but from you they are simply vain and arrogant. Hear me out, sir. The politics of Europe, and of America," he added with a glance at the paper, "have engrossed your attention so much, that you have not had enough time for so unimportant a question as the position of your own children. A stranger, therefore, has to call upon you, and inform you that of the three children whom you brought up so well, and whose alliance did so much honour to their husbands, one has disgraced her husband, and has fled from France to England to avoid his vengeance, and another has abandoned her home, and fled to Paris, and, as her husband has reason to believe, for the same cause that drove away her sister."

Archibald Vernon, who, at the outset of this brutal speech, had gazed fiercely at Berry, and seemed but to await its close in order to lay a violent hand upon him, turned suddenly pale as the last sentences were uttered, bowed his head into his hands, and broke into weeping.

Mr. Berry looked on with a cold eye.

"I have seen a good deal of suffering in my time," he said in an under-voice, and as he walked to the other end of the room, "but I never noticed that a man who cried suffered long."

And he compared his watch with the clock upon the mantelpiece.

"You have no doubt as to what you are telling me, I am sure," said Mr. Vernon, raising his head, and speaking in a voice of distress.

"I wish for their sakes, and for that of their sister, that I had any doubt," said Berry, from the hearthrug.

"But—but," said Archibald Vernon, rising, and approaching him, "you have not mentioned a name. Which—which—is it Mrs. Urquhart?" he added, in a troubled whisper.

"Mrs. Hawkesley is in her house, and doing her duty," was Barry's indirect reply.

It were harsh to say that a ray of comfort shot through the mind of the father at this assurance—yet it was Beatrice who had the charge and care of his welfare, and it was to her that he turned in any of his small and self-made troubles—let it be said only that the news that his eldest child had gone would have grieved him more deeply than the fate of the others.

"And such is destiny," said Vernon, placing his handkerchief to his eyes, and returning to the couch, on which he threw himself in a despairing manner.

"Destiny!" repeated Berry, again glancing at his watch.

"I have nothing to reproach myself with, Mr. Berry," said Vernon, rising again after some minutes, during which his companion watched him calmly, and without a single word or sign of sympathy. "I repeat that I have nothing to reproach myself with. I acted upon my own conviction that I was pursuing a right course, and if circumstances over which I have had no control have brought grief and sorrow, I can only mourn, but I have no right to condemn the system on which I proceeded. Still, it is sad—most sad."

And again he covered his eyes with his hands.

"I will give him a quarter of an hour," said Berry, "to convince himself that all is well."

"Yes, Berry," said Mr. Vernon, in a melancholy tone, "I am cut to the very soul, but I will not be untrue to my principles. Poor girls, poor girls. The fault is not with me. I am not responsible—deeply, profoundly as I feel the grief. You have differed from me, Berry, as to the mode in which children should be educated, but you will do me the justice to own that I adhered sedulously and conscientiously to my system. I held, and I hold still, that the heart of a child is the flower-garden which it is not for man to lay out according to his own presumptuous fancies—"

"But he should leave it to the devil to sow tares in," said Berry, roughly.

"The devil," said Vernon, raising his hand in deprecation of its being supposed that he believed in such a being, though he was then in too much distress to argue the question. "We have thought differently, my dear Berry, and your views now seem to be triumphant. Poor Laura, poor Bertha!"

"He is comforting, fast," muttered Berry.

"I have not been to blame, I solemnly declare," said Archibald Vernon. "I have sacrificed myself, indeed, and my opportunities, for my children. It was in compliance with the will of narrow-minded relatives, who meant, I am sure for the best, but who were bigoted beyond description, that I buried myself for years in Lipthwaite, where my talents were unavailable, and I could take no part in the great questions of the day. I went further, and if there be any blame attaching to me, it is in this, that I yielded to the will of those relatives, and for the sake of the comforts which their money gave to my dear ones, I per-

mitted them to go to the school in your town. I might have done better to have kept them at home. Yet I am conscious that if I yielded, it was for their sakes, and that I never compromised my own belief that it is not for us to seek to form the natures and characters of one another. Had they not, dear things, gone to that school, they might have been saved from this grief and evil."

And amid all his feeble folly, Vernon unwittingly spoke the truth in these last words.

"He is consoled," said Berry, once more looking at his watch. "And it is under the time. So much for tears."

"You bear this heavy blow well and manfully," said Mr. Berry, "and I was right in saying that I would appeal to your head, not your heart."

But either the tone, or some instinct of nature, made this speech unpleasing to Mr. Vernon, and he turned away in silence.

"I will waste little time on him," said Mr. Berry, contemptuously.

He read the man, but it was in the coarse way, that takes no account of the foot-notes and marginal readings. Those who, early in our story, learned to know Vernon better, will perhaps have fuller knowledge of him. But that weak and superficial nature (inherited by his second child, Bertha, but in her case made painfully frivolous by the want of intellect, and made actively selfish by a feebler organisation than his own) was of the class which beyond most others excites the scorn and hate of a busy, practical mind. Judge Vernon by what we know of him, but do not judge Berry for knowing less.

"I have broken the news abruptly to you, Mr. Vernon," he said, "for with such a story in one's mouth, it is difficult to frame one's lips to delicate language, and when one speaks to a man of resolution and character, the sooner one's news is broken the better. But I beg your pardon if I have been hasty, and I will only say that if you knew what cause of sorrow I have in my own household, you would not be angry that I have few words to spare for the troubles of others."

Mr. Vernon had waved his hand slightly as Mr. Berry began, but, as he concluded, Vernon came up to him, and placed his hand in Berry's.

"You, too, are in affliction?"

"I have left a wife who is, I believe, dying."

"Ah, my friend," said Vernon, "I, too, have known that sorrow. But it came to me when such blows are bitterer."

"I do not wish to speak of my own grief," said Mr. Berry, "but you will remember it when you recall this conversation. But to return to your own family affairs."

"I have heard enough for one sad day," said Vernon, seating himself, with one hand on the end of the couch, and with his handkerchief shading his eyes.

"But you must hear me out, Mr. Vernon," replied Berry, "for it is not probable that we shall meet again, and I have something to add."

"You have no new sorrow to tell me—surely I have nothing to hear that will add to my sufferings?"

"You have asked me for no details, Mr. Vernon."

"Nay, spare me those. I could not bear them. It is enough to know the terrible truth."

"But you have imperfectly listened to what I said, or you would have been eagerly questioning me. I said that in the case of one unhappy person, there was—there were circumstances that would make any action on your part, or that of the family, worse than useless. But in the case of your youngest child you could not have heard me say that there is only a belief that she has forgotten her duty."

"Did you say that? I was so stunned by the first intelligence that I did not catch your words. Pray—pray explain."

"Without going into needless detail, accept this as a fact. Mrs. Lygon fled from her home, but it was partly to obtain the possession of certain letters, of which a dreadful use has been made. Mr. Hawkesley and Mr. Lygon are also in Paris, and they are endeavouring to get at those letters. If they or Mrs. Lygon obtain them, the first impulse will be to destroy them with all their foulness and treachery. If that be done, your child's happiness is gone. Will you believe this from me?"

"Unquestionably. I have known you long and as a man of honour."

"You believe this without asking more questions?"

"Fully."

"And you love your child?"

"Love my own Laura!"

"And you have influence with her?'

"As much as a loving father can have. My youngest child, and perhaps my favourite, though dear Beatrice—"

"You have influence with Mrs. Lygon—pardon my abruptness."

"I have indeed, I hope."

"Then do not lose an hour, but go over to Paris as fast as possible, and see her, Lygon, and Hawkesley, and impress upon them with all the force in your possession that they must bring those letters to England. Do not wait to understand why—you will understand that too well when all is explained, but go at once—go by to-night's train, and help to save your child."

"By to-night's train!" repeated Mr. Vernon, aghast.

"Yes, for a train lost may lose the object, and you will then repent the delay to the last hour of your life."

"I am in no state to travel," said Mr. Vernon, dropping each hand by his side, and looking exceedingly wretched. "Night travelling too. Besides," he added, instinctively feeling that he needed some other justification, "I must see my daughter, Mrs. Hawkesley. I must consult and deliberate with her, and ascertain her convictions as to the propriety of this course."

"I come direct from her, and she begs and implores that you will hurry off to Paris."

This was said so emphatically, that Mr. Vernon received the announcement in helpless dismay.

"But Paris," he stammered, "that is a wide direction—"

"The exact directions are written down on this paper."

"This is most extraordinary. I really feel that I must have time for reflection."

"You have said that you fully believe all I have told you, and that you have influence with Mrs. Lygon, and your daughter Beatrice urgently entreats you to go—you speak of self-sacrifice for the sake of your children, and I am sure that you will not hesitate when you see what vital interests are concerned."

"I would do anything—that is—anything that is reasonable"—said the now thoroughly unhappy Vernon. "But surely a letter—if I were to write to her—it would arrive at the same time, and it would be kinder to her, and more delicate. It would be painful to her to meet her father's eye under the circumstances, and clearly it seems to me that a strong letter—I will write it immediately—"

"It would not reach her, and all will be lost. You, on the contrary, will be with her in a few hours."

"If there were no other difficulty," said Mr. Vernon, "and I see many objections which must be removed before I admit that there is no other, the journey is a long one, and it so happens that—"

"There are twenty pounds, in sovereigns," said Mr. Berry, placing a packet on the sofa beside Mr. Vernon. "You have only to call at this address for a pass, which will be given as a matter of course, and you have nearly all the day before you."

"But my preparations," said Vernon feebly, for he felt heartily ashamed of his attitude of resistance, and yet could by no means bring his mind to the idea that in a few hours from that time he should, of his own will, order a conveyance, and depart for France.

"Preparations—for a night's journey? Take nothing, and get what you want in Paris. The train leaves London Bridge—there, I have written down the exact hour for you. I will say no more. If you go, you may save your daughter—if you do not, believe that it is destiny that has destroyed her, and see what kind of comfort that thought will be upon your death-bed. Do something to atone for the system of neglect that has brought about such misery."

He went out as he spoke. And he had better have left the last words unspoken. For Archibald Vernon was ever one of those who think more of words than things, and who think last words of more significance than the first.

Vernon echoed that last sentence, and pondered upon it, and the longer he did so the more comfort it brought him in his present trouble. Not for the trouble, not the sorrow that the tidings of Berry had caused—for those he had an ample recognition, and they were to be considered and deplored in due course—but his own immediate exigency now demanded all his thought. Before Berry had left, Mr. Vernon had fully resolved that he would write, at all events, before thinking of moving—but how to justify this to himself? He had nearly succeeded, by dint of the hundred objections to action which ever spring to the aid of one who seeks them—when the charge of Beatrice, the direct, urgent charge of the daughter who chiefly ministered to his own comforts came upon him, and he had almost yielded to the belief that he should depart on the errand.

But Berry's last words came to save him.

"'Atone for the system of neglect that has brought about such misery,'" he repeated once more. "How dares he, how dares any man speak thus of the convictions of another? This man, of all, whose whole life has been given to the coarse and selfish prosecution of a pursuit for which there would actually be no place at all, were society what it should be. First, a hard and greedy lawyer, and then, when I knew him, the puppet-official of a miserable borough, a man who blustered at the poor, and fawned upon the rich, and made his gain by it, building himself a house, and buying the land of some client whom he had oppressed into selling it. That man dares to come to me, and in my own room to tell me that my system has brought my children to wrong. And am I to bow to his bidding, and hurry to Paris as if I were his clerk? No. I will not stoop to that humiliation; and dear Beatrice, though she may be angry at first, will own that I was right to vindicate myself. This money is, of course, hers, and I will return it the first time I can get over to Maida Hill. But I will write to Laura—and to make sure that she receives the letter, I will send a copy to Charles and to Arthur. That will be the most prompt and secure method of acting. Dear Beatrice wishes me to go, but her busy mind has not had time to comprehend the delicacy of Laura's position. Beatrice does not, at the moment, see how painful it would be for Laura to meet my eye, but will feel this when I explain the reasons for my course. I will go over to her the first thing to-morrow—or rather, I will write and tell her what I have done, and ask her to come to me, and take away her money. That is clearly my course, and I regret that Berry left the house before I had time to announce to him what it should be. I will, however, write to him also, in a few days, perhaps when I receive a reply from Paris. A coarse, greedy, ignorant man—yet useful enough in his way, I doubt not. Poor Bertha, poor dear child. I should like to hear her own story of her life. When the fitting time comes, I will ask her to send it me—that vulgar lawyer has but one word for every shade of error, and who is he that he should judge a gentle, sensitive woman?"

Many more reflections of this kind occupied Archibald Vernon. Did he deceive himself, or did he endeavour to do so? One would not decide. But as the letters for France could not depart till the evening, a reader will scarcely be surprised at hearing that, after a sigh for the sad things that had come upon his family, Mr. Vernon read to the end of the American Message, or that the letters required too much consideration to be dispatched that day. What the father had been in his youth, he proved in his age.

Mr. Berry had no further business in London, and yet he seemed in no haste to leave it. He chose to walk from Canonbury to the city, although a young walker must have stepped out

well to save the next train for Lipthwaite, and although there was not another until late in the day. Yet we have heard what he told Mrs. Hawkesley of one whom he had left at home—we have heard him repeat to Vernon that a dying wife lay there, and he had spoken the truth.

He went through the formality of entering the station, and of looking at the clock and time-bills, and seeing that he had missed the train. He then took careful note of the next departure, and went out. And the old man turned back into the old city, and wandered aimlessly through the narrow and quaintly-named streets and lanes, sometimes standing still with no apparent object, sometimes watching the sturdy labourers, as they loaded or unloaded carts, and sometimes following with his eye the slow ascent of huge sacks to the hooded doors of the warehouses—but Mr. Berry could have given but poor account why he had stood still, or what he had seen. But he wandered on, and twice crossed the river, by different bridges, and lingered so long upon the lonely arches of one of these that he became an object of interest to an officer on duty, who watched him so sedulously that even Berry himself became aware that he was dogged.

"You seem to know me," he said at last to the policeman.

"Well, no, sir," said the officer, whose shrewdness told him that the stranger was eminently respectable up to that moment, whatever might be his views for the future; "but don't you find it rather hot, walking about here so long together?"

"It is hot, is it?" said Mr. Berry.

"I would not walk here, if I had no call to it," replied the officer.

"Ah! if you had no call to it," repeated Mr. Berry, mechanically. "Well, perhaps I have no call to it."

"Then I would get in the shade, off the bridge, sir."

"In the shade, off the bridge. I dare say that you are quite right. When *you* come off the bridge here is something to help to cool you."

He put a shilling into the hand of the man, and walked away, but the present, though not unaccepted, did not prevent the officer from following pretty closely, as if to be ready should the suspected man take his advice, and suddenly place himself in the shade and off the bridge by a spring from the parapet. Once through the gate, and Berry's life would be in charge of some other initial and number.

But Mr. Berry had no such thought as that which entered the mind of the officer, and he returned to Lipthwaite by the afternoon train.

Every one about the station knew him, and he imagined that more than one person who would, ordinarily, have addressed, or at least recognised him, seemed to keep out of his way. This idea took stronger possession of him when, in a street leading to the station, a gentleman with whom he was rather intimate crossed over, and thus avoided speech, although saluting Berry as they passed.

"It has happened," he said, "and they don't want to tell me."

He walked out less rapidly in the direction of his house, with that strange sensation which we experience when making our way to a scene in which we are to meet a new expression on every face around us.

At the gate of his house was the carriage of the medical man who was in attendance on Mrs. Berry.

"Is he still here? I am too late—and too soon."

But as he opened the gate, the doctor came from the house, and shook hands with him.

"Well, we are low, but not more so than yesterday," said the medical man, in answer to Berry's look. "There is great persistency, great persistency."

Mr. Berry did not ask for an explanation of the word, but manifested evident relief.

"I had feared to hear a worse account," he said. "My visit to town was on the most urgent business, as you may imagine."

"Certainly, certainly. And this kind of thing may continue a long time, and yet may be abruptly terminated. There is no new symptom to-day. But I want to say a word to you," he added, they being within hearing of his servant. "Just take a turn with me in the shrubbery. She is sleeping now, so that you could not go up. Just a word."

CHAPTER LXXXVII.

The boat from Boulogne to Folkstone was loosed from her moorings, and was beginning her way between the piers of the harbour.

Laura was on board.

She had gone down into the cabin, from an instinct that made her avoid heedless observation, rather than with any view of concealment, and she designed to come on deck again as soon as the vessel should be well on her course. In her hand, from which it never seemed to part, was a large packet, carefully sealed, and directed, to provide against any possible accident, with the address of Mr. Hawkesley. But the care which Mrs. Lygon bestowed upon her charge seemed to render it in the highest degree improbable that it would escape from her keeping.

To the surprise of the few passengers below, the vessel suddenly slackened speed, which it did not resume.

Three or four hurried on deck, to ascertain the cause of the delay, but Mrs. Lygon remained below, almost alone.

She quietly waited the resumption of the voyage, attributing the delay to some casual obstruction, when the steward entered the cabin, and spoke to the only two persons who were in it, besides Mrs. Lygon. They looked a little surprised, but with much docility obeyed the man's invitation to come out with him.

Laura was alone. The next moment there entered a tall gentleman in plain clothes, who advanced towards her, raised his hat, and in English, but with a slight accent, begged to know whether he had the honour of addressing Mrs. Lygon.

Somewhat tremulously, Laura replied in the affirmative.

"In that case, I have also the honour of bearing a message to Mrs. Lygon."

He handed to her a telegraphic dispatch. It was from Charles Hawkesley. And it said,

"*Have no hesitation in handing to the bearer what he will ask from you. It is absolutely necessary. Fear nothing.*"

"Does the message explain itself, Madame?"

"I know the name of Mr. Hawkesley," replied Laura.

"He instructs me to ask you for a packet. By the description in the message to myself"—and he produced another paper—"I should judge that the packet beside Madame is the one in question."

Laura's treasure—her sheet anchor—her last hope! No. She steadily refused compliance, and the stranger, with slight attempt to change her resolve, bowed and departed. On went the vessel, and Laura held her treasure fast when she wistfully gazed on the white cliffs of England.

(*To be continued.*)

THE WORTHIES OF TWICKENHAM.

We know of no place in the United Kingdom, the metropolis excepted, in which there have resided such a number of distinguished persons as Twickenham. We can trace amongst its former inhabitants statesmen, poets, philosophers, painters, authors, ecclesiastics, military and naval men, as well as many women of historical eminence. In the lapse of years it would become difficult to point out the residences and characteristics of these Twickenham worthies, and therefore it is thought that short notices of them would not be found uninteresting as a literary record. It should be stated that Whitton, being a hamlet of Twickenham, such celebrated persons as have resided in that place will be included in the list now about to be given.

Let us begin with Pope and his villa, of which now, alas! but little is left. Here Pope resided with his father and mother about the year 1715. His garden, lawns, and pleasure-grounds consisted of five acres. Horace Walpole tells us in one of his letters that this space Pope twisted, and twirled, and rhymed, and harmonised till it appeared two or three sweet little lawns opening and showing beyond one another, and the whole surrounded with thick impenetrable woods. Here was his grotto, his willow, and the beauteous Thames, on which Pope delighted to be *punted* on fine days. At Pope's death, his villa and grounds were sold to Sir William Stanhope, who hacked and hewed the trees, added to and spoilt the house, and desecrated the whole place. His friend, Lord Nugent, wrote the following sycophantic lines to him on what he called his *improvements* of Pope's grounds:

> And fancy now displays a fairer scope,
> And Stanhope's plans unfold the soul of Pope.

Should we not rather read—

> And Stanhope's wealth destroys the taste of Pope?

Not far from Pope's villa was the lath-and-plaster house built by Horace Walpole in a charming situation, which he called Strawberry Hill. He himself has sufficiently described it in his letters, with its outside appearance and its internal decorations. Here was his printing-press, and here he wrote those letters which will be read probably as long as the English language lasts. At the end of a verdant meadow Walpole purchased a comparatively small house, in which the celebrated Kitty Clive, the actress, resided. He would trip across that field accompanied by his pet spaniel, in order to enjoy the society of that fascinating woman. At his death he left the house to the two beautiful sisters, the Misses Berry, who may be reckoned amongst the Twickenham worthies.

Near to Pope's villa was the residence of Thomas Hudson, an eminent portrait painter, and who married the daughter of Richardson, the painter. Hudson had for his pupils Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Mortimer, Wright of Derby, and many other celebrated painters, who first studied under him.

The extravagant Philip Duke of Wharton, whom Pope satirised as "the scorn and wonder of the age," had a house at Twickenham, pulled down a few years ago. A solitary cedar marks the spot, with a pond near it. A life of him, with his poems, speeches, and letters, was published in two volumes, after his death. He died in 1731, in a convent at Tarragona in Spain.

Lady Mary Wortley Montague lived in a house on the left-hand side of the road leading to Twickenham Common; it may still be known by two finely-carved stone vases on each side of the gateway. At one time she lived on terms of great intimacy and friendship with Pope; but they quarrelled, and hated each other cordially for the rest of their lives. She died in 1762. She deserves the gratitude of her country for having introduced inoculation into it.

That charming actress, Mrs. Pritchard, resided at a small house near the Thames, called Ragman's Castle, and so called from its having been an alehouse and the great resort of beggars. She enlarged it considerably. At her death, in 1758, it became the residence of George Hardinge, Esq., who had been Attorney-General to Queen Charlotte, and afterwards a Welsh judge. Mr. Justice Hardinge was a man of learning, a good lawyer, and of infinite pleasantry and wit. He wrote a series of letters to Burke on his impeachment of Hastings, and many other works. He was the father of that brave Captain Hardinge who lost his life and his ship in fighting an American frigate of far superior force. Mr. Justice Hardinge died in 1816, and his speeches at the bar and in the House of Commons, with his miscellaneous works, and a life of him, have been collected and published.

Close to Ragman's Castle is that fine villa now called Orleans House, from the late King of the French, Louis Philippe, having lived in it when Duke of Orleans. It was built in the reign of Queen Anne by Mr. Secretary Johnstone,* a man whom Pope satirised most bitterly. At his death it was purchased by George Pitt, Esq., better known by the name of Diamond Pitt. It is now the residence of the Duke d'Aumale. This reminds us of the following anecdote. When Louis Philippe was staying at the Star and Garter, Richmond, he walked one day by himself to Twickenham for the purpose, as he said, of seeing

* See Once a Week, vol. iii. p. 110.

some of the old tradesmen who had served him when he resided there. As he passed along that place a man met him, pulled off his hat, and hoped His Royal Highness was well.

"What's your name?" inquired the ex-king. He was told it. "I do not recollect it," said the king. "What were you when I lived here?"

"Please your Royal Highness," replied the man, "*I kept the Crown*," an ale-house close to the entrance of Orleans House.

"Did you?" said Louis Philippe. "Why, my good fellow, you did what I was unable to do."

In the upper part of Twickenham, towards Isleworth, there was a very ancient mansion, formerly the residence of Dr. Corbet, Bishop of Norwich in 1635. Adjoining is a house in which lived Sir Richard Perrin, one of the Barons of the Court of Exchequer, and close to it another in which the Duke of Montrose lived in 1797.

We now approach the hamlet of Whitton. In a conspicuous situation is Kneller Hall, built by and the residence of the celebrated portrait painter, Sir Godfrey Kneller. It is said that he painted so fine a full-length picture of Lady Kneller, that leaving the door of his studio open, Lady Kneller's favourite spaniel got access to it, and seeing, as he thought, his beloved mistress, he jumped up at her likeness and injured the picture, which had been taken from the easel and placed against the wall. The staircase in this fine mansion was painted by Leguerre.

In this hamlet resided Sir William Chambers, whose name will be remembered as long as Somerset House exists. His house was built by Archibald, Duke of Argyle, Effie Deans' duke, who resided here and planted those noble cedars, which are still the admiration of all who see them.

On approaching Twickenham Common, a very pleasing locality, may be seen the house formerly occupied by General Gunning, brother to those celebrated beauties, the Duchesses of Hamilton and Argyle, and Lady Coventry. The Marchioness of Tweeddale resided in it before General Gunning.

Near Twickenham church is a house formerly called York Place, once the residence of the great Lord Chancellor Clarendon. He tells us that when he attended the king (Charles II.) at Hampton Court, he came home every night to his house at Twickenham. This house, from its name, was probably once the residence of James, Duke of York, afterwards James II., as his two daughters, Mary and Anne, afterwards Queens of England, were nursed in it. When he married Lord Clarendon's daughter, he is supposed to have resigned the house in favour of his father-in-law.

On the north side of Twickenham church is a house which stood on the site of one to which Queen Katherine of Arragon retired after she was divorced from Henry VIII. A part of this house is still remaining.

Robert Boyle, the celebrated philosopher, at one period of his life lived at Twickenham; but the locality has not been ascertained. He was the fifth son of the great Earl of Cork, and died in 1691.

Henry Fielding, the author of "Tom Jones," &c., also resided at Twickenham. He died at Lisbon in 1754.

John Donne, the poet, was also an inhabitant of that place. He has been immortalised by Izaac Walton. He died in 1631.

Paul Whitehead, the poet, purchased a villa at Twickenham, where he died in 1774.

But we must not omit to mention amongst the celebrated persons who have resided at Twickenham the Lady Augusta Murray, the unhappy wife of the late Duke of Sussex, and the mother of his two accomplished children. That she supposed her marriage with the duke was a legal, although a clandestine one, cannot be doubted. Well might she exclaim:—

Malus clandestinus est amor, damnum est merum.

That learned divine, the Rev. Dr. Waterland, was vicar of Twickenham. He was the author of many works, and died in 1748. He had for his curate during many years the Jeremiah Seed, whose sermons and other works are still well known. He died in 1747.

Another celebrated vicar of Twickenham was the Rev. George Costard. He wrote and published several works on astronomy, and contributed to the Transactions of the Royal Society, of which he was a member.

We must now notice a house which belonged to Walter, Earl of Essex, the great favourite of Queen Elizabeth. He made a present of it to the famous Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, and Lord Chancellor, during whose disgrace it was sold. He resided much here, and entertained Queen Elizabeth in it.

Marble Hill, a delightful villa on the banks of the Thames, was built by the Countess of Suffolk, Philip Earl of Pembroke being her architect, and the gardens were laid out and planted by the hands of no less a personage than Alexander Pope. Although Lady Suffolk was celebrated as the mistress of George II., she was gentle and engaging in her manners, and much beloved by all who knew her. Horace Walpole, who lived on terms of great intimacy with her in her later years, says that "her mental qualifications were by no means shining—her eyes and countenance showed her character, which was grave and mild. Her strict love of truth, and her accurate memory, were always in unison. She was discreet without being reserved, and having no bad qualities, and being constant to her connections, she preserved no common respect to the end of her life, and from the propriety and decency of her behaviour, was always treated as if her virtue had never been questioned." Her letters to and from her correspondents, which have been published, prove how much she was respected and beloved. Lady Suffolk died at Marble Hill in 1767, in her 80th year. General Peel, the late Secretary at War, now occupies that place. Mrs. Fitzherbert formerly lived in it.

Richard Owen Cambridge had a beautiful villa on the banks of the Thames, near Marble Hill. He must be well known to the readers of Boswell's Life of Johnson as a man of literary eminence. Here he entertained Sir Joshua Reynolds, Beauclerk, Dr. Johnson, and other members of the literary club.

But it is time to conclude. We might, how-

ever, multiply our list of Twickenham worthies to a great extent, by means of the parish register and the numerous monuments in the church and the churchyard, but we could not point out their residences, which it was one of our objects to do. We will give an inscription on one monument, because of its pleasing literary associations.

To the memory of Mary Beach, who died November the 5th, 1725, aged 78,—Alexander Pope, whom she nursed in his infancy, and constantly attended for thirty-eight years, in gratitude to a faithful old servant, erected this stone.

Edward Jesse.

TARTARS AND TAEPINGS.

A PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF THE RECENT EXPEDITION UP THE YANGTZE KIANG.

The recent expedition up the great river of China, undertaken for mercantile as well as for political objects, promises to be fruitful of great results. We have received from an officer of that expedition the following narrative, which contains information that we think will be new as well as interesting to our readers. On the controversy now going on in this country, respecting the character and conduct of the insurgents, this record will be found to give infermation all the more trustworthy, as the author writes only of what he saw, and has evidently no foregone conclusion to support. It is only necessary to add, in order to understand some of the allusions, that the writer was also with Lord Elgin's expedition up the river two years ago.

"We left Woosung the 12th of February—we, on board the Cowper, going on first as pilot, followed by the Coromandel (with the admiral on board, and bearing his flag), the Centaur, the Atalanta, and the Waterman, and the gun-boats —the Bouncer, Havoc, and Banterer—following behind. The river at this the starting point was about the most dangerous part of the whole trip, being about ten miles broad, and the banks so low that there are no marks to steer by. The breadth of the river makes the stream very shallow—strewed with sand-banks and shoals — which we found out to our cost, for we had not gone on many hours before the Centaur, our largest ship, got fast aground; and after spending the rest of that day, and all the next in vain attempts to get her off, we left her till she should float at the next spring-tides, while we proceeded on to Nankin. So, on the morning of the 15th, we made a fresh start; but, one after another of the vessels got aground (coming off again easily however), so that our progress was slow indeed; and the very next day we, though the pilot-boat, got completely jammed on a bank, and, to make matters worse, it was at the height of the flood, and there we stuck for eight days, as we also had to wait for the spring-tides. The admiral, in the mean time, proceeded to Nankin to make arrangements for the Centaur stopping there, while we in the Cowper enjoyed ourselves as we best could, going on shore, shooting, walking, and boating. The country was a dead flat, and fearfully muddy; but thickly studded with villages and comfortable-looking farm-houses, built entirely of mud from the river. The soil was highly cultivated —not a spot of waste to be seen—and the people seemed happy and contented. They had their troubles, however, for the rebels were, or had been, expected, and a very small attempt at defence was made in the shape of a line of fortification along the bank of the river, which looked very well at a distance, but, on examination, would not stand a kick, being nothing more than turf loosely piled up. The mouths of several creeks were staked so that junks could neither go up nor down; and here and there we found a small military fort consisting usually of twenty men, but wretchedly armed and apparently fit for nothing else than to run away. The people were very civil, and stood and looked at us without fear.

"On the 23rd, the Coromandel joined us with the rest of the fleet; the Centaur having also got off, and accompanied by the Snake, which left Woosung after us, and by good-luck or good management we got off the next day (the 24th). The admiral had been to Nankin, and made all necessary arrangements for the passage of the squadron, and the stopping there of the Centaur. Captain Ward of the Actæon (who accompanied the expedition), had been some distance up the grand canal, which he describes as in a most ruinous condition, and likely it is to remain so; for the one end of it is close to Nankin, the stronghold of the rebels, while the other rests in the capital of the emperor, so that this grand undertaking, going direct from Pekin to Nankin, or rather to the Yangtze, which river runs for more than a thousand miles into the very heart of the country, is rendered through these troubles completely useless, and falling gradually into decay,—a fit emblem of Chinese government.

"On the 24th, as I said, which was a Sunday, we got off, after which we lay quietly at our anchors, for Admiral Hope permits nothing to be done on that day which can be left alone; and the mercantile gentlemen of the party had the mortification of seeing an American merchant steamer—the Yangtze—pass us on her voyage up the river. She belongs to the great house of Dent & Co., who, I suppose, sent her up to get all the news in anticipation of our return, and, at the same time, do a stroke of trade in opium; but as she did not stop or communicate with us in any way, we could only guess at her objects. The next day we spent adjusting the general stock of coals, preparatory to sending the Wanderer back to Shanghai, as she was found to be only a drag on the rest of the squadron, on account of her slow speed. Next morning we made a fresh start, proceeding through a flat alluvial country, every foot of which is cultivated. The second day the appearance of the land rather improved, the country was more hilly and the river narrower, so that we could plainly see the peasantry at their daily labours. In the afternoon we passed Silver Island—a striking object, being a precipitous rock in the middle of the stream, covered to the summit with trees. It did not, however, present the same beautiful appearance as when I saw it two years ago, as the trees were now bare of their leaves. The country here is quite hilly, full of large villages, and no end of fortifications. Just above the island is

Chin-Kiang, situated between two high hills, and surrounded with a wall. On one of the hills we saw the flag of our Consul, which had just been hoisted. This is the place where it is intended that all trading vessels shall show their papers and pay the Customs' dues. The town is little better than a ruin, having been destroyed several times by the rebels, and as often given up. As they retire the Imperialists take possession, and the town begins to recover a little, on which the rebels again attack, for the sake of the plunder. Its chief importance was derived from the grand canal, which comes out upon the river just opposite the town, but which, as I said before, is now useless. Here we found at anchor a portion of the Imperial fleet gaily dressed with flags. Besides the junks, there was what had once been a little coasting-schooner, but now turned into a Chinese man-of-war, and mounting twenty-one guns.

"After leaving Chin-Kiang the country again becomes a dead level, the river broadens, and nothing is to be seen but the tops of high mountains far inland, the ranges running parallel with the course of the river. As we neared Nankin, which we reached the next day (the 28th), the country again became hilly; one of the hills is enclosed within the walls of the city, and is used as a look-out. The city itself lies about three miles back from the river, so that it is impossible for ships—at least, with the range of guns we carry—to bombard it. The river is besides pretty strongly fortified with gun-batteries and other earth-works, which we had good opportunities of viewing when a party of us went ashore. Our object, indeed, was to get into the city; but we found that we must first get a pass, which took up so much time that we had to give up the visit for that day, and we spent our time in rambling about the neighbourhood. Having got inside a rude kind of a wall which surrounds the river fortifications, we found ourselves in what had, at one time, been the suburbs, but now were in a shocking state of dilapidation, having been all knocked down and only partially and temporarily built up again. We hunted up one of the head men of the place, and at last came across a rather dirty gentleman, dressed in a long yellow robe, with a head-dress composed of tinselled paper, with a dragon stuck on each side of a piece of looking-glass, and behind the looking-glass was a tiger standing tail on end, the whole set off with a few beads, and in shape something like a bishop's mitre, though a more trumpery affair could not be seen in a penny gaff in Lambeth. This "swell" took us to his house, treating us to tea, and, after a long conversation with the interpreter, we obtained a pass for ten for the following day. We then got clear of the suburbs, and on to the hills, where we had a view of the lines that the Imperial army threw up while besieging the city a year or two ago. At that time they nearly took the place, as they completely invested the city and the people were starving. But the rebels communicated with their friends outside, who collected a great force, and, at a given signal, the Imperialists were attacked, front and rear, and driven off with great slaughter. I should tell you that the length of their investing wall measures twenty-five miles, so that you may have some idea of the labour the Imperialists had in besieging the city; it runs over hills and through valleys, and is flanked at the distance of every half-mile or so with earthworks, ditches, pitfalls, &c. &c.

"The next day a large party went through the city, accompanied by Mr. Muirhead, a missionary, who has a high character out here. I was unfortunately detained on board by business, but I heard the news from the others, particularly the religious professions of the rebels, the principal of which seems to be that there is one chief ruling Spirit in Heaven and another on earth. The earthly one is no less a personage than the present ruler of the rebels, Chin-Wang, who lives in a kind of sacred state at Nankin, being seen by no men, but entirely surrounded and waited on by women, of whom he is said to have at least 500 in his seraglio. It seems to be the rule in these wars that the young women and girls are spared, and the boys are taken to be trained as soldiers, while all the men, the old and ugly women, and the young children are butchered without mercy. This same Chin-Wang was at one time a pupil in a school at Hong Kong under a Mr. Roberts, who, hearing of the position his old pupil had attained to, paid him a visit, and was well received. In fact, Roberts has been here now several years, only Chin-Wang told him that now he must be his pupil, learn his doctrines, and then go and teach them to his brethren. Those who were inside the city described it as an awful ruin, not a twentieth part of the old houses standing. The Tartar city was enclosed within the general wall, but it had also very strong fortifications of its own, though, with all its strength, it could not resist the assault of the rebels, who massacred the whole population, men, women, and children. The palaces of the king and chief are the only respectable buildings now inside the walls. The population of the entire city is now said to be about 50,000; every one is registered, and put under some board to work, for which they receive nothing but their food, and not too much of that. Mr. Muirhead stated that it was quite a mistake to think the rebels wanted missionaries; the fact is, they want to convert the missionaries to their own monstrous doctrines.

"March the 2nd. We left Nankin, and proceeded through a flat and uninteresting country, and in the afternoon arrived off Wo-hu. Like Nankin, the city proper lies back about two miles from the suburbs that line the river. In the afternoon of the next day a party of us went ashore, and had a long walk over heaps of bricks that had once been streets and houses, but the rebels having taken it, the usual devastation followed. We were conducted all over the place by two sturdy, athletic rebel soldiers, and a more desolate, ruinous state of things it is impossible to conceive. The people were, without exception, in rags, and I did not see one decent shop in the city. The walls, which were falling rapidly into decay, had once been very grand, as was evident by the carved work that still remained over the gates. We calculated from a rising ground that the city and suburbs together must have once covered some seven or

eight miles square, but only a very small portion of that is now occupied. We visited one of their mandarins, and to reach his house had to climb a hill, which I can only compare to a high dunghill. Up one side we went and down the other, being in great danger of slipping and falling at every step—and if we had, what a mess we should have been in ! One of the merchants of our party had a short talk with the mandarin on business. He was a fine energetic man of about twenty-five. He treated us very kindly, giving us the usual Chinese welcome of a cup of tea. Peeping from behind a screen, I saw two or three pretty-looking girls, I suppose his wives, for they have unlimited quantities of that commodity. The river here, 260 miles from the sea, is considerably broader than the Thames at Greenwich. On the bank of the river close to the town, and under the eyes of hundreds of the inhabitants, was to be seen the disgusting spectacle of dogs devouring a human body. The next day we proceeded up the river, passing alternately fleets of the rebels and Imperialists, who must surely have some understanding with each other, as you meet with them frequently within ten miles of each other, yet they never fight. We passed the city of Ngankin, which you may remember had the impertinence to fire at us on our voyage up the river in 1858. It is still in the hands of the rebels, though the Imperialists have completely surrounded them with their lines of circumvallation, and are making their gradual approaches to the city in a series of zig-zags. Not that either party appear to hurry over their work, as, while we passed, one gun about every ten minutes was the average of the firing. The city itself looked in good repair. At the angles of the walls stakes had been driven into the ground in immense quantities. Outside the wall was a beautiful pagoda, strongly fortified, quite surrounded with spikes and *chevaux de frise*: and outside of the city were the usual ruins of suburbs, almost as large as the city itself. I suppose they were considered indefensible, and so they destroyed them. This siege has now been going on to our knowledge for two years, and goodness knows how much longer it may continue. The country for miles round, indeed as far as we could see, looked quite uninhabited, evidently in consequence of the war ; except that at places we passed on the river we saw crowds of people that seemed to have been driven from their homes, and living in temporary huts of straw. The next day, the 5th, we passed a large walled city, Tu-ngliu, in the hands of the Imperialists, who, to make sure of keeping it, have a large army stationed round it. It presented quite a gay appearance as we passed ; banners past all numeration were waving in the sun, every other soldier had one ; if they had fewer banners and more guns it would perhaps be better for the poor people. Farther on we passed a remarkable conical rock in the middle of the river called "Little Orphan," on the extreme top of which was placed a joss-house, and on a narrow shelf midway up another temple ; how ever the people get to it we could not see. At this place the river is remarkably narrow, not more than three-eighths of a mile in width, running rapidly through a gorge between two high mountains. We anchored at dark off the entrance to the Po-yang lakes, and in the morning we found the scenery was grander than ever, hill rising behind hill, till they towered up into mountains, the back ground filled in with a lofty range whose peaks were covered with snow. Here there is a military town called Ho-kow, surrounded with a strong and good wall. This at one time belonged to the rebels, but they left it when the Imperialists took possession. There were only 1000 men of the Imperialist army here, and awful looking wretches they were, the lowest of the low. No wonder they always run away when the rebels approach, for these latter, to do them justice, have the look of men about them.

"Next morning we left Ho-kow, leaving behind the Atalanta and Havoc to survey the lakes. We soon reached Kewkeang, a large and populous city, walled, though not in good repair.

"The country here is evidently more settled and better cultivated, being more out of the reach of the rebels. I was unable to go ashore, but by all accounts the city was like all other Chinese cities, very dirty, though evidently flourishing. Next morning we left, and passed through a beautiful district, the river making many windings among the hills : the valleys were well cultivated, and densely populated villages, pagodas, and towns crowding on the eye. In the evening we anchored off the town of Wang-chow-ho, where we stayed next day, being Sunday. On the other side of the river is another large town, though Wang-chow is the capital of the province. After divine service a party of us went to the opposite town, as the country looked more inviting, and had a pleasant ramble, though we saw nothing remarkable. We were treated by the people with great civility, which was not the case with another party that went ashore at Wang-chow. The people were very insulting, and threw several brickbats at them. They went to complain to the chief mandarin, who made them a humble apology, the substance of which was, that the great literary examination was going on in the town, and that all the "roughs" of the province had collected in consequence. He led them out of the town himself, the crowd following, and occasionally hooting ; and directly he got them outside the gates were shut on the rabble. A word about these examinations. They are held in the capital of the province every three years (I think), for degrees or rather places in the government. The hall in this town is said to accommodate 8000 pupils, each of whom has a separate cell, and all the cells look out into the court-yard, so that though the pupils cannot communicate with any one outside, or with each other, they can be plainly seen by the officers in the court-yard. Well, in these cells they are kept writing the essays, which are not given out till they are all assembled inside, and for three days, while they are writing the essays, they are not allowed to leave their cells on any pretence whatever. I am sure I don't know whom to pity most—the pupils, or the examiners who have to read the thousands of essays all on the same subject.

"Monday, the 11th. We steamed along through a highly populous country, till in the afternoon we

arrived at Han-kow, the termination of our voyage, having been exactly four weeks on the passage. We here met with just such another crowd of boats round us as we had two years before. We found the town in a flourishing condition, much more built up than when I saw it before. The mandarins and people were remarkably civil, and I had several pleasant walks through the towns of Han-kow and Han-yan, which is a large walled city on the other side of the river, and the capital of the province. The walls round this city are extremely thick, and are said to be twenty miles round, though I think that an exaggeration. They enclose, however, a considerable quantity of cultivated ground, and a ridge of hill that runs right across the city. Here we could not move without having three or four soldiers following us to keep the crowd off. There is nothing particular in either of these cities, unless it be a tunnel the people of Han-yan have bored through the ridge I spoke of, from one side of the town to the other. While we were going through we happened to meet the viceroy in state, with a guard of Tartar horse, armed with their six-feet bows; fine, tall, strapping fellows they were too. After the guard followed executioners (horribly ugly fellows), and a "tail" longer than a Highland chieftain's, all wearing gaudy silk dresses ornamented with tinsel.

"On the 13th the admiral decided on going in the Coromandel farther up the river, and agreed to give the gentlemen composing the overland expedition to India a tow up in the junk they had hired as far as he went. The evening before, their fellow journeyers so far gave them a farewell dinner on board the Cowper, which was going off very pleasantly indeed; but while our enjoyment was at its height, and the champagne corks flying freely, we were roused by the cry of "A man overboard," and though every exertion was made, the poor fellow was carried down by the current and lost; he bore the character of a very steady young man. The next morning the expedition started in tow of the admiral, and we rather astonished the Chinese by the cheers we sent after them. The admiral was only five days away, during which time they had ascended 150 miles up the river beyond Han-kow, without any difficulty whatever, the river still continuing as broad and deep as at the town, so that it is quite impossible to say how far ships may ascend. The country up the river was flat and highly cultivated. During the admiral's absence we enjoyed ourselves in fine style, looking about us, and watching the immense trade and traffic of all descriptions that was everywhere carried on. But four-and-twenty hours put a stop to it all. One day, a report was raised that the rebels had taken the city of Wang-chow, where the examinations were going on as we passed it, and that they were marching on Han-kow. Immediately trade was at a stand-still; everyone began packing up; scarcely a shop was to be seen open; and those that were had all in readiness for their occupiers running off. I was on shore the day after the report, and could scarcely believe that I was in the same place. Men, women, and children, loaded with seemingly the first things that came to hand, were rushing out of the town. The scene that presented itself to our view it is impossible to describe. Outside of the city a flat level country was covered, as far as the eye could see, with crowds of people, getting away as hard as they were able; and towards evening the panic became positively frightful. As a party of us were coming along the principal street, trying to stem the torrent that rushed madly past us, one Chinaman who was coming along with the rest, as soon as he saw us, fell on his knees, caught hold of one of our party, whom it seems he had formerly known in Shanghai, and entreated us to go with him to his office; and there he went down on his knees again and seemed to think that now he had got hold of us he was safe. This Chinaman was a banker, and had been deserted by all his clerks and servants, who, hearing the alarm, had rushed out of the office, leaving all their employer's capital exposed, amounting to as much silver as four men could carry, and something like two or three tons of copper cash. We had his silver removed to a place of safety; as for the copper cash the owner was indifferent to it, and seemed to think that neither thieves nor rebels would meddle with it on account of its weight. While thousands were thus escaping by land, thousands more were escaping by the river in junks of every size and shape, from the little ferry-boat into which were crowded fathers and mothers, perhaps grandfathers and grandmothers,—six or seven children, two or three pigs, and a heap of household furniture,—to the large-sized river-junks that seemed to be carrying forty or fifty families. Both the river and its tributary, the Han, were perfectly alive with boats and junks, the passengers having only one object in view—escape from the rebels. I was particularly struck with the passive look of helpless misery in the countenances of the fugitives—no tears, no lamentations; they seemed to take it as a decree of fate, against which resistance and complaint were alike hopeless. As you may be aware, the town has been destroyed two or three times by these blackguards, and each time with great slaughter of the defenceless inhabitants. It is quite unprotected, having no walls, as it is not considered a city by the Chinese, but only as a mart of trade, where the merchants meet to transact business, but consider some other place as their home. It was calculated that of all the people we saw running away at least 10,000 would die of starvation before a month was out.

"We afterwards found it to be quite true that the rebels had taken Wang-chow, and in the simplest possible manner. A hundred men passed through the investing lines at Ngankin, and shaving their heads (for the rebels distinguish themselves from the Imperialists by wearing all their hair), and dressing themselves up as Imperialist soldiers, they entered the town without suspicion, and early next morning opened the gates to their comrades, and the town fell without a struggle. One of the officials at Han-kow being asked what he thought of all these troubles, his answer was to the effect that Providence every ten years sends some minor calamity, such as famine, or inundation; but that every two hundred years some universal calamity takes place, and as the Tartar dynasty has now

been established two hundred years, after overthrowing the Ming, or native Chinese dynasty, who knows but that we are about to have another dynasty? But I find I must curb my recollections, or I shall never finish this letter.

"We left Han-kow on the 18th of March, and proceeded rapidly down with the stream, only delayed at Ho-kow by losing two of our anchors, and spending nearly two days fishing for them, and after all we only found one of them. I went ashore, and had a pleasant but rather tiring walk, climbing to the top of a high hill to get a view of the Poyang Lake; and it certainly was worth the trouble. The hills are bare and sterile, but the valleys present a great contrast, being quite beautiful, and covered with the most luxuriant vegetation. I managed to get a view of the lakes which run up the country to a great extent. The ships left for survey had not been able to do much during our absence. The water was too shallow, and the work must be left to the rainy season. On the 25th we got back to Nankin; and here I had an opportunity to visit the far-famed Porcelain Tower. Our way lay between the walls of the city on one side, and a creek of the river on the other. The wall was at least forty feet thick, of solid stone and brickwork. We tried to enter one of the gates, but were turned back, not having a pass. All round there were remains of what had once been extensive suburbs, but were now only heaps of bricks. Other remains there were, by no means pleasant, in the shape of human bones, lying about. I saw no less than four almost perfect skeletons; and at two gates we passed were crowds of the most wretched human beings I ever saw—loathsome and disgusting—that almost made me faint to see them. At last we reached the Porcelain Tower, or rather, I am sorry to say, its ruins. It is still, however, a pile of forty feet high, built of common brick, and faced with porcelain three inches thick, supported inside with iron ribs; we saw segments of the circles of iron still there. Much of the porcelain lay strewed on the ground. We, of course, loaded ourselves with the best pieces we could find, and I hope some day to show you what nearly broke my back carrying down. Some others of the party, expecting to get a boat, hired Chinamen to carry their loads for them; but, being disappointed in getting one as soon as they expected, the Chinamen struck work, dropped their load, and ran off, so the gentlemen had to pick up the finest of the specimens, and let the rest go. Fortunately, about half-way back, we did manage to get a boat, or I should certainly have dropped the half if not the whole of mine.

"Next day I joined the same party to visit the tombs of the Mings, or old Chinese emperors, and had a most delightful walk in an opposite direction to our excursion of the day before: we had a walk of eight miles between the city walls and the deserted Imperialist lines I mentioned before. From some of the hills we had to cross I got a capital view of the city itself. As I before told you, the principal part is a ruin—certainly more than the principal part. The Tartar city inside is a complete desolation (the rebels are always down on the Tartars, and never spare man, woman, or child of the race when in their power). At some places I found traces of the struggle that had taken place by the number of cannon balls strewing the ground. At the top of the last hill we came in sight of colossal group of animals that form the avenue to the tombs. These figures are double the size of life, carved out of the solid stone. First there are two horses, one opposite the other; then two sitting opposite each other; then four tigers, in the same position as the horses; then four lions, ditto; then four elephants, and last, four dromedaries. This avenue led to a square building, in which was a colossal tortoise, on the back of which was placed a tomb-stone, 30 feet high, inscribed all over with Chinese characters. At right angles from the entrance of the avenue was another avenue, bordered not like the other with animals, but with groups of warriors and priests. This led to an enormous building, but in such a ruinous condition that we could neither make top nor tail of it. That it had at one time been very magnificent was evident by the painted tiles that lay strewed around, the paint of which even now looked quite fresh. There were the remains of a grand gate leading to a vast temple. Then the temple itself was completely in ruins. Part of the terrace only remained leading to a wide bridge, which again led to an enormous pile of square building, having a tunnel through it, which, being on an incline, brought us out on the top, some fifty or sixty feet from the ground, and double that in area. It would require diagrams to give you an adequate idea of the extent and vastness of the whole affair. The stone sculptures were skilfully done, but with an utter want of taste and grace; the animals were heavy and without life in them: and as for the elephants, the ones that were kneeling had their legs turned out instead of inwards, giving them a very odd appearance. The Imperialist lines I mentioned before had gone right through these tunnels, which accounts for the desolation in which we found them, for mere age would not have so destroyed them, though they evidently are of a very high antiquity. The Chinese cannot have the bump of veneration, or they would never have allowed these interesting relics of a past age to be so destroyed. I brought back a few painted tiles from these ruins also, and never did I feel so tired as in carrying them; the weight got heavier every mile, and even now my shoulders ache with the effects of the load.

"We left Nankin on the 28th of March, thoroughly disgusted with the rebels. There was nothing to be had from them, or what they had was frightfully dear; but the fact I believe is, that the poor wretches themselves are almost starving. We arrived at Shanghai on the evening of the next day, and so finished our cruise, of which I have only to say that I thoroughly enjoyed it."

SOUVENIRS.

I loved a lady fair of face,
  A witching girl who made me wise;
I was a city drone, but Grace
  Made me a poet with her eyes;

For Grace was sweet as sweet could be—
To me, at least, divinely fair :
And I believe I loved her—See !
This little curl of golden hair.

This curl upon her brow has gleamed
Beneath the sun's alchemic touch ;
But I, who stole it, little dream'd
That it could ever mean so much :
It summons back her lovely look,
The brow alive with thoughts untold,
The blushing laughter, when she shook
The sunshine from her locks of gold.

We played a little pleasing game,
A playful love, we knew not why :
I made acrostics on her name,
But came to kisses by-and-by.
This sleeping Cupid, red as wine,—
A quiver here, a spire beyond,—
She sent me as a Valentine,
And it reminds me we were fond.

And here,—a book of tender rhymes
That (for a wonder) time has kept:
I read it out a hundred times,
And marked some portions, where we wept:
A foolish volume it may be,
Yet o'er it she has laughed and grieved—
It says, we were so young, that we
Conferred the beauty we perceived.

Well, time passed on. Within, without,
My brain was hot, my face was fired ;
We played our pretty folly out,
Till I grew bold and she grew tired;
Till I grew bold and she grew cold,
Forgetful what the years might bring—
We quarrelled, she not loath. Behold
This tiny, tarnish'd golden ring.

I bought the ring unknown to Grace,
A golden ring my love to crown,
And often, looking on her face,
Dreamed of a cottage out of town,—
A little garden, deaf to fame ;
Till, blind with projects small and big,
Sure of its object, Love became
A gross ambition for a gig !

O, common folly, short and proud !
We quarrelled, parted, turning backs—
The gig came never from its cloud,
The cottage never felt a tax.
I bade, while brow and bosom burned,
A bitter truce to all my joys ;
She married (well, they say), and learned
The knack of rearing girls and boys.

I keep the tokens I have shown,
And hold them very dear, in truth,—
Not for the single loss, I own,
But for the general loss of youth ;
Love dies, but memories renew
The heart whose crust is hard and cold :
Romeo is young at forty-two,
And Juliet can ne'er be old !

R. W. Buchanan.

"PRAY, SIR, ARE YOU A GENTLEMAN?"

On the 23rd of March, 1860, I went to London for a couple of days on business.

Turning the corner of Chancery Lane, I unexpectedly encountered my friend Frank Stonhouse. I call him my friend, though there was a disparity in our ages,—he being forty-five, I thirty years old. He, moreover, was a married man with a family ; I an itinerant animal, without encumbrances, called a bachelor. Still we were very much attached to each other. After an exclamation of surprise and pleasure, Frank rapidly said, "I am very busy now, but you must come and dine with me to-day at seven o'clock."

"Very well," replied I, and we parted.

As my tale will, I fear, be a long one, I must not be prolix at starting, especially as this is but a kind of preface. So fancy, good reader, dinner over—ladies gone to the drawing-room—a most luxurious dessert on the table, and some Madeira.

"Charles," said my friend Frank to me, "I have not opened fresh port for you, because I fancy I recollect your partiality for Madeira ; but I will do so in a moment if you wish it."

"Oh no, thank you," replied I, "this is perfection in the shape of wine, and I assure you that owing to it I shall soon feel happier ; indeed, as happy as a prince, were it not for one thing which I cannot shake off."

"And what is that, Charles?" asked Frank.

"Why, the fact is, that about a month ago I was foolish enough to bind myself by a promise to write six tales. They must be finished by the 31st. I have only written three, and what on earth I am to say in the other three is more than I can imagine : now do help me, there's a good fellow, Frank, and then I shall have a load off my mind."

"Help you ! Not I. Why, you can get out of your predicament easily enough. Remember Truth is stranger than Fiction, and you who lived three years in London, and have been a fair average rover so far through life, can be at no loss for adventures in which you have borne a considerable share, and which, therefore, you can readily describe. Write about your London experience."

"Well, I would do so if I was writing for a periodical, but I am writing for friends who have often heard me repeat whatever was amusing in my London life that would bear narration." Now, do help me, Frank."

The Madeira was beginning to soften Frank's heart : I let it work.

"Charles," said he, after a time, "I will tell you a true tale concerning myself. No one has ever yet heard a word of it. Promise me faithfully not only that you will never reveal my name in connection with it, but that you will so disguise it as to render detection impossible ; and moreover, that you will never again, in conversation with me, allude to the subject."

I promised, wondering what was coming. Two or three times Frank stopped in the course of his story. With difficulty I induced him to continue. In fact, if I had not pretended to wish for another bottle of Madeira (of which I took care he should drink the greater part), I never should have elicited what I wanted. I knew full well that I should have a head-ache next morning, but I also knew that one head-ache and a good story from another person were to be preferred to the three head-aches I should probably get in composing a story myself. I was astonished at the following tale : of course parts of it came out in the shape

of question and answer, parts easily, parts on the contrary, in broken sentences. To avoid all that, I shall make my friend Frank Stonhouse appear to write the tale connectedly throughout. He as chief actor speaks in the first person. I vanish, good reader, entirely from the scene, and beg you to listen to Frank.

"Pray, sir, are you a gentleman?" What a strange question to be asked. It never but once before in my life was put to me, and then at school by a bigger boy than myself, whom I immediately knocked down—but coming from a young lady's lips what could it mean? What was I to answer? Be it known, then, that in the year 18—, I, a young man just called to the bar, had, in spite of the remonstrances of an angry porter, jumped into a first-class carriage of an express train starting from Reigate to London, when it was actually in motion. Seated alone in the carriage was a young lady, about nineteen years old; very pretty, light hair, blue eyes, &c. She was evidently in distress, and I fancied wished me elsewhere. After the lapse of a few moments the question was repeated by my fair interrogator—"Pray, sir, are you a gentleman?" I was about to answer in a bantering tone and manner, when it struck me that her voice had almost faltered as she spoke, and that whatever her motive was she was at any rate in earnest.

"Madam," I replied, "your question is a strange one, but I believe I may say I am a gentleman; still, if you will tell me what you mean

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by a gentleman, I will answer you with greater certainty than at present I am able to do."

"Sir, my idea of a gentleman is that of one who not only will not take advantage of a lady in distress, but will assist her to the utmost of his power."

"Then, madam, I can assure you I am a gentleman."

"Then, sir, will you be kind enough to put your head out of the opposite window, and not look back till I call you."

I rose to obey, wondering what it could mean, and almost glancing at her to see if she were a robber in disguise. All that she had with her in the carriage was a large bundle.

"Stop, sir," said she, "it is perhaps but right that I should tell you this much. I am running away from my home near Reigate. It is a matter of worse than life and death with me. The train does not stop between Reigate and London, but I shall most infallibly be pursued by the electric telegraph, and detected at the terminus, unless I can contrive by disguising myself to deceive those who will search for me. I give you the word of a lady, that in doing what I am driven to do, I am not acting in any way wrongly,—more I cannot tell you."

She burst into tears, and after a hysterical sob or two, she said, pointing to the window, "And now, sir, will you be kind enough to prove yourself a gentleman, and accede to my request—I am going to change my dress."

I at once arose, and I can safely aver that the longest ten minutes I ever spent in my life were

occupied in gazing with head and shoulders out of the railway carriage on the surrounding scenery. So little, however, did my eyes or my brain take in what was before me, that I could not on my oath have stated whether we passed through a wilderness, green fields, towns, or the sea. At length I was told to look round. I did. Where could the lady have gone? Before me sat a tear-fully-laughing very juvenile middy—costume quite correct—hair short—cap jauntily set on the head. A mass of curls lay in the fair boy's lap.

"Thank you, sir," she said. "You will never fully know what a kindness you have rendered me, and probably we shall never meet again. For your name I will not ask, but if you will give me anything belonging to you to remind me of this hour, I shall be obliged."

I pulled out a small shilling likeness of myself destined for a young nephew of mine, and a lock of my hair, which was wrapped up with it. Without opening the parcel, I said, "Madam, that may serve to remind you hereafter of what certainly has been the strangest chapter in my hitherto not unvaried life."

She put the parcel in her waistcoat pocket, took a pearl ring off her finger and gave it to me, with a tress of her hair, saying, "Keep that, then, to recal to-day. In ten minutes we shall part for ever."

For a time both of us were silent. At last I said, "Madam, if you think that, alone as you are, and probably unaccustomed to London, you can escape the detectives at the station, you are mistaken. I could tell at a glance (to borrow a phrase from your profession) that you were sailing under false colours."

"Indeed," said she, somewhat startled; "well, if you will extend your kindness to seeing me clear of the station, I shall be still more than ever your debtor for life."

"Then there is no time to be lost, the train is slackening speed. Put both your delicate hands at once deep into the pockets of your monkey-jacket—they are not like those of a sailor. Lean back in a careless way; and wait, let me dirty your boots by treading on them. Now put one foot on the seat opposite to you; never mind the clean cushion; throw the other leg negligently over the arm by your side. Don't dream of speaking; I will talk, if necessary. Whistle, if you can, when we stop. Give me your ticket."

It was marked from Dover to London. Capital, thought I; wonder how she got it. Mine was a season-ticket.

"Tickets, sir, please."

I handed both. The middy whistled. The guard and policeman actually looked under the carriage-seats. A long time the train was delayed before it moved into the station. At length it did.

"Now, follow me," I said, "roll in your walk, if you can, mind you keep your hands in your pockets."

"Cab, sir?"

"Yes, now then, in with you, Jack."

"Where to, sir?"

"Hyde Park Corner." I thought I would name a distant place to give my friend breathing time. We moved forward a few paces, and then stopped.

"Now then, Cabby," said I. "What is the matter?"

"Why, sir, blowed if there ain't them perlice at the station gate, hexamining of every cab, and the parties hinside on 'em, and they be doing the same to those who be walking."

My companion turned deadly pale. I pulled out a flask of neat brandy. "Drink two mouthfuls,—down with it, gulp it down,—anything to give you colour."

At the same time I took out two cigars, lighted them, pushed one into my friend's mouth.

"Smoke," said I, "as hard as you can, your safety depends on it."

Two detectives looked in at the window. "Where from, sir?"

I blew a volume of smoke into the man's face, which caused him to rub his eyes and cough. (The middy was puffing literally like blazes).

"Where from?" replied I. "Why from Dover: what on earth do you want?"

Another discharge of smoke settled the matter.

"All right, sir, beg pardon."

I gave him a parting volley of smoke.

"Drive on cabman with the gentleman."

In another minute, after continuing from sheer habit to produce a hazy atmosphere, I looked round. The middy had fainted. No time yet for thinking, but acting. I used my flask again, then a vigorous pinch. By-and-bye the young gentleman came round.

"Well, now you are safe, at least from detection and pursuit, at any rate, for the present; where shall I tell the man to drive to?"

"I don't know; I wish you would tell me where I *can* go for two or three days, till I am able to mature my plans."

"Indeed, I cannot."

"Can you not recommend me to some safe, respectable woman who will not betray me, even though a large reward be offered."

I shook my head.

"Then, surely, you have some lady relations, or lady acquaintances in London, who will take pity on me, or (I had told her I was a barrister), you could conceal me till the end of the week in your chambers in the Temple."

"With regard to the last, you know not what you ask," I said. "Even if I were to give you the key of my chambers, and go into the country, not returning till you had left London, it certainly would come out some day, and then in the eyes of a censorious, wicked world, who judge others by themselves, your character would be irretrievably blasted and ruined, and mine not much improved, though that is of little consequence as I am a man, and society, thank Goodness, judges us very leniently, and yet it might be awkward, as I am engaged to be married. With regard to my lady acquaintances, I know many who would take pity on you, as you wish, if you would disclose all the facts of the case, but——"

"Oh! I cannot, will not, do that; I would die sooner. Do, *do* help me in my distress."

"Indeed, I do not see what is to be done."

I looked out of the little back window of the cab, stealthily. "Wait a bit," I said, "here is a fresh difficulty, listen to me speaking to the driver,

and be prepared to act accordingly." We both leaned forward. "Don't look round, cabman, put your hand back, there are two pounds for you as your fare. Take no notice of me whatever, but listen and obey my directions. We are followed, as I have ascertained by looking back several times, by a Hansom. Your number, I expect, is marked plain at the back of your cab?"

"Yes, sir."

"I thought as much. Well, in the Hansom sits a gentleman I wish to avoid (I knew him to be a detective, but did not choose to enlighten Cabby). I *must* avoid him."

"All right, sir. Come up old hoss." (Lash, lash.)

"No, no, that won't do, his horse is better, his cab runs lighter than yours. Now, attend. Just beyond that large van of Pickford's, which is standing still in the distance, there is a turn to the right which cabmen sometimes take when driving to Hyde Park Corner. It is moreover an unfrequented street. If I mistake not there is just room for you to get round inside the van. At any rate, you must try it. I will pay for any damage done. The Hansom being broader will be obliged to sweep round outside, and may be stopped a little by the stream of carriages."

"There is no room for me, sir, there."

"There is, you *must* try it. The moment you are round the corner, slacken your pace to a slow walk, and the instant you hear the door slam, drive on to Hyde Park Corner at your usual pace. Tell my following friend what you like when you get there. Now, there is another pound for you. Go at it hard—neck or nothing."

Cabby obeyed. A bump, a scrape, an oath, a "Now then, stoopid, where are you a driving to?" and we were in the smooth water of a quiet street. The pace slackened—we jumped out—I slammed the door—Cabby drove on. We vanished into a shop, and had the inexpressible pleasure of seeing the Hansom roll by, steadily trotting after its fast receding, supposed prey. All this took place in less time than any one would occupy in reading the last few lines. I purchased something in the shop, made the middy light a fresh cigar, and hailed the first cabman I met, telling him to drive to Notting Hill. Not a word had the middy spoken till now, when I heard—

"And so you *cannot* assist me, sir?"

"Not a bit more than I have done, and am now doing, I feel I am a match for any detectives, and can give them the slip as you have seen; but what to do at night in London with an unprotected young lady in gentleman's attire, passes my comprehension."

"Sir," she said, with animation, "did you, do you, for a moment doubt that I was speaking the truth, when I said that I was not acting wrongly?"

"On my word," replied I, "I did not, do not doubt you: at any rate, I am convinced that you honestly conceive that circumstances justify your taking the step you have taken."

"And you would agree with me," said she "if you knew them. Now we part, oblige me by giving me the names of three or four of the first chemists in town, and of three or four respectable married doctors."

"I will, if you will assure me that suicide is not what you are meditating."

"I give you my word that that is not the case. Circumstances may warrant my doing what I am doing; but cannot, in my opinion, justify any sane creature in precipitating himself uncalled for before his Almighty Father."

I gave her what she requested, and offered her money.

"No, thank you, I have plenty of that; and now, good-bye, sir. God bless you for your kindness to a persecuted, helpless, suffering, but not wicked girl."

She hysterically pressed my hand for a moment, then recovering herself, said:—"Stop the cab, please sir—get out—tell the man to drive on. May God bless you for your kindness."

I raised her not unwilling hand to my lips, and did as she directed. In another moment I stood alone in Oxford Street. Well, thought I, is it a dream? Am I a fool? No, it is no dream: you are no fool. You have to the best of your intention acted kindly. It is a mystery: you will never read it. I *will* though, said I, to my mind, and forthwith commenced walking to my chambers in the Temple.

Three Hundred Pounds Reward.—Whereas, on the 17th of this month, a young lady, aged 19, left her home, near Reigate, and proceeded in the direction of London,—this is to give notice that the above-mentioned sum will be paid to any one who will give such information as shall lead to her discovery. She is good-looking, has light hair, blue eyes, and a Grecian nose. Height, about 5 ft. 4 in. Address A. B., &c.

Such was the advertisement which two days after the last-mentioned occurrence, met my eye in the second column of the "Times." Poor girl, thought I. In the course of the same week, I was again obliged to travel by the railroad which started from London Bridge. I missed my train, and having two hours to wait, I resolved to pay a visit to an old female servant of our family who had married a detective policeman, and lived near the London Bridge terminus. I found her at home. Not long after her husband came in. The subject uppermost in my mind was quickly brought forward.

"Curious circumstance that, sir, which occurred on the line the other day, when a young lady managed to escape from us all. Of course, too, you have seen the advertisement in the "Times." Wish I could discover the runaway: why 300*l.* would be a small fortune to Sarah and myself."

"Have you any clue?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, sir! we all but had them. You see, sir, not only was the train examined, but all the foot-passengers and carriages as they left the station. The telegraphic message had been most positive, and 300*l.* reward, which it offered, put us all on the look-out. Unfortunately, I examined the foot-passengers; had I taken the cabs, the young lady, though so well disguised, would not have escaped."

"Thank goodness!" muttered I, inwardly, "you did not examine the cabs. Well, but how did she manage to get away?" I asked.

"Why, sir, you will hardly believe it—but dressed as a midshipman, in a cab, with a gentle-

man—him, I suppose, as was a-running away with her."

"But how can you tell it was her?"

"Well, you shall hear, sir. As soon as all the passengers had left the station, we detectives put our heads together. The cab containing the middy was mentioned. By a kind of instinct, I felt that must have been her. But, as it won't do to act on instinct only, I at once, having ordered a fast Hansom to be in readiness, telegraphed down to Dover—from which place the middy's ticket had been taken—to know if a naval officer had taken a ticket and paid half-fare by such a train. The answer was 'No.' Now a middy is not often very wise, but he is seldom so foolish as to pay full price for his ticket when he knows that, as he is travelling in uniform, he can go at a cheaper rate. I then telegraphed to all the stations between this and Reigate to know if anything unusual had been picked up anywhere on the line. The answer came back 'Yes.' In one place a bundle containing ladies' wearing apparel; in another some light-coloured hair wrapped up in paper. Without losing a moment I sent off in the Hansom one of my subordinates, with orders to drive fast towards Hyde Park Corner till he came up with a four-wheel cab, No. 906, drawn by a grey horse—to keep it in sight till its fare was deposited. If the people in the cab stopped at a private house, to watch the door, and not allow them to leave till I came up; if they were dropped in the road, to arrest them both at once, and bring them back here. A bold measure, sir; but remember 300*l*. reward, and perfect immunity guaranteed for any illegal arrest made under mistake. Well, will you believe it, that though my man overtook the cab in Fleet Street, and followed it to Hyde Park Corner, yet when both vehicles stopped it was found the birds had flown! How they got away is more than I can imagine; but they had escaped, and that, too, without any connivance of cabby, for my man brought him back here, and, on strict examination, I found not only that he did not know how his passengers had escaped, but had actually been bilked by them of his fare. He swore roundly he would summons them on his own account, if he could catch them."

I laughed inwardly.

"Well," said I, "any success yet?"

"No, sir; but we shall be sure to have the lady soon, if she is above ground."

"And why not the gentleman also?"

"The fact is, sir, that not only have we a most accurate description of the lady, but the policeman who looked in her side of the cab could tell me how she looked as a middy, and said—which first raised my suspicions—that she smoked like one who had never tried to do so before; the policeman, however, the other side of the cab cannot give much account of the gentleman because he smoked so desperately in his face. All he can say is, that he was gentlemanly-looking, dark-haired, and about thirty—at any rate, he spoke as if quite as old as that. The policeman is not clever, and yet he thinks he might know the gentleman again, if he saw him."

I at once resolved to postpone my journey from London Bridge, and then said:

"Can you tell me why the young lady ran away, or who she is?"

"I believe I could answer both your questions, sir, but I am not at liberty to do so—I must keep secrets."

"Very well. It was only curiosity made me ask. Now, I must be going. Good morning, Sarah. Good morning, Mr. Sharp. Mind, if you catch these people, or hear anything of them which you are at liberty to communicate, pray tell me, for you have quite interested me in the matter, and you detectives are so *very* clever, I quite delight in hearing your stories."

"Yes, sir, we are a little clever, we flatter ourselves. I shall be able to give you information in a week, I think. Good morning, sir."

TO CABMEN.—£500 reward will be given to the cabman who, on the 17th of this month, took up a gentleman and a midshipman in or near Fleet Street, if he will come forward and state to what house he drove them, provided such information leads to the discovery of the midshipman. Apply to A. B., &c.

Such was the next advertisement on the subject that I saw in the "Times." Well, thought I, she must be detected now.

Walking down Holborn, a month later, I hailed a Hansom that was passing, and ordered the driver to proceed to a house some little distance from London. No sooner had we got clear of the crowded streets, and into a road where a man did not require two pair of hands and four eyes to keep clear of other vehicles, than Jarvey, opening the trap-door in the roof, over my head, touched his hat, with a "Good morning, sir."

"Shut that door at once," I said; "are you drunk, man, and anxious that I should give you into charge?"

"No, sir; but I hope you are very well."

What could the man mean? There was a curious look in his eyes that plainly said he could fathom me, while, touching him, I was utterly at sea.

"I drove a four-wheel," he continued, "a short time ago, sir. I hope you and the young *gentleman*—the *middy*, I mean, sir—are quite well. Nice little *boy* that as ever I seed. You may remember I picked you up, sir, in the Strand, about a month ago, and after a bit you got out and left me to drive the middy on."

I like your memory, thought I, and then said:

"Well, I fancy I do recollect your face."

"Thought you would, sir, when I recalled the suckamstances to your mind."

"Now, then, stop, my man. I am getting near the house to which I want to go. Let me get out. I will walk the rest of the way—I don't see the fun of talking to you through a hole."

When I stood on the footpath I steadily gazed at cabby, he ditto at me, with compound interest and a leer.

"Well, now," I said, "what do you want?"

"Oh, nothink, sir—you're a gentleman."

"Do you read the papers, cabby?"

"In course I does, sir, 'specially the second column of the 'Times.'"

"Well, where did you drive the middy after I left you!"

"Eccleston Square, and then the young lady—beg pardon, sir, the young gentleman—gave me two sovereigns, and told me to drive away, and not look back."

"You pretended to drive away?"

"I did sir."

"You looked back?"

"I did, sir."

"You know where the midshipman went?"

"I do, sir."

"You are not rich?"

"I am not, sir."

"Now just tell me why you have not informed the police."

"Oh! for several reasons, sir. First place, though I am a poor cabby, I have my feelinxs, and wouldn't go for to betray a young gentleman who gave me two sovereigns."

"Nonsense," interrupted I.

"Next place, sir, you see, I never likes to press hard upon ladies."

"Cabby, do you take me for a fool?"

"Third place, you see, sir, I have been in trouble more than once, and I don't like them perlice, and don't care to show my face before them for any reason."

"Well, I can understand *that*," I said. "Now, there's a sovereign for you—you don't mind telling *me*, I suppose, where the middy went?"

"No, sir, not a bit; but you didn't hear my fourth and chiefest reason for not going to the perlice. Fact is, I don't know where the dickens the middy *did* go to. I did not look back soon enough. I twigged her going towards No. 1, Eccleston Square, and when I looked back she warn't in sight, so then I drives back to No. 1. A flunkey comes to the door, so says I, 'John, your young master has left summat in my cab.' 'Go to the dogs!' said he. 'Oh, yes!' said I, 'by all means; but, now, here is half-a-crown, John Thomas, you tell me who your young master is.' He pocketed my half-crown, and then told me that the middy had nothing to do with the house, that he had only asked if Sir Jasper Blares lived there, and on being told 'No,' had bolted round the corner. So then I axed the flunkey to give me back my half-crown, or, at any rate, to come and have it out in drink. The mean fellow told me, if I was not off directly, he would give me in charge at once. So, as I seed a Bobby a-coming up the square, I drove off. Now, sir, I know as little about the middy as you do. If I knew more, do you think I wouldn't go to the perlice, and get five hundred pounds instead of this here sovereign—much obliged to you for it, all the same. Good morning, sir."

He drove off.

"Done by a cabman!" was my exclamation. Well, I had done the detectives; that was one consolation.

Six months elapsed, and again I found myself in the detective's house. Meanwhile the reward for the lady fugitive had been increased to the extraordinary sum of 1000*l*., while that for the gentleman had been withdrawn.

"Well, Mr. Sharp, any news yet of the runaway?"

"Not a bit, sir; not a bit. It is extraordinary. I did not think we detectives could be so deceived; and let me tell you, sir, that though the reward in the public papers has been increased to £1000, yet that to us actually £3000 is offered, only it is not considered prudent to advertise so large a reward. You would be surprised if you knew what means have been taken to secure the young lady, and without success. A detective at every station out of London—one at each principal port in England; all the lodging-houses, boarding-houses, and public places of assembly in town have been narrowly watched; a detective has been sent to every county in England to pry about—go to inns, farm-houses, schools, and every place he can legally or illegally put his nose into; false entrapping advertisements inserted in the papers, and actually all to no purpose. However, we will have her yet. The reward will not be paid unless she is discovered within a year from this date."

"You will not find her, I expect," said I.

"We shall see, sir," replied he.

After a little more conversation I took my departure. Without being in any way able to account for it, or to reason on the subject, I *felt* I should first stumble on the lady in question. Not many days later, one idle Saturday afternoon, I went with a friend to a private lunatic asylum some little way out of London; he to see a relation confined there, whom he considered it his duty to have a look at now and then; I, out of mere curiosity to inspect such a place. Arrived at the asylum, he went off at once with the mistress of the establishment; I, under the charge of a female warder, was taken round such parts as are shown to a visitor. In one room was a girl with long dishevelled *dark* hair, and blue eyes, swinging on a rope hanging from the ceiling. She was dressed in Turkish fashion. Strange! thought I; dark hair, blue eyes. "What is the matter with her?" I inquired.

"Oh, she is mad, but harmless enough; her friends are very rich. She has a fancy for dressing so, and the mistress allows her. At times she is not so bad, and then she lives quite alone with the mistress. She is always worse when she sees strangers, and talks mere nonsense when they are present. Listen to her. She is singing such rubbish now."

And so she was, but yet there was a method in her jumble of songs, such, I almost fancied, as a person might be driven to use who wished to feign madness. I eyed her intently. She was looking at me with apparent carelessness. 'Can it be *she*?' thought I. 'Oh, no, it cannot. She would surely recognise me.' At that moment I bethought me of the pearl ring. Generally I wore it with the pearls turned inside to the palm of the hand. I lifted up my finger, and deliberately turned round to her full view the conspicuous part of the ring. With a shriek of anything but madness she ran away.

"Oh, she is gone," said my companion, "to the mistress's private room. She can always go there when she likes."

I was satisfied, and said nothing, but waited for my friend and the head of the establishment, the latter of whom I intended to see alone. In a minute or two a telegraphic message, stating that I must return to my chambers in town, to a consultation, by the first train, was put into my hands. I consoled myself with the idea that I would come down again on Monday. I inquired the name of the mad girl, made my bow, and in three quarters of an hour was deep in law in chambers.

Monday morning found me at Mrs. ——, near Hanwell.

"Is Mrs. —— at home?"

"Yes sir."

I sent up my card, and when admitted, I forthwith proceeded to make inquiries about my friend.

"Oh, she was taken away yesterday by her friends. She has been improving lately, and was removed about two o'clock yesterday."

"Do you know where she came from, or where she has gone?" said I.

"Not at all, sir."

I saw the woman was telling an untruth, but how could I expose her?

"Do your patients generally come and go in that extraordinary manner?"

"Oh, constantly, when introduced and taken away by a doctor."

"Then her friend is a medical man?"

"No, sir, I did not say that; her friends brought a medical man with them."

Untruth No. 2, thought I.

"And what is his name, pray?"

"That I *must* not tell."

Truth the first and last, I thought.

"I can give you this clue, sir,—they went down the line, for I know they took tickets to Exeter."

"Thank you," said I, inwardly concluding that that was untruth No. 3, and that therefore (as turned out to be the case) the parties had gone up the line—probably to London. I then became more open, threatened, coaxed, tried to bribe, and at last was told that if I did not leave the house at once, I should be turned out by the men-servants. Out I accordingly chose to go of my own free (?) will. In vain I twisted and turned everything over in my mind. The mistress of the establishment was not to blame—I could not bring her into court, for I dared not prove any interest in the young lady. Besides, I might have been mistaken, and in that case how foolish I should have looked. I was obliged, again, to fall back on Time, the great solver of mysteries. At length Time came to my relief.

About eighteen months after the last-mentioned circumstance I was junior counsel in some trial in London. It was my turn to examine the next witness—a somewhat unimportant one, by-the-bye.

"Miss Evelina Shirlock."

"Miss Evelina Shirlock" was repeated by the man in office. Forthwith the usual oath was administered in the accustomed rapid, careless manner—"The evidence you shall give," &c., &c. I had not as yet looked up, for I was running my eye over my brief; but when I did, I was so startled as nearly to jump out—not of my skin, but—of my wig.

Good gracious! More beautiful than ever, and self-possessed, there stood before me in the witness-box my long-lost middy friend.

Now, if a barrister ever loses his presence of mind, he is not fit for his profession. I very nearly, but not quite—never, however, so nearly as then—lost my presence of mind. However, my wits did not quite abandon me. At a glance I saw that the witness did not recognise in a grey curly wig, and with a sedate face, her former ally with dark locks and a merry countenance. At once I thrust deep into my pocket my pearl-ringed hand, tried slightly to change my voice, and began:

"Your name is Evelina Shirlock?"

"Yes."

"You live at Sun Villa, Regent's Park?"

"Yes."

"You are described, I see, as the niece of Sir John and Lady Clanmer, living at the same place?"

"I am."

"Have you lived there long?" She got confused. No answer.

"Have you lived there long?" I repeated.

"What on earth are you at?" whispered my senior counsel on the same side. "You will so bother the girl with your questions, which have nothing to do with the case, that she won't be able to give the evidence we really want.

"No, I will not," I replied; but I saw the lady change colour rapidly more than once, sigh, give tokens of fainting. I put my handkerchief to my face. "My nose is bleeding," I whispered to my senior. "You examine this witness, I will take the next."

At once I left the court. The witness did not, I believe, acquit herself in first-rate style, for which I got the blame. My irrelevant questions I attributed to a throbbing head, in corroboration of which my supposed bloody nose did me good service. The evidence, I knew, could not materially affect the case, and I had elicited what I wanted. No sooner was the court up than, having changed my clothes and flung my papers at the astonished clerk's head, off I drove to Sun Villa, Regent's Park.

"Is Miss Shirlock at home?"

"Yes, sir."

"Take my card up, and say that I am the gentleman who examined her to-day in court, and that I wish to see her."

Quickly, radiant with beauty, she entered, leaning on her aunt's arm. She shook hands with me.

"Oh, aunt!" she said, "this is the gentleman to whom we are so much indebted, and to whom my warmest thanks especially are owing. But, Mr. Stonhouse, you were too hard upon me in court. When I fancied I began to recognise you, I thought I should have fainted."

"Indeed, Miss Shirlock, you must make every allowance for my excitement on so unexpectedly meeting you, after having in vain sought you for many a long month."

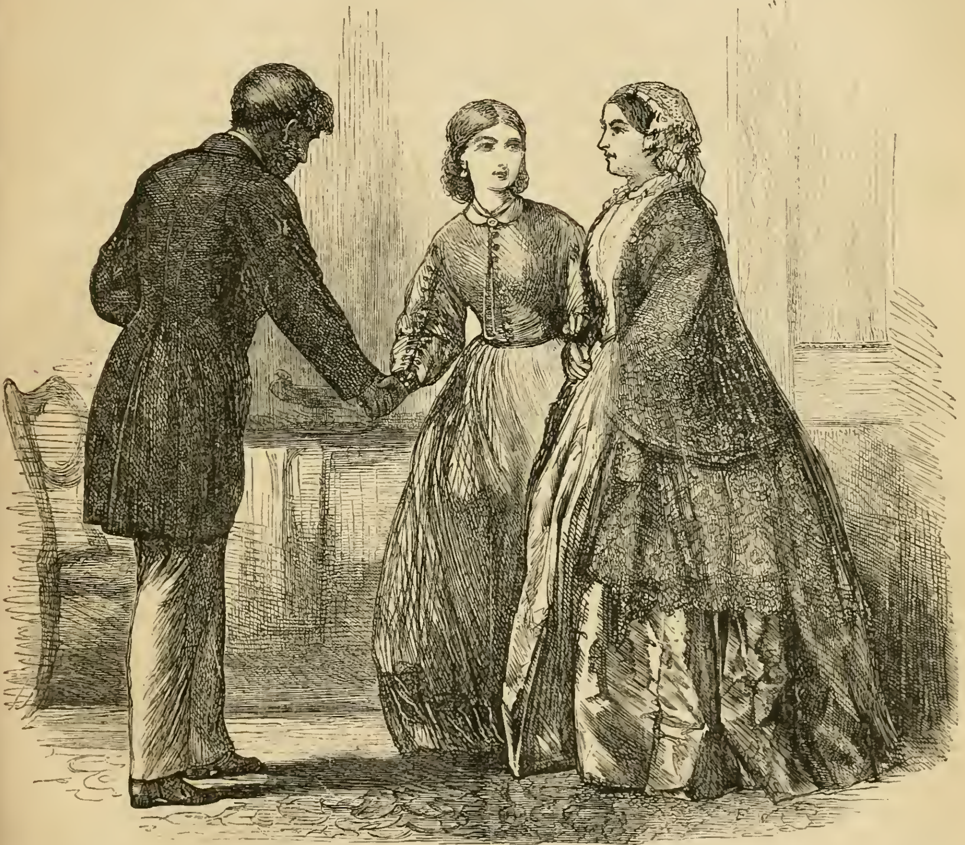
Lady Clanmer kindly asked me to dine. Sir John had already started for some Lord Mayor's

feast in the city. Of course I accepted. Dinner over, and a decent time having been spent at the dessert, the old lady rose, saying :

"I shall leave you two together, for I daresay you have a great deal to talk about."

We *did* talk. Each of us told our own story. With hers you shall forthwith be made acquainted in her own words. Seated by me, she began :

"I am the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Shirlock, of Rokeby Castle, near Reigate. My father originally was very far from wealthy. All the property and money came from my mother's side. Unfortunately, I lost my mamma when young. By the marriage settlements, which had been conceived in a most grasping manner by my maternal grandfather, who disliked my father, and which were shamefully worded, it was ordered that if my mother died first, the child or children should, on coming of age, inherit all the property (about 10,000*l*. a year) and the house, and that my father should only be allowed 500*l*. per annum for the rest of his life. I mention this as a slight excuse for my poor father's most shameful conduct. When I was about seventeen years old he began to get very anxious. He could not realise the



idea of coming down from being master of Rokeby Castle and a large fortune to a paltry pittance. He knew that even if I did not assert my legal rights, a husband, sooner or later, probably would do so for me. Had he dared, he would have killed me. He often said as much. When I was about eighteen, he told me he had found a husband for me whom I must prepare to marry. Now, at that age I really was averse to the idea of matrimony, and when I was introduced to my would-be lord and master, my dislike knew no bounds. After a little time I discovered that my father had entered into an agreement that if Mr. —— married me, my husband and myself were to have 1000*l*. a year, and my father the rest till his death. Mr. —— actually bound himself in writing to give up to my father 9000*l*. a year and Rokeby Castle if my father would make me marry him. Now, the money and the castle I never cared about ; my father might have had those with all my heart, as he ought during his lifetime ; but to be bought and sold, to be compelled to marry an odious man (for odious he was in every way), to be compelled to marry an odious man, to be made a—"

Miss Shirlock burst into tears. After a time she continued :

"I need hardly say that on discovering the underplot I resisted more stoutly than ever every entreaty, every threat, every bribe, made use of

to induce me to marry Mr. ——. Things went on this way till I was nearly nineteen. It was bad enough for me, I confess, but not enough so in my opinion to justify a daughter in running away from her parent's roof. About a month before I met you, my father sent for me. After a long interview, in which I steadfastly maintained my ground, my father dismissed me, saying, with an oath, 'You shall see what it is to disobey me—you shall undergo worse than death.' From that moment I was closely watched, not allowed to see any one, confined to my room and a stroll with an attendant for an hour a day in our back garden. In a short time I was visited by two medical men, who quickly informed my father that they were satisfied, and would do as he wished. The meaning of that my father next day told me, namely, that for 500*l.* each the medical gentlemen had signed a certificate stating I was mad; that he had met with a nice private establishment and an accommodating, easy-conscienced, though hard-dealing mistress, who was utterly devoid of feeling; that in a fortnight's time, if I did not marry Mr. ——, I should be confined for life. 'Yes, for life, and in a mad-house, miss!' but I will not repeat his fearful language. My servant was faithful to me, whatever her other faults were. By my request she searched my father's private papers, and found that things were exactly as he had stated. Long before this I had written to my mother's sister, Lady Clanmer—then living in Paris—but in vain. My letters were all intercepted. What *could* I do, but run away? I knew full well that I should be telegraphed for, because when not in my room, of which my father kept the key, I was visited by him every quarter of an hour in the garden, just that he might see I had not escaped. Day after day I had marked the regularly running train in which we first met. By a heavy bribe I obtained a midshipman's dress and a ticket marked Dover to London, from one of the porters at the station, who had been in our service. I suppose he got it from his brother, the driver, who had come from Dover. I also begged him to keep an empty first-class carriage for me; and instructed my maid, as soon as she saw the train actually in motion, to return with a scratched face, and say I had knocked her down and run off to the station. All went right till you jumped into the carriage after the train had started. That led to my strange question, 'Pray, sir, are you a gentleman?'"

We were both silent for a time.

"Well, Miss Middy," I said, "you have enlightened me as to your history down to our first meeting in a train, will you kindly condescend to give me a history of yourself since our parting in a cab?"

"Most willingly," replied she, smiling through her tears. "You have been quite my preserver. After leaving you I drove near the residence of one of the medical gentlemen whose names you had given me, got rid of my cabman" (you little knew, thought I, what a narrow escape you had there), "and went to the doctor. On finding he was at home, I walked straight in, told him my whole history, and threw myself quite on his honour, begging him to conceal me effectually for two years, when I should be of age. After a time, chiefly owing to me, the idea of my going into voluntary confinement in a private lunatic asylum was hit upon and matured. There I should never be sought. There I went. The mistress, a kind lady, was of course in my secret. I did just what I liked. Able lawyers were engaged to watch proceedings for me in the outer world. In case of accident I wore a wig of dark hair. All went well till you by chance stumbled on me in the mad-house. Your kindness, your good nature, I did not doubt, but I did not then want to meet you. That same afternoon I telegraphed for Dr. ——; that same night I was in his house, and commenced my new duties, to avoid suspicion, as governess to his children. In three months' time my father died. My legal friends secured my rights for me. My uncle and aunt had come to England. I told them my story. They were horror-struck; but I thanked God I was a free agent. My next object was to find you. I did not wish to make ourselves too conspicuous, so I refrained from advertising; but in every other way tried, without success, to meet with you. Time after time have I followed in my carriage a cab which, after all, contained the wrong individual. Thank goodness, at last we met, though it was in a crowded court, and though, Mr. Stonhouse, you were a little too hard upon me. And now let me thank you," said she, putting her hand confidingly into mine. "Oh, you cannot tell how much I do thank you for your former great kindness to me."

I soon became very intimate at Sun Villa. On the events of the next year I must not dwell much. They are too painful. Day after day I rode with Miss Shirlock in the park, dined at Lady Clanmer's house two or three times a week, escorted her and her niece constantly to the opera and theatre, for Sir John did not trouble himself much about such places, and was only too glad to place the ladies under my charge. I neglected my law business to such a degree, that even now I am slightly suffering from it. As for *loving* Miss Shirlock, of that I never dreamed. One day I said to her:

"Middy" (I had learned to call her so), "what have you done with the likeness I gave you in the train?"

"Oh, I do not know," she replied. "I do not want it so much now that I am acquainted with you: my chief reason for keeping it was that I might recognise you again."

Of course we often laughed and talked about our first meeting. Time after time we used to talk about my engagement.

"Middy, how is it you do not marry? I know that Captain Fitzgerald is dying for you—Mr. Carlyon is desperately in love—the Honourable Augustus Bonchurch would give anything to call you his own. Why don't you make one or other of these gentlemen come forward, or, rather, why do you continue to refuse all your admirers one after the other?"

"Oh, I do not know, Mr. Stonhouse; I do not love them; they are only attracted by my pretty face or fortune."

"Well, but some are sensible men; why don't you *try* to love one of them?—you will in time if you try?"

"Pshaw!" burst in Middy. "How *can* you talk such nonsense, and profane the name of love in that way? If I were driven to seek a home, or, like a very young girl, had no experience, the case might be different. Even then in a short time I should find out that I had acted wickedly."

"Well, but Middy—" said I.

"Now, don't go on in that way. Mr. Special Pleader. You are not holding a brief for which you are paid, so you are not bound to speak what you do not believe."

In the course of eighteen months, towards the close of the London season, Middy and I one afternoon were together in the garden, I lying on the grass smoking, she seated near me.

"Middy," said I, "give me joy: the old relation who stood between me and matrimony is supposed at last to be dying, and probably in the course of six or eight months I shall no longer be a bachelor."

"What, Frank!" she cried. "What, going to be married?"

"Yes, Middy," said I, somewhat puzzled. "You knew full well I was engaged."

"Yes, but, but—"

She said no more, but fell on her face fainting. Here's a mess, thought I, as I rushed to a neighbouring friendly fountain. "Here *is* a mess!" *exclaimed* I, as, on returning with water, I saw that my picture and a locket with hair in it of the same colour as mine had, by the fall, been shaken out from her bosom and lay beside her. I had often noticed a small gold chain round her neck, which, descending into the folds of her dress, was lost to view; but little fancying what was appended to it, I had thought it intrusive on my part to ask what was at the end of the chain. And she had called me *Frank*, too, for the first time in her life. "Oh, what a mess!" groaned I. Well, I dashed water in her face. In the course of a few minutes she came round, sat up, replaced my picture and the locket. Her eyes encountered mine: for a very brief space of time we gazed steadily at each other. For once in my life I was fairly at a loss to know what my eyes said. She quickly recovered.

"Let us walk," she said, "it will do me good."

Up and down the garden we sauntered for a short time, talking of my wedding, she congratulating me, I answering in monosyllables, and wishing myself anywhere but there. As soon as possible I said good morning, and went out at the garden-gate. It were impossible otherwise I should like to analyse the way in which we shook hands with each other.

"Cab, sir?"

"Yes," replied I, opening the door at once and shutting myself in.

"Where to, sir?"

"Oh, Jericho!" replied I.

And, now, being alone, I began to meditate. Middy loved me to distraction, that was clear; ay, and loved me, too, in the fullest, truest sense of the word, purely and for ever. Now for self-examination.

"Where to, sir, did you say?" interrupted cabby, putting his ugly frontispiece round to the window.

"Jericho!" replied I angrily. "Can't you hear?"

Cabby shuffled on his seat, lashed the horse, scratched his head,—lashed the horse again. Now for self-examination. And lest the reader should have his or her curiosity excited, and take me for a patent fool, let me at once say that I have not been a barrister for twenty years without having a wholesome dread of putting myself into a witness-box. My self-examination and answers I keep to myself. Suffice it to say, I have been married fourteen years and have eight children; but, inasmuch as my income is not large, I should have been just as well pleased with four, if the other four had not come. Each child, however, has added a fresh link to the chain that binds me closely to my affectionate wife, and were she on trial, I defy the united abilities of a hundred horse-power attorney-general and ditto solicitor-general to elicit from her that I have been anything but, in word and deed, a most kind, tender, and attached husband.

Owing to a crowd of vehicles we came to a stand-still in Oxford Street.

"I say, Bill," exclaimed my driver to a brother Jehu, "have you ever heard of Jericho? Where is it? Gent inside wants to go there."

"Can't say, Jim," responded whip No. 2, "unless it be smack through the city or t'other side of the water. Try 'em both and then swear you have lost your way."

This recalled me to my senses, and made me think of the insane address I had given my driver.

"Cabby, I will go to the Temple instead of Jericho."

"All right, sir," said he evidently much relieved, and such is the sympathy between man (when a good driver) and beast that the horse likewise was evidently much relieved.

My long-lived relation, I need hardly say, did not die that bout, and so another season saw Middy and myself again in town together. We met, we were friends, talked to each other, sometimes rode together, but neither of us ever alluded to the garden-scene. Each clearly wished, each as evidently dreaded so to do. Somehow or other I was obliged, as I explained to Lady Clanmer and herself, to apply more steadily to my increasing practice. Somehow or other, too, when I called, Middy occasionally was not at home, pleading when we met indisposition as her excuse for not receiving me. The chain still hung round her neck; whether or not its appendages were there I could not tell.

Towards the close of the season 1844 my relation at length departed this life. In the following autumn my bride and myself entered on our new life and went abroad. Cards, of course were sent to Lady Clanmer. On our return I found, forwarded to our new house in Curzon Street, Mayfair, from my chambers in the Temple, Middy's wedding-cards.

Thank goodness she has got over it at last, thought I. She had married the eldest son of a

Scotch peer. I knew him. A kind, honest, straightforward man, but not over-gifted with wisdom. He and his wife lived in Scotland, hardly ever coming to London. Once after we were both married Middy and I met. I danced with her. *The chain was still round her neck.* I am afraid to say how deeply I drank that night at supper, without being in the very slightest degree intoxicated. Port wine had as little effect on me as water. Occasionally, on the birth of one of my children, congratulatory letters passed between her and me. She, poor thing, had no children. Every August brought us a hamper of grouse from Scotland; every Christmas took from Curzon Street a cod's head and shoulders, oysters, &c., directed to Middy's husband. Those presents also occasioned a biennial interchange of letters.

People say that all married persons have a secret corner in their hearts, not at all of necessity a guilty one, which they never, by any chance betray to their partners for life. May be so. All I know is that I never told my wife of my antecedents in connection with Middy.

"On the 25th inst., aged twenty-six, owing to a fall from her horse, Evelina, the beloved wife of——"

I started, dropped the "Times." Good gracious! poor Middy then is dead. Hastily I looked round —my wife was not in the room. The paper, properly folded, was quickly replaced on the table and off I went to chambers. Presently I heard a great fuss in my ante-room, and my clerk's voice expostulating in no mild terms:

"You can't come in. Well, I tell you, you shan't come in. My master, Mr. Stonhouse, won't be disturbed by the like of you."

I rang my bell.

"Who is that?"

"Some poor woman, sir. She says she must and will see you herself. I have threatened to give her into custody, but she won't go away, and won't tell me her business."

"What is she like?"

"I can hardly tell, but I think, sir, she is a Scotchwoman."

"Show her in."

In she came, and asked me if I was indeed Mr. Counsellor Stonhouse, then would I just open that parcel and see if it was all right. I recognised Middy's writing, opened the packet with trembling hands:

"It is all right," said I, offering the woman a sovereign, and adding, "can I do anything more for you?"

"No, sir; many thanks to you, but my travelling expenses have been paid, and as for the rest I would do anything in the wide world for that dear gude leddy, who, when alive, was so kind to me and my puir bairns."

With that she departed. Again my bell sounded, and the clerk, on intruding his inquisitive face, was told, "Do not let me be disturbed by anybody on any account for the next hour."

The last words I heard before settling down to my reverie were,

"My good woman, why could you not give me that parcel instead of taking it to Mr. Stonhouse yourself?"

"Gang to the deil wi' ye, ye auld fule; do ye think that packet was for the likes of ye to handle; ha, ha, ye auld fule."

The door was indignantly slammed. Poor Middy had chosen a coarse-tongued but faithful messenger. The packet contained a letter, my picture, a song, and *the* chain and locket.

The letter was written of course under most highly excited feelings, if not actually under the influence of delirium. I put it, the picture, and the song into my fire. The burden of the song (I had often heard her sing it) was, "Will she love you as I do?" The locket I dropped into the Thames that night. The chain my eldest daughter wears round her neck. In my pocket-book I have the tress of hair she gave me in the railway carriage when under such strange circumstances we first met.

Frank had finished. For a quarter of an hour neither of us spoke. It was dark. I could not see his face. Once I heard him mutter "Poor, poor Middy." It might have been poor dear Middy. I am not sure. Tears, I fancied, were trickling down his cheeks. Not in the slightest degree from a wish to hurt or annoy him, but more from carelessness and heedlessness than anything else, I thought I would try to ascertain his real feelings. In a few moments he said:

"Any more wine, Charles?"

"No, thank you," replied I; "but, Frank, I say, did you ever read Ivanhoe, and do you remember just at the end, where Walter Scott says with reference to Ivanhoe, Rebecca, and Rowena, that—"

I had gone too far.

"Temple," said he sharply, addressing me by my surname, "you said you would have no more wine; if *you* are not going to the ladies, *I* am."

He moved towards the door, but returned, took my hand, squeezed it, and said, "Charlie, I did not mean to be so abrupt. I hardly knew what I was saying. I feel a little relieved at having told you this chapter of my life; but mind," whispered he, almost fiercely, "mind never allude again to what I have to-night related."

We went upstairs—Frank going first—to his dressing-room, probably to wash away traces of emotion. A quarter of an hour later, with his rich tenor voice, he was joining in some merry glee. As I looked at him, I thought how little sometimes do our nearest and dearest relations and friends know of what passes beneath the surface. Oh, how little did I conjecture what was coming when first I heard the commencing words of the story,

"Pray, sir, are you a gentleman?"

Charles Temple.

HOW WE SAVED OUR MADEIRA.

It was the close of our Christmas dinner, and we were draining the last bottle of the old Madeira. The vintage was exhausted; and we knew, when we reverentially placed the aged flask on the table, that under existing circumstances, it was to us as the sole survivor of an Indian race—the last of the Madeiras.

With wistful eyes we watched the golden tide ebb lower and lower, and not a few calculations were made by expectant members of the half-circle about our fireside, as to who would be the fortunate allottee of the last precious drops.

Radiant to the last, like a sun, it finally set into the wine-glass of an old gentleman, whose seat was nearest the fire.

Others of the company had drained their glasses, fearing that, unless they exhibited a decided deficit, the costly wine would, by acclamation, be passed onwards. Not so the old gentleman. Slowly and solemnly he added the remainder of the Madeira to his already fair supply; then, heaving a sigh, he handed the empty bottle to his disappointed successor, placed the full glass on the mantel-piece, and piously contemplated it.

There was a befitting silence for some moments.

The old gentleman tasted his Madeira with a melancholy relish, and having attracted everybody's attention by an exaggerated "hem!" volunteered the following story, which, as I recollect it to have eclipsed any other on the same occasion, I have attempted to reproduce briefly, thus:

In the island of Barbados, it was usual for absentee land-proprietors to be represented by some agricultural agent or, 'attorney'* as he was called there. This important functionary, in common with most people in England, had his boxing season at Christmas; and it was customary to send certain annual presents for his acceptance, such as hams, barrels of spiced beef, cheese, and wine.

Some years ago a Mr. Hollingsworth was the attorney or manager of certain estates in Barbados, called the Codrington estates, under trust to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.

As usual, at Christmas time one year, this gentleman received as a gift a hogshead of special Madeira.

As might be supposed, great value was set upon the wine, and all care was taken of it during its transit to the island.

On an appointed day, orders were given for broaching the cask, and great expectations were naturally raised; a group surrounded the hogshead —the cooper was called, the wine tapped; but, to the vast disappointment of all, the Madeira was found to be in an highly acetous state—in plain English, the valued wine was *vinegar!*

Something had happened to it! Everybody said so. Knowing hands declared, perhaps not without truth, that the failure was owing to defective fermentation, insufficient fining, or careless casking. Be that as it might — the wine was spoiled, and, save for kitchen purposes, worthless; and even for that use it was not as yet entirely fit.

Well, the cask was rolled out into the mill-yard with expressions of disgust; the head unhooped, and carelessly placed over the top of the hogshead for the purpose of allowing the rays of the sun to ripen the deceitful Madeira into honest vinegar; no dependence was to be placed in it—it was left to its fate.

Some six or eight months afterwards, upon the occasion of some festivity at the "great house," the preparation of some *pièce de résistance* required the assistance of vinegar. The kitchen stock was exhausted—the nearest neighbours, of course, were singularly enough in want, at that moment, of all the little that remained to them. The waiters were at their wits' end; and the cook, under the combined influence of pressure of work and the absence of the necessary ingredient, was almost a maniac.

Heated negroes rushed tumultuously to Mr. Hollingsworth with the lamentable tidings. He soon bethought him of the despised Madeira; on the hint, away flew the rabble to the mill-yard, and instantaneously some of the contents of the exiled cask were drawn off in a jug.

But no expression of relief shone in the intelligent countenances of those who hastily tasted the liquor. Evidently their difficulty was not solved; something was the matter with the Madeira again!

Slowly the drawers retrace their steps, bearing the jug with the perverted liquor at arm's length, lest the manifest presence of a darker power than even Cuffee himself should do them harm.

Mr. Hollingsworth tasted the contents. He started! Surprise, but not alarm, agitated him. The negroes watched with mistrust and fear.

Mr. Hollingsworth tasted it again: he smiled this time. The negroes breathed again.

There was a strange convulsion of Mr. H.'s eyelid; it was a telegraph of inward appreciation.

"Roll the cask into the cellar—hoop on the head carefully—lock the door and bring me the key."

The order was rapidly obeyed.

Dismissing the still unsatisfied negroes, Mr. Hollingsworth creeps to the cellar—enters—taps the wine—tastes it again—drinks it—he laughs aloud! and why? The vinegar is no longer vinegar, but *superlative Madeira!*

* * * * *

How they drank that night! Evidently the host had kept the good wine until now. How they drank! and was there ever such Madeira! General Haynes endorsed it; and the then Rector of St. John's Parish certified to its merits "with meditative grunts of much content."

* * * * *

Well, the wine didn't last very long. The climate of the West Indies is, I confess, a very thirsty climate. It passed away, deeply regretted by all who knew its worth. And when they came to the bottom of the cask, the secret came out, which had worked this wonderful cure and metamorphosis. At the bottom of the hogshead, in various stages of decomposition, lay the bodies of four or five large RATS!

* * * * *

It is well known that animal matter refines wine. The rats, thirsty souls, stooped to drink, and met an acetic grave.

But their good lived after them, and their

* "Attorney," in the original and etymological sense of representative.

epitaphs were the praises over the Madeira they had saved.

* * * * *

Mr. Hollingsworth never forgot the liquor which, as Pope says, was

At once their vinegar and wine.

R. REECE, Jun.

THE COMET OF 1861.

SUNDAY night: a bright soft cloudless summer night. The bells of the old church of St. Thomas, Portsmouth, had just chimed one, and numberless other bells swung by human hands were doubly echoing the leader's signal from the decks of the men-of-war lying far up the noble harbour. I closed the book in which I had been writing-up the journal of the past week, as it always is my custom to log it down, for evil or for good, before beginning the work of a new week; and, with a weary yawn, turned away to undress. As I passed the window I suddenly caught sight of a blaze of white light, spreading high into the expanse of the heavens, and looking attentively and wonderingly at it, I perceived that it was a great and very beautiful comet. I threw up the window to look the better at it, and then the murmur of the distant city came towards me, to tell me that many other eyes beside mine were gazing on that glorious object. It well deserved that title, for the size of the stranger appeared greater than any I had ever seen before, its nucleus being clear and brilliant, and its wide-spread tail, with an inclination but slightly inclined from the perpendicular, clearly visible beyond the zenith. I felt dazzled with the beauty of my new discovery, and began to feel a longing for sympathy in the matter, and a desire as well that others should see and admire. I ran down stairs and roused my wife, her sister, and her maid. I told them of the magnificent sight now visible. They were in their first sleep, and did not appreciate the news. None of them would move; I felt keenly disappointed. So I pressed them with accounts of its dazzling beauty, urging them to wake and come to see what they might bitterly regret missing. At last I was successful: dressing-gowns with many groans were huddled on, caps doffed, and slippers donned; and with a cautious peep that no candles were lighted, out they stole, shivering and unconverted as to the necessity. But when they approached the window and saw the magnificence of the heavenly stranger, they exclaimed with delight that they would not have lost the chance for anything they knew. I felt proud and elated, pointing out to them the spread of the soft light as it died and melted away in the deep blue of the high vault of the sky, and the flickerings which every now and then appeared to spring from the bright star out of which all this luminous vapour appeared to flow. Then, as they stole back, awed yet rejoicing, to bed again, I closed the window to follow their example; and while I did so two thoughts upon this glorious theme came across me, which I think I will jot down on an extra leaf of my journal. The first was, as to what we really know about comets in the year of grace 1861.

Well, perhaps we may sum that up in saying that we have discovered a little about the motions of these luminous travellers through space, but of what they are composed, or whether they have any specific gravity at all, we know absolutely nothing. Still it is not a small triumph to be able in some measure to define the form of the orbit of a body which performs its mighty journey around our common centre, the sun, in more years than this great globe takes days to do the same. Still more is it to have set at rest those extravagant notions which perplexed nations, confounded emperors and kings, and set up gaunt superstition upon its tall stalking horse to prey on cruelty and ignorance. Even in more modern, and therefore happily more enlightened times, the fear of a brush of the tail of one such visitor brought sad tribulation in its train; but the matter which once was thought to engulph the world in destruction is now looked on with calmer eyes—Mr. Hind asserting that we really were in the tail of our present friend at the moment these thoughts were passing through my brain—and we saw, nearly two years ago, that the satellites of our big brother Jupiter endured a very considerable embrace without any evil result. If, then, when in actual contact they are harmlesss, surely at a distance, and in their significative or prophetic bearing, they may be held to be equally so. The day has thus passed away when men are likely to be moved to crime and fear by the apparition of

———The blazing star
Threatening the world with famine, plague, and war:
To princes death; to kingdoms many crosses:
To all estates inevitable losses:
To herdsmen rot; to ploughmen hapless seasons:
To sailors storms; to cities civil treasons.

Yet these are but negative blessings, the absence of evil and of the power of harming; have we nothing of a more positive order with which to congratulate ourselves on the arrival of so distinguished a foreigner? Yes, the wise tell us he carries in his train the certainty of a bounteous harvest in corn, wine, and oil; and wise matrons predict the happiness of twins to such wives who become proud mothers during the short interval in which the comet performs his perihelion around the sun, and is therefore a beauteous object in our earthly skies. But alas! like the former train of evils, we must scatter this latter of blessings also to the winds. True, indeed, it was, that when the great comet of 1811 appeared in the heavens, that year was prolific in the "good things" which the bosom of mother earth yielded for the use of her children, and even to this very day we sometimes see advertised a few dozen bottles of curious old wine for sale, the which, to enhance its value, is called Comet Wine. There is no doubt but that the wine of that year was especially good, and deservedly maintains its reputation, and, Deo volante, this present year may be equally blessed with a fat and fruitful season; but the old chroniclers tell us that when the great comet appeared in the year 1305, when Edward the First was tyrannising Scotland, "a general cold prevailed over Europe, and a severe frost at midsummer destroyed the corn and fruits." From the quiver of good gifts which the bright goodness was

supposed to carry, we must in fairness extract this arrow; and the other it will be safer to leave to the discretion and wisdom of the better sex, assured that on so intricate and knotty a point, they will shoot far nearer to the mark than we shall.

Thus, in spite of sage old saws and wise traditions, we have unwillingly torn to shreds this interwoven garment of good and evil, and surely we ought, in its place, to find something less flimsy by which to cover the nakedness of our ignorance. Can we not at least hint at, imagine, or conjecture any feasible use a comet may have in the mighty machinery of creation? We are, or may be, quite certain that it *has* a duty to perform, for the merest contemplation of the works of the Omniscient infallibly leads us to this knowledge, that nothing is created without a purpose, little as we finite creatures may be able to comprehend that purpose; and that all matter, whether organic or inorganic, possesses within itself, though separated often by vast stages of formations, the necessary power of restoration towards some specific end. The whole universe, as is well known, is a wondrous piece of mechanism, self-balanced and self-restoring, and the astounding discovery of Laplace, in which the worlds or planets, in their approach towards the sun, are provided in their mutual attraction one towards the other with the means for retarding the inward power of the great centre, and reversing the set of the spring towards its extreme outward limit, in the course of which slowly progressive operations mighty cycles of years are passed, set the seal to a fact which had been hazarded, believed, but never completely proved. We may see, on a smaller scale, the same law working in this our own unit among the other worlds. Here we find nothing lost, nothing wasted. The drops of water which apparently fall uselessly upon the ocean's lap, are sucked again up in vapour towards the vault of the firmament, there to collect, and, condensing on the mountain's side, to tumble back again in sparkling rills towards the parent sea, but bearing in their courses through the plains and valleys rich blessings both for man and beast. Matter is continually changing all round, nothing will for an instant remain *in statu quo*; dust is frittering and dropping away, unperceived, but not the less surely working, and passing off to re-aggregate and re-crystallise in some new form for the use of future generations many ages hence; gases revolving into one another perform the same round for the more immediate wants of living man, and prove to him the silent action ever going on around, and without the healing and self-restorative power of which he could no longer renew his own existence from day to day. Animal life, insect life, the works of man, are all contributing towards this great end,—the revolution and recombination of the matter of which this earth is composed; and what we call death is actually, in the simple alchemy of nature, but a dread and solemn phase of this universal law. *All* then is change, *nothing* is lost; and yet there is to this, apparently a remarkable exception. We say apparently, for if we believe the law to be true, we know, though we cannot prove, the exception to be erroneous. Ever since—what did we say?—long before this world was formed in its present aspect, floods of

The Comet, as seen from Portsmouth Harbour.

light have passed away from the central sun towards the outermost confines of the universe he controls; what is it which replenishes his wasting lamp, and continually restores the powers with which each instant of time he lavishly blesses his satellites? It is true we know not what light is, save that it must necessarily be some form of matter, though that form is as yet imponderable and immeasurable by our scales and scrutinies. Yet, confident in the self-acting machinery of the universe, there *must* be some means of refilling our great universal lamp, without which man and his dependents could no longer live. We do not jump at the conclusion, but is it impossible that comets, apparently composed of masses of vapoury light or luminous matter, aggregations as it were of the particles of light, should be the very servants of the universe, who re-collect and replenish the ever wasting power which nourishes and sustains it? Is it incredible that they, as slaves of the lamp, should sweep, in their long and mighty parabolas, out to the extreme confines of space; and reabsorbing the light from thence, should carry it back under their own regulated laws to the source from whence it proceeded; it may be with conditions changed, but so changed as to permit of its gleaning and garnering afresh. This is but a theory, it is true; it may never be proved; but nevertheless, until it is demolished by sounder views, until science has clearly lifted the veil of obscurity which now conceals the truth, it will be pleasant to think it not impossible, to say the least, and that least very modestly. It is the one link wanting to complete the balance in the self-renovation of the material of the universe, and it is a stepping-stone on which to rest the weary foot, while groping on and on through the misty darkness towards quenching the thirsty craving soul in the delicious waters of truth and knowledge.

This was my first thought, and then followed a musing upon the sudden manner in which the comet had become visible; and yet for many days past it must have been within mortal view, had it not been hidden by the circumjacent clouds. The veil was lifted, and lo! it shone before our wondering eyes in all its beauty and grandeur! Is this, or may we not think this may be, a type of the sudden coming of the Lord and Master of this universe, who was once received after his mortal humiliation by the clouds of heaven, and is again to come down upon his earthly kingdom encompassed with clouds and great glory? Of that day and that hour no man knoweth. It may not be for long ages yet to come, or it may be nearer than we think. Few there are who are watching for the clouds to break, and suddenly, when least expected, they shall be parted, and the light which is to restore this earth to its pristine beauty, shall shine out and utterly confound the unwatchful. No one suspected, no one thought, that behind the canopy which shut out the stars night after night, a magnificent globe of light was approaching nearer and nearer to the earth. Yet so it was; men and women went to bed this very night unthinking of and unsuspecting its presence, and suddenly a buzz and stir, which quickly swells upon the breath of night, proclaims that something unusual has occurred. So it is with the life of man and the many chances of destruction which surround it. A little nerve gives way, or a leak is sprung at sea; the slip of a horse's foot, or the tire of a wheel is loosened; and man, strong healthy man, is hurried across the Border Land, and ushered into the light of that Presence *where in truth he has ever been*, did he but know, believe, and remember it. The wise man will ever be mindful of his own frailty, and look for the parting of the clouds, and for the light which is surely beyond them.

As I turned away and closed the window, I had yet another thought—for the window itself reminded me of a woodcut in the beginning of some book on astronomy which I had lately seen, where the great Newton is represented sitting at his garret window, his hand upon his equatorial, and looking out upon the heavens at night. It were well at such a moment to pay the passing tribute of a thought to that immortal genius, and to that of his great compeer, Halley, the first man who understood the periodic revolution of the comet in its orbit, and with the noble words "I dare foretell its return," confidently proclaimed his belief far and wide. My thought was one of gratitude and pleasure, in the knowledge that I lived in an age of science which was denied to these giants of discovery; and that, thanks to their labours and mighty talents, the schoolboy now starts on the career and search for truth where they left off, with but a glimmer of that wondrous revelation of the subduing of the elements of the matter of this earth to our will which we have now achieved; and who knows when the clouds shall again part, and we may make some new discovery, which shall by it add, as steam and electricity have done, to the comfort and civilisation of our race? It may be that long before the cycle of time is passed which must again bring our glorious visitor within our terrestrial gaze, the mystery of its own assured mission will be solved by the restless brain of some now living Newton, destined to prove another phase of that simple yet immutable law of the Creator, who, for His own glory and our advantage, hath surely ordered all things well. R. B. M.

Relics of Byron.—We hear that the widow of Col. Wildman, the late owner of Newstead Abbey, has signified her intention of securing to that estate in perpetuity by deed of gift two well-known treasures whose associations are inseparably connected with the name of Lord Byron; the monk's skull cup, and the ancient communion service of the abbey. The former is the *well-known skull cup*, made out of the cranium of a monk whose remains were discovered by Lord Byron soon after coming into possession; the stone coffin which contained them is still to be seen in the cloisters at Newstead. The poet composed some Bacchanalian verses, which are engraved on the silver stem in which the cup is mounted: the lines are to be found in any edition of his works. The communion service is of gold, and the workmanship in excellent taste; it is a fine specimen of antique art, and is held in high veneration by the good people of Newstead and its neighbourhood.

THE SILVER CORD.

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS.

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

Yet Laura might have safely and discreetly surrendered the volume to the applicant on board the boat. For he was not, as she naturally suspected, a hostile emissary, but an agent who had been employed at the desire of Charles Hawkesley, and by concert between him and the chief of the police. They had better reasons for the precaution than she could imagine.

Hawkesley, on returning from the bureau, after hearing the views of M. ——, had gone to the apartment of Arthur Lygon, and had apprised him of the catastrophe at Versailles.

Rarely has terrible news wrought such a change in the hearer as did these tidings cause in the hitherto impassive Lygon. He had listened in the calmest silence to the short introduction by which Hawkesley sought to approach the subject without undue abruptness, and had waited steadily for the narrative of the issue of the conflict; but when his brother-in-law announced that Urquhart was no more, the eyes of Lygon suddenly lighted up, his face reassumed its long lost expression of determination and self-reliance, and—it was a small trait, but characteristic of the man—he rose and gave a brief, business-like glance at the mirror, as if to satisfy himself that he was duly qualified to mingle again in the world upon its own terms. Then he turned to Hawkesley.

"Poor Robert! He deserved better than to die by such a hand. Has Adair been arrested?"

"No."

"You do not mean that he has escaped?"

"For the present."

"The police have let him escape?"

"They have not yet secured him."

"So much for the boasted French police! We will see whether our English heads can help them. You will come with me to Versailles?"

And with an alacrity which he had not displayed

since the day on which the one great blow had descended upon him, Lygon hastened to throw together a few private papers and other matters, and to secure them, and was then about to go out, when Hawkesley stopped him.

"What do you propose to do, Arthur?"

"What is there to do but one thing? Let us make the best of our way to Versailles, learn for ourselves what particulars we can, and if these police cannot hit upon the track of the miscreant, we may be more fortunate."

"You are for hunting him down?"

"Can you ask *that?* Do you think that I will rest until I have seen him brought out on the scaffold?"

"Sit down, and listen to me."

"Let us talk, if it must be so, as we go along. Come.".

"No. I have an answer to give in Paris, and it must be given after you have heard me. Ten minutes will suffice, and they will not be thrown away."

"You speak in a tone that leaves me no choice," said Lygon, laying his watch on the table before him.

"It is proposed to me by the police that we should let this man escape altogether," said Hawkesley, quietly.

Lygon uttered a deep oath.

"He is their confederate, but we could hardly have expected this," he said, furiously. "But they shall not save him. Come, let us get upon his traces. I have had some experience in such matters. If we once run him down, all the confederates in the world shall not save him."

"It is not for his own sake that they wish to spare him."

"For whose then, in the name of—"

"For yours."

"Mine!"

"I have asked you for ten minutes, Arthur, and you will do well to hear me out."

"For *my* sake!" repeated Lygon, angrily.

"It is my duty to tell you what has been said to me. Then you will act as you may think fit."

Arthur Lygon sat down opposite to Hawkesley, and fixed a steady gaze upon his brother-in-law.

"Finish, Charles. You are no trifler, but every moment we waste is a shame and a disgrace to Urquhart's brothers."

"There are duties to the living as well as to the dead, Arthur. Listen to me. Urquhart has died a sacrifice for a reputation that should be dearer to us than any memory."

"I do not understand you."

"It is all before me now, and you must not doubt for a moment that I am speaking the entire truth. The villain who has slain Urquhart had obtained possession of letters which Robert believed to be conclusive evidence against your wife, Arthur. She, poor wretch, terrified by his threats to use them, came to France to rescue them from him, in order to throw them before you, and beg you to judge and save her."

Lygon waved his hand impatiently, but made no reply.

"This is the truth, as God shall judge me, Lygon!"

"You desire to believe it, and you do," replied Lygon, quickly, "and that is all that you have a right to say. I do not believe it—"

"Nor desire to believe it?" asked Hawkesley, sternly.

"Do I desire to believe a lie? Did that dead man give credit to such a tale? We will not talk of this any more," said Arthur. becoming pale with emotion which he struggled to hide.

"We will talk of it, Lygon, while I have anything to say to you—or we never speak again. I have not shown myself so worthless a friend, I think, as to be so cast off, or to be denied what you would grant to a stranger. The happiness of Laura, of yourself, and of your children, is as dear to me as my own, and I will not be silenced while I believe that I can do you service by speaking. You must answer me, too. If I can prove to you beyond a shadow of doubt that what I have told you is true, what will you do?"

"Let us hunt down this murderer, and then we may speak of other things."

"Other things, Arthur Lygon! Are those words for the happiness of your own life and Laura's? Will you answer me now? If I have truly told you what was Laura's errand to France, will you forbid her to accomplish it?"

"Laura and I meet no more in this world. When Urquhart's death has been avenged, I will leave the rest to your care."

"May God deal to you more justice than you deal to the mother of your children!"

"You do not understand *me*, Hawkesley," was Lygon's calm reply. "Be content to believe that. Have you more to say?"

"But that I hope to save you and Laura yet; you and I should say no more to one another from this minute. But I will not be defeated by your resolution, until I have done my work. Do you hear me say that, Arthur Lygon?"

"Do you believe," replied Lygon, kindly, "that I ever doubted your affection for us? But you can serve no good purpose by endeavouring to make me share the deception that has been practised on you. By Heaven, Charles," he exclaimed, passionately, "if the past could be done away, and I could be once more what I was on that accursed day when I went to what I had left a happy home, and found the abandoned—" the words rose chokingly in his throat, and it was with tearful eyes, and yet a vehement utterance, that after a pause he finished the sentence. "If the past could be undone, as Heaven shall judge *me*, I could go a pauper and a cripple towards my grave, and go in gladness that I had known the love of a pure and true woman. A curse has come upon me, and I have not deserved it."

Hawkesley looked at him in silence, while Arthur dashed away the tears which he did not attempt to hide, and made an effort to recover his self-possession. Then the former said—

"I ask you, Arthur, for the sake of our relationship—for the sake of our friendship—for the sake of your children, one thing. You have no right to refuse it me?"

"What do you ask?"

"That you will see these letters."

"To what good? Why would you force upon me the evidences of my dishonour?"

"I ask you to read them."

"And if I should," replied Lygon, bitterly, "and if they should prove, as I suppose by your urging it you think they will prove, somewhat less conclusive than such cursed letters usually are; if it should chance to turn out that they leave only doubts where we believe there is certainty—what then?"

"Then I will say, Arthur Lygon, carry out your resolve, and let the name of Laura be forgotten by you. That is my reply."

"What do you expect?" asked Lygon in a low, despairing voice.

"I will not say. But I will ask you once more. If these letters utterly refute themselves, or, rather, prove that poor Urquhart read them wrong, and interpreted them into a terrible falsehood; if, in your own judgment, and I will ask no other, they testify to the truth and innocence of Laura, will you accept that testimony?"

"Hawkesley, you have not thought over all this as I have done. Heaven forbid you should ever have need to give such thoughts to anything in this world! But even you, with all your affectionate resolution to see comfort where there is nothing but blackness and sorrow, even you must perceive that the very story you have adopted is Laura's self-condemnation. There is a book of letters, such as must establish a woman's innocence—my God, that I should be alive and speaking such words about *my wife*—and the fact that a scoundrel has these letters drags the woman from her home and separates her from her children for ever. What strong delusion has laid hold on you?"

"I will not argue it with you. I will only ask you to believe it possible, and to say what you will do, should I be right."

"What else can I say than what I have said already? All is over between me and Laura. Let the inconceivable truth be that the letters are forgeries—do you assert that?"

"What then?"

"What—can you seriously hold such a thought? Does a woman fly her home in dread of a false charge? Would Laura have done so—Laura, whose courage at least was her virtue? Would she not have defied an accuser, and sent him to me to be dealt with as he deserved? Is it worth while to waste more time, Charles? Let us go to Versailles—or must I go alone?"

"Once more, will you see the letters? I do not ask you more."

"So be it, if you will. You have them?"

"No—the poor girl herself, who risked all to obtain them, and who has borne them away so gallantly, has them in her own keeping, and will hardly part with them again except that they may pass into your hands. But when they are laid before you, I have your promise to read them?"

"You have."

"One word more, and you shall go. I told you that the police officials, in proposing that this man should elude justice for the time, made the suggestion in your own interest. They naturally urged that vengeance on the murderer involved an exposure of the whole painful story which belongs to the crime, and that a woman's honour is mixed up with that story. If Adair escapes, the tale is secret. If he is tried, it is public, and you have children."

"Ah!" said Lygon, with a deep sigh. "You fling your whole case to the winds. What has an innocent woman to fear from the truth?"

"The world, which never accepts the truth?"

"To save pain, then, to a guilty wife, I am asked to pardon the murderer of one of the two dearest friends I had in the world."

"Had it been my destiny to meet the fate of poor Robert, and I could have spoken a last request, it would have been that you abstained from revenge, under such circumstances. Do you think that I would not gladly stand by you and see the man guillotined? But the faces of your little children come between me and that scaffold."

"Let us do right," said Arthur Lygon, "and leave the rest to Providence. I am suffering under an undeserved punishment, and I will not deserve any part of it by foregoing my duty. That man has died by a crime brought about by the sin of my wife. So far as I can aid justice I will do so."

"And little Fred and Walter, are they to be pointed at through life, Arthur, as the children of one who, as you believed, sinned?"

"I will hope that each will have strength to vindicate his own character, and then he need not care what is said of another's."

"And Clara?"

"Do not speak of Clara."

"I must. I have a right to speak for her, loving her so well. Arthur, you know what the world is to woman. Do not think of Clara as she now is, a child at play. Add a few years, and think of her as a beautiful and loving girl, whose destiny it would be to make some good fellow happy—only his friends look at her, and admire her, and pass on, and next day come and tell him that her mother was compromised in a sad French story, and that a daughter is, most frequently, what her mother was—could you bear to know that such things were said, Lygon?"

"You work hard upon my feelings, Charles, and now listen in return. I have all through life sought to act upon principle, and it is not when I come to the hardest trial of life that I ought to give way. And I will not. I would give *my* life for those children, but I will not forget my duty because hereafter my having done it may cause them pain and suffering. I will do my duty."

"You will do all in your power to arrest Adair?"

"I will, and I have waited too long. I must now go."

"I will not attempt to delay you any longer."

"And unless I am seconded by the police, I will go to a member of the government, and formally accuse them of screening the assassin. There may be reasons why they will not willingly lie under such a charge, and you can prove the proposition that has been made."

"I can. I will follow you to Versailles, Arthur. I have letters to write."

Lygon was at the door when he turned, and

saw an expression of deep grief upon the face of his friend.

Arthur returned, took his hand, and clasped it warmly.

"You do not understand me, Charles," he said, "but do not doubt that I understand you, and all your affection."

Hawkesley made no answer, but when Lygon released his hand, withdrew it, and rose to go to his own room.

He walked towards it slowly, and Lygon hastened away.

But as soon as Arthur had left the hotel, Hawkesley put on his hat.

"Then I, too, have a duty," he said, in a low voice.

And he returned as speedily as he could to the bureau he had so lately quitted.

CHAPTER LXXXIX.

"You have decided, I perceive, Mr. Hawkesley," said M. ——, receiving him with gravity, and at once resuming the conversation, as if it had been interrupted for a moment only.

"How do you know, M. ——?"

"Your manner tells me that you have done so. I may almost go further, and believe that the suggestions which I made on the side of forbearance have had their weight with Mr. Lygon and yourself."

"With myself only."

"Ah! I regret that. I am sure that you did every justice to the arguments."

"You would imply that I did not. But, had my brother-in-law been here, you would have found that the strongest reason which we could urge was idle against his conviction of what his duty demands."

"And that is—"

"That, as the nearest relatives of Mr. Urquhart, we claim all the assistance the police can afford us in tracing the assassin."

"Such, then, is your demand of me? I have told you that I will be guided by your wishes, but I had hoped a different decision."

"Such would be Mr. Lygon's demand, but he has hurried off to Versailles in the hope of being himself able to afford aid in the detection of Adair."

M. ——, notwithstanding the gravity of the occasion, could scarcely repress a smile, but it was momentary.

"I cannot, I fear, flatter you with the idea that he will effect anything which the officers themselves fail in achieving. If Ernest Adair is wanted," he continued, resuming all his habitual composure, "he will be in their hands in a quarter of an hour from my signalling that he is to be taken."

"He has been discovered, then," said Hawkesley. And the feeling that came over him was a mixture of gratification and repugnance—the prey was marked down, and it required an effort to let it escape. There was something of natural indignation at the crime, something of the hunter's fierce instinct, and reluctance to spare. There is more of this in many a sacrifice to justice than we may all care to allow.

"In truth, he can hardly be said to have been well lost sight of. The officers are intelligent, and they were assisted with great zeal by several persons whose enmity Adair had successfully cultivated. Specially foremost in the chase was the mechanic * * * *, at whose house Urquhart was in the habit of trying certain experiments, and who, with his wife, seems to have been idolatrously devoted to your friend. It is rare for our inferior classes to show such attachment to a foreigner, but Mr. Urquhart's character was of the kind that inspires the respect of the uneducated."

"He is in our hands, then?" repeated Hawkesley.

"When you will. I do not press you for any immediate answer—you have not taken half the time which I ventured to offer, nor, I suppose, have you seen the person whom I desired to visit you?"

"No. But it seemed to me that time was important. M. ——, I wish that Adair may be allowed to escape."

"No doubt. I could not suppose that you would come to any other decision. But you have surrendered your views in deference to those of your friend?"

"I have not. He has taken his own course, independently of me, and I claim the same liberty. In the interest of all who are concerned, I believe that I am acting best in requesting you to set the miscreant at liberty."

"We must not put it quite in that way," said M. ——, with the faintest curl of the lip. "He is not, in fact, in custody. But we understand one another."

Hawkesley then repeated a portion of the conversation he had had with Lygon, reserving, however, the threat of the latter to appeal to the Minister.

"I may save you some consideration," said M——, "by remarking that Mr. Lygon's idea that circumstances have given him any special right to interfere, is not worth discussion. Assuredly, it would have no weight with me. And I may be forgiven if I say that I seem to recognise a sort of vindictiveness towards his wife in his extreme readiness to connect her with the crime that has been committed. The accident which brought the two men together arose but partially from anything bearing on Mrs. Lygon's history—Mr. Urquhart was bent upon meeting the other, and would have succeeded, unless prevented, whether those documents had been in existence or not."

"I did not combat his view—I felt it overstrained," said Hawkesley, "but that matters little. You will, then, ensure Adair's escape?"

"I almost think that you believe him in increased danger from the efforts of your brother-in-law."

"Mr. Lygon is a shrewd and resolute man, and I cannot say that he may not obtain such clues as may make it difficult for your officers to hold back."

"There will be no holding back. But now, Mr. Hawkesley, do you desire to impose any terms upon the man whom you are releasing? They are easily made under such circumstances."

"But not easily enforced."

"I will undertake that whatever engagement Adair enters into with you, he shall fulfil to the letter. Were your friend Mr. Aventayle here, he would tell you that there are terrors for those who are mad enough to forget pledges given to *us*."

"If it were possible to induce him to promise one thing—"

"I promise it in his behalf."

"It may be more important than you imagine. If he would go to England, and there keep himself in readiness to afford some information—"

"Any you can ask of him."

"I? Do you think that I could ever find myself again face to face with the assassin, without striking him down? No, he must submit to be questioned by those who will not know to what a miscreant they are talking."

"He shall submit. I have some guess at the nature of the evidence you would extract from him, but we will speak of that presently. I am glad that you have come to this decision. I need not add to an English gentleman, that he will not unduly speak of what has passed. I make no absurd request of a pledge to secrecy, but I dare say that you will take care not to mention anything to zealous persons who may have notions like those of Mr. Lygon."

"I shall be too glad to be silent—to say nothing of my personal debt to you."

"Say nothing of that. We will now send for Wolowski."

CHAPTER XC.

"You were not, I am sure, fool enough to think of taking that window," said M. Wolowski to Ernest Adair.

The Pole entered, somewhat hastily, a garret with sloping roof, and with one square window that would just have permitted a slight man to pass through it. The room was at the top of a lonely old house about three miles from Versailles.

Adair turned upon the Pole, but there was no menace in the look of the slayer of Urquhart. He was haggard and nervous, and the effect of the terrible conflict he had gone through, and of its fearful issue, was visible in his easily agitated frame. His eyes were bloodshot, and his tongue incessantly played upon and moistened the feverish lips.

"You have traced me," said Adair. "It was a friend's business. I regret that I can offer you no hospitality."

"A couch and a chair," replied the Pole, looking round the miserable room, "and a scrap of looking-glass, and a picture of St. Somebody—female, however. Better men have been worse off. But, my brave Ernest, I never expected to see you again."

"Nor would you, Wolowski, had I not been robbed, and consequently been without the means—"

"Of bribery. Fie, is it thus you speak of old colleagues?"

"Of purchasing food," said Ernest Adair. "I am faint with hunger, or you should have had a longer chase, my friend."

"Actually hungry?" said Wolowski.

"Yes. I have scarcely tasted food for twenty-four hours. I did not mind it at first, but now the privation tells upon me. I am your prisoner."

"Nay, do not surrender until it is required of you. The weakest fortress expects the courtesy of a summons. But first let us throw provisions into the fortress."

And he handed a packet to Adair, which the latter tore open, and seizing some bread and meat ate them with an eagerness that excited the compassion of the Pole, cruel only as matter of business.

"It was well I thought of providing myself against a night in the open air," said the Pole. "Do not eat too hastily, however. And here, take my flask. I suppose you will not stab me while I am drawing the cork."

He handed a travelling-bottle to Adair, who, however, took but a small quantity, and returned it.

"You should have nothing to say against that liquor. It is from the cellar of the Silver Lion."

"I am restored, in some measure," said Adair, "and I am ready to accompany you, M. Wolowski."

"Thanks for the Monsieur, which you omitted before. It is a sort of grace after meat. But I have not come to arrest you. We leave duties of that kind, as you know, to inferior agents, which prevents unpleasantness afterwards, when people are released and meet as friends in society."

"You have not come to arrest me? Ah, but there are men round the house?"

"I will show my confidence in an armed man by telling him that there is not one. Now, do you meditate an attack upon me?"

"Why are you here?"

"That is a practical question, to which I will give you an answer later. That blow was struck well, Ernest, that blow in the drawing room."

"It was struck in defence of my own life."

"The master of the house arrests a robber, and the robber holds that he may kill the honest man."

"I was no robber. I came there to seek my own property, and I was watched and trapped. He entered the house intending to murder me, and he had all but succeeded when I saved myself with a blow."

"I am bound to tell you that the most unfavourable view will be taken of your case."

"That means that M. —— sacrifices me."

"Well, it is thought that to give up a first-rate employé of the police to justice would have a good effect upon the public mind, and therefore circumstances will be recalled, and on the whole your case is not an agreeable one."

"You know all," said Adair, "and will tell me what you please. I thought it possible that the Englishmen might wish to avoid a prosecution."

"The Englishmen have strange notions of duty, and have invoked all the vengeance of the law upon you."

"Regardless of the consequences."

"Regardless of the fact, strongly urged upon them by M——, that you will, when upon trial, make it a pleasure as well as a business to offer

Paris and London a story neither is likely to forget."

"They might have spared me, nevertheless," said Adair, under his breath.

"What is that *arrière pensée*, if one might ask?"

"No matter. But you do not tell me that I am a prisoner."

"My friend, your persistence in being a prisoner becomes monotonous. I repeat to you that you are as free as I am, so far as I know, and I add, that I have only a favour or so to ask, which you can refuse or not as you think proper."

"I am in exactly the position to make terms?"

"And am I in the habit of offering such things idly? But I make allowance for your excitement. I remember that the first time I had unfortunately an opportunity of experiencing similar sensations I was a good deal haunted by the incessant presence of a red tint which insisted on settling upon everything. I was younger than you are, however," added the Pole, "and imaginative, besides being slightly patriotic. You look really very much shaken—I have often dissuaded you from cognac, but try it now."

"No. I am strong enough."

"And wisely keep the brain unclouded, the better to judge of my offer. You are right. Now, attend. You had a great desire to visit England?"

"England! True," said Ernest, after a pause. "It seems an age since I was thinking of that."

"The age has passed, and brought the event nearer."

"You would send me to England!"

"You will go of your own will and accord, if you go at all."

"I am traced here, M. Wolowski, and I understand all the rest."

"Then use your comprehension, and do not raise subjects which it is useless to discuss. Suppose yourself in London."

"I tell you that I was robbed at a place where I lay down to sleep, and I am without a franc in the world."

"Excitement has enfeebled your usually lively imagination. The streets of London are paved with gold, as English clowns believe. At least you can imagine yourself there, and beyond the reach of want. I am not very wise, perhaps, in exposing my pocket-book to you, but there it is," and he laid it on the table near him.

"Ah! I am wanted for some desperate service. Is there another Silvestre in London?" said Adair, slightly shuddering.

"Not at present," replied the Pole, coolly. "My friend, it would seem that you are somewhat tigerish, and having once tasted—"

"Let us speak of your plans," said Adair, with much irritation.

"Decidedly tigerish," said Wolowski, looking at him quietly. "Change of air becomes a necessity for you. Well, do you accept the idea of an English sojourn?"

"What am I to do in England?"

"I have no more idea than yourself. Certainly, I do not think that it would be advisable for you, at present, to urge Mr. Aventayle, the manager, to the fulfilment of the engagement he seems to have promised. Your countrymen are said to be ferocious, and they like to see ballet-girls torn to pieces by lions on the stage, and to behold other frightful exhibitions, but there is a limit to their gladiatorial propensities. I do not think that in your *rôle* of an escaped assassin you would be acceptable to the insular mind."

Adair listened in silence.

"You agree with me? Well, but I can imagine that if it suited your arrangements to go to London, to find yourself a modest apartment in some quarter entirely removed from that in which wanderers from France and other happy lands chiefly congregate—for then, if there be another Silvestre, as you imagine, you will not encounter so unworthy an acquaintance—in this case English hospitality may not be disturbed by any interference of your colleagues."

"I am still one of you, then?"

"Why not? No offence has been proved against you, and as you are English, we will give you the benefit of the charming Anglican doctrine, which, if it were really practised in England, or elsewhere, would make society impossible. Consider yourself what you please. You will not be troubled with many orders from headquarters."

"You said that the Englishmen had invoked the law."

"Some invocations are not immediately answered, as you may possibly be aware. At all events, the law can answer at any time. Complete the picture I have suggested, and suppose yourself in some remote district in London, and passing, for the sake of decorum, under some other name than that which you have laboured, not in vain, to make famous. The name of your friend Silvain may serve as well as another."

"No, I will not take that," said Adair, quickly.

"It sounds pleasantly."

"It sounds like—no matter, I will not take that. Anything else will do as well. I will call myself by an English name—call me Hyde."

"I applaud the courage that can make a jest of one's condition at such a time."

"Jest—bah! It was the name of my mother. It is easily remembered."

"I will think of the park, of which you will be an ornament—that will do. Then, Mr. Hyde will have the kindness to take this card, and as soon as he has an address, he will forward it, with all care that it reaches its destination—to the gentleman here named. And Mr. Hyde will take care that when any message is sent to him, in reply, he is at home to receive it, and that he complies, in letter and in spirit, with any demand that may be addressed to him."

"Any demand?"

"Any," replied the Pole, changing his manner. "Do you comprehend?"

"Yes."

"There is money—there is the card—there is a passport"—replied Wolowski, abruptly, placing each in succession on the couch. "And one word more. Place your hands behind you," he said in a tone of command. "Clasp them together, and turn your back to me."

Adair obeyed, and the Pole held his hands together firmly, and said something in a fierce and hissing whisper.

"No need of menace," replied Ernest, angrily.

"Leave the room, assassin," said the Pole, releasing his hands, and pointing to the papers on the couch.

Adair gathered them up with deliberation, placed them in his pockets, and left the garret without even a glance at the other.

Laura's hand was all but on the door of her sister's house in London. She held under her arm the treasured volume, and she was about to knock, when she once more heard her name.

Ernest Adair stood before her.

"The dead man." Whether the words escaped her or not, this was the thought in that brief interval between the moment and unconsciousness.

"Go to Lipthwaite, Mrs. Lygon, and go instantly," said Adair.

Laura remembered no more, until she found herself in the arms of Beatrice.

(To be continued.)

THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1861.

Since the meeting of the extraordinary Congress at Washington, English people have begun to feel that the great scene of the second American Revolution is really unfolding, and that every day has been bringing on mighty issues, while we were complaining that nothing was being done. This is not the only nonsense that we have talked about an affair which we ought to have understood better. We are now perceiving how much more expedient it is to learn than to criticise; and, as events are marching now, we must be dull scholars not to get on fast.

The meeting of Congress on the Fourth of July is a singular incident in itself. The associations with the assemblage of the two Houses are of intolerable cold out of doors, and an oppressive artificial heat within, alternating with bitter draughts in the passages of the Capitol, and on the staircases of the boarding-houses. The bare trees in Pennsylvania Avenue stand iron-stiff in the frost. The pathways are sheeted with ice, or raised two or three feet by masses of hard snow. The daily banquets are gay, with the steaming dinners, the reviving wine, the vast furnace-fires of anthracite coal, and the abundance of warm light. The business going on in the Capitol is slight in quality and moderate in quantity, in ordinary times; there is plenty of amusement in flitting about to hear the best speakers; the balls are gay, and the session, from the 4th of December to the 4th of March, is a long winter holiday for the Congressional class of society. On the Fourth of July, on the contrary, they are all at their homes, except the Southern members, who have to flee to watering-places, from the fever of their own region. In town or country, among the orchards of New England, or the pine-barrens, or cotton-fields of the Middle States, the citizens rise to a hot day. From daybreak, when they get up to hang out their flags and load their cannon in the cool of the morning, till night when the fireflies stream from the sprays of the trees, like a cascade of green light, all is planned with a view to bearing the heat. City banquets, to celebrate Independence, are held in cool, shaded, breezy halls; and, in the country, the citizens meet in groves, or on lake sides, to enjoy oratory and ices, patriotic songs and fruit in the shade. This year, the scene was unlike any former celebration of the great day. The trees in Pennsylvania Avenue were in full leaf; and sun-blinds had replaced the warm curtains in all windows. The crowd to see the President pass to the Capitol were not muffled up, and blue and pinched, but rather sweltering in the heat, and undergoing "dissolution and thaw" for the sight which must be so memorable. In the Capitol the demand must have been for air and shade, instead of hot flues; and the somewhat dreary landscape from the top of the steps must have been softened by the verdure which many of the members had never seen there before. But there were greater differences. Far away in various directions were lines of camps, with their martial music and hum of voices celebrating the day. Instead of holiday festivity, consecrated by thanksgivings for the blessing of a glorious and prosperous polity, here was a meeting between the Executive Government and the Legislature, to announce to the world the disgrace and calamity of a great rebellion, and to take measures for carrying on a fierce civil war. The contrast between this and every preceding Fourth of July may well fix the attention of the world; and the utterances of the day could not but satisfy European observers that they have been over ready to criticise before they possessed materials for a judgment.

Some excuse for such a mistake is found in Mr. Seward's presence in the Cabinet. We have heard enough of Mr. Seward's speeches within two years as candidate for the Presidentship, as a retiring politician, and as minister, to have a decided opinion about both his honesty and his statesmanship; and we cannot but be prejudiced against any government which has him for one of its chief members. Thus far, criticism has been warranted, from whatever quarter it came; for it is impossible that a sensible politician or an honourable man could have changed his tone so often as Mr. Seward, or said such indefensible things. But it may be a question how far the President is censurable for having such a minister. Which of the rumours on this matter are true, or whether any of them, it is unnecessary to inquire. The thing that is generally understood on the spot is that Mr. Seward's presence in the Cabinet is a mistake, into which the President was led by intrigue; and that, of all Mr. Lincoln's anxieties, this is perhaps the greatest. It was known, many weeks ago, that there was difficulty in reconciling two parties in the Cabinet, represented by Mr. Seward and Mr. Chase. It now appears that Mr. Chase is strong in his position, clear in his aims, and, as always, steadfast and honest in his avowals. He may be taken as an exponent of the spirit and views of the government, while Mr. Seward may be regarded, I trust, as a temporary and mischievous accident.

Up to this meeting of Congress a deep obscurity hung over both the North and the South. Of the South next to nothing was known on the same continent till the letters of the "Times'" correspondent lifted the curtain here and there. A group of fugitive planters, every few days, might tell of the state of affairs in their own neighbourhood; and there were newspapers and manifestoes of the Confederate Government: but planters ready to fly were exactly the men least likely to be informed of Secessionist affairs; and the Southern newspapers are really unreadable—which they would not be if they contained genuine information. They are, as far as we can judge here, full of dreams and boasts, of virulent slander, and of lies prepared for a local or general public which must be humoured or led. From amidst this ugly haze, the "Times'" correspondent has brought out groups of clear facts from which it is possible to derive some definite impressions and anticipations. The effect of the series of letters is undoubtedly to satisfy people in general that the Confederacy cannot succeed, if the Federal Government decides that it shall not. Throughout the North this will be learned for the first time through the Englishman's correspondence with home; and we may expect to see one effect of his disclosures in the homage which will now be paid him in places where very rash and insulting things have been publicly said of him, merely because he went to see the South with his own eyes. It showed a sad want of self-respect in certain Northern citizens to assume that to see the South must be to advocate its cause; just as it was, more recently, to fancy that because England would not take sides with the North, she must be "aiding and comforting" the South. Such incidents show that the Free States have been much like Europe in their ignorance of the actual plans, operations, and resources of the Confederacy.

Almost as great an obscurity hung about the Federal Government till the Fourth of July. I need say nothing here of the folly of complaining of the President for his apparent slowness, as long as there was no evidence of irresolution. Everybody now admits,—as one consequence of some grievous accidents to the Federal forces,—that a trustworthy military organisation cannot be made out of a crowd of civilians in a day, or a week, or a month. There was no due supply of officers; and they cannot be had for the asking. When the great converging forces began to move southwards, the world began to see what General Scott and the Government had been doing; and perhaps we may end in wondering how so much could have been effected in so short a time. This march into Virginia, after Washington was secured, revealed the action and intention of the War Office; and at the same time, the frank explanations of the President and the Finance Minister have made all plain as to the policy of the Government, and the means which it is proposed to employ.

What we may be said to know, then, is that the Secessionist public are still in a state of delusion about the prospects of their cause, imagining that England and France will either sustain it, or prevent any disastrous results of the conflict: that the Southern public is still deceived about the amount and quality of force that the North has produced: that the Southern troops are not well furnished for the war; nor disposed for the discipline which their commanders know to be necessary: and that poverty presses hard upon large sections of society in the Slave States, where the citizens' resources are drawn from them without any prospect of being replaced. They give their cotton and tobacco to the Confederate Government for paper acknowledgments, which serve as currency now, and are to be redeemed some time or other: but there is nothing to sell, and nothing to buy; no prospect of an income for anybody, heavy taxes to pay, and the land producing less than ever before, because those who should look to it are gone to the wars, or fugitives to the Free States. If the Confederate leaders are more able than they at present appear to sustain the conflict they have provoked, a little time will show it. At present, nobody believes that they can stand their ground.

One cause of this impression is the character of the war which they wage. It is not warfare, but assassination. It seems to be copied from the Indians, whom they have mixed with their force;—fellows whose notion of war is brandishing their long knives in the streets of Fredericksburg by day, and skulking at night to destroy as many enemies as possible in detail. All through New England there are households mourning the loss of some son or brother who has been murdered at his post in the dark, without a chance of meeting his enemy. There must always be danger of the infection of this mode of warfare spreading through revenge; and there has been one striking instance of this already on the Northern side. A citizen has been so moved by the lynching of a brother in one of the Slave States, where the young man was hanged, under circumstances of cruel aggravation, merely for his Northern birth, that the thirst for revenge seems unquenchable. The survivor is described as incessantly on the watch to kill somebody in the Confederate camps; and as reckoning up his number as he would account for the business of his life. This seems, however, to be a single instance; and the Northern notion is of fighting battles in open field in broad day, and pressing the enemy southwards by the steady advance of weighty forces.

The question of success manifestly depends on the proportion of the Union party to the Secessionists in the Slave States. It remains true, as it has been from the beginning, that if the Federal Government is right in its estimate of the Union sentiment which exists in every State, there can be no doubt of the issue: and all controversy as to the event must turn on the soundness or unsoundness of that estimate. No sensible person in any foreign country will pretend to be able to form a judgment upon it, while the only public evidence is the flight of planters to the Free States, and the only testimony that which they bring with them from their neighbours. The truth will be known when the Federal forces render it safe for Union men to declare themselves; and not till then.

One of the strangest characteristics of the re-

spective antagonists is their way of raising means for their struggle. The Confederate authorities rely on getting an opportunity of selling the cotton and tobacco they have collected as tribute: but this mode of taxation was not resorted to till they had got all they could by direct levies and confiscations, and seizure of debts due to the North. They advocate direct taxation with a vengeance though as far as can well be from liking democratic government. Their rule has always been oligarchical and extremely despotic; yet their mode of taxation is the most direct that can be seen anywhere in the world. Meantime, in the democratic North, the Finance Minister brings forward a scheme of an opposite character, and there are still champions of the Morrill tariff. This latter production,—the creature of ignorance and cunning,—will soon be beyond the reach of argument. It is remarkable; and perhaps it required an absurdity as great as this to rouse the mercantile class and the consuming public to resistance to the class legislation of the manufacturers: but it will remain on record as a proof of the backward state of political economy among an enlightened and business-like people. It really seems as if nobody was qualified to check the nonsense that is talked by the promoters of the most suicidal commercial scheme of modern times; for the public takes no effectual notice while desperate injuries are inflicted on trade, and has no correction ready for journalists who write about it without any idea of the bearing of what they say. While such a thing can be, it is no wonder that Mr. Chase proposes a scheme in which direct taxation bears a very small share. The Morrill tariff was made foolishly unproductive by the protection to native industry being made to depend more on obstruction in the Custom House than amount of duty. Its advocates think they have defended it perfectly when they show that there are articles on which the duty is not so high as in former tariffs; and they either do not see, or do not wish their neighbours to see, that it is the amount of obstruction of any kind, keeping out foreign commodities, which constitutes the prohibition, and not necessarily the one impediment of a high duty. Nobody gains, however, by the waste of time and toil which the Morrill tariff imposes; and if the prohibition of foreign manufactures is determined upon, it is a pity that the Government should not have the benefit,—dearly bought as we know it would be—of high duties, rather than that everybody's temper should be tried by the most singular aggregate of inconveniences that could be devised. It pays nobody that the duty should be charged in part by weight, and in part *ad valorem*. It profits nobody that merchants and officials should be for ever unpacking and repacking goods in transit, and counting threads, and measuring inches, and weighing and computing till nobody has any temper left. A heavy duty would be better for the Government, and no worse for seller, shipper, and buyer. But then the champions of the tariff could not defend it for being, and for not being protectionist, at the same time.

Heavy duties on coffee, tea, and sugar come under another head, as those commodities do not compete with any Northern products; and it may be as well to have more than one method of taxation. Taxes on exotic commodities are not altogether indefensible in a democratic republic, as protective duties are. But it does seem strange that so little attention appears to be directed towards a method of direct taxation which seems to be actually required by republican principle. It may be very true that the South may be made to pay by Customs duties, while no kind of direct taxation could at present be enforced. This may justify the tea and coffee duties; but it remains evident that the readiest, fairest, completest, and most democratic method of taxation is an income tax for the twenty millions of Northern people. Yet the idea seems not even to have been considered by anybody there. Perhaps one of the ultimate gains of the war,—again reaped from its losses,—may be that political economy may obtain some attention. I am aware that it is professed in colleges, and written about by antagonists of Ricardo, Malthus, and Adam Smith: but the history and mystery of the Morrill tariff, passed in April, and followed by the war budget of the Government in July, are enough to show how much American society has to learn in the economical province of its politics.

Open, manifest, indisputable above everything, is the noble spirit of the people at large, now that the first burst of enthusiasm would have been over if it had not been genuine, and at the moment when the whole significance of the war is disclosed. They know now what loss or ruin of fortune most of them must incur: they have felt something of the toil and privation of military service; and the amount of needless, wanton, exasperating slaughter might well sicken the general heart. Yet there is no flinching. The President's call for 400,000 men is met as eagerly as his prior call for 75,000. When he asks whether they will raise 80,000,000*l*. for the national service, they say "O yes," as if he asked for 80,000*l*. When the old family tombs of the Forefathers are opened, to admit the coffin of some gallant representative of each, the next brother starts off for the battle-field, as soon as the "Amen" is said over the grave. The betrothed girl waves her handkerchief with a smile as he who should have been her husband next week marches past for the South, and faints away when he is past the corner. The aged mother paces her room for hours, when she is weary of making lint, and finds her Bible brings the tears too fast. Except a very few cowards, traitors, and sordid trimmers, who try to raise a call for compromise, there seems to be no defection from this splendour of patriotism. This is the broadest, plainest, weightiest, and most brilliant fact of all that strikes the eye.

Meantime, there is something behind, deep in the shade, almost shrouded in silence, yet occupying intelligent people more than all the rest together; something which we long to know about, and on which at last we can gather some light, if we try. What about the negroes? Slavery left a great flaw in the original Republic. Slavery has prevented half the States from ever being republican at all; slavery bred the antagonism which has issued in this war; and the

fate of slavery avowedly depends on this war. What, then, is doing about slavery?

There is an almost total silence preserved at Washington about it; but that is easily understood. While it is the uppermost thought in the minds of all who bear a share in the responsibility of governing the country, it is a subject of which they can take no notice in Congress, lest a rising of the slaves should be induced by it. Owing to the imprudence of Southern orators, the slaves everywhere know that the war is somehow on their account, and that the question is of their emancipation. The newspapers of all the States tell of the expectation of deliverance which is prevalent among the negroes—the "great man coming" who is to make them all free. Any mention of them in the President's Message, any discussion of their case in Congress, would probably be followed by insurrection, such as it has always been the desire of all parties (except a handful of followers of John Brown) to preclude. Yet something must be settled as to what is to be done with the negroes set free by the advance of the Federal forces. It is clear that slavery can never exist again on the ground which the Republicans have passed over. Some of the Virginia masters have sensibly emancipated their negroes at once, though how they are to settle accounts with the law of Virginia remains to be seen. From some of the estates the negroes repair to the Federal forts and armies; and the authorities report that they have come in—men, women, and children—by hundreds; that they are working well, behaving well, and exceedingly happy. They are employed in field works and the service of the camps, and are paid as ordinary labourers. It is observable that the officers are surprised at the intelligence of these people, and at their accurate understanding of the movement by which the South has been pleased to bring the slavery question to an issue. So far so good; but there are *millions* of these people. If the educated and substantial planters were the managers of the Secession movement, it might be hoped that they would do the sensible thing, and use the occasion for converting their negroes into hired labourers; in which case they would retain most of them in their service, and gain rather than lose in fortune. But the Secession leaders and agitators are, for the most part, men of a lower social standing, jealous of the planters, and suspicious of their loyalty to the Confederacy. That *they* will promote in any sensible way the now inevitable emancipation is not to be hoped; and this throws a great charge on the Government and the Northern citizens. While silent, for the enemy's sake, the Northern men have to provide for the employment and maintenance of any number of negroes who may apply to them. At present the numbers are manageable, because there are plenty of hogs, poultry, and corn-cobs on the estates deserted by the planters and overseers—some of whom are in the one army and some in the other; but, when the provisions are eaten, when cold weather comes, when war has swept over the plantations, or when there are rumours of the overseer and the whip coming back, the whole negro population will betake itself to the delivering force. It is not difficult to see that the Government is looking forward to what must happen so soon; and it is cheering to observe the cordial readiness of all parties and persons to aid the Government, and discourage any action which could embarrass it. There has been no move to excite the slaves, though bands of mounted men could raise them any day, by merely riding in among them. The wish of the Government, that emancipation should simply accompany the march of the armies, has thus far been respected; and the citizens who remain at home are busy in providing for the disposal of the released negroes. It is not a new task; for the number of fugitives has been on the increase for many years, till it has risen from tens to thousands; and there is now a new prospect opening. While negro slavery existed, the best of the free negroes refused to leave the country, because they would thereby lessen the chances of obtaining the rights of humanity and citizenship for their enslaved brethren. Hence the failure of many schemes of colonisation, from the opening of the century till now. But, now that slavery is obviously near its end, the objection is loosening. The brightest and best of the free negroes, the educated men, the merchants, and capitalists, will, no doubt, stay where they are. So, probably, will the larger proportion of labourers in the cotton and tobacco States, if the planters have the good sense to make reasonable terms with them. But a very large number will remain, eager to settle under new conditions. A very large number are in Canada now; and many are growing cotton in Hayti. The Washington Government and its advisers will take timely care that opportunity is provided for the settlement of any number that may present themselves: and they are busy about it now.

They have every encouragement in the behaviour of the negroes. We know, by the strong and reiterated testimony of the "Times'" correspondent, how depressed is the mood, and subdued the bearing of the slaves. In the first days of freedom, their exhilaration is in proportion; but they show no sign of vindictive passion. It is only in despair that negro slaves have done anything cruel. Their exaltation of mind is extreme in this crisis; but in behaviour they are docile. When the Massachusetts regiment, which had lost two men in Baltimore, marched down, the day after, into a slave-holding district, some of the men, curious to know how they were regarded, asked an old negro woman what was thought of them and their arrival. Her instant reply was:

"You are Jesus Christ to us; come to shed your blood for us."

The body of one of their murdered comrades was with them; and these words brought tears to many eyes unused to shed them. The anecdote got into the Southern newspapers, where the tears were treated with mockery; but it is a grave season when sons of the Puritans, a reserved and tearless tribe, are so moved by a voice from an enslaved race.

On the whole, the indications appear to be that the great peril of all,—that of a servile war,—seems to be lessening as the civil war proceeds. The Secessionists, claiming to speak for the South,

have chosen to commit their "peculiar institution" to the chances of civil war; and it is already evident that nothing short of a conquest of the Free States by the South could save the institution. The day will come when the men and women of the South will appreciate what the Federal Government is doing now, in rendering safe that abolition of slavery which is the haunting terror of their lives.

From the Mountain.

"BELL'S LIFE," AND OUR SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

It is marvellous how little we know of each other in this England of ours in the year of grace, 1861. In common with most middle-aged quiet gentlemen, who have done a little poetry in their time, and have lamented in passable verse the merry days of old, I have lived in the belief that we were fallen upon evil days, when "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Our working population have the character, throughout Europe, of being a dull heavy people, in whose highlows the elastic spirit of sport no longer treads. Well, firmly fixed in this opinion, and no more doubting it than I did that Robin Hood of old killed a Sheriff of Nottingham every other month by way of pastime, I was suddenly brought one morning into the companionship of a deal table, two official-looking chairs, and a "Bell's Life," in an out-of-the-way station of the Eastern Counties Railway. Now, I had often seen this paper before, but as "the fancy" lay out of my beat, I might be said to have seen it and not seen it, and it is wonderful how much of this kind of double-sight we manage to get through in the course of a day. But how could one help seeing a paper of any kind, with nothing to look at for two mortal hours but a highly coloured picture of a gigantic mangold wurzel, meant as an advertisement to astonish the agricultural mind? At all events, I sat me down to have a spell at "Bell's Life." When a man suddenly lifts up a flat stone, it is wonderful the amount of active life, before hidden to his sight, he sees skirmishing about in all directions. Just such a picture of active life opened to my benighted vision, on turning over the pages of this newspaper. Why, what has become of the dull boy, Jack? Is this the individual, I asked myself, whom I find running, racing, diving, swimming, boating, yachting, leaping, fighting, sparring, wrestling, shooting, ratting, dog-fighting, knurring and spelling, cricketing, quoiting, racketing, &c., &c.? Why, what has come to the dull boy? To read the papers he would seem suddenly to have gone crazed. But, no; the station-master draws my attention to the fact, that this paper has been going on for nearly a third of a century, and all the while its pages have presented to its readers the same astounding reflection of the vigour, agility, and desperate energy of the sporting world of England. There is spring and go in old England yet, is the mental reflection which every man must make as he reads and wonders. Even the Londoner cannot be so degenerate an animal when we read what he does. Why, he takes the shine out of the lithe Indian, even on his own ground. In this very page I read that a Cockney was lately pitted against two celebrated North American Indians in a ten miles run at New York, and beat them all to nothing. And what surprises me most is, that the clean running of the Londoner was contrasted by the lookers-on with the lollopping, awkward gait of the sons of the forest. St. Giles showing its heels to the fleet savages of Delaware! What next!

But when one analyses the contents of these pages, the curious aspects of sport that exist among us comes out still more strongly. As I have touched upon the question of running, let me examine the column appropriated to matches to come off. In a recent week's (July 7th) paper under this head there are no less than sixty-nine pedestrian matches to be contested, and these under every conceivable condition of length, &c., from a hundred and fifty yards to four miles, and some with the addition of having to jump a thousand hurdles! For every one of these races the men have to go into training, to sweat down superfluous fat by walking daily long distances in half a dozen top-coats, under the severe and somewhat monotonous nourishment of mutton chops only—why, martyrdom was often won by the saints of old at less physical suffering than these men undergo—for a paltry 10*l.* stake. To read the accounts of these matches, the reader would think that it was some description of a menagerie he was perusing. "The American Deer looked up to his work;" "the Barnsley Antelope seemed in excellent condition;" or "the London Stag had not an ounce of superfluous flesh." So earnest are all concerned in the physical qualifications of the competitors, that the man is completely sunk in the contemplation of his animal functions.

Under the heading of "The Ring" the engagements and the events to come off are so numerous, that one naturally asks where are the police? How is it that thousands of persons can congregate in the open fields, week by week, for an unlawful purpose, without any of these gentry knowing anything about it; or if they do, to find they are actually defied. In the great fight between Sayers and Heenan they were kept out of the ring simply by the spectators closing up, and preventing their getting through. The explanation is, that it is impossible to legislate against any large class of people without their consent. The Ring is still an institution of the country, declining no doubt, but it cannot be said to be defunct so long as eighty members of the lower house can be found, as in the great international fight, to patronise it. The P. R. understands that it has its duties as well as its rights; there are members of the P.R.B. Society, an institution to afford relief to decayed bruisers and their families, and there are many societies, with much higher sounding titles, whose members subscribe according to their means with much less liberality.

We all know that the P.R. possesses a phraseology particularly its own, but a little study of "Bell's Life" gives us an insight into the social habits of this unique community. Shakspere says that he who dislikes the harmony of sweet sounds is only fit for stratagem and strife, but my "Bell" tells us a very different story.

The prize-fighter's crib is the very soul of harmony, if we may believe their advertisements. Thus, Professor Mike Madden assures his friends that the "merrie little Bell is always in tune, and everything goes on right merrily every evening." Whilst Jem Mace (champion of the world) states "that he will hold a conversazione this evening, July 6th, in the new picture-gallery," the said picture-gallery consisting of portraits of pugilists. By the way, I may mention that no sporting publican thinks his bar complete without one of Newbold's pictures of the set-to between Heenan and Sayers, the possession of which is always advertised. "At Nat Langham's, Cambrian, Castle Street, Leicester Square," we are informed, "that the usual scenes of tranquil delight are enacted every evening with gorgeous effect." Who shall say after this that the converse of Shakspere's proposition is not true? Of course such national sports as racing and cricketing are fully and minutely reflected in "Bell's Life;" but even here the reader is surprised to find the number of events that are coming off day by day, in the former sport especially. It is remarkable the number of collateral occupations to which it gives rise. There is generally a column of advertisements of racing prophets, each vieing with the other as to their infallibility.

These horse-wise men dispense their predictions to regular subscribers at so much per season or quarter, a striking proof of the depth to which speculations on the turf have penetrated every section of the British community. Swimming is I find gradually asserting itself as a national sport of the first magnitude. There is a champion swimming belt, and Beckworth, the champion, advertises the graceful swimming and floating feats of his daughter, Miss Jessie, aged seven years, and the babies, F. and W., aged five and three years. As if the element he performed in did not furnish sufficient difficulties to the pursuit of the art, one professor attempted to perform the feat of jumping into seven feet of water from a height of ninety feet, and when in mid air firing off two pistols, jumping through two balloons, and, whilst under the water, putting on a pair of trousers! The oddest games and contests are to be found in the pages of "Bell's Life." For instance, what does the reader know of the game of Knurr and Spell? Yet this sport also has its professors and players devoted solely to it. We believe it is a kind of scientific trap-and-ball game. A Mr. Tupper (not Martin Farquhar) has given a challenge, which has been accepted, to match his donkey to make the best of his road for two miles against a runner. A most exciting match will, we hear, speedily come off between Lord ———'s horses and the hounds of Lord ———. Running matches between dogs are, we find, a matter of everyday occurrence. Pigeon flying is a great sport among the Birmingham fancy, and dog and cock fighting (the latter, a stage of sport beneath the dignity of "Bell's Life" to chronicle), are still rife in the last-named stronghold of the "fancy." Among the more sedentary games I find matches are continually coming off. A young man challenges the world to play a game of draughts with him; even dominoes have their triumphs registered in these omnivorous pages. And be it remembered, with every season the readers have an entire change of performances. Indeed, scarcely a month goes by without witnessing an entire alteration in the nature of the sports.

It will be observed, however, that with the exception of field-sports or yachting, trials of skill, strength, agility, and endurance are not made in the public eye. Trials of skill in running, leaping, wrestling, &c., are generally made in professional grounds, into which "society" enters not. Our athletes are either professionals or plebs from the shop—the butcher, the baker, and the shoemaker, who exert themselves for money, &c. The snip who brings home your coat, for all you know, is recognised among his pals as the Brompton Stag, or the young butcher may be famous among the fancy as the great hurdle-leaper, or the baker boasts the best dog at a rat in the parish. Their triumphs are unnoted except by the publicans where the matches are made up and their proceeds spent. The other class of men who are fond of sporting are the officers of the army; they have leisure and money, and their profession gives them a strong leaning toward physical exercises. But the great middle class have not hitherto been given to sports—at least, not to contend in any public arena for honours or rewards. This has been the great want of the young men of the counter and of the desk; their wits have been, of late, fostered at the expense of their muscles. Athenæums and mechanics' institutes have been favoured to the total exclusion of athletic and manly games, and this is the reason why the idea exists that our old sports and pastimes have died out. I have shown how far this is from being the case among the upper and lower classes, and there are very evident symptoms that the great middle classes are beginning to move in this direction. To the Volunteer movement this amendment in our public life is clearly due. The drill grounds attached to most corps throughout the country are centres of gathering for our youth, which they have not been slow to take advantage of. They have fostered in our citizen-soldiers a love for out-of-door life that was utterly wanting for a century at least. The very monotony of the drill itself has led to the practise of athletic games; and not a fortnight since, at Beaufort House, the South Middlesex ground, the palm of victory was contended for in our old English games at a fête in which there were thousands of fair women to look on and applaud. The *esprit de corps* produced by these regimental gatherings are likely to foster this growing love of our national games. By-and-by, corps will play against corps, and we shall be as proud of our crack runners and jumpers in our regiments, as we are of our prize shots. And, be it remembered, these sports will be carried on under the eyes of fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters; all the best influences of the family will be brought to bear upon our games, and a far healthier influence will pervade our sports, thus carried on in the light of day, than we find at present, when the house of call of the athlete is a public house, and our contests are adulterated

with a certain blackguardism, inseparable from them so long as they are chiefly participated in by the lowest class of the population. "Bell's Life," we predict, will ere long be the record of the athletic sports of the youth of the middle class, as represented by our Volunteers, and when such is the case, it will truly represent all classes in the country, and will be as true a reflection of sporting life in England in its entirety, as the "Times" is of its political life. A. W.

THE TURKISH ALMANAC (TAKVIM).

The Turks, the youngest of all the Eastern nations, though they have now been for centuries in continual intercourse, political and commercial, with all the countries of the civilised world in and out of Europe, have, nevertheless, preserved to this day, in all their integrity, all the ancient prejudices and popular traditions of their race, and to which they still adhere with a pertinacity that neither time nor the frequent attempts at civilisation have, in the least, been able to modify. Even their common almanac (Takvim) shows how widely the Turks still differ from us in their views and notions of even common life relations, and no wonder that the Turkish astronomers direct their attention chiefly to the gratification of the popular taste in the daily wants, wishes, dealings, and requirements of practical life generally. The Takvim is thus the household book of the common people, and embraces all sorts of moral, social, religious, and even sanitary precepts, in a national point of view.

The very clumsy size and form of the Takvim speaks already of a different taste even in *book-making*, its width being about four inches, while the length measures upwards of six and a-half feet! The top of the inside is adorned with various pictorial illustrations of stars, crescents, spheres, telescopes, arms, standards, &c. These are followed by an astronomical account, written in a truly pathetic style, of the exact time when the sun is to pass the equinoctial line, and having reference to the respective eras as computed by the Copts, Greeks, and Arabs. Next comes the astronomical calendar, commencing with New Year's Day (Nevruz). It is introduced and prefaced by some religious hymns and blessings on the heads of the orthodox believers. Then follow—from right to left—the old Turkish signs of the zodiac, with their Persian names: swine, dog, ox, leopard, crocodile, serpent, monkey, sheep, rat, horse, hen, and hare. Next come—from left to right—our Christian signs of the zodiac, with their Arabian names, as also of those of the sun, moon, and planets.

The Takvim is divided into twelve parts, under the following headings:—1. Remarkable days; 2. Days of the week; 3. The Arabian era; 4. The Greek era; 5. Dominant constellations; 6. Hour and minute of sun-rise; 7. Mid-day prayers; 8. Afternoon prayers; 9. Evening prayers; 10. Morning prayers; 11. New moon; and 12. Miscellaneous.

We will select a few items for the month *Moharrem* (first month of the year), which begins on the 23rd of our February month.

1st day.—The moon rises in the north, high and bright.
3rd ,, The second heat descends into the water.
5th ,, Storks arrive.
10th ,, *Ashorday.* (On that day the benevolent prepare from all sorts of fruit a dish called *ashor*, which they distribute amongst the poor.)
11th ,, The third heat descends to the earth, and the two seasons separate. The strength of winter is broken, and any subsequent severe cold is of no duration.
14th ,, Rushes begin to sprout forth.
16th ,, The old *women-winter* [?] commences.
19th ,, First of March, old style.
20th ,, Wood-pigeons make their appearance, and the old *women-winter* is at an end.
27th ,, The silk-worm season begins.

In part 6 we read:—

As the sun always sets at twelve, the hour for evening prayers remains unchanged; but it varies with that of sunrise, which is not always the same!

The last part, Miscellaneous, contains things that are to be done on certain days in the month.

1st day.—Visit cheerful society.
2nd and 3rd are auspicious days.
4th day.—Pay your respects to the great of the state.
5th ,, Learn music.
6th ,, Seek for the learned.
7th ,, Buy male slaves.
8th ,, Ordinary day.
9th ,, Portion your daughters.
10th ,, Engage in business.
11th ,, Work in gold and silver.
12th ,, Engage in maritime undertakings, in building wharves, docks, &c.
13th ,, Gladden the hearts of the needy.
14th ,, Converse with the wise.
15th ,, Prepare essences.
16th ,, Prepare electuaries.
17th ,, Avoid travelling or ascending mountains.
18th ,, Pay your respects to the ministers of state.
19th and 20th are lucky days.
21st day.—Visit the pious.
22nd ,, Give your company to your wives.
23rd ,, Buy landed property.
24th ,, Keep quiet at home.
25th and 26th are lucky days.
27th day.—Engage in commercial speculations.

M.

THE MILL-FIEND.

Come, let us go down from this weather-stain'd hill—
One, two, three, and away!
Go down to the hollow where glassy and still
The mill-race rolls over the wheels of the mill,
And its foam is the dew of the morning.

There are two bonny eggs in a nest on the hill—
One, two, three, and away!
One lies in the warmth of its mother-bed still,
But the other is rolling adown to the mill—
For the winds are so wild in the morning.

Two children are playing atop of the hill—
One, two, three, and away!
One clings to the peace of its infancy still,
But the other is off and away to the mill,
To see how it looks in the morning.

Two lovers are wed at the church on the hill—
One, two, three, and away!
She lights up his home, and is true to him still,
But he hurries down to the rear of the mill,
And thinks not of her or the morning.

Two weary wayfarers come over the hill—
One, two, three, and away!
One makes for the cottage that's dear to him still,
But the other strides on to get work at the mill,
And stays not to look at the morning.

Two friends are in talk on the brow of the hill—
One, two, three, and away!
One sleeps, but the cool grass is over him still,
While the other is whirl'd round the pool of the mill,
And his corpse will float up in the morning.

Two spirits fly over the cross on the hill—
One, two, three, and away!
One stays there and prays there and watches there still,
And the other, who writhes in the teeth of the mill,
Is Lucifer, son of the morning.

Arthur J. Munby.

THE ALIBI.

A REAL EXPERIENCE.

I wholly disbelieve in spirit-rapping, table-turning, and all supernatural eccentricities of that nature. I refuse credence to the best authenticated ghost story (mind you, *ghost* story *pur et simple*).

I can sleep in the gloomiest haunted room in the gloomiest haunted house, without the slightest fear of a nocturnal visit from the other world.

But, although I scoff at white ladies, bleeding nuns, *et hoc genus omne*, there is a species of supernatural occurrence in which I am, I confess, an unwilling and hesitating believer.

The circumstances I am about to relate are of this nature, and were told me by an intimate friend of mine, as having lately occurred to a relation of his own.

I give the story as he gave it to me, namely, in the words as nearly as possible of the principal actor in it.

Two years ago, towards the end of the London season, weary of the noise and bustle that for the last three months had been ceaselessly going on around me, I determined upon seeking a few days' rest and quiet in the country. The next evening saw me comfortably installed in a pretty farm-house about two miles from the cathedral town of X——. The little cottage in which I had taken up my quarters belonged to an old servant of my father's, and had long been a favourite resort of mine when wishing for quiet and fresh air.

The evening of the second day after my arrival was unusually close and sultry, even for the time of year. Weary with the heat, and somewhat sated with the two days' experience I had enjoyed

of a quiet country life, I went up to my bed-room about half-past ten, with the intention of taking refuge from the *ennui* which was growing on me, in a good long night's sleep. Finding, however, the heat an insuperable obstacle to closing my eyes, I got up, put on my dressing-gown, and lighting a cigar, sat down at the open window, and dreamily gazed out on the garden in front of the cottage. Before me several low flat meadows stretched down to the river, which separated us from the town. In the distance the massive towers of the cathedral appeared in strong and bright relief against the sky. The whole landscape indeed was bathed in a flood of light from the clear summer moon.

I was gradually getting sleepy, and beginning to think of turning in, when I heard a soft, clear voice, proceeding apparently from some one just beneath my window, saying,

"George, George, be quick! You are wanted in the town."

I immediately looked from the window, and although the moon still shone most brilliantly, somewhat to my surprise I could see no one. Thinking, however, that it was some friend of my landlord's, who was begging him to come into the town upon business, I turned from the window, and getting into bed, in a few minutes was fast asleep.

I must have slept about three hours, when I awoke with a sudden start, and with a shivering "gooseskin" feeling all over me. Fancying that this was caused by the morning air from the open window, I was getting out of bed to close it, when I heard the same voice proceeding from the very window itself.

"George, be quick! You are wanted in the town."

These words produced an indescribable effect upon me. I trembled from head to foot, and, with a curious creeping about the roots of the hair, stood and listened. Hearing nothing more, I walked quickly to the window, and looked out. As before, nothing was to be seen. I stood in the shade of the curtain for some minutes, watching for the speaker to show himself, and then laughing at my own nervousness, closed the window and returned to bed.

The grey morning light was now gradually overspreading the heavens, and daylight is antagonistic to all those fears which under cover of the darkness will steal at times over the boldest. In spite of this, I could not shake off the uncomfortable feeling produced by that voice. Vainly I tried to close my eyes. Eyes remained obstinately open; ears sensitively alive to the smallest sound.

Some half-hour had elapsed, when again I felt the same chill stealing over me. With the perspiration standing on my forehead, I started up in bed, and listened with all my might. An instant of dead silence, and the mysterious voice followed:

"George, be quick! You *must* go into the town."

The voice was in the room—nay, more, by my very bed side. The miserable fear that came over me, I cannot attempt to describe. I felt that the words were addressed to me, and that by no human mouth.

Hearing nothing more, I slowly got out of bed, and by every means in my power convinced myself that I was wide awake, and not dreaming. Looking at myself in the glass on the dressing-table, I was at first shocked, and then, in spite of myself, somewhat amused, by the pallid hue and scared expression of my countenance.

I grinned a ghastly grin at myself, whistled a bit of a polka, and got into bed again.

I had a horrible sort of notion that some one was looking at me, and that it would never do to let them see that I was the least uneasy.

I soon found out, however, that bed, under the circumstances, was a mistake, and I determined to get up, and calm my nerves in the fresh morning air.

I dressed hurriedly, with many a look over my shoulder, keeping as much as possible to one corner of the room, where nobody could get behind me. The grass in front of my window was glistening with the heavy morning dew, on which no foot could press without leaving a visible trace.

I searched the whole garden thoroughly, but no sign could I see of any person having been there.

Pondering over the events of the night, which in spite of broad daylight and common sense, persisted in assuming a somewhat supernatural aspect, I wandered across the meadows towards the river, by a footpath which led to the ferry. As I drew near to the boatman's cottage I saw him standing at his door, looking up the path by which I was approaching. As soon as he saw me, he turned and walked down to his boat, where he waited my arrival. "You are early on foot my friend, this morning," said I, as I joined him.

"Early, sir," answered he, in a somewhat grumbling tone; "yes, it is early, sir, and I have been waiting here for you this two hours or more."

"Waiting for me, my friend—how so?"

"Yes, sir, I have; for they seemed so very anxious that you should not be kept waiting; they have been down from the farm twice this blessed night, telling me that you would want to cross the ferry very early this morning."

I answered the man not a word, and getting into his boat, was quickly put across the water. As I walked rapidly up towards the town, I endeavoured to persuade myself that somebody was endeavouring to play a silly hoax upon me. At last, stopping at a gate through which I had to pass, I determined upon proceeding no further. As I turned to retrace my steps, suddenly the same shivering sensation passed over me—I can only describe it as a cold damp blast of air meeting me in the face, and then, stealing round and behind me, enveloping me in its icy folds.

I distinctly heard the words "George, George," uttered in my very ear, in a somewhat plaintive and entreating tone.

I shuddered with a craven fear, and turning hastily round hurried on towards the town.

A few minutes' walking brought me into the market-place. It was evidently market-day, for in spite of the early hour there was already a considerable bustle going on. Shops were being opened, and the country people were exposing

their butter, poultry, and eggs, for sale, and for about two hours I wandered amongst the busy and constantly increasing crowd, listening to every scrap of conversation that reached my ear, and vainly endeavouring to connect them with the strange summons that had roused me from my bed, and led me *nolens volens* to the town.

I could hear nothing that interested me in any way, and feeling tired and hungry, I decided on breakfasting at the hotel, which overlooked the market-place, and then taking myself back to the cottage, in spite of the mysterious voice.

The cheerful and noisy bustle of the market had indeed partly dissipated the morbid turn which my fancies had taken.

After I had breakfasted I lit my cigar, and strolled into the bar, where I talked for ten minutes with the landlord without elucidating anything of greater moment than that it was his (the landlord's) opinion that things were bad—very; that Squire Thornbury was going to give a great ball on the occasion of his daughter's approaching marriage; and that Mr. Weston's ox was certain to carry off the prize at the next Agricultural Meeting.

I bade him good morning, and turned my steps homeward. I was checked on my way down the High Street by a considerable crowd, and upon inquiring what was the matter, was informed that the Assizes were being held, and that an "interesting murder case" was going on. My curiosity was roused, I turned into the court-house, and, meeting an acquaintance who fortunately happened to be a man in authority, was introduced into the court, and accommodated with a seat.

The prisoner at the bar, who was accused of robbing and murdering a poor country girl, was a man of low slight stature, with a coarse brutal cast of features, rendered peculiarly striking by their strangely sinister expression.

As his small bright eyes wandered furtively round the court they met mine, and for an instant rested upon me. I shrank involuntarily from his gaze, as I would from that of some loathsome reptile, and kept my eyes steadily averted from him till the end of the trial, which had been nearly concluded the previous evening. The evidence, as summed up by the judge, was principally circumstantial, though apparently overwhelming in its nature. In spite of his counsel's really excellent defence, the jury, unhesitatingly, found him "guilty."

The judge, before passing sentence, asked the prisoner, as usual, if he had anything further to urge why sentence of death should not be passed upon him.

The unfortunate man, in an eager excited manner, emphatically denied his guilt,—declared that he was an honest, hard-working, travelling glazier—that he was at Bristol, many miles from the scene of the murder on the day of its commission,—and that he knew no more about it than a babe unborn. When asked why he had not brought forward this line of defence during the trial, he declared that he had wished it, but that the gentleman who had conducted his defence had refused to do so.

His counsel, in a few words of explanation, stated that, although he had every reason to believe the story told by the prisoner, he had been forced to confine his endeavours in his behalf to breaking down the circumstantial evidence for the prosecution—that most minute and searching inquiries had been made at Bristol, but that from the short time the prisoner had passed in that town (some three or four hours), and from the lengthened period which had elapsed since the murder, he had been unable to find witnesses who could satisfactorily have proved an *alibi*, and had therefore been forced to rely upon the weakness of the evidence produced by the prosecution. Sentence of death was passed upon the prisoner, who was removed from the bar loudly and persistently declaring his innocence.

I left the court painfully impressed with the conviction that he WAS innocent. The passionate earnestness with which he had pleaded his own cause, the fearless, haughty expression that crossed his ill-omened features, when, finding his assertions entirely valueless, he exclaimed with an imprecation, "Well, then, do your worst, but I *am* innocent. I never saw the poor girl in my life, much less murdered her," caused the whole court, at least the unprofessional part of it, to feel that there was some doubt about the case, and that circumstantial evidence, however strong, should rarely be permitted to carry a verdict of "guilty." I am sure that the fervent, though unsupported assertions made by the prisoner, affected the jury far more than the florid defence made for him by his counsel.

The painful scene that I had just witnessed entirely put the events of the morning out of my head, and I walked home with my thoughts fully occupied with the trial.

The earnest protestations of the unfortunate man rang in my ears, and his face, distorted with anxiety and passion, rose ever before me.

I passed the afternoon writing answers to several business letters, which had found me out in my retreat, and soon after dinner retired to my room, weary with want of sleep the previous night and with the excitement of the day.

It had been my habit for many years to make every night short notes of the events of the day, and this evening, as usual, I sat down to write my journal. I had hardly opened the book when, to my horror, the deadly chill that I had experienced in the morning again crept round me.

I listened eagerly for the voice that had hitherto followed, but this time in vain; not a sound could I hear but the ticking of my watch upon the table, and, I fear I must add, the beating of my own coward heart.

I got up and walked about, endeavouring to shake off my fears. The cold shadow, however, followed me about, impeding, as it seemed, my very respiration. I hesitated for a moment at the door, longing to call up the servant upon some pretext, but, checking myself, I turned to the table, and resolutely sitting down, again opened my journal.

As I turned over the leaves of the book, the word Bristol caught my eye. One glance at the page, and in an instant the following circumstances flashed across my memory.

I had been in Bristol on that very day—the day on which this dreadful murder had been committed!

On my way to a friend's house, I had missed at Bristol the train I had expected to catch, and having a couple of hours to spare, wandered into the town, and, entering the first hotel I came to, called for some luncheon. The annoyance I felt at having some hours to wait was aggravated by the noise a workman was making in replacing a pane of glass in one of the coffee-room windows. I spoke to him once or twice, and finding my remonstrances of no avail walked to the window, and, with the assistance of the waiter, forced the man to discontinue his work.

In an instant I recalled the features of the workman. It was the very man I had seen in the felons' dock that morning. There was no doubt about it. That hideous face as it peered through the broken pane had fixed itself indelibly in my memory, and now identified itself beyond the possibility of doubt with the sinister countenance that had impressed me so painfully in the morning.

I have little more to add. I immediately hurried back to the town and laid these facts before the judge. On communicating with the landlady of the hotel at Bristol, she was able to prove the payment of a small sum on that day to a travelling glazier. She came down to X——, and from among a crowd of felons unhesitatingly picked out the convicted man as the person to whom she had paid the money.

The poor fellow being a stranger at Bristol, and having only passed two or three hours there, was utterly unable to remember at what houses he had been employed. I myself had forgotten the fact of my having ever been in that town.

A week later the man was at liberty. Some matter-of-fact people may endeavour to divest these circumstances of their, to me, mysterious nature, by ascribing them to a disordered imagination and the fortuitous recognition of a prisoner condemned to die.

Nothing will ever efface from my mind the conviction that Providence in this case chose to work out its ends by extraordinary and supernatural means.

Here ended his story. I give it you without addition or embellishment, as he told it to me. It is second-hand, I confess, but hitherto I have never been fortunate enough to hear a story with aught of supernatural in it that was not open to the same objection.

THE DOCKS AND THE DOCK-GATES.

Here we are at Aldgate Pump, the Alpha and Omega of English Cockneydom; and soon afterwards we are passing down the Minories in the direction of Tower Hill. On reaching the Mint, we find ourselves in a region which is unmistakeably devoted to Jack. Here we meet him under every possible aspect. Young Jack, just going to sea, marching along with a careless jaunty step, and smiling at every pretty damsel whom he meets; Merchant Jack, with his wife clinging to his arm, a monkey or caged parrot in his tarry hands, and his honest, bluff, big-whiskered, sunburnt features all radiant with good-humoured delight; Shipwrecked Jack, penniless, woe-begone, and miserable, but stout-hearted and hopeful to the last; Man-o'-war Jack, clean, spruce, and jolly; American Jack, bowie-knife in girdle, and asserting his independence by continual expectoration; French Jack, all moustaches, shrugs, and grimace; Italian Jack, padrone-fearing, Garibaldi-loving, and heretic-hating; Spanish Jack, dark-featured, velvet-capped, and breath redolent of onions; Swedish Jack, fair-haired, blue-eyed, and with the old Scandinavian love of the Northern Sea; Russian Jack, brandy-loving, crouching, and cowardly; African Jack, all teeth, grins, and chatter; Australian Jack, Polynesian Jack, Canadian Jack, Arab Jack, Egyptian Jack, Greek Jack—in fact, every conceivable variety of the species. But, take care, we are impeding the traffic which surges along the pavement in front of this dingy, vile-smelling, fusty clothes-shop. A keen, tough old file is the owner. Ikey is quite up to the time of day, so don't *you* ask him what o'clock it is. You had better not. Observe him as he warily and patiently gathers himself up—spider-like—in the midst of his artfully-woven web of "Nor'westers," pea-jackets, linsey-woolseys, bearskins, comforters, oil-cloth capes, fur waistcoats, *devil's-dust* unmentionables, and worsted gloves of fabulous thickness. *He* knows Jack. He can tell *you* in an instant, despite your fancy yachting-rig and sea-going airs, that you are merely a landlubber "as doesn't know a ship's-rope from a marlin-spike," and he passes you by with supreme contempt; but when he catches sight of Jack—the *real* salt-water Jack—ah! you should see him.

He instantaneously brightens up, casts a rapid searching glance around him, and marching direct to the unconscious tar, soon wheedles and cajoles him into the purchase of sundry articles for which he has no earthly use, and which are frequently bought by Ikey's victims at about 100 per cent. above the regular market price. Escaping as he best can from the enemy's batteries, our poor sailor is immediately espied by Poll and Sue, two smart, roguish, saucy-looking craft, with gay coloured streamers fluttering at the fore. They bear down in full sail on him, pour in a heavy broadside of "soft sawder," board him, and triumphantly take their prize in tow to the "Jolly Sailor," where he is cozened, fleeced, and robbed by the merciless crimps into whose hands he falls, and is then turned adrift into the streets.

Evidences of a seafaring population now surround us on every side. Here is a chronometer-maker's, there a naval book-store; here a ship's-biscuit-baker's, there a sail-cloth factory; here a ship's-chandler's, and there a curiosity-shop, wherein a multitude of monkeys are chattering all day long, while the din is increased by the incessant screaming, hallooing, combined with not a little swearing, on the part of numberless parrots and cockatoos, whose gorgeous hues of green, blue, yellow, and crimson, scarcely compensate for the deafening noise which they occasion amongst the gongs, shells, stuffed birds, corals, beads, Japanese ware, Chinese slippers, Indian arrows, Mexican

idols, West Indian pickle-jars, aloe-plants, tamarind pots, African ivory, dried alligators, hippopotamus teeth, walrus tusks, birds of Paradise, beetles, moths, ostrich eggs, carved cocoanut shells, sponges, Australian boomerangs, Ceylon pearls, and other articles with which the interior of the shop is crowded in most picturesque confusion.

Here is one of those seaport pests, an Emigration Agency Office, where but too frequently the poor intending emigrant is regularly swindled of his last penny, on every possible and *im*possible pretence, and then hastily bundled on board some unseaworthy, ill-provisioned, under-manned, and anything but A 1 vessel, which generally makes the voyage in about double the *advertised* time, and ofttimes gets quietly wrecked on some convenient rocks, to the no small profit of the captain and owner.

What a long, dreary expanse of dingy yellow brick wall stretches out on the right of us. It is the boundary wall of the St. Katherine's Docks, and the huge bonded warehouses tower above it, like sullen giants, frowning on the world of misery, debauchery, and devilry, which exists within their very shadow. And now we come on a scene, which from our infancy we have been accustomed to, yet which has always possessed a strange and fearful degree of interest for us. Large numbers of gaunt-featured, squalid, hungry-looking men, are silently but nervously lounging about the gate which forms the entrance to the London Docks. From morning till night they linger there, with restless eye and hopeless heart, in the vain hope of obtaining employment as an "extra" in unlading the ships. A large number of labourers are employed in the docks, as porters, or to assist in removing the cargoes from the ships to the bonded warehouses; and it frequently happens that a sudden influx of shipping necessitates the employment of additional hands, consequently numbers of unemployed men find their way here, in the hope of obtaining a chance job, for the work, though ill paid and heavy, requires no skill, but merely brute strength. The dock gates are one of the last resources of the poverty-stricken, and the crowd forms a strange medley as it stands in doorways, crouches on pavement curbs, stands at flaunting public-house doors, slouches against greasy walls, or darkens the plate-glass windows of magnificent gin-palaces. Hour after hour, day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year, *there* it is. True, some of its members gain other employment; many become beggars or criminals; while not a few drag their weary fever-wasted limbs to dark cellars, or miserable windowless lofts, where they lay themselves down to await the death-angel. Still there are hundreds to supply their places, for the ranks of the unemployed are continually recruited by the victims of dissipation, misfortune, or crime; and so the ball whirls ceaselessly round.

We are Social Economists, and, as such, we are perfectly aware that much, if not all, of this misery and suffering is occasioned by the popular disregard, dislike, or neglect of the fundamental principles of social science; but we are *human*, and cannot gaze on the scene before us without a throb of compassion for the helpless victims of poverty and misfortune, who are the chief actors therein.

But, hark! a stentorian voice shouts "Men wanted." The effect is magical. The listless demeanour of the crowd changes in a moment to one of bustle and activity; and it speeds with desperate headlong haste to the dock gate, where it blocks up the road, and renders the pavement totally impassable.

Perhaps only a dozen hands are required, but there are already two or three hundred applicants, besieging the sturdy, determined-looking man, to whom is entrusted the unenviable duty of selecting the necessary men, which is instantly done by his practised eye.

The labourers thus picked out, have—despite their energetic and sometimes fistic remonstrances—to fight their way through the dense, heaving mass, which commences a terrific clamour. Shouting, wrestling, struggling, fighting, kicking, and swearing, the disappointed men strive to prevent their successful competitors from approaching the gate, and for a few moments cries, curses, groans, imprecations, and hisses commingle in deafening discord. The strongest dash aside the weakest, all friendship is forgotten, and the animal passions predominate in the breasts of those who compose the crowd; as they push and grapple with each other in the frenzied, savage excitement of disappointment and despair. Then the loud clear voice of the foreman is heard threatening the foremost of the refractory, and instantly the tempest subsides, and all is comparatively silent. The men with scowling, sullen looks, slowly retreat to the old nooks and corners, to await another chance. A few strive to obtain liquor on credit at the beershop, others retreat slowly homewards, while the remainder settle down into the old attitude of listless expectancy; and the careless pedestrian passing by would perceive few traces of the recent agitation occasioned by the "battle for bread" as one of the men graphically described it. So the men wait, wait, and wait, till they drop off, one by one, and leave their places to be filled by others, who in their turn go through the same dismal, heart-crushing routine.

We wish that some of our sturdy building operatives, who are so fond of "striking" on every trivial pretence, could behold the sight. It might possibly induce them to consider whether there are not worse things than toiling ten hours per day, for thirty-three shillings per week.

John Plummer.

MOTHER SHIPTON: HER LIFE AND PROPHECIES.

The Library of the British Museum contains two exceedingly attenuated quarto volumes of very considerable value, on account of their rarity, one of which is entitled "Mother Shipton's Prophecies," published in 1663; the other "The Life and Death of Mother Shipton," published in 1687. As there are some very remarkable events recorded in this latter, touching the parentage and infancy of this renowned lady, I shall draw upon its contents, previous to referring to the prophe-

cies, by the utterance of which she made herself a name, which endures to this day, in every town and hamlet throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom.

The full title and imprint of the book in question runs thus: "The Life and Death of Mother Shipton. Strangely preserved amongst other writings belonging to an old monastery in Yorkshire, and now published for the information of posterity. London: Printed for W. Harris, and are to be sold by him in Dunnings Alley, without Bishopsgate. 1687."

The condition of the manuscript when found was not favourable to a fluent perusal, indeed it was almost illegible; but Mrs. R. Head seems to have had an intuitive consciousness that it contained something of importance, so she steeped some best galls in good white wine, distilled the solution, and then, as she says, wetted the ink of the illegible M.S. handsomely, and made the letters as fresh and fair as if they had been newly written. All this, and a good deal more, is set forth in the preface, which the authoress concludes by saying that she might have made it much longer, but was afraid lest—like the citizens of Mindium—she might make her gates too big for her city.

From this MS. then, it appears, that Mrs. Agatha Shipton resided at Knaresborough, near the dropping-well. How she managed to live is somewhat of a mystery, seeing that she was miserably poor, and would neither beg nor work. One day she was sitting alone under a tree when a handsome young gentleman accosted her, and was so smitten with the charms of her person and conversation that he offered marriage on the spot. That she accepted him is not a matter for surprise, and it was arranged that they should meet at the same place on the succeeding day, when he would take her to the halls of his ancestors, where the ceremony could be performed in due state. All this was duly carried out as proposed, but the result was not altogether so favourable to her future welfare as she might reasonably have expected it would be. In the first place, she found herself on the ensuing morning under the same identical tree, clothed in rags in lieu of the rich and gorgeous array she had worn on the preceding evening, and in the next, she had not the least idea in which direction to go in search of her husband. While she was bemoaning her hapless fate the same young gentleman appeared, but the revelation he made to her respecting his position was very far from being of a gratifying nature, and the chief advantage that she derived from her connection with him was power of a very extraordinary character certainly, but not satisfactory in a pecuniary point of view. It was reported of her subsequently that she had been seen when walking alone to stamp on the ground, make motions with her hands, repeat a word three times, whereupon the sky which had previously been clear became dark and gloomy, and "belcht out nothing, for half-an-hour, but flames,—thundering after a most hideous manner." From this it was inferred that she was a witch, and she was therefore seized and taken before a justice, but she defied that functionary, and exclaiming, "Updraxi, call Styicon Helluox,—a fiery-winged dragon forthwith appeared, took her up, and carried her away from the amazed justice and his attendants," who are said never to have meddled with her afterwards.

Several instances are mentioned of the terrible things she did to neighbours when by their prying into her affairs they sent her off on the "rampage," but I shall refrain from mentioning them for two reasons. I doubt whether they are strictly true, and they lack the refinement which distinguishes all the actions of the sex to which she belonged. Let it suffice to say that she died on the same day that she introduced the amiable infant into the world, whose personal appearance is thus described by her admiring biographer, who, certes, cannot be said to have dipped her brush in the colours of flattery. "Her physiognomy was so misshapen that it is altogether impossible to express it fully in words, or for the most ingenious to limn her in colours, though many persons of eminent qualifications in that art have often attempted it, but without success; therefore, according to the best observations of her, take this true, though not full account of her features and body; she was of an indifferent height, but very morose and big-boned, her hair very long, with very great goggling, but sharp and fiery eyes: her nose of an incredible and unproportionate length, having in it many crooks and turnings, adorned with many strange pimples of divers colours, as red, blew, and mixt, which, like vapours of brimstone, gave such a lustre to her affrighted spectators in the dead time of the night, that one of them confessed several times in my hearing that her nurse needed no other light to assist her in the performance of her duty. Her cheeks were of a black swarthy complexion, much like a mixture of the black and yellow jaundies,—wrinkled, shrivelled, and very hollow, insomuch that as the ribs of her body, so the impression of her teeth were easily to be discerned, excepting only two of them which stood quite out of her mouth in imitation of the tusks of a wild boar, or the tooth of an elephant, a thing so strange in an infant that no age can parallel. Her chin was of the same complexion as her face, turning up towards her mouth, as if there had been a more than ordinary correspondence between her teeth and it. Her neck so strangely distorted that her right shoulder was forced to be a supporter to her head, it being propt up by the help of her chin, in such sort, that the right side of her body stood much lower than the left; like the reeling of a ship that sails with a side winde. Again, her left side was turned quite the contrary way, as if her body had been screwed together piece after piece, and not rightly placed . . . . . Her leggs very crooked and misshapen, the toes of her feet turning towards her left side; so that it was very hard for any person to guess which road she intended to stear her course; because she never could look that way she resolved to go."

This was in her youthful days; she grew more ugly as she grew older, so it is asserted, but this is rather difficult to believe.

Being without a mother, and the exact position of her father's domicile not being ascertainable,

the parish authorities were obliged to take upon themselves the expense of her maintenance; they accordingly handed her over to a nurse, and a very hard time of it the nurse had with her. All the spirits of the neighbourhood seem to have assembled in the nurse's cottage to amuse the weird infant; and it is singular to find in a book nearly two hundred years old a description of their tricks, so closely resembling the highly intellectual performances at a spiritual conference in the modern drawing-room. Among other things, they are said to have set the heavy furniture walking up and down the stairs, which gave the chairs and stools a clearer space for amusing themselves below in playing at "Bowles with the Trenchers and Dishes." At last they became so uproarious in their indulgence of these innocent pursuits, that the nurse got tired of it, and Mother Shipton, as she was already called, having become a big girl, the parish, at her request, relieved her of her charge, and took it upon themselves; putting her to school "that she might receive the education commonly given to the children of paupers, namely, reading, writing, and sewing." (This was written, be it remembered, nearly two hundred years ago.) For some reason or other, she was not popular among her fellow-students. They ridiculed her personal appearance, and she retaliated by causing all the Robin Goodfellows, Ariels, and Pucks of her acquaintance to pinch and otherwise annoy and injure them to such an extent, that she was at last expelled from the school, and thrown upon the wide world, with nothing but her own resources to rely upon. Feeling that she "had a mission," she followed the promptings of her internal consciousness, and established herself in the neighbourhood as the real original medium. Persons began now to visit her, to consult her on future events, and as she always gave them the information couched in sufficiently ambiguous language, and invariably refused to take any fee for her trouble, they were loud in their praises of her knowledge and disinterestedness. It is true that she kept a girl as servant, who was always willing to accept anything visitors chose to give, and who took care to remind them of their duties in this respect, if necessary, by telling them that she and her dame could not live on thanks; quoting the aphorism which has come down to our time, that "it is money makes the mare to go."

Gradually, however, her fame travelled beyond this narrow circle, and people came to her from distant parts, just as in more ancient times they visited the pythoness of Delphi.

Her biographer concludes her performance as follows, and I would recommend the prophecy to the particular attention of those who are skilful in the interpretation of such things, as offering a wide field for the exercise of their peculiar talent:—

"Great noise there shall be heard, great shouts and cries,
And seas shall thunder louder than the skies;
Then shall three lyons fight with three, and bring
Joy to a people, honour to their king.

"This Mother Shipton lived till she was of an extraordinary age, and though she was generally believed to be a witch, yet all persons whatever, that either saw or heard of her, had her in esteem, and her memory is to this day much honoured by those of her own country.

"A stone was erected near Clifton, about a mile from the city of York, from which the following is taken:—

Here lyes she who never ly'd,
Whose skill often has been try'd.
Her prophecies shall still survive,
And ever keep her name alive.

The title-page of the other volume containing her prophecies is faced by a woodcut, which represents Henry VIII. seated on his throne, his feet resting on the back of Pope Clement, who is prostrate in the dust, his broken tiara lying on the ground near him, to the great grief of a whole army of monks on the king's left hand, among whom is Cardinal Pole. This latter dignitary is assisting the Pope to rise, and on the other side Bishop Fisher is tendering his hand to support his head. On the king's right hand stands Cranmer, who is presenting him with the Bible, and behind him Cromwell. The imprint runs thus: "Printed by T. P., for Fr. Coles, and are to be sold at his shop, at the signe of the Lambe, in the Old Bailey, neare the Sessions house, 1663."

In this collection of her prophecies, those to which most prominence are given, are those having reference to Cardinal Wolsey, the fate of the messengers sent to her by the king, and the treatment of religious institutions by this monarch.

"When she heard that King Henry the Eighth should be king, and Cardinall Wolsey should be at Yorke, she said that Cardinall Wolsey should never come to Yorke, which the King and the Cardinall hearing, being angry, sent the Duke of Suffolk and the L. Darcy to her, who came with their men disguised to the King's house, near Yorke; where leaving their men, they went to Mr. Besley in Yorke, and desired him to goe with them to Mother Shipton's house, where when they came they knocked at the doore, she said, Come in, Mr. Besley, and those honourable lords with you, and Mr. Besley would have put in the Lords before him; but shee said, Come in, Mr. Besley, you know the way, but they doe not. This they thought strange that shee should know them and never saw them; then they went into the house, where there was a great fire, and they dranke and were very merry. Mother Shipton, said the Duke, if you knew what we came about you would not bid us so welcome; shee said the messenger should not be hanged: Mother Shipton, said the Duke, you said the Cardinall should never see Yorke; Yea, said shee, I said he might see Yorke, yet never come at it. But, said the Duke, when he comes to Yorke thou shalt be burned: Wee shall see that, said shee, and plucking her handkercher off her head, she threw it into the fire, and it would not burne; then she tooke her staff and turned it into the fire, and it would not burne; then she tooke and put it on againe. Then said the Duke, What meane you by this? She replyed, If this had burned I might have burned. Mother Shipton, quoth the Duke, what thinke you of me? My Lord, said she, the time

will come when you will be as low as I am, and that is a low one indeed. (The Duke was afterward beheaded.)

"My Lord Piercy said, And what say you of me? My Lord, said shee, shooe your horse in the quick and you shall doe well, but your bodie will be buried in Yorke pavement, and your head shall be stolne from the Barre and carried into France. At which they all laughed, saying, that would be a great lop between the head and the body. (This proved true, for hee rose in rebellion in the north, and by not flying when hee might, hee was taken and beheaded in Yorke, where his body was buried, and his head was stolne away and carried into France, tempore Eliz. Reg.)

"Then said the Lord Darcy, And what thinke you of me? She said, You have made a great gunne, shoot it off, for it will never doe you any good; you are going to warre, you will paine many a man but will kill none. So they went away.

"Not long after the Cardinall came to Cawood, and going to the top of the tower, he asked, where stands Yorke and how far it was thither; and said that one said he should never see Yorke; Nay, said one, shee said you might see Yorke, but never come at it. He vowed to burne her when he came to Yorke. Then they shewed him York, and told him it was but eight miles thence, he said that he would soon be there; but being sent for by the king, he dyed in his way to London at Leicester of a Laske. And Shipton's wife said to Mr. Besley, yonder is a fine stall built for the Cardinall in the Minster of gold, pearle, and precious stones; goe and present one of the pillers to King Henry, and he did so."

It would seem that some of the versions of this prophecy previously printed could not be reconciled with the facts as they occurred, so the author places a note in the margin, "Note that this prophecie was never exactly printed before."

Furthermore, she prophesied that the day would come when the north should rue it wondrous sore, and the south should rue it evermore; when hares should kindle on the cold hearthstone, and lads should marry ladies and bring them home. This the editor supposes to refer to the suppression of religious houses, and says that the natural phenomenon referred to did actually occur at Lord Will. Howard's house at Naworth. I do not know what truth there may be in this last statement, but a similar prophecy is attributed to Thomas the Rhymer with respect to his residence, and also to Waldhave. The truth however seems to be that the idea was borrowed from an old MS. in the Harleian collection, where it is used to indicate utter desolation, and not applied to any particular locality.

Among others who visited her was the Abbot of Beverley, who desired to discover what would be the result to him of the disputes raging between Henry VIII. and his order. He came disguised, but he had no chance of maintaining it against a prophetess who could see her customers through a door. No sooner had he knocked than she called out, "Come in, Mr. Abbot, for you are not so much disguised but the fox may be seen through the sheep's skin; it is not those clothes makes a lay person, no more than a long gown makes a man a lawyer; come, take a stool and sit down, for you shall not goe away unsatisfied of what you desire." The prophecy, however, with which she favoured him had less reference to his own particular case than to that of his order and Cardinal Wolsey; still it is said to have been sufficient to send him away in great admiration of her powers, though it is stated that at the time he was utterly unable to understand what she meant.

The coming of King James she foretold, and also that when he was in London his "tayle should be at Edinborough," which, as every reader of history knows, was the case, and that it extended a good way beyond that city. "And when there is a Lord Maior at Yorke let him beware of a stab;" a caution not uttered without a reason, for we are told a Lord Mayor whose house was in the Minster at York was killed with three stabs. Apparently there are bad days in store for the citizens of London, for at another time she said, "The time will come when England shall tremble and quake for feare of a dead man that shal be heard to speak: Then will the Dragon give the Bull a great snap, and when the one is down they will go to London town: Then there will be a great battell between England and Scotland, and they will be pacified for a time; and when they come to Brammamore they fight, and are againe pacified for a time; then there will be a great battell between England and Scotland at Scotmore: Then will a raven sit on the cross, and drinke as much blood of nobles as of the comons; then woe is me, for London shal be destroyed for ever after." Here the editor puts a note in the margin running thus. *It is to be noted and admired that this cross in Shipton's dayes was a tall stone cross, which ever since hath been by degrees sinking into the ground, and now is sunke so low that a raven may sit upon the top of it, and reach with her bill to the ground.*

One more extract, which as the events predicted have not yet come to pass, possibly remain to be fulfilled, and I close my notice of a book which, without the cover, would probably fetch, at a sale at Sotheby & Wilkinson's, or Puttick & Simpson's, twenty times its weight in gold. "There will come a woman with one eye, and she shall tread in many men's bloud to the knee; and a man leaning on a staffe by her, she shall say to him, What art thou? and he shall say, I am the King of Scots, and she shall say, Goe with me to my house, for there are three knights, and he will goe with her, and stay there three dayes and three nights; then will England be lost, and they will cry twice a day, England is lost. Then there will be three knights in Petergate in Yorke, and the one shall not know of the other. There shall be a child born in Pomfret with three thumbs, and those three knights will give him three horses to holde while they winne England, and all noble blood shall be gone but one; and they shall carry him to Sheriff Hatton's castle, six miles from York, and he shall dye ther, and they shall chuse ther an Earl in the field, and hanging their horses on a thorne, will rue the time that ever they were borne to see so much bloodshed. Then they

will come to York to besiege it, and they shall keep them out three dayes and three nights, and a penny loafe shall be within the bar at half-a-crown, and without the bar at a penny; and they will swear if they will not yield to blow up the Town walls. Then they will let them in, and they will hang up the maior, sheriffs, and aldermen, and they will goe into Crouch church, there will three knights goe in, and but one come out againe, and hee will cause proclamation to be made, that any may take house, bower, or tower, for twelve yeares, and while the world endureth ther shall never be warfare againe, nor any more king or queenes ; but the kingdom shall be governed by three Lords, and then Yorke shall be London. And after this shall a white harvest of corne be gotten in by women. Then shall be in the north that one woman shall say unto another : Mother, I have seene a man to-day, and for one man there shall be a thousand women. A ship shall come sayling up the Thames till it come against London, and the mr. of the ship shall weepe, and the mariners of the ship shall aske him why he weepeth, being he hath made so good a voyage, and he shall say : Ah what a goodly city this was, none in the world comparable to it, and now there is left scarce any house that can let us have drinke for our money." It is of course clear that this master mariner must be Lord Macaulay's New Zealander. G. L.

AN OLD STORY OF OLD GIBRALTAR.

Between Gibraltar and Malaga, on one of the spurs of the mountains which run from the main-land to the sea, is situated the castle of Fuengerola. It is an old Moorish building, with walls of great thickness, cemented with mortar, which has hardened into a substance more durable than the stone. Previously to the French occupation, our engineers attempted to destroy it, but failed. The general feature of the surrounding country is alternate ridge and ravine ; all sufficiently rugged ; very pretty for skirmishing, but little adapted to the regular movements of a line.

I was quartered at Gibraltar in the year 18—, and for some reason or other—I never could understand exactly why—the Deputy-Governor of Gibraltar appears to have set his heart on the capture of this place. I never saw that it could do us much harm in the hands of an enemy, and I am sure that it would never do us any good in our own. But to reduce it would make a "diversion," a favourite proceeding in the tactics of the day ; in pursuance of which we lost more men in petty operations than would have furnished a powerful army in the field. General Campbell resolved upon having a diversion !—and we had two.

The first expedition was placed under the command of Major-General Bowles, a very disagreeable, but not very effective officer. He failed at Fuengerola—he died gallantly at Albuera. The next trial was confided to the guidance of Major-General Lord Blayney—a very pleasant companion, an excellent judge of cookery, but not destined to become a great general. The only regular troops employed were a very weak battalion of the 89th regiment—of which Lord Blayney himself was the lieut.-colonel—commanded by one major, four or five captains (one of whom was on the staff), and a very insufficient corps of subalterns. The troops were accompanied by two six-pounders ; and there were detachments, principally composed of foreign deserters, whose British officers, appointed for the occasion, had joined them a few days before the expedition sailed. These were not probable elements of success ; the end turned out worthy of the means.

The troops, having been landed at a short distance from the castle, were marched by their noble commander to the summit of the ridge nearest to it. There they were halted, and in due course the word "Dress" was given ; but the rocks did not hear the command. The general called out, "Why do you not dress your battalion, Major Grant ?" Major Grant moved to the front, and was immediately picked off by a rifleman from the walls of the fort.

About this time an important event was pending—dinner ! The noble commander withdrew his men down the ravine for refreshment—the enemy, who perhaps had already dined, made a sally, and captured our pippin-squeezers ; but they did not hold them long. Our men reascended the height, and retook the guns. This point of time is important to my story. The guns were on the right of the line, next to them the Grenadier company ; Lord Blayney was on the extreme left ; from which position he saw a body of troops approaching his flank.

"Here come the Spaniards," said the noble commander.

"I think they are French," said some officers about him.

"I'll soon show you they are Spaniards," said the lord, and advancing, he took off his hat, and courteously saluted them. They were French ! and Major-General Lord Blayney was a prisoner ! He was taken to France, where he remained till the peace, and in the interim greatly improved his knowledge of cookery.

As soon as the general was thus unaccountably taken a panic seized the troops. Commencing on the left of the line, it spread to the right, and the whole body in utter disorder rushed down into the ravine, from which they were rescued and re-embarked by the boats of the men-of-war.

Thus ended the military incidents of the raid of Fuengerola. But the consequences were not yet. In all such cases of failure it becomes necessary to look out for a scapegoat. Lord Blayney (even if it had been permissible in those days to bring a lord to a court-martial) was a prisoner of war. Major Grant was killed. Captain Annesley—who ought to have taken the command, at least of the 89th, but did not—was also in the hands of the enemy. The next officer in regimental succession was Barnes, the Captain of Grenadiers—on him the lot fell. He had come from the 10th Hussars, a bad school under a bad master. He brought with him all the coxcombries and vexations of minutiæ which, even to this day, distinguish the martinets of crack cavalry regiments. He made himself specially unpopular among the non-commissioned officers. Hence it was said that a con-

spiracy was formed against him. It did not break out at once. Several weeks elapsed after the defeat, before rumours began to fly about, and it was determined to bring him to a court-martial on the charge of cowardice; and if the evidence of several sergeants was to be believed, there would be no doubt that he was guilty. They swore, with singular unanimity, that they had seen Captain Barnes running away down the ravine before Lord Blayney was taken, and before any disorder had commenced from the left of the battalion. Now, their duty was to look to their front, and so, to account for their looking to their rear instead of to their front, each was anxious to give some reason for his being able to see down the ravine. One or two accounted for it in this way: they swore that before Lord Blayney was taken, a mounted officer's horse was shot in rear of the centre, and in falling knocked them down. In rising, one of them declared that he saw the Captain of Grenadiers half-way down the ravine, and quite alone. On the other hand, two captains of Artillery—Lloyd and Faede—deposed that before Lord Blayney was taken they had seen Captain Barnes at his post, on the extreme right of the regiment, that he had spoken to them, congratulating them on the re-capture of the guns, and that Colonel Warrington,* the mounted officer (whose horse had been shot), could corroborate this evidence; but unfortunately Colonel Warrington was absent in England on leave. The weight of positive evidence was thus in favour of the non-commissioned officers. They spoke as to an unmistakeable fact—that they had seen Captain Barnes running down the ravine before Lord Blayney was taken; Captains Lloyd and Faede swore that they had spoken to him afterwards. But without doubting their veracity, the majority of the court formed the opinion that they had been mistaken as to the time; while the witnesses for the prosecution † could not have been mistaken as to the fact.

I had assisted Barnes in his defence, and retained a strong opinion that he was not guilty.

In the usual course, the proceedings had to be sent to England for confirmation. A considerable time elapsed, when one morning very early an orderly woke me, and told me that Colonel Sewell, the commanding officer of the 89th, to which I was temporarily attached, wished to see me immediately. "You know, F——," he said, "that the packet came in last night, and has brought the sentence of Barnes's court-martial. He is cashiered. I cannot bear to tell him. You know him more intimately; I shall be obliged to you if you will break it to him before it appears in orders." The task was not a pleasant one, but I could hardly decline it.

I did not go direct to his quarters, where his wife had been confined a day or two previously; but I sent him a message to meet me on the South Bastion. This rendezvous somewhat prepared him. After a few words I told him the truth. He never moved, he never spoke;—a fit of catalepsy could not have made him more rigid. I expected every instant to see him fall. At length sounds issued from his motionless lips. "My wife has her first child, and I have not a shilling."

That night I went to the rooms of the unfortunate couple. It was a melancholy meeting, but it was relieved by an unexpected incident.

A Colonel Wright, of the Artillery, had been a member of the court-martial. He had the reputation of being a hard, harsh man, and I looked to him with some apprehension; nor was I alone in my fear. Of course his opinion of the verdict is a secret to me to this day. I can only guess it.

A servant brought in a little parcel, like a pill-box, and a note from Colonel Wright. I opened the parcel first. It contained five or six doubloons. The note said, that Colonel Wright, having heard that Captain Barnes was in pecuniary difficulties, begged his acceptance of a trifling assistance.

Many days had not elapsed when I heard that Colonel Warrington had returned. I hastened to him, and begged him to write down for me the substance of a conversation we had had immediately after the event, and long before proceedings against Barnes had been contemplated.

He did so, stating that he perfectly well recollected that after Lord Blayney was taken on the left, he proceeded by the rear of the 89th towards the right; that his horse was shot in rear of the centre; that in its struggles it knocked down some men; that he then proceeded on foot to the right of the battalion, and there found Captains Barnes, Lloyd, and Faede. The confusion then ensued, then the general retreat, and he lost sight of those officers.

This I considered so conclusive that I embodied the statement in a deposition, which I annexed to a memorial to the Prince Regent.

Barnes was restored to his rank, and joined the 89th again in Canada, where, in the action at Christler's Farm, he so distinguished himself as to be noticed in General Orders, and consequently obtained the brevet rank of major.

J. S. M. F.

* Afterwards Consul-General in Morocco.

† The leading witness and informant for the prosecution was the sergeant of Light Infantry—a smart clever fellow, who had been clerk to an attorney in Ireland. He became so conceited on the result of Barnes's conviction that he principally employed his time in collecting notes for charges against other officers. Carrying this a little too far, he was himself brought to a court-martial, reduced to the ranks, and flogged.

AN ARTIST'S RAMBLE ALONG THE LINE OF THE PICTS' WALL.

PART II.

THE day succeeding our visit to Borcovilles was that on which the September fair was held at Haltwhistle, and as a heavy rain fell during the greater part of the day, we were much about the inn, although every room was occupied by men attending the fair, the bed-rooms being appropriated by their wives and daughters who accompanied them. At first we found this rather awkward, but in the long run we settled down into fellowship, and heard some Tynedale ditties and "auld warld" stories, which were not sung and said without an enormous consumption of whiskey.

An elderly but hale-looking laird, who was familiarly named Tom-o'-the-Loanin, related an instance of the discomfiture of a London counsel, by the shrewdness of a drunken witness, in an

assault-case, at the Newcastle assizes, which greatly tickled the company. It appeared the man of law had, previous to the trial, been dining near Haltwhistle, and whether he had taken his wine too freely, or his horse was in fault, he got a fall, and had been ministered to by the Samaritanship of the witness in question. On the trial it was his object to make it evident that the said witness was too intoxicated at the time of the assault to be in a condition to testify to what took place. With this view he plied him with a series of questions in reference to his proceedings during the day, in the evening of which the outrage took place, which, as the laird related it, ran somewhat as follows:

Counsel. "Do you remember the morning of the day in question?"

Witness. "Ay, weel."

Counsel. "Had you any particular business in hand that morning?"

Witness. "Why, I just went up the hill to Foggeridge, to see if I could make a bargain for two or three yowes."

Counsel. "Did you buy the ewes?"

Witness. "Ay, I bought the yowes."

Counsel. "When a bargain is struck, does not the seller allow something for drink-money?"

Witness. "Ay, the luck-penny."

Counsel. "Did you drink the luck-penny?"

Witness. "In coorse, we drank the luck-penny."

Counsel. "A glass,—or more?"

Witness. "I see ye ha' the keelvine in your hand, you may put down three."

Counsel. "After this, did you go home?"

Witness. "Na; I had to go to Hardriding about a pig."

Counsel. "Did you buy again?"

Witness. "Na; we couldna come to an agreement."

Counsel. "Then you had no more to drink?"

Witness. "Hoot, ay! Bargaining's drouthy wark. Ye may put down three or four glasses at Hardriding."

Counsel. "And then did you return home?"

Witness. "Why, na. Aw just went round by Melkridge, to take my bit dinner wi' Johnny Ha'."

Counsel. "But surely you did not drink more that day?"

Witness. "Just allow me to tell you, that if ye war takin' yer dinner wi' Johnny Ha', if ye wadna drink, he wad gar ye!"

Counsel. "And how much may you have taken after dinner?"

Witness. "Hout! mair than aw can mind o'; ye winna get far wrang if ye only set dawn eneugh."

Counsel. "What did you do after you left Johnny Hall's?"

Witness. "Aw went heam to Haltwhistle."

Counsel. "Did you find the way unusually long?"

Witness. "Why, then, it wasn't just the length, but the breadth o' the way, that aw minded meast."

Counsel. "I trust, after such a quantity of drink, that you were not tempted to stop by the way for more?"

Witness. "Na, for there's ne'er a public atween Melkridge and Haltwhistle toon end. Aw dinna ken hoo it is. A man aye kens when he's had ower little, an' he kens when he's had ower much, but he never kens when he's had just eneugh; so I e'en pulled bridle at Tibby Elliot's at the toon end, and had a stirrup-cup."

Counsel. (Drawing himself up, and addressing witness slowly and with emphasis.) "Why, man!—do—you—mean to say that after swallowing such an enormous—quantity of intoxicating drink, as you own—you could be in a condition to understand the particulars of the assault you now presume to testify to?"

Witness. "Why, as to that, I might na be quite sober; but aw wasn't half sae druuk as ye war yersel', only last Saturday, when ye coupit aff yer bit nag at the crook of Bellister lòan, amang a' the clarts, an' mead a holy bison o' yersel', an' aw had to scrape ye clean, an' get ye sotten on again. Eh! man, aw ken ye agean weel, though ye hae na the manners to mind o' me that did ye sic a neerborly turn."

"I'se warrant!" said the laird, "little Dick Rutherford was upsides wi' the man i' the wig, an' he had it a' his own way after that, for ne'er another word had t'other to thraw til a' dog."

While Tom-o'-the-Loanin and his companions beguiled the time in this manner, we could observe that a good deal of sweethearting went on upon the stairs, the more staid dames being assembled at a solemn tea-drinking in an upper-room. At length came the time for calling a reckoning and departing, each on his way. The iron hoofs of their nags clattered at the door; the stirrup-cup was drunk, and the Tynedale men took the road, some of them bearing behind them, on pillions, buxom dames and bonny lasses, with jovial halloos that we could hear even after they had crossed the Tyne, ringing back from the heathy sides of old Plenmeller.

The next morning we devoted to a survey of the old-fashioned town of Haltwhistle, which consists of little more than a long straggling street, at either end of which there is a peel-tower, both inhabited. The church, which is dedicated to Holy Cross, is situated on the south side of the town. It is a stately and ancient edifice, chiefly in the early English style. In the chancel are the trophies of the family of Blenkinsop, whose ancient castle stands in ruins on the south bank of the Tyne, a few miles to the west of Haltwhistle. Here is likewise an altar-tomb to the memory of John Ridley, Esq., brother to Dr. Nicholas Ridley, Bishop of London, bearing a rhyming inscription, which runs thus:—

IHON REDLE
THAE SVM
TINE DID BE
THEN LAIRD OF THE WALTON
GON IS HE OVT OF THES VAL OF MESRE
HIS BONS LIE VNDER THES STONS

WE MUST BELEVE BE GOD[s] MERCE
INTO THE WORLD GAVE HES SON
THEN FOR TO REDEM AL CHRISTEN

SO CHRIST HAES HES SOVL WON
AL FAETHFVL PEOPLE MAY BE FAEN

WHEN DATH COMES THAT NONC . . . .
THE BODE KEPT THE SOVL IN PAEN
THROVGH CHRIST IS SET AT LIBERTE
AMONG BLESED COMPANE TO REMANE
TO SLEP IN CHRIST NOW IS GONE
YET STEL BELEVES TO HAV . . . . . AGANE
THROVGH CHRIST A JOYFVL RESVRECTION
AL FRENDES MAY BE GLAD TO HAER
WHEN HES SOVL FROM PAEN DID GO
OVT OF THES WORLD AS DOETH APPEAR
IN TH YEAR OF OVR LORD
A 1562
XX

The church consists of a nave, two side aisles, and a chancel of a lofty pitch, and possesses a curious font. Towards the east end of the town, on the south side, there is an extensive and strong earthwork, of an oval form, called Castle Bank. On the east end it is scarped in four terraces; the crown of the hill is protected by a breastwork of earth facing the town, the other slope towards the river being naturally steep and inaccessible. Near the river are the traces of a Roman military station, called Whitchester. We now sauntered over the bridge, which here crosses the Tyne, to Bellister Castle, a short distance from Haltwhistle. This picturesque ruin belonged to a younger branch of the Blenkinsop family. It stands upon an artificial mount, and is overshadowed by a sycamore of extraordinary growth. Surrounding the mount is a broad fosse. From Bellister we bent our steps by a walk chiefly through the fine grounds of Unthank to Willimoteswick, a capital example of a border stronghold, and formerly a residence of the family of Ridley, from which sprang the Oxford martyr, and which family is now represented by Sir Matthew White Ridley of Blagdon. This family had also a residence at the Walltown, as appears in the afore-mentioned epitaph in Haltwhistle church, and another at Hardriding, on the opposite bank of the river:—

Hardriding Dick,
And Willimoteswick,
And Jack o' the Wa',
And I cannot tell a'.

Are they not set forth in the ballad which Surtees wickedly palmed upon Scott as a thing of veritable antiquity, in the faith of which he printed it? Leaving Willimoteswick, we crossed the Tyne, by stepping-stones, to Bardon Mill, and returned to Haltwhistle, passing through Melkridge, where there is a peel-tower, which formerly belonged to the Blackett family.

Next morning H—— and I, together with W——, with whom we had smoked the pipe of confabulation the night previous, bent our way up the long steep hill to Haltwhistle Moor, and passing two ancient monumental stones, called by the moorsmen the "Mare and Foal," we rested awhile for the refreshment of a glass of ale and some barley cake at the roadside public-house, of the sign of "Twice-Brewed Ale," well known to pilgrims of the Wall, and thence proceeded to the Little Chesters, the Roman Vindolana, a camp nearly two miles to the south of the wall, which was garrisoned by the Cohors Quarta Gallorum. In approaching this camp we observed a Roman milestone, upwards of six feet in height and about two feet in circumference, standing in its original position. On its western face there has been an inscription, now illegible. Another milestone stood to the west of this, ubt it was split by an ignorant proprietor for gate-posts. Horsley gives the inscription—BONO REIPVBLICÆ NATO; To one born for the good of the Republic. The space between these two stones was measured, and found to be 1698 yards, which is assumed to be the exact length of the Roman mile.

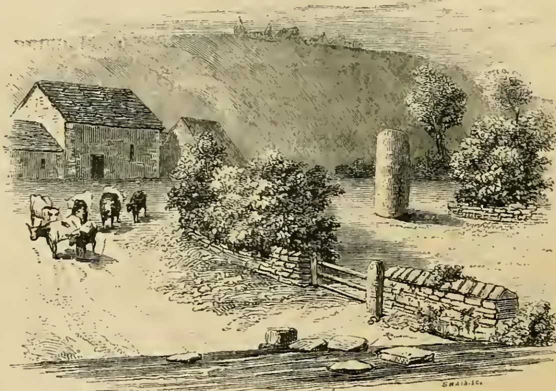
In the house and grounds at the Little Chesters, sometimes called the Bowers, or Chester in the Wood, a choice collection of Roman antiquities, found in the neighbourhood, are preserved. A very fine altar to Jupiter bears testimony that the camp here was the Roman Vindolana, having, according to the inscription it bears, been erected by Pituanius Secundus, præfect of the fourth cohort of the Gauls, which appears to have been stationed at Vindolana. The name Vindolana is surmised to have been derived from *vin*, in Celtic, a height, and *lann*, in the Gaelic, weapons, giving the Ossianic name of Hill of Arms. The camp, or station, is greatly dilapidated. A portion of the wall near the north-east corner of the station was found at a height of twelve courses of masonry. The vestiges of two buildings, both having hypocausts, have been discerned. Near the milestone afore-mentioned is a large tumulus, the burial-place, it may be, where the once mighty and renowned have long slept the sleep of dust and oblivion—

Their deeds, their prowess, all forgot.

A road, still in use, leads from the station of Borcovicus to Little Chesters. This is laid down in Horsley's plan as a military way between the stations. In the valley below Housesteads is a small eminence called Chapel Hill, so called from a temple having stood on its side. Two fine altars found here are in the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle. Some fragments of large columns remain on the ground, and appear to have been parts of a building of considerable magnitude. A cave, dedicated to the Mithraic worship, was discovered at Chapel Hill. It is now entirely destroyed, but is thus described by the Rev. John Hodgson: "It faced the four cardinal points, and its area, which had been dug out of the side of the hill, opposite the west end of the Chapel Hill, measured 12 feet 8 inches from north to south, by 10 feet from east to west, besides having a recess in the middle of the west wall, 30 inches deep and 7 feet long. The east wall had a doorway through it, and, to the level of the floor, inside and out, was faced with hewn stone; but the other three sides, especially the west, were faced on the inside only, their outsides having been built up against an excavation of from four to five feet deep. The floor was paved with thick sandstone slates, of irregular sizes and shapes. A spring was an essential requisite to a Mithraic cave, and the waters that rose in this were drained off from its doorway by an adjoining lake in 1809, when extensive foundations of apartments, that had communicated internally with the cave, were ransacked for stones for a field wall on the western side of this estate. Some fragments of vessels of

red earthenware were found among the rubbish near the altar, probably parts of the fictilla that had belonged to the altar of Mithras. Two altars and a zodiac stood with their backs toward the west wall in the front of the recess, and with the headless figure of Mithras behind the zodiac, and the fragments of the great taurine tablet before it." Mr. Hodgson likewise mentions a small altar, with a radiated bust of the sun on its capital, and an inscribed dedication to the same. The zodiacal group consists of a bust of Mithras, seated between the two hemispheres, surrounded by the twelve signs of the zodiac, and holding in his right hand, opposite Taurus, a sword; and in his left, opposite Virgo, a torch. These interesting fragments are now in the Museum at Newcastle. Returning to Borcovicus, we rested on the hill-side, and having previously well thumbed the different authorities who have treated of the great barrier, for the correction of our own observations, we whiled away a long afternoon in the discussion of the wall and its history, the following being a summary of the conclusions at which we arrived.

The northern barrier consists of two continuous lines of defence, that to the northward being the murus, or wall of stone, with its fosse, ascribed to Severus; and the inner, or southern barrier, consisting of the earthwork commonly called Hadrian's vallum; and, lying between the wall and the vallum, a chain of camps or stations, castles, and watch-towers, were connected by roads, so as to form in effect a third and intermediate barrier, covered on the one hand from the north by the wall, and on the other from the south by the vallum, which may have been intended as a provision against any outbreak of disaffection on the southern side of the barrier. The evidence for the assertion that these two barriers—the wall and the vallum—were two separate works, constructed under independent circumstances, is not so strong but that the opinion which has lately arisen, that they were only parts of one great military plan, may be held justifiable. This appears to be the opinion at which Dr. Bruce has arrived, after having made himself thoroughly master of his subject by the most scrupulous examination. In the few instances in which we find any notice of this barrier in the writings of the Roman authors who treat of the affairs of their countrymen in Britain, the reference is neither direct nor conclusive. Upon the whole, it would appear safest to take the barrier as it appears before us to have been the consolidated plan by which an entire frontier defence was effected. The stone wall extends from Wallsend, on the Tyne, to the sea at Bowness, in Cumberland, a space which is computed by Horsley to be equal to sixty-eight miles and three furlongs. The vallum falls short of this measurement by about three miles at either end, terminating at Newcastle on the east side, and at Drumburgh on the west. A marked feature in this colossal work is the determined way in which it holds its course, and the bold manner in which the wall, instead of being made to evade any natural impediment, towers over, as if by choice, the loftiest and most abrupt elevations. We have no existing fragment of the wall whereby to obtain a positive estimate of its original height, which, however, is conceived to have been probably eighteen or nineteen feet, inclusive of the battlements. It has been remarked that checks, or outsets, appear at intervals on the southern face of the wall, although the northern side presents an uniform face throughout. It is conceived by Dr. Bruce that the inequality on the inner face of the wall has occurred through numerous gangs of labourers having been simultaneously employed upon the work, and that each superintending centurion was allowed to use his discretion as to its width. On the northern side of the wall a broad fosse may be traced throughout its whole course, with some exceptions, such as where the wall travelled along the edge of a precipitous crag, in which case the fosse was not requisite. This fosse may still be traced nearly from sea to sea. In parts where the fosse travels over a level or exposed surface its northern border has been elevated, so as to offer a rampart, or glacis, on that side for the sake of additional strength. On the descent of the hill from Caervoran to Thirlwall, the fosse measures forty feet across at the upper surface and fourteen feet on its floor, being nearly nine feet in depth. Westward of Tepper Moor a portion of the fosse rises from a depth of twenty feet. "A little to the west of Portgate, near Stagshaw Bank," says Hodgson, who examined the vestiges of antiquity with a clear and loving regard, "the appearance of the fosse is still, to the eye that loves and understands antiquity, very imposing and grand. The earth taken out of it lies spread abroad to the north, in lines, just as the workmen wheeled it out and left it. The tracks of their barrows, with a slight mound on each side, remain unaltered in form."


Roman Milestone at Vindolana.

The vallum consists of three ramparts and a fosse; one rampart crests the southern edge of the fosse, two others of greater bulk are situated, one to the north, and the other to the south of

the fosse. One of these ramparts, or aggers—the north rampart of the vallum—Horsley conceives may have served the purpose of a military way; but the inequality of the surface, together with its conical shape, render that supposition quite improbable. But the fosse itself may have done good service as a covered way for the passage of troops and stores between one station and another. I am not aware if the appropriateness of the vallum for that purpose has been taken into consideration; but, supposing such to have been the case, it would equally well have served its other purpose of a barrier to the south, while it may have been employed with advantage for the protection of the soldiers in going to and fro while engaged upon the erection of the wall. The stations along the line of the wall have been planted at an average distance of about four miles. These were military cities, the permanent seats of tribunes, or prefects, and of the guard stationed under their command. The stations are invariably found in a situation which commands an abundant supply of water, and their site has been chosen with a southern aspect, and on the slope of a hill, for the sake of shelter against the cold north wind.

Horsley allots eighteen to the line of the wall; but Hodgson assumes one of the number that came under Horsley's notice to have been no more than a temporary or summer camp, and he limits the number to seventeen. In addition to these stations, as we find in taking our way along the line of the wall, are a succession of mile-castles; so designated in the modern nomenclature of wall pilgrims, from their being found at about the distance of a Roman mile from each other. They were quadrangular buildings, usually measuring from sixty to seventy feet.

Wherever the wall has been carried across a defile or river, a mile-castle has been planted on one side or the other to guard the pass. The mile-castles are found generally to have but one entrance, of strong masonry, but an exception occurs of which mention will be made as we proceed. Between the mile-castles, four subsidiary erections,

Crag Loch.

denominated turrets, or watch-towers, were placed, being little more than stone sentry-boxes. Their vestiges can now scarcely be traced. They are described as containing an interior space, of from eight to ten feet square. Horsley states the distance between them to have been three hundred and eight yards, the whole number is therefore computed at three hundred and twenty. To say that the barrier was provided with suitable roads for the transition of troops, and the ready conveyance of stores, is, in a manner, to put the assertion in an inverse order, for one great object in raising the former must have been for the protection of the line of military operations, and the road must have been the first consideration. Gordon ("Itinerarium Septentrionale") says, that two military ways belonged to the barrier; a small military way a little to the south of the wall, and, beyond it, the great military way. That there may have been a footway immediately under the wall which went from turret to turret, on which the Roman sentry marched when not exposed on the walls, is not improbable, although no traces of such a way exist. In the rebellion of the year 1715, the operations of the Royalist forces were greatly retarded by the absence of a practicable road between Newcastle and Carlisle, and the same inconvenience was experienced in 1745. Soon after this the present military road was constructed, upon the track of the great Roman road, which, in all likelihood, was laid down by Severus when he built the wall. And that the reconstruction of the whole frontier barrier is to be attributed to Severus appears, after a careful survey of the work itself, and due consideration of the opinions of the different authorities who have argued the topic, to be the most reasonable conclusion, in default of positive and contemporary testimony. Having thus satisfied ourselves we turned our faces to the sun, now declining to the west, and proceeded, still holding on to the wall, on our return to Haltwhistle for the night. The heights to the west of Housesteads overlook a prospect that reminded us of the fine apostrophe of our northern

bard, Akenside, in his "Pleasures of the Imagination."

O ye dales
Of Tyne, and ye most ancient woodlands, where
Oft as the giant flood obliquely strides,
And his banks open and his lawns extend,
Stops short the pleased traveller to view,
Presiding o'er the scene, some rustic tow'r,
Founded by Norman or by Saxon hands."

A series of small lakes, those called Broomlee, Greenlee, and Crag Lochs, lying to the north of the wall, and Grindon Loch, the smallest of the four, to the south, stretch immediately beneath the eye. Opposite to Housesteads is the brown, heathclad hill of Barcombe, or Borcombe, from which the station appears to have received its name, from the Celtic word *bar*, a height, and the Latin *vicus*, a village. On another hill, a little to the east, is a circular British camp, and round the edge of the cliff runs a covered way, terminating with a series of hollows, which are surmised to have formed the basements of the dwellings of the British inhabitants. Proceeding still west, we see the massy square keep of Langley Castle, formerly a stronghold of the Percies, from whose possession it passed into that of the Radcliffes, who held it until the year 1715, when, with other large estates, it became forfeit on the unfortunate Earl of Derwentwater falling a sacrifice in his devotion to a hopeless and disastrous cause. To the west of Langley are seen the steep serrated banks of the Allan Water and the tower of Staward le Peel, beyond which the country rises into the wild and barren solitudes of Gelston Moor and the craggy heights of Alston and Cross Fell. J. W. Archer.

A BALLAD OF THE FIVE RIVERS.

(Sung by a Punjabee.)

Now is the "devil-horse"* come to Sindh ;
Wah, wah, Gooroo! † that is true !
His belly is stuffed with fire and wind,
But as good a horse had Runjeet Dehu.

It's forty koss ‡ from Lahore to the ford,
Forty, and more, to far Jummoo :
Fast may go the Feringhee Lord,
But never so fast as Runjeet Dehu.

Runjeet Dehu was King of the Hill,
Eagle of every crag and nest :—
Now the spears and the swords are still ;
God will have it—and God knows best !

Rajah Runjeet sate in the sky,
Watching the loaded kafilas § in :
Affghan, Kashmeree, passing by
Paid him pushm || to save their skin.

Once he caracoled into the plain :
Wah!—the sparkle of steel on steel !—
And up the pass came singing again,
With a lakh of silver borne at his heel.

Once he trusted the Mussulman's word ;
Wah, wah!—trust a liar to lie !—
Far from his mountain they tempted the bird,
And clipped his wings, that he could not fly.

Fettered him fast in far Lahore,
Fast, in the mosque by the Roshunee pool ;
Sad was the Ranee Neila Kour,
Glad the merchants of fat Cabool.

Ten years Runjeet lay in Lahore ;
Wah! a hero's heart is brass ;
Ten years never did Neila Kour
Braid her hair in the tiring-glass.

There came a steed from Toorkistan,
God had made him to match the hawk !
Swift beside him the five grooms ran
To keep abreast of the Toorkman's walk.

Black as the bear on Iskardoo,
Savage at heart as a tiger chained,
Fleeter than hawk that ever flew,
Not a Moslem could ride him reined.

"Runjeet Dehu ! come forth from the hold"
(*Wah!* ten years had rusted his chain !)
"Ride this Sheitan's liver cold !"—
Runjeet twisted his hand in the mane.

Runjeet sprang to the Toorkman's back—
Wah! a king on a kingly throne !
Snort, black Sheitan ! till nostrils crack,
Rajah Runjeet sits, a stone.

Three times round the maidan he rode,
Touched its neck at the Kashmeree wall,
Struck his spur till it spirted blood,
Leapt the rampart before them all.

Breasted the wave of blue Ravee,
Forty horsemen mounting behind,
Forty bridle-chains flung free—
Wah, wah! better chase the wind !

Neila Kour sate sad in Jummoo ;—
What is the horse-hoof rattles without ?
"Rise and welcome Runjeet Dehu !
Wash the Toorkman's nostrils out !

"Forty koss he is come, my life !
Forty koss back he must carry me ;
Rajah Runjeet visits his wife,
He steals no steed like an Afreedee.*

"They bade me teach them how to ride—
Wah-wah! now I have taught them well."—
Neila Kour sank low at his side,
Rajah Runjeet rode the hill.

When he was come to far Lahore,
Long before ever the night † began,
Spake he, "Take your horse once more !
He carries well if he bears a man."

Then they brought him a khillut ‡ and gold—
All for his courage and grace and truth ;
Sent him back to his mountain hold ;
(Moslem manners know shame and ruth).

Sent him back with dances and drum ;
Wah! my Rajah, Runjeet Dehu !
To Neila Kour and the Jummoo home—
Wah, wah futteh!—wah Gooroo! §

Edwin Arnold.

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* The locomotive engine.
† The Gooroo Nanuk, founder of the Sikh faith.
‡ Eighty miles. § Caravans.
|| The goat-wool of which the Cashmere shawls are woven.

* The robbers of the Punjab frontier.
† *i.e.* The second night : the ride was accomplished in forty hours.
‡ The Eastern present of honour.
§ The Sikh huzza for joy or battle, meaning—"Ho ! victory !—victory for the Gooroo !"

THE SILVER CORD.

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS.

CHAPTER XCI.

"THE children?"

Those were the first words uttered by Mrs. Lygon when restored to consciousness.

"They are well, dearest," answered Beatrice, "but they are not here. I was glad to give them and my own little ones a relief from the quietness of a sick house, and all are gone on a visit to Hampstead. But I will send for them."

"Stay—no—it is better so," said Laura. "They are well, and happy—you are keeping nothing from me? They are not sent there because they are ill, or have been ill, and I away?"

"Would I not tell you? It is a holiday for them, and most glad I was to give it them. But we can so easily fetch them."

"No, dear. I have borne the separation so long that for a few hours more I will continue to bear it. There is much to do. Beatrice!" she exclaimed, the colour that had partially returned to her face again disappearing, as she held her sister tightly by the hand, "is it *there?*"

"Is what there, dear?" said Beatrice, holding her hand affectionately.

"Did you not—did you see what was speaking to me?"

"My darling Laura, why do you shudder in that manner?"

"You must have seen it."

"Tell me—what *is* it that is so agitating you?"

Laura threw her arms round her sister's neck, and sobbed violently. It was not for some minutes that she ceased to tremble, and looked up piteously at Beatrice.

"You have had enough, Heaven knows, to make you wretched, my own darling," said her sister, "but all is over now. Do not tremble so."

"What did you see, Beatrice?" she whispered.

"My love, a most distressing sight, but nothing to cause this terror. There was a violent knock, and I flew to the door—a foreign gentleman said in French that you were fainting, and I caught you in my arms. I know no more."

"You did see him, then, Beatrice?"

"Him—yes—hardly. I had no time to notice him, my dearest. If I thought at all, it was that he had seen you fainting, and had come to your assistance. I did not even thank him, I was too

much taken up with you. Laura, what does your look mean?"

"Thank him! Did you not know him?"

"No. Laura, while you speak the truth flashes on me. It was that man. It was Adair! You have returned with him?"

"No, no, no!" cried Laura, clinging yet more closely to Beatrice. "You have not heard—they did not tell you?"

"I see—I see it all—I understand your terror—it is you whom they have not told. Charles's letter said that, and it was all driven from my mind at seeing you. Laura, you do not suppose—you have no such foolish thoughts—no. That was Ernest Adair at the door?"

"Then you have *not* heard," said Laura, in pitiable agitation.

"Yes, I have heard all. I was to have broken it to you gently, but in your state of mind—there, my dearest, do not look so ghastly—it is sad, but we must strengthen ourselves for all our strange fate. Laura, you have been told that Ernest Adair was dead."

"What?—what?—Beatrice, for Heaven's love speak very quickly!"

"He escaped—it is poor Robert Urquhart who died."

With a wild cry—yet it was no cry of despair—Laura buried her face in the cushion of the couch, and wept aloud.

"That is best," murmured Beatrice. "Anything but another minute of that terror."

And she allowed Laura's tears to flow. And then gradually and with all sedulous fondness, Beatrice addressed herself to soothe her, and after a time Laura recovered her self-possession, and laid her head on her sister's bosom. They did not speak, but each knew the thoughts of the other.

Two hours later the sisters were on their way to Lipthwaite.

"You were right, dear," said Mrs. Hawkesley, after they had travelled some miles, fortunately alone. "It was better not to see her. What *could* you have said to her?"

"Much, very much, Beatrice, but this is not the time to say it. And perhaps she could not have borne to hear it."

"She bears bad news well," said Beatrice, with some bitterness. "It is for your own sake, not hers, that I am glad we came away without your seeing her. When you come back, you will consult your own feelings."

"Ah, I see that you have understood Bertha."

"Yes, and as I never thought to do. I wish that she were well enough to leave us. But we will speak of that to-morrow."

When they reached Lipthwaite, Mr. Berry was on the platform. He hastily scanned the faces that passed him, and instantly recognising Mrs. Hawkesley, was at the carriage door as it was opened. He raised his hat to the sisters, and merely said,

"The carriage is waiting."

"The carriage!" repeated Mrs. Hawkesley.

"Certainly. I had your telegraph."

"I sent none. Laura could have sent none."

"*He* sent it," whispered Mrs. Lygon.

Mr. Berry looked at them in some surprise, but seemed to consider the matter not worth conversation, and led them to the carriage.

"She will see *you*," he said to Mrs. Lygon.

No other words passed until they reached Mr. Berry's house, and the sisters found themselves in the room where Arthur Lygon had had those strange passages of war with her who now lay in the last chamber she was to enter alive.

"There is little time to waste," said Mr. Berry. "I will let her know that you have arrived."

But before he could leave the room, Hester entered with a message, desiring Mrs. Lygon to come up-stairs.

"Yes, yes, with me," said Laura, hurriedly, almost imploringly, to her sister.

Mrs. Hawkesley rose to follow.

"It is not for me to interfere," said Mr. Berry, "my part is done. But I do not think, Mrs. Hawkesley, that you will be permitted to remain in the room."

"We will see," replied Beatrice, quietly.

They were conducted to Mrs. Berry's room. It was large and cheerful, and there was little to indicate the chamber of sickness. The curtains of the window were drawn back as far as possible, the blinds were raised, and the sashes thrown open, so as to afford the inmate the largest view of the beautiful hill scene before the house. Flowers were upon the tables, and the sunshine, streaming in, did much to banish the thoughts with which a stranger naturally crossed the threshold.

"Lay in that chamber," has been written.

But it was not so when the sisters entered. Mrs. Berry, if she had been upon the bed, had quitted it, and, enveloped in wrappers, sat in an easy chair, but upright, and as one whose last thought would have been to seek sympathy, or to succumb to reproach. Her hard features had scarcely wasted with illness, and the cold eye, if not as keen as of old, was as unshrinking. Something of a mechanical smile came upon her thin lips as she watched the entrance of Laura and Beatrice, and a slight inclination of the head to the latter intimated that the dying woman was mindful of the proprieties of life, and of the courtesy due to a stranger. Of Laura she took no notice, except that Mrs. Berry pointed to a chair, an attention which she withheld from Beatrice.

"Mr. Berry is below, I believe?" she said, in a distinct voice.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Hawkesley.

"Will you, madam, do me the favour to sit with him for a short time? We shall not detain you long."

"My sister has been and is very ill," said Beatrice, gently, "and she requires assistance."

"I have been and am very ill," returned Mrs. Berry, "and I require compliance. That is, if this visit is not one of mere attention to a sick woman. In that case I am obliged, and will detain neither."

Her tone was one which conveyed an unmistakeable decision, and the sisters felt it.

"It must be as Mrs. Berry wishes, of course," said Mrs. Hawkesley; "but you will ring for me, dear Laura, if you are in need of me."

"I charge myself with the care of a lady who needs so much protection," said Mrs. Berry, unpleasantly.

Mrs. Hawkesley withdrew.

"See that the door is closed, and put down the night-bolt," said Mrs. Berry. "And do not look scared. The string is here, close to me, so that I can easily draw it, if your nerves should give way, and we should have to call in assistance. I thought that ladies who run over Europe alone were superior to that kind of weakness, and were only weak in their moral sense. Well, why are you here?" she asked, after Laura had complied with her directions.

"You know better than myself, Mrs. Berry."

"It may be so. I will tell you, at all events, what it is that you think you have come to see and hear. You are prepared to hear a womau whose days or hours are supposed to be numbered, make what is called a death-bed atonement for certain wrongs which she has done, and supplicate forgiveness from a fellow-mortal, before she goes to the great account."

"No such thought has brought me here. I know of no wrongs which you have done me, Mrs. Berry."

"That sounds like truth, yet it must be false. Who sent you here?"

"I was advised to come by one who has wronged me wickedly."

"You are speaking of Mr. Ernest Hardwick?"

The old name sounded so strangely to the ear of Mrs. Lygon that she hesitated one moment in reply.

"Mr. Adair, if you prefer the false name under which he has made himself so acceptable to married ladies."

"It was his advice."

"It was good advice, better than he has been in the habit of giving you and your family. What do you expect from following it?"

"I do not know."

"Ah," said Mrs. Berry, with a touch of the old venom. "I am right, then. You are to sit there, silent and dignified, to hear the old woman's confessions, and then to forgive me or not, as your own judgment may dictate."

"I repeat to you, Mrs. Berry, that I do not know that there is anything which I have to forgive you."

"I think that you are speaking the truth, but sit there—no, there, more in the light. Yes, you are very obedient, in spite of that proud look. You show me that you expect much, or you would not put up with my speaking to you in this way."

"If you knew what I have endured," said Mrs. Lygon, quietly, "you would not be inclined to treat me unkindly."

"What she has endured!" repeated the older woman. "True, we must spare her feelings—no one but herself has ever had to endure. Well, we must make it as easy for you as we can, Mrs. Lygon, but as you are playing a deep game, you must not be nice. You ran away from your husband, I am told, and now you want him to take you back again. Ah, you don't even rise indignantly at such words—you are in earnest indeed, and I need not have cautioned you."

"I am in earnest," said Laura, calmly.

"And you can afford to despise another woman's hard words, if you gain your point?"

"Can you, and will you aid me in my object, Mrs. Berry?" replied Laura, still calmly.

"We shall see," said Mrs. Berry, her cold blue eye resting unpityingly on the speaker. "Is that the volume of your love-letters?"

Laura crimsoned with indignation, and answered,

"This is the collection of infamous writing which the man you have named dared to lay before my brother and sister as mine."

"Be pleased to lay it before me. Nay, do not be afraid for it. If we had wished to destroy it, are you fool enough to imagine that you could have saved it for a day. Place it there, near me."

Mrs. Berry reached out her thin arm, bared by the movement, and clutched at the book, looking Laura hard in the face as she did so. Then she began to turn slowly over the leaves, here and there pausing to read a passage, and then passing on, with a strange smile. She seemed purposely to protract this examination, and when she had reached the end, she turned back, and read anew from several pages. At last she said,

"We were very much in earnest, young lady, when we wrote these letters."

Laura's look of anger was her only reply.

"But the warmth and ardour of a first love, and the want of knowledge how much we increase our power by disguising our sentiments, are plausible excuses for young persons, even when they do forget themselves, and write down things which they ought not even to think. We must make all allowance."

The studied malice of the speech defeated itself, and Laura remained in contemptuous silence.

"Penitence in our heart, if not on our lips," said Mrs. Berry, after waiting some moments to see whether she had exasperated Laura enough for a reply. "And that is the true penitence, my love. Only as you come to claim a confession from me, I think you must not be so very obstinate. Well, are you very sorry for having written these letters?"

"How dare you, as you say on your death-bed, how dare you speak such words to me?" said Laura, trembling with anger.

"That, my love," said Mrs. Berry, who seemed exulting at the agitation she had caused, "that is a question for myself. You must show a more fitting frame of mind, or I shall not be able to convince myself that you are the kind of person whom I ought to assist. Come, stoop the proud heart, and say that you are very sorry you were ever led into such evil ways, and that you are heartily ashamed of the sins of youth."

"I am justly punished—"

"Yes, love, that is a very good beginning. You are justly punished—"

"Let me speak, Mrs. Berry. Punished, by this cruel insolence, for having listened to the advice of a villain. I ought not to have come here."

"Why do you apply that name to my husband?

He has always behaved well to your family, and has not deserved such language."

"You know well that I did not allude to him."

"But I know well that it is his counsel, and not that of the unfortunate gentleman we have mentioned, that brought you here. I know that Mr. Berry went to London, and saw your sister, that lady whom I have just turned out of my room, and I have some guess at what he said to that lady, which makes it strange that she should have thought of honouring me with a visit. Mr. Berry has a remarkable attachment for your husband, Mrs. Lygon, and will not shrink at any sacrifice to show it. He has not even hesitated to bring strangers into his wife's room, on the most agitating business, when he has been made aware that her life may be an affair of hours. He is a truly kind friend, Mrs. Lygon, and one who deserves all gratitude from those he serves."

"I understand but half of what you say."

"Dare you deny that Mr. Berry has visited your sister, for the purpose of helping you to deceive your husband?"

Laura's eye fell on the book, and in that look Mrs. Berry, watchful, read an instinct to secure it and depart. The old woman laid firm clutch upon the volume.

"The book is mine, until I choose to part with it, Mrs. Lygon," she said, in an under voice of taunt. "I am ill, certainly, but I do not think that you can take it from me."

"What is the object of your insults, Mrs. Berry? I have never done you harm."

"Have you not?" replied Mrs. Berry, slowly. "Ah! but you shall never have the triumph of knowing how you have injured me, or of thinking that after all a bitter account has been but balanced."

She looked very evilly at Laura, and kept her clutch upon the book.

"I am as ignorant of having injured you, as I was that you have injured me," said Mrs. Lygon.

"You would leave me now," said Mrs. Berry, "only I have this hostage for your remaining. Well, perhaps I may pay you for your patience, but I will do it in my own way. You will not say that you are sorry for having written these sad letters—they are clever, too, in their way, but sad when we think of them as from the pen of an unmarried lady."

"If you couple that wickedness with my name again, I will ring for my sister and Mr. Berry—"

"Tear the book from the dying woman's hands, and leave the house in an access of virtuous indignation! Do. But what will you gain by that—how much nearer will you draw to the heart of Arthur Lygon? Do not be a fool, child. I hold your destiny in my hands. So, you repudiate these letters?"

"Dare you ask me?"

"Indeed I dare, with my hands upon your own writing. Is it not so, Mrs. Arthur Lygon?" said Mrs. Berry, plunging her hands into separate parts of the volume.

"You are aware of the wicked fraud. You know—you know, and you dare not deny that it is so—that you have there six letters, written in all innocence by a young girl, and containing nothing—folly, perhaps, but no wrong—that these letters have been bound up with twenty others, so shameful that no woman's hand could ever have been in them."

"Indeed?" said Mrs. Berry, with a smile.

"You *know* this."

"You are strangely positive. But you may be speaking the truth. Still, if you are, there are at least six letters here which speak of love."

"Yes, it is true, a girl's first love, when she hardly knows the meaning of the word, and when she writes from her fancy, and not her heart—there are those letters."

"And they are yours?"

"They are mine."

"So, we come to something like confession at last. I do not think that these admitted letters are addressed to Mr. Arthur Lygon—that is not the name with which so many endearing epithets are coupled."

"You know to whom they were written, and that he has long been dead."

"And our heart sleeps in his tomb?"

"The girl's fancy had been forgotten, almost the whole childlike folly, long before he died, years before I met my husband."

"So completely forgotten, that the frank and open-hearted Laura never told her husband that he was not so fortunate as to be the first possessor of her heart. Do I not know your history well?"

"You have the truth, I know not how you learned it."

"Why was this confidence withheld from Arthur Lygon? Had it been given, these letters could never have been an engine for separating you, and his generous nature would have appreciated your frankness."

"It was not given, unhappily," said Mrs. Lygon, "and it is useless to dwell upon that error."

"Why was it not given, I ask again?"

"And I cannot answer."

"Then I will answer for you. It was because the pure and candid Laura Vernon had in the meantime, and after her first love had died out, found consolation in a second."

"What?"

"In a second love, which might have been more prosperous, only its object had been already appropriated. Laura Vernon's next passion was for the lover of her sister Bertha."

"It is false!" said Mrs. Lygon.

"It must be true," said Mrs. Berry, calmly. "And her influence over him was very great—I will not say how great. Indeed, it was hard for some people to decide whether it was Laura or Bertha who had the firmest hold upon Mr. Hardwick's heart."

Laura sprang up as if she had been assailed by some venomous animal.

"A wicked, a cruel slander. And it could have come but from one person; there cannot be two persons living who are base enough to have forged such a lie. It comes from him whom I have hated from the first hour that we met, whom I have never ceased to hate, and who has haunted my life like a fiend. I thought that vengeance had come upon him at last, but he has escaped it,

and again I am met by his villany, even down here, in the very chamber—"

"Do not hesitate. I am not afraid of the word —in the very chamber of death."

"When *is* my punishment to end?" exclaimed Laura.

"You have always hated Ernest Hardwick," said Mrs. Berry, in a quiet voice. "It is an easy thing to say—now. But he was not a man to hate."

Laura's look was more eloquent than any spoken reply.

"He was a man to loathe and despise," she said. "A sordid wretch who would wring money from the terrors of two poor girls, who feared that his dangerous malice would ruin them with society, and who deprived themselves almost of necessaries to scrape together what he demanded—you are right, that is not a man to hate."

A curious look, not of dissatisfaction, came over Mrs. Berry's face while Laura spoke her indignant words. But she answered:

"Those two girls must have been in his power, or where was the force of his threats?"

"*One* was—and the second was her sister, and loved her, Mrs. Berry."

"And it is the second who is talking to me?"

And the angry crimson, again spreading over Laura's brow, was the answer to the doubt.

"Ah! we all have much to learn. I have learned something, and I must not die in debt."

She turned over and over some of the leaves of the letters, but rather listlessly, as if her thoughts were not upon the lines she seemed to be reading. At last she turned suddenly to Laura.

"Answer me a question."

"Yes."

"We are two women—alone—and whatever your answer may be, I give you the word of one who is dying that it shall never be known beyond this room, but answer me truthfully."

"If I answer at all, I will."

"Ernest Hardwick, was he ever your lover?"

"Never!" replied Laura, with indignant emphasis.

"But he sought to be?"

"He once dared to say words which he never dared to repeat."

"If he said that you gave him midnight meetings?"

"He spoke falsely."

"I think I know truth when I hear it, and I believe that I hear it now."

"You do indeed, Mrs. Berry."

"I believe it, I tell you. And, as I said, I will not die in debt. I told you that you would not hear confession and penitence from me until you had led the way. But it appears to me that you have nothing to confess and repent. I have been mistaken in you. I am not half so much interested in you, Mrs. Lygon, as I was yesterday. You seem to me to be a good sort of woman, whose kind nature made you a victim when you were a girl, and has done it again now that you are wife and mother; and as for the courage for which I was told you were celebrated, it seems to be sheer cowardice, that drives you to do things which a really brave person would avoid. Well, you cannot help your nature, but I wish I had known something more about you a few weeks ago. Will you please to go down-stairs?"

"But you—"

"Please to go down-stairs, and request Mr. Berry to come up. There, do not fear for your book. I have far more interest in it than you have. Had I been in your place, I would never have moved from my husband's home. I would have torn out the letters which I owned as mine, and thrown them at my husband's feet, and defied the devil and all his works. Why did you not?"

Laura did not speak.

"No answer. Well, fetch Mr. Berry. Yes, and request your sister to come up also. I think that both of them may like to hear, in company, something which I shall tell them. Go."

Laura obeyed the imperative word and gesture, and went down. She found Mrs. Hawkesley alone, but in answer to Laura's inquiring look Beatrice pointed to the garden, where its owner was pacing moodily among his trees.

"He only mentioned that we had nothing to say to one another, and left me. What has his wife said?"

"Nothing. But she seems to intend to make some revelatiou, and desires that you will both be present. A strange, poisonous woman, Beatrice," said Laura, in an emphatic whisper.

"A bad woman," replied Beatrice, "and it is frightful to think that she is so near her end. But we had better go up."

Mr. Berry was summoned, and the message delivered.

"If it is your wish, Mrs. Lygon, I will be present. You have a right to decide what witnesses shall be there. I tell you at once that they may hear strange things."

"And who but my husband's oldest friend should hear what is said to me?"

"That is enough."

A bell had been heard to ring, and while they spoke Hester entered again, took from one of the tables a large Bible, and went out hastily. Mr. Berry observed her, and a dark look, almost a scowl, came upon his kindly face.

"Take chairs," said Mrs. Berry, when they came into the room.

Mr. Berry noticed that the Bible was placed on the ground, close to the chair of his wife. Laura's glance was at her own volume, which still lay at the hand of Mrs. Berry.

"Dear Edward," said Mrs. Berry, in a gentle voice, "it is well that these ladies have arrived before my rapidly sinking strength leaves me, and while I am in possession of such mental faculties as it has pleased God to give me. You will be able to testify hereafter, if need, that I am perfectly competent to the transaction of business, and that I am not the victim of any of the hallucinations which are said to cloud the brain of those who are departing."

The speech was in Mrs. Berry's favourite style, and was delivered with as much precision as if it had been studied.

"You do not answer, dear Edward. It will be satisfactory to these ladies that you should do so."

"Your mind is as clear as ever, Marion," replied her husband, shortly.

"You will be ready to certify, hereafter, that such was the case," said Mrs. Berry.

"Yes."

"Then, Mrs. Arthur Lygon, and you, Mrs. Hawkesley, have the goodness to listen to me. In a few days, and perhaps in a few hours, I shall be past knowing or caring what is said or thought of Marion Berry. My own hopes for the future are based upon too secure a rock to leave me in the weak belief that any act of mine will conduce to my eternal welfare. I have made up that account, and the world has nothing to do with it. What I may choose to do now is done of my own free will, and you must not couple it with the thought that I am making an atonement for aught that I may have been led to do in other days. Of my own will and choice I tell you, I am about to make a statement which you will all remember to the day when you, like me, shall be waiting to die."

She spoke in a low distinct voice, every syllable audible to them all. Mr. Berry's thoughts were his own—Laura's were selfish—but Beatrice somewhat less painfully interested, felt, if only for a moment, a sympathy with the hard and guilty woman, who in nature's last hours was thus wilfully isolating herself, and who sat there almost defiant of those who surrounded her.

"I hold under my hand," she said, "a book containing letters, the character of which you all know. I call upon Mrs. Arthur Lygon to point out which of those letters she admits to have written. Come here, Laura Lygon, and say which are Laura Vernon's letters."

Mrs. Lygon approached the table, and as Mrs. Berry turned the leaves, Laura placed her finger on a note. It was a little note, written in a beautiful and small hand, crossed and crossed.

"That is the first," said Mrs. Berry. "Edward, take this pen, and mark the letter with your name, that you may hereafter identify it without hesitation."

Mr. Berry obeyed in silence.

She continued to turn the leaves, and the same process was observed until six letters had been marked. Then Laura, without a word, resumed her seat.

"Nothing more in this volume was written by you?"

"Nothing."

"Edward, place this Bible on the table."

She beckoned to Laura, seized her reluctant hand, and held it on the book.

"As God shall judge *you*, in *your* dying hour, you have spoken the truth about these letters?"

"I have."

"Then comes my turn," said Mrs. Berry, laying her hand upon the Bible. "I call Him to witness the solemn declaration of a dying woman, that the remainder of these letters, twenty in number, *were composed by myself, Marion Berry, and by Ernest Hardwick, or Adair, together, and were written, as they appear here, by him only.* Take note of this declaration, and to you, Edward Berry, I deliver the volume for safe keeping."

Mrs. Lygon listened with speechless astonishment to this statement. For a moment she glanced round at the faces of her companions, as if to be assured that they too had heard it. Upon the countenance of Mr. Berry there was nothing but stern composure, and he seemed as one whom no revelation could surprise or grieve. On the face of Mrs. Hawkesley had come the natural look of repugnance.

Mrs. Berry also surveyed the faces of her companions—and a defying smile rose upon the thin lips.

She seemed about to speak, when Mr. Berry said, rising,

"You have no more to say?"

"Nothing to you. Nothing to that lady, who is looking so kindly upon a dying woman."

"God forgive you—I cannot trust my tongue," said Beatrice, leaving the room hastily.

"It is well to be prayed for," said Mrs. Berry, darting an angry glance after her. "Edward, you are the master of the house, attend to your guest. Mrs. Lygon, I have another word or two for you."

Mr. Berry departed, preserving the silence he had sought to maintain throughout the interview.

"Now, you have something to ask me, or you are less than woman," said Mrs. Berry, abandoning the cold, malicious tone which she had used, and speaking almost as one who is ready to exchange a confidence for a pleasant question.

"What *can* I ask you," said Laura, "wicked, cruel woman. What had a helpless girl done to you that you should do her this wrong?"

"Nothing, it seems. But I believed that she had robbed me of the affections of the only man I ever loved in this world."

"I?"

"You. I believed that you were the mistress of Ernest Hardwick."

"You believed that?"

"Yes, I tell you. And he led me to believe it. But as I was more useful to him, from my possession of property, than you, a beggar, could be, he was willing to resign you for me, and I punished what I believed to be his perfidy to me by making him write these letters. Oh, he was well paid for every one. I always paid my debts. Each of those letters cost me gold."

And she lay back and closed her eyes, exhausted with the last effort, and Laura gazed upon her—gazed as one spell-bound.

Mrs. Berry made no sign for some time, and her stillness might have induced the idea that she had fainted. But when Laura, now eager to escape from her presence, moved towards the door, the dying woman opened her eyes, and said,

"Stay."

"Why should I stay?"

"Have you no thanks to me for a disclosure which has saved your reputation, by the sacrifice of my own?"

"Do you look for thanks, after the confession of a wrong so wicked that I can hardly bring myself to believe that one woman would inflict it on another. Make your peace with Heaven, Mrs. Berry, for indeed you have need of pardon."

"You do not offer me *your* pardon, then?"

"It would be a grievous hypocrisy."

"Yes, it would. Under the same circumstances, I would never have forgiven you. I would have revenged myself."

"I do not think of revenge. Let me leave you."

"Yes, go and take counsel with your sister. Has she given you her confidence?"

"I do not understand," said Laura. "I do not wish to understand."

"That is untrue. I have told you that it has pleased my husband, in his singular zeal for yours, to let Mrs. Hawkesley know that which Mr. Berry, had he the feelings of ordinary men, would have died rather than have told. I doubted whether he had gone so far until your sister entered this room, but I have read her face and I doubt no longer. What has she told you of me?"

"Nothing, but that—"

"Do not hesitate. I can bear it."

To be continued.)

WHAT WOMEN ARE EDUCATED FOR.

Among the observances of the London summer are now the annual meetings of the authorities of the Ladies' Colleges, which are a new feature in English society. The kinds of attention paid to these meetings, and of comment made upon them are very various. I am at present concerned with only one of the many points of view from which these institutions are regarded.

At the recent annual meeting of Queen's College (for Ladies), Harley Street, the chair was filled by the Right Honourable W. Cowper. The Dean of the College, and some of the Professors, several clergymen, and many friends of the pupils were present, as well as the main body of the pupils. Having had opportunity to see, through a long life, what men have, at this age of the world, been thinking for two generations about the education of women, I always read with interest the reports of such annual meetings as that at the Harley Street College, and amuse myself with marking the progress of opinion disclosed by the speakers. On the late occasion (July 4th), the chairman's speech was perhaps better understood in its bearings by some hearers and readers than by himself. My experience of men's minds on this particular subject satisfies me that Mr. Cowper believed himself to be exceedingly liberal in his views, so that he was doing something virtuous,—something that would win gratitude from one sex, if it did not inspire respect for his courage in the other, in asserting the claims of women to a good education. I have usually traced in the gentlemen present at such meetings a happy complacency, an air of amiable magnanimity, which it was unnecessary to find fault with,—it was so natural and so harmless;—a keen sense of the pleasures of generous patronage, in seeing that women have a fair opportunity of a better cultivation than had been given before; but it is not often that the complacency is so evident, and so self-confident, as in Mr. Cowper's speech of the 4th instant. He has evidently no misgiving about the height of his own liberality when he assumes that the grand use of a good education to a woman is that it improves her usefulness to somebody else. This is the turn that praise of female enlightenment has always taken among men till very lately, when one here and there ventures to assume that the first object of a good education is to improve the individual as an individual. Mr. Cowper has not got beyond the notion of the majority of the friends of female education, who think they have said everything when they have recommended good intellectual training as fitting women to be "mothers of heroes," "companions to men," and so on. No great deal will be done for female improvement while this sort of sentiment is supposed to be the loftiest and most liberal.

Girls will never make a single effort, in any length of school years, for such an object as being companions to men, and mothers of heroes. If they work, and finally justify the pains taken for them in establishing such colleges as these, it will be for the same reasons that boys work well, and come out worthy of their schooling;—because they like their studies, and enjoy the sense of mental and moral development which is so strong in school and college years; and because their training is well adapted to educe, develop, and strengthen their powers, and render them as wise and good as their natures, years, and circumstances permit.

Till it is proposed, in educating girls, to make them, in themselves and for their own sakes, as good specimens of the human being as the conditions of the case allow, very little will be effected by any expenditure of pains, time, and money. I am assured of this by what I have constantly heard in the world from all the parties concerned; and anybody else may learn the same fact by listening to what all parties have to say.

The founders, managers, or authorities in all such institutions may be found at times talking over the inconceivable and incredible meanness of the parents of pupils or candidates for admission. The common plea is that the boys are so expensive that there is not much to spare for the girls' education. This is no particular concern of the college managers; but there are parents who seem to think that they are doing something virtuous in coming to bargain and haggle for the greatest amount of instruction for the smallest possible sum. They would not think of haggling with the master of the public school their boys go to. They pay down their hundred or two a-year for each boy; but, when it comes to the girls, they contrive, and assume, and beg, till they get in one or two younger girls on cheap terms, or send the governess to sit by as guardian, and pick up a lesson without pay. The mothers are apt to take credit for such management, on the ground of the trouble they have with the fathers to get any money out of them for college-lessons, when a governess (if they could find a paragon of one for a reasonable salary) might "educate" any number of girls for the same terms as one. It does not particularly concern the college managers what the fathers say at home about family plans: but they hear a good deal about it, through the expositions the mothers think fit to make of their own virtue and ability in contriving to get their daughters' education done as cheaply as possible.

But this may not be a true account of the fathers' notions, I may be reminded. I rather think it is, in the majority of cases. It is not only in newspapers, in angry letters called forth by some new phase of female education or employment, that fathers inquire what possible use there

can be in learning this or that. While a narrow-minded commercial man says, in a newspaper effusion, that girls should be fitted for managing the house and doing the needlework, and that all study beyond this is mischievous; a common-place professional man says, at his own table or his club, that it ought not to cost much to teach his girls as much as it is good for them to know: that the whole college course at Harley Street or Bedford Square is more than he thinks it right to afford while his boys are at school. Not that it is a costly education: it is very much otherwise, considering its quality: but he cannot see the use of making the girls so learned. In fact, he has told his wife how much he will spend on the girls, and she may get for them as much as she can for the money.

And what are the girls thinking meantime? An old hermit cannot undertake to report their views, which are probably very seldom uttered. But it is clear, from the college reports, and by what is known in the world of the results thus far, that the young ladies are disposed to be industrious, are highly intelligent, and cheerful and happy amidst their intellectual pursuits. We may fairly suppose therefore that they either see a use in what they learn, or learn for other reasons than the thought of utility: that in school and class-rooms they are, in short, like their brothers. The boys are not encouraged to study for such a reason as becoming intelligent companions to somebody hereafter, or being the fathers of great men. The boys know that they are to be made as wise as they can be made under their conditions; that the knowledge they gain is a good in itself; and that their fathers do not, in paying their bills, pause in doubt whether they are justified in spending so much money for such an object as the enlightenment of their children. If I may guess at the secret thoughts of young girls at their desks, I should say that they have higher and truer notions of the operation, value, and fitness of knowledge in their own case than many of their parents. Possibly some of them could teach the chairman of their annual meeting that there are better reasons for their being well educated than the prospect he holds out of their "influence" hereafter—the use they are to be of in furthering the objects of men.

I am not unmindful, however, of the great advance made—the remarkable conquest of prejudice—within a few years. It required some courage, till within a few years, to speak of any sort of college in connection with female studies: and nothing short of heroism and every kind of magnanimity was requisite to make any man offer himself for a professorship in such colleges. It is very different now, though too many of my acquaintances still perpetually fall into the old notion that women have no occasion for intellectual cultivation. I have never wondered at, nor much regretted, the dislike to the very name of "college," considering what we have seen done, and heard said, in foreign institutions bearing that title. There are great joint-stock company's schools in America, advertised and glorified under the name of colleges, from which English parents and brothers would flee away, and take refuge in the wild woods, rather than "assist" at an annual meeting. The public exhibition of intellect and sensibility, the recitations, the compositions, the essays on metaphysical or moral subjects, the prize-giving, the newspaper reports of the pupils,—all this, and the dreadful hollowness and abominable taste of the whole display, might well cause English fathers to start back from the first mention of female colleges at home. So might the continental celebrations which we still witness occasionally, where the most virtuous school girl is crowned in the presence of a throng of visitors; and where virtue in detail—honour, sensibility, fidelity, &c., &c.—is rewarded by prizes and praises. But it is now understood that our colleges for ladies have nothing in common with institutions in which these terrible exhibitions can take place. Our young maidens altogether decline publicity, and could not condescend to try for prizes or accept praises. They are plainly zealous for the honour of their college; but no one of them has anything to gain for herself beyond the privileges of learning and art. There is a wider difference between such colleges as we see annually glorified in American journals and those of Bedford Square and Harley Street than between these last and the closest and narrowest education given in an aristocratic school-room, by an unrelieved governess, to two or three secluded and spiritless girls who never heard a masterly exposition of anything in their lives. But due credit should be given to such fathers of the present generation as have surmounted their horror at the name of colleges for young ladies.

The whole significance of the matter—the whole importance of the assumption involved in Mr. Cowper's speech about qualifying women by education to "stir up man" and improve the nation—can hardly be seen without reverting to some of the stages that women have passed through within two or three generations, and then turning to some recent discussions which have caused a strong sensation in London society, and a good deal beyond it.

There was a great notion of making women learned several times during the last century. We know almost as much of the reign of the female pedants as of the history of any political party in the time of George III. I do not wish to dwell on the subject, for there was nothing in the writings of the Blues of the last century which need detain us now, or which would have obtained praise in any society where women were duly respected,—which is the same thing as being truly appreciated. We need not trouble ourselves now with the Sewards, the Carters, the Veseys, Hamiltons, Mores, Montagues, and others who, without anything like the genuine knowledge now attainable by women, poured out sentiment and fancies which they mistook for intellectual products. We need not pause on these, nor criticise their works; but I must mention them, in order to recall the Blue-stocking stage of female education, and also because they are a foil to the really well-educated women of the period. I knew the Miss Berrys, and the Miss Baillies, and the empress of her sex in her own time and after,—Mrs. Barbauld. The Miss Berrys were a favourable specimen of the Blue

order: not only clever and well-read, but enlightened;—rather blue, certainly, but sensible, kindly, sufficiently practical for their position—in short, certainly the better for their intellectual cultivation, and in no way the worse for it. The Baillies were not Blue. Joanna's genius was too strong and natural to be overlaid by any amount of reading she was disposed to undertake. All the sources of wisdom were open to her;—Nature, books, and life: and she drew from them all in happy proportion; so that she became the wise and happy woman that every wise father would desire his daughter to be in herself, whatever she might also do for, and be to other people. If Joanna Baillie had written nothing, she would have been the beloved and revered being that she is in all memories. The only difference is that her lot as an author affords further evidence of the robust character of her mind, in the equal serenity with which she regarded the rise, and culmination, and decline of her own fame. No seat of irritability seems to have been ever touched, more or less, by such a celebrity as very few women have ever attained, or by that extinction of her fame, which must have appeared to her unjust, if the fame had not been itself a delusion. Less celebrated, but hardly less highly endowed, and more thoroughly educated than Joanna Baillie, or perhaps any other woman of her time, was Mrs. Barbauld, whose few but exquisite writings still kindle enthusiasm in duly qualified readers who happen to pick up anything of hers in their path of study.

Her father educated her with her brother; and we see in her noble style, full of power, clearness, and grace, one of the results of her sound classical training. We see others in her compactness of thought, and closeness of expression; while the warm glow of sentiment, pure as the sunlight, excludes all appearance of pedantry, or unsuitableness to the hour in which she wrote. Fox pronounced her "Essay on the Inconsistency of Human Expectations," "the finest essay in the English language,"—no one being more aware than he must have been of the classical origin of the train of thought, so admirably conveyed in vivid English. The strength and discipline of her moral nature were only too well proved by the experience of her married life. She underwent, with noble outward serenity, a long and excruciating trial from her husband's insanity, which ended in suicide. The "Dirge," which remains among her poems, discloses to those who knew her something of what lay under the dignity and calm which she preserved for his sake. The strain and shock induced an indolence, or reluctance to act, and make any appearance, which has deprived us of much which she would no doubt have written, if she had not lost the spirit and gaiety of her early life; but we have enough to understand how it was that her reason and fancy swayed all minds that approached her own, and her words burned themselves in on the memories of all who fell in with them. Having read anything of hers at all, it was irresistible to read it again; and probably nothing of hers ever needed to be read more than twice. Her essays related mainly to the topics of the time: and the time was one of political and moral conflict throughout the country; yet I have been eagerly inquired of by young persons within a few years as to anything I could tell of Mrs. Barbauld, because she had kindled their souls by some legacy of words which seemed to them like the newest and rarest of gifts.

Her father certainly did not train her to be somebody's companion, or somebody's mother. He treated her and her brother alike, with the view of freely opening to both the way to wisdom. Her education was a pure blessing to her. It was to her what she briefly and brilliantly describes intellectual pursuits to be in her celebrated essay. Her firm grasp of philosophy, her student-like habit of mind, and the scholarly discipline she underwent did not impair, in the slightest degree, her womanly grace, her delicate reserve, or the glow of her friendships. It is true, she was not much of a needlewoman. There is a tradition that the skeleton of a mouse was found in her workbag; but this kind of disinclination is seen in women who know no language but their own, and whose ideas do not range beyond their own street. As her husband's aider in the work of his great school at Palgrave, and as a motherly hostess to the little boys, she was tenderly remembered by some men of distinction who had stood at her knee. A nobler and sweeter presence than Mrs. Barbauld's I have never witnessed; and I have heard from some of her own generation that her sprightliness was once as bewitching as her composure was afterwards pathetic.

In the next generation after the Blues of the last century, there seems to have been a sort of reaction in regard to the education of at least the middle-class girls. As far as I have heard from many quarters, the mothers of the early part of this century were less informed, less able in even the common affairs of life, than those who immediately preceded and followed them. There were, of course, reasons for this; but I cannot go into them now. It is enough to recal to the memory of old people what they heard in their childhood of the boarding-schools, sewing-schools, and day-schools in which their mothers had received their education, as it was called. I remember the fame of a school which was always so crowded that the girls had hardly room to turn round, and none for any due care of their clothes; a school so praised by distinguished church-folk as that the list of candidates for admission was always full; a school which I might describe at some length, to the amazement of modern readers, but of which I will mention only one characteristic fact—that the religious instruction of Sunday (in addition to church-going) was learning by heart four lines of "Paradise Lost," leaving off (till next Sunday) whether there was a stop or not. There were sewing-schools, where girls sat on hard benches without backs, and without any support for the feet, stitching away for hours together, on fine materials, in any sort of light that might happen; so that a large proportion came out of the process crooked, or squinting, or with back-ache or near sightedness for life, and a sad habit of low spirits. There were country or seaside schools, where the girls learned to gather fruit and vegetables, and to play trap-ball, and perhaps to dance, as well as to

say their catechism and darn stockings; all very good, but not quite enough, according to our notions. The pupils themselves, when parents, desired more for their children; and there was a movement—I remember it well, because it involved my sisters and cousins—in favour of an education more like that of boys, and conducted chiefly by masters. It was a great blessing to the girls, but it was a random effort. In one town, most of the middle-class girls would be taught Latin, if not Greek and mathematics, really well; while in other towns, a miserable smattering of French (as English French was before the Peace) was considered enough in the way of languages, and even arithmetic, beyond the four first rules, was postponed to the piano. There was, however, a marked improvement: and the hardness of the times, introducing competition into the governess department, directed more attention upon education. From that day to this the whole conception of the objects and methods of education has been expanding and improving; and perhaps not even the city Arabs now gathered into ragged schools have more reason to be thankful for the change than the girlhood of England and Scotland. As Mr. Cowper justly observed at Harley Street, it is the well-grounded and systematic instruction, the habit of co-ordinated study, which is so valuable to the minds of women. Our Ladies' Colleges are rapidly familiarising society with this view of female study; schools are formed for the purpose of preparing pupils for the college, and the quality of governesses is rising in full proportion to the new means of training now put within their reach. Through them, as well as by natural incitements of example and sympathy, the improvement will spread from the middle classes upwards. If aristocratic parents will not as yet send their daughters to colleges, where future governesses and professional and mercantile men's daughters study together, they will soon demand a higher order of instruction from the exclusive schoolmistresses, governesses, and masters whom they employ. Hitherto their children have undoubtedly had the advantage in learning well what they do learn,—modern languages, English reading and writing, and the practice of the arts. Now, they must extend their scheme.

This brings us to my last topic,—the recent exciting discussion about Belgravian young ladies. The only part of it that I need notice here is that which seems to have excited least interest elsewhere; and that is, the actual quality of the Belgravian young ladies whose interests have been so freely discussed.

I regret the discussion, because I believe it will be injurious to English reputation abroad. No Englishman, in any part of the world, will believe, any more than his wife or mother, that "the Belgravian Lament" was written by a woman, or any number of women: but we cannot expect the same true instinct in Americans, French, Italians, or even Germans. I regret that a statement, practically libellous, has been floated at home, which will go the round of the world, and be harboured in some corner of it for future mischief. This is enough to say of the original incident, and of the mischievous introduction to newspaper treatment of the gravest and most perplexing of moral questions.

What concerns us now is,—the view taken, all round, of the young ladies of the upper classes. The notion that the aim of their lives is an advantageous marriage can be held only by men who have no acquaintance with them. Those who have may be indignant when the conception of the low-bred satirist is sent forth into the world as fact, and left uncontradicted, as the libel in this case necessarily is; but none of the associates of those young ladies will feel less respect for them now than they did six weeks ago. It needs no explaining in Belgravian, any more than other society, that mothers and daughters are not always thinking of and planning for advantageous marriage. If observation is newly excited by what has been said, it will take the turn of noting what is the aim, and therefore what the quality, of female education in that class.

I have seen something of that order of young ladies; and what I have observed obliges me to believe that they are at least as well provided with independent objects and interests as middle-class girls. One family rises up before my mind,—sensible parents and their five daughters (saying nothing here of the sons). The parents provided instruction for each girl, according to her turn and ability: and when each grew up to womanhood, she had free scope for her own pursuit. One was provided with a painting-room, and another with a music-room, and all appliances and means: a third had a conservatory and garden; and all lived in a society of the highest cultivation. They had as much as they wished of the balls and fêtes we hear so much about; and there was nothing to distinguish them from other young ladies who are now subjected to such insolent speculation from below: but I am confident that it could never have entered the head of the veriest coxcomb of their acquaintance that any of the family were speculating in marriage. Four of them married well, in the best sense, though not all grandly. The fifth died, after many years of illness. There is every reason to believe that English girls have the simplicity, intelligence, and kindliness of their order in one rank of life as in another; and certainly not least in that class which is surrounded, from its birth upwards, by an atmosphere of refinement derived from intelligence.

What, then, are they educated for? This is the great question, in their case as in that of middle-class girls.

For the most part, their education is probably a matter of sympathy and imitation. In this or that way they may best learn what every girl is expected to learn. Beyond this, there is usually but a dim notion of the object, and as little notion as elsewhere of the great single or paramount aim of education,—to raise the quality of the individual to the highest attainable point. I believe that the parents fall short of this conception, like most other parents of daughters: but I am confident that they are yet further from the other extreme,—of universally and audaciously breeding up their daughters for the matrimonial market. One evidence that is before our eyes tells a great deal. The unmarried women of the upper classes

seem to be at least as well occupied with natural and useful pursuits as those of any other rank; and more so perhaps, in proportion to their greater command of means for accomplishing their purposes and gratifying their tastes. Some may do a little mischief in attempting to do good: some may get into a foolish metaphysical school in their study of German: some may lose themselves among the religious sects of the day in the course of their polemical or antiquarian studies: but I doubt whether one could anywhere find more satisfactory specimens of single women, amiable and cheerful, because satisfied and occupied,—with friends enough for their hearts, and business enough for head and hands.

What is the truth, I wonder, about the "fast young ladies" we read so much about? I am out of the world; but I cannot find that anybody who is in it has actually seen the young ladies who talk of "awful swells" and "deuced bores," who smoke, and venture upon free discourse, and try to be like men. In Horace Walpole's time, as in Addison's, there were "fast young ladies," as we see in many a letter of Walpole's, and many a paper of the "Spectator." Probably there were some in every age, varying their doings and sayings, according to the fopperies of the time. Have we more than the average proportion? I do not know. One obvious remark on the case of the girls so freely discussed has scarcely, I think, been sufficiently made; that the two commonest allegations against them are incompatible. We hear of their atrocious extravagance in dress and peculiarity of personal habits; and, in the next breath, of their lives being one unremitting effort to obtain a husband. Now, in my long life, I have witnessed nothing like the opposition set up by men, within the last seven years, to certain modes of female dress and manners: yet the modes remain. The ladies are steady. I wish their firmness was shown in a better cause; for I admire the fashions of the day as little as any man: but it is plain that the ladies, young and old, daughters and mothers, do not try to please men in their dress and behaviour. They choose to please themselves: and, whatever we may think of their taste, we cannot but admit their spirit of independence.

On the whole, I cannot see any evidence that women of any rank are, generally speaking, educated with a view to getting married: nor yet for the purpose of being companions to men, or the mothers of heroes; nor yet for the purpose of inspiring men to great deeds, and improving society; nor yet, except in a few scattered instances, to make the most of their own individual nature. There will be less confusion of thought, and dimness of aim, when the better instructed generation grows up. Meantime, in the midst of the groping among sympathies, and sentiments, and imitations, and ambitions, and imperfect views of all sorts, let us only have some few who uphold the claim of every human being to be made the most of, in all the provinces of its nature, and the female sex is redeemed. Women will quietly enter into their "rights," without objection on any hand, when those rights consist in their being more reasonable, more able, more useful, and more agreeable than ever before, without losing anything in exchange for the gain.

From the Mountain.

OUR CRITIC UPON CRICKET.

SECOND INNINGS.

The reader may remember that I scored in my last innings some remarks upon the modern catapultive style of bowling, and some regrets that, to my thinking, the pleasure of the game has in some degree been lessened by it. We live in a fast age, and I suppose our bowlers fancy they must keep pace with the times: but I am pretty sure that certainty is often sacrificed to speed, and that many a young cricketer has spoilt his style in bowling by aiming too exclusively at quickness in delivery. The great thing to be learnt is to make sure of a good length, and to vary pace and pitch with ease as well as accuracy.

To practise this, the best way is to go out with a friend, and stand at two grounds' length apart, with a single stump between you. Peg a bit of paper, each at three or four yards from the wicket, and bowl alternate balls for an hour at a time, only scoring when you hit both the paper and the wicket. Change the distance of the former after every dozen balls, so as to acquire the knack of varying four lengths: and especially endeavour to deliver with a twist, which by beginning with slow balls you will speedily acquire, and by practice will be able to introduce with swift ones. An old bowler I knew (I believe he was among the very first of the round-handers) could pitch a ball at least a yard wide of the stumps, and yet make it shoot straight into them. I have often heard him boast that he could bowl a "bailer" that should pitch behind the batsman: and after hitting round at what one thought a safe leg-ball from him, I have often been disgusted to find it take the wicket.

Good bowling is so vitally essential to good cricket, that I wonder that more pains are not taken in the practice of it. The annual defeat of the Gentlemen by the Players, which is becoming every year, it seems, more sure in its recurrence, I attribute in chief measure to the fact that as a rule the Gentlemen bowl badly, because they never practise it. Last year at the Oval, the Players beat them in one innings, with near 200 runs to spare: and at Lord's this year a like defeat occurred, the Players scoring, in their one innings, 246, while the Gentlemen made 70 and 116. The return match, too, the Players have won easily in one innings, making the large score of 358, while the Gentlemen scored 154 and 136. This result I see is, in the "Times" account assigned to "the fine bowling of Jackson and Willsher throughout, combined with the general good fielding of the Players:" but there is no doubt the inferior bowling of the Gentlemen had quite as much to do with it. Of course it would not be in reason to expect an amateur to bowl as well as a professional without like constant practice; and gentlemen, it may be said, have neither need nor wish to take up cricket as a business, and so give up much time to it. But surely if they can spare time to practise it at all, they ought not to confine themselves exclusively

to batting: at any rate, if they intend to keep on foot their annual match with the professionals, they ought to try their hand at bowling every now and then, if only for the purpose of preventing such preposterous defeats as have been witnessed. Some few years ago the sides were much more equal:* but since it has been common to employ professional bowlers in almost every match, the bowling of the Gentlemen has more and more fallen off, and the victory of the Players been more and more made safe. As a preventive of the ludicrous defeats which are sustained, I see a writer in "Bell's Life" suggests that matches should in future be played by eighteen Gentlemen against eleven Players, or else that numbers should be equal, but the Gentlemen should have a brace of bowlers given them. This, of course, would make the sides more equal than they have been, but the match could be no longer viewed with special interest, nor regarded as a trial of our amateur opposed to our professional strength and skill. For my own part, I detest a game where there are more than eleven in the field. Cricket, to *be* cricket, must be played by two elevens: and each side should be truly that which it is called. If the Gentlemen play the Players, they should all of them be gentlemen, and not let their hardest work be done by bowlers from the other side.

The plan of hiring a professional as bowler to a club no doubt tends very much to the improvement of the batsmen; but I regret to see it made, as it is often, an excuse for gentlemen to give up bowling altogether, and for getting it done for them, not merely upon practice days, but when they play a match. Generally speaking, more depends upon the bowler than on any other man; and when the Ballborough Eleven brag of having smashed the Stumpington, I incline to give the laurels where they are justly due, and to chronicle that Slowsure, the Ballborough paid bowler, proved a better man than Roundshot, the professional of Stumpington. Why men don't practise bowling, merely for the pleasure of it, is more than I, who used to revel in it, can pretend to guess. If you play simply for exercise, as many a man does, a few overs will do more for you in sudorification than will any other field-work; and as for fancying that a bowler only comes in for hard work, and has no real enjoyment in it, the man who can say that has never drawn a wicket.

Batting is well enough, and there is certainly a savage sort of luxury in making a good slashing hit; but of all the joys of cricket none equals the delight of scattering the stumps. You feel the same kind of pleasure as when you win a well-contested game of chess. You pit yourself against a man, and he defies you, and you beat him, and when his wicket falls you feel yourself superior, and your glory is the more because you say, "Alone I did it!" I think the joy of ripping out the middle stump of a good batter surpasses even that of wiping a man's eye at an overhead cock-pheasant, going down wind at the rate of forty miles a minute, or of clearing an ugly-looking brook or bit of timber, which has been a baulk to some of the best-mounted in the field.

It is a great pity, I think, that bowling is not practised more than it now seems to be, and that young players are not warned that pace is not by any means the most important point to aim at. It would seem now that in bowling there's a mania for speed, as there is in dancing, hunting, and in shooting. But the old waltz is by far more graceful than the deux-temps, and the best of shots and riders must acknowledge that good sport is often sacrificed to pace. So the fastest balls prove often less effective than the slowest, and have this further disadvantage that, by mere force of recoil, they fly further when hit. Moreover, as a rule, a man can bowl more steadily when he does not strain himself to keep up a great pace, and many a match is lost by the bowlers putting on too much steam at the first, and thereby tiring themselves out before they have half done their work. "Take it easy," is the best of rules for a young bowler: and, however hot the day be, mind you keep your temper cool. When once a bowler gets "put out," he will have small chance of putting out the batter, and the safest thing to do with him is to treat him as a tea-kettle, and, directly he shows signs of boiling over, take him off.

Whether it be worth paying a couple of hundred pounds a-year for the privilege of learning to pull well and play cricket, is a point which I shall leave to Her Majesty's Commissioners who are appointed to inquire into the state of education at Winchester and Eton and our other public schools. It is, however, certain that whatever other benefits their system may confer, it tends more than any other to make good oarsmen and good cricketers. Excepting in the holidays, we at Greyfriars had small chance of getting up our rowing, but for cricket we went in with all our spirit and our strength; and, considering the limited extent of the Lark's grassplat, which served us for a cricket-field, our prowess at the game was, to say the least, praiseworthy, and such as any old Greyfriars man might well feel proud to see. It was a great grief, I remember, that we could not test our strength at Lord's, by playing in the annual tripartite scholastic games. *Eheu fugaces!* other memories than ours must now bewail those happy times! What could have induced the masters of those other schools to forbid a pleasant meeting which both men and boys looked forward to and annually enjoyed, it is not my present province to inquire. But I cannot help dropping a tear of sympathy for those who, being Wykehamists, must have felt the loss even more than I, though every public schoolman has reason to bewail it.

But though we at Greyfriars could never play at Lord's among the "glorious Three," we had our annual matches of the Past *versus* the Present,—the Men against the Boys. And jolly meets they were, and are, too, I doubt not; only I fear the roundshot bowling has somewhat rubbed the fun out. Oh! how for days beforehand we would talk about the match, and watch with growing interest the practising of our Eleven, who trained daily for the game. And then, when the day came, how hastily we swallowed down our lunch

* The matches which were played in the years 1842, 1843, 1846, 1848, 1849, and 1853, were all of them decided in favour of the gentlemen, who since the year last mentioned have not won a single match.

of bread and soap (as we with annual jocosity christened our school cheese: this being, by the way, the only day in all the year we had the chance of tasting it), and how eager we rushed out to see what old fellows had come, and to hear what rumours were afloat anent their playing. The ground had been marked out at least a week ago (and woe-betide the fag whose foot between whiles had been seen on it!), and long before breakfast the wickets had been pitched, and an Argusy of eyes had tested their exactness. What a cheer there is when our Eleven win the toss, and magnanimously suffer their opponents to go in: and what handclapping there is as every wicket falls, and how we hope our shouts of triumph will strike terror to the foe, whom we impartially abstain from in any way encouraging. Haply one of the masters plays, to fill a vacant place, and then how we rejoice to see his stumps sent flying, or to laugh at him when scampering for a ball he should have stopped. But our loudest exultation is when one of our Eleven hits a "skyer" over Cloisters, or far into Under Green, and after running a good fiver scores another one or two by a clumsy throwing up. Shrill hurrahs and rounds of hand-clapping salute the heroes as, to rest themselves, they sit upon their bats: and the only damper thrown upon our spirits is when, perhaps emboldened too much by our applause, one of the heroes not long after by a sad fate gets run out.

Nor was our pleasure over with the ending of the game: for after it came the supper (known to us as the "tuck out"), and to some inglorious minds this was by no means least looked forward to among the day's delights. The "Uppers" of the school enjoyed the envied privilege of sitting down with the "Elevens," and when their *fames* was *exempta*, and they got up from their seats, we fags who were in waiting made a rush into their places, and feasted on the fragments as fast as we could eat. Kind masters would secure an emptied pie-dish or a salad-bowl, and fill it before leaving with whatever their fags brought them, so that layers of cold fowl would alternate with strata of raw currants, creams, and custards, and on a tipsy cake foundation would be raised successive storeys of jam-tart and lobster salad, grapes, trifle, and spiced-beef. *O dura ilia puerorum!* What would aldermen not give for the elastic powers of appetite wherewith we used to pitch into these horrifying mixtures, and the freedom from dyspepsia evinced by sleeping after them! Other cricket-suppers than those enjoyed at Greyfriars live yet among my pleasantest remembrances. Will the next age have the like joys to look back upon? Except in the remotest of our rural districts, cricket-suppers are becoming sadly out of fashion, and I fear it is considered somewhat vulgar to indulge in them. Late dinners perhaps have helped to put them out of date; but whatever be the cause, I think it a great pity that they should be extinct, and I hope to see, ere long, an effort made for their revival. Not that I agree quite with the widely-accepted maxim that we Englishmen can do nothing, whether in business or in pleasure, without plenty of eating and drinking. But the meet after the match affords a pleasant time for chat, and many a life-friendship which is first formed upon the field is cemented in the supper-room. Men now are much too business-like to please me in their pastimes. They hurry home from hunting as they do out of a theatre, and they cut away from cricket, scarcely bidding a good-bye, and as though glad to get it over. Now this is surely an ill-compliment to those they have been playing with, and for many other reasons I think it a mistake. The drive through pleasant country from a well-contested match is to me far more enjoyable when taken leisurely and calmly in the cool of the late evening, with one's supper safe inside one, than when you hurry off the ground as hard as you can pelt, hot, and, may be, hurt, or freshly smarting from defeat.

I have had some slight experience in getting up a club, and know a little of the duties of those who undertake its management; and I think success depends in a very great degree upon the rules laid down at starting for the management of matches, and the spirit of obedience, good temper, and good-will with which such regulations as seem needful are observed. In choosing an Eleven, I consider it essential to elect a proper captain, and, when chosen, to invest him with absolute authority. It saves a world of trouble to place in his sole hands the appointment of the field, and uncontrolled decision in cases of dispute. Many a match is lost for want of a good general; and if the captain be held responsible for failure, he will keep his wits about him and lose no chance to win. It will be for him to say when to try a change of bowling (I have often seen a wicket drawn by taking off a good bowler and putting on a bad one): and his practised eye will note the style of play in each new batsman, and tell him how to vary the disposal of the field. Nothing more displays the skill of the professional Elevens than their quickness in discovering the favourite hits of players, and taking steps to stop them. A peculiar hit is made, and a run or two obtained; a similar ball is bowled and it is similarly hit, but by the beckoning of the captain a fieldsman has been moved, and the player is caught out. Very many of the victories the Elevens have obtained over Sixteens and Twenty-twos have in great measure been gained by dodges of this sort: and young players may learn much by watching such good generalship, and seeing how to take advantage of an enemy's weak points.

As a rule, I fear that fielding is terribly neglected, and, like bowling, is not practised half enough by amateurs. We at Greyfriars used often to have afternoons for practice, thirteen only playing, so as to have two batsmen in rotation at the wickets and the rest at their appointed places in the field. There cannot well be sides in such a game as this; but to keep the interest up it is as well to take the score, and the man who makes most runs may be held winner of the game. At any rate, such play is vastly more improving than a game at "tip and-run," which is all very good fun for muffs who only blind-swipe, and have a wish to exercise their lungs as well as legs. And it is vastly more amusing, at least in my opinion, than the "practice" that one sees upon nine club-days out of ten, and which consists in simply pitching some half score of wickets some

half dozen yards apart, so that nobody, of course, can hit to leg or point without the chance of breaking some one else's head. There is certainly excitement in practice of this sort, but I must confess that it is not much to my taste; and, after all, such play is terribly slow work, for the players loll and smoke until their turn comes for the bat, and if you are so unlucky as to make a slashing hit, you have to bellow out "Ball, thank you!" until you are half hoarse, and even then the chance is you must go for it yourself.

But what is better than good generalship, and more important to good cricket, I consider it essential that there should be good fellowship. As cricket is a sport, and is merely played for exercise and healthful recreation, it never should be played but with good feeling and good humour. No matter who wins, they who lose their temper I can but hold to lose; and I would say to any cricketer, if you cannot play without squabbling, you had best not play at all. I have heard of deadly feuds between two rival country clubs, and how the Swipewell never played a match with the Long Stopperton without the day's fun ending in a wrangle and a fight. But I hope these bad old bulldog times are past, and, although the fire of rivalry may be as hot as ever, I trust players are too sensible to let their temper become heated by it. No man has a claim to be considered a good cricketer who allows himself to show a sign of anger at defeat. I recollect once playing in a match where our antagonists, against express agreement, brought a paid player to bowl. The ground was hard and rough, and we thought this bowling dangerous; but he pledged his word that he would moderate his pace. Rather than not play, we therefore waived objection, and for the first innings he contrived to keep his word. But when I drew his wicket with, I think, my second ball, he broke his bat upon the ground in a sudden fit of rage (an act which, had I been their captain, would certainly have got him his dismissal on the spot), and when we took our second innings he bowled with all his might, and I especially came in for a full share of his wrath. It is not because my legs were next day black and blue that I treasure the reflection that this was no true cricketer, however good a player he may have been and is.*

Some may think that it may be from such remembrances as these, and because I have poor pluck and cannot bear a good bruising, that I have protested against the fast round bowling. But this indeed is not the case. My chief cause of objection is not at all one based on any personal antipathy to having my legs pounded to the colours of the rainbow, or to losing half my beauty by getting a black eye, or having (say) the bridge of my finely-chiselled nose smashed. I object to round-shot bowling mainly on the score that, to my thinking, it lessens the enjoyment of the game. Few people can face a really swift round bowler without feeling somewhat nervous about their eyes and limbs; and although, by constant practice, such feeling may wear off, they can never be completely at their ease when at the stumps. I think much more amusement may be got out of the game when there is less danger in it; and though I have small wish to see young men made mollycoddles, and funky of hard knocks, I think games, to *be* games, ought to have some fun in them. I admit there's more variety in round than under bowling, and I have no wish to see the round become extinct. But, judging by what daily one reads about "the slows," it surely cannot be said success is always with the swift; on the contrary, although there may not be such "devil" in them, I think, with proper practice, the slows may be destructive as the rapids of Niagara. And why I cry out for slow bowling is, that I consider much more real fun and real pleasure is produced by it. When a ball is discharged as from the mouth of a six-pounder, you must look out for your legs, or you'll have no legs to look to. But with slower bowling you have leisure to enjoy yourself, and instead of standing swathed up at the wicket like a mummy or a mute, you can laugh and chaff with those who are about you, without fearing that your laughter may be turned by a leg-ball to the wrong side of your mouth. As they are played at present, the only fun in matches appears to be in the queer names which are oftentimes assumed; but to call yourselves "Anomalies," or "Amalgamated Duffers," appears, at least to my thinking, a rather feeble joke, and one I am by no means disposed to join in laughing at.

No one ever heard of a third innings at cricket, or it would be easy to write another paper on the points I have not noticed. But I think I hear the editor, who is my umpire, crying "Time!" and so I must cut short what more I have to say. Some people seem to fancy that, as men get more luxurious, cricket may die out: or that the love of rifle practice will gradually supplant it. I have little fear, however, of either of these deaths for it; in fact, I quite believe that so long as there are Englishmen, so long there will be cricket. The love of out-door exercise is much too strong a passion with us ever to die out, and cricket is a sport in everybody's reach; and one, therefore, that the "Million" will be sure to keep on foot, if ever it be neglected by the "Upper Ten Thousand." H. Silver.

* I think I ought to add that, in a dozen years' experience, this has been the only case in which I have ever found a hired player misconduct himself. As a rule, professional cricketers are in their behaviour all that one can wish; and one very rarely hears a foul word from their lips, as one does too often from watermen and jockeys, and other paid professors of gentlemanly sports.

STOCK INCIDENTS OF FICTION.

Novel-writing is an art that is getting more and more difficult every day. Originality being one of the chief merits of a novel, every original thought in a novel strikes off a chance for all succeeding writers. Given that there are a certain number of characters in the world, every time one of these is drawn and held up in a book to public view the task of finding a new one becomes more difficult. It is very like the Salmon fishery. Time was when Salmon were for anybody's catching. Now it is by no means so easy to get them. Imagine, then, some character fishery, in some intellectual river—somewhere. Thither go your character-catchers and fish, and

Peril of Amelia and Fido; courage and devotion of Orlando. (See page 185.)

fish. Then back they come to sell. "All fresh! all fresh!" The hungry public buy, and get some fresh, some tainted, some very rotten indeed.

It may be said, of course, that the stock is inexhaustible, for it is as wide as the world; that as no two sheep's faces are the same, so no two characters are the same—granted—granted. And if only men of first-rate ability wrote novels you would meet with no repetition, but as many novel-writers can see only the broad distinctions in character, and as many characters are only distinguished by minute touches, so in many novels you find either monsters, or persons with "no characters at all."

As with characters, so with incidents, and if repetition be blameable in the former case, it is still more so in the latter. Variety of incident is much easier to obtain than variety of character, and yet remark the coolness, the brutality with which authors ride incidents to death. Why, you might trace the pedigree of many of them, and as old families boast of having come in with the Conqueror, you will find that in general these incidents "came in" with that great conqueror, Sir Walter Scott.

But it may be urged that these things constantly repeat themselves in real life, then why should they not be repeated in fiction? Yes! but names constantly repeat themselves in real life, but you don't think of giving the hero of your novel the same name as another man's hero. An author would think twice, I fancy, before calling his hero Edgar Ravenswood or Guy Mannering, yet he has no hesitation about taking Scott's incidents and putting them into his own tale. Oh! when are we to hear the last of that terrible water-party where nobody is drowned? Of that house on fire where the lover extinguishes all the professional firemen? Of that man who is supposed to be dead and yet isn't? Of that uncle who is always turning up at last, just when he is wanted? Of that dear old hardworked, ill-used, bellowing, harmless bull?

Now observe! Here's a novelist has got his handsome, virtuous, but low-born young man, desperately in love with his beautiful, virtuous, and high-born young woman. What is he to do? The affection is mutual. These two young people are admirably fitted for each other in all respects but this one of difference of rank. What is to remove this dreadful bar? The Earl is inexorable. "Dares the low-born caitiff to aspire to the hand of my daughter—ha! What will become of society—ha! when the insects in the dust—" and all that kind of thing. The Countess won't hear of it. "Disgracing your family, Amelia, in such a way. What will the world say? Think no more about it, my dear; the County Paris dines here to-night." But the County Paris will talk his small talk and display his many attractions to no purpose. Our novelist has all the regular remedies at hand. He considers which he shall take. "Fire!" says our novelist. "Blazing rafters—falling beams—shrieking women—shouting men—engines dash up—firemen stand appalled—Orlando breaks through the crowd—plants a ladder—ascends—disappears into the smoke and flame—crowd waits in breathless silence—Orlando reappears, bearing in his arms the Earl, the Countess, and Amelia—shouts rend the skies. Or shall we try water?" says our novelist. "Water-party—boat overset—Amelia precipitated into the foaming torrent—the wretched parents, with streaming eyes, entreat the company generally to go in after her—the company generally decline—the Earl himself—an old man and feeble, but with all a father's feelings strong within him—throws off his coat, and prepares to breast the flood, but he is held back by the Countess, and by the company generally, who prefer saving the parent on dry land, to taking the water to save the child—all hope seems past, when suddenly a figure is seen to spring from the opposite bank. Swiftly it cleaves the parting waves. Will he reach her in time? No! yes! No! yes! He does! He clasps her in his arms! She is saved! and by whom? Who is the happy man? Who? Orlando." Of course: our novelist sent him on purpose. And what can the Earl refuse him after such a service? "Young man," says the Earl, "you have restored to me my daughter. The life that you have saved she shall dedicate to you. Take her and bless you! Bless you both, my children!" Our novelist may wipe his pen in peace after that.

But if neither of these suit him, that is to say, if he has used them in his previous works—for, otherwise, they would be sure to suit him—there is the uncle for him—the novel-uncle—and surely never relative was so useful. He has, in general, been in India for many years before the first volume opens; and, indeed, for two volumes and a-half, the reader is only kept aware of his existence by some such sentence as this, now and then introduced: "I have here a letter from your uncle Nat. He has had an attack of yellow fever that nearly brought him to his grave." Or, "Your uncle Nat, when hunting in India some time ago, fell from his elephant into the very jaws of a royal tiger, and had he not had the presence of mind to——", or something of that kind. Of course, being in India and making your fortune are synonymous terms in a novel, so it is quite unnecessary for the author to state that uncle Nat is immensely rich; equally unnecessary to say that he has no liver, is passionate but kind-hearted, provokingly particular about trifles, and a bachelor. About the time that the third volume is beginning in England, then the uncle finds that the climate of India is seriously affecting his health, and that his native air is the only thing to restore him; he therefore determines to return home, and sails accordingly, of course without sending notice of his coming. Things, in the meanwhile, are going on very badly with the lovers. Orlando, in addition to his other trials, has poverty to contend with; or, perhaps, as our novelist always has the uncle ready if matters come to a crisis, Orlando has run into debt. Well! about the ninety-sixth chapter, things get to their worst and mend. The lover, despair in his heart and bailiffs in the kitchen, is utterly at his wits' end. He does not know which way to look, except towards his razors. While he is meditating whether to commit suicide, or to

abscond and leave his lady-love, his servant—an old man, faithful and familiar, who has spent his life in the service of Orlando, his father, and grandfather—enters with a note. It is from Amelia. "We must part. All hope is extinguished. Oh, my Orlando!—but I must no longer call thee so. Filial duty—parental anger—must see thee no more—shall never love another—forget me—farewell!" Page blotted with tears. Orlando reads the note twice—crushes it—kisses it—grasps his brow with his extended hand (though how on earth he manages to do that, I can't for the life of me explain; but, if anyone doubts that this is a regular novel action, I am prepared to quote chapter and verse to prove it; the name of a novel in which the hero does it is even now trembling on my tongue—but I forbear;)—gasps—chokes—and strops a razor. Our novelist's eagle glance perceives that the moment has arrived. He closes his telescope, like Wellington at Waterloo, and orders up the novel uncle. What follows needs little explanation. The razor is returned to its case. The bailiffs are sent away satisfied. Orlando and the uncle drive to Amelia's house. The money-bags overbalance the noble birth. The County Paris gets his dismissal and Orlando the lady, and the novel concludes in the regular 'Morning Post' style.

Another remedy which our novelist has at hand for a bad case of crossed love is the man who is supposed to be dead. This is sometimes the lover and sometimes the rival. I have known instances in which the lady's father, who at the time was opposed to the marriage, had to undergo this temporary snuffing out. But most frequently it happens to the lover himself, and the means vary according to the period of which the novel treats. If the time is the knight-errant romantic period, the cause of the supposed death is an affray with hostile knights. In the time of Charles I., it is a fight with Cavaliers or Roundheads, as the case may be. In later times highwaymen are in general the instruments. After highwaymen the pressgang had its day. In novels treating of the last twenty years authors have been a good deal puzzled. Supposed death by drowning is the favourite. A fall while hunting has had its supporters, and the accidental discharge of a friend's gun in a turnip-field is by no means uncommon. Duelling, too, still has its victims—in the novel. But if our novelist has exhausted all these means, he has only to take his hero to Italy, where he can get him assassinated, or nearly assassinated, quite consistently. The period makes not the slightest difference there.

"By the bones of Saint Jerome," said the leech to Sir Adrian, "an the steel had pierced but the twentieth part of an inch farther, the haughty Inglese had gone the dark road. Assist me, Sir Knight, to remove his armour."

"Certain death must have ensued," said the Doctor, "if the stiletto had gone a shade deeper. You'd better telegraph, Mr. Jenkins."

The sixteenth century, or the nineteenth, it does not matter—assassination is popularly believed to be the custom of the country, and the novelist ought to be thankful that there is one place left where he can have his hero romantically stabbed without the charge of extravagance being brought against him. Well! We must suppose the lover stabbed, but not killed. The effect is that the lady, shocked at the intelligence of his death, falls ill. Gradually she gets weaker and weaker. Nothing cheers her; nothing amuses her. The light leaves her eye, the rose her cheek, and her silvery laughter is heard no longer. Her parents, who were at first rather pleased that the objectionable lover was got rid of, begin at length to fear for their child's happiness, then for her life, and end by bitterly regretting that they ever opposed her wishes. The County Paris, finding that there is no hope of success for his suit, retires, and our novelist, seeing all hindrances removed, sounds trumpets and the lover lives again.

When the supposed defunct is the rival and not the lover, a most extraordinary change takes place in his character. It is just as if the novelist had consented to let him live, on condition that he behaved better for the future. Some arrangement of this kind is absolutely necessary, for it is quite evident to every one that if he continues to act as he has been acting for two volumes and a half, there is no hope of the right people being married at the end of the book. So the novelist is compelled to take desperate measures with him. Accordingly the rival disappears for a time. People suppose he is dead. Everything goes on beautifully without him. The lady is delivered from his importunity: the lover from his rivalry. The parents are on the point of giving their consent to the marriage, when suddenly he re-appears. Oh! thinks every one, it's all over with the lovers now. Not at all. He is quite a changed man. He disappeared a cruel, malicious, selfish villain: he re-appears a mild, peaceable, benevolent creature, with no wish but for the good of his kind. When he disappeared he was the great opponent of the marriage: when he re-appears he is its great promoter. In fact, he seems to have absented himself for a time merely to "throw away the worser part of him," and to have come back determined to "live the purer with the other half."

But what is our novelist to do if he has already made use of all these stratagems in assisting other ill-starred lovers? How is he to help Orlando and Amelia then? How is he to help them! Why he has not yet employed the most favourite of all remedies for unhappy love affairs,—the specific, the grand specific, the novel bull.

Listen. Amelia wearing a red shawl (the heroine always puts on a red shawl to go into the field where the bull is) is walking through the verdant meadows with Orlando. When they reach the middle of the field (crafty animal that bull!—always lets them get to the middle of the field), Taurus shows himself, and bellows.

"Walk quietly to the gate," says Orlando, "I'll take off his attention."

(Wonderful how easily the novel bull will allow his attention to be taken off!)

After a short hesitation Miss Amelia walks towards the gate, leaving the red shawl in Orlando's hands. Taurus stares as if he scarcely understood this arrangement, finally does a little bellowing, and trots forward; Orlando shouts and waves the

shawl; Taurus stops, stares, and again trots forward. More shouting and waving of the shawl; more bellowing and trotting. By this time Amelia has reached the gate; Taurus being quite satisfied about this makes his rush; Orlando then performs astounding feats with stones and his hat, steadily retreating at every opportunity. Finally, with all the skill of a matador, he blinds the bull with the shawl and escapes through the gate. The Earl, who has seen all this from his study-window, now comes forward, places Amelia's hand in Orlando's, blesses them with many tears, and then they all go in to luncheon. The bull observing this from his side of the gate, apparently thinks it a good idea, and returns to his pasture. That is the regular course. Sometimes it is varied with labourers armed with pitchforks and hoes, but it comes to exactly the same thing in the end: the bull is foiled and the lovers are made happy.

The principal attributes of the novel bull appear to be these. A great taste for stamping, bellowing, staring, lashing himself with his tail, and digging up the turf with his horns. All true to Nature, doubtless, but still rather wearying on the tenth or twentieth recital. Then good-nature and forbearance are very strong points of his. For he never really hurts the lady after all. He's only in fun. A careful study of the novel bull has assured me of this fact, that he never makes his rush till the lady has got to the gate. Still further, he never hurts the lover. He makes rushes at him, he stamps on his hat, sometimes sends his horns through his coat, but hurt him! not for the smiles of all the cows in England. Like the lion that will not touch the true prince, the novel bull will not touch the true lover. He is "as valiant as Hercules—but beware instinct." Hurt the true lover! He would die first, as did his great ancestor, who founded the family. Yes. That bull that ran at Lucy Ashton and was shot by Edgar Ravenswood, in dying gave life to hundreds. It would be impossible to name half his descendants. Sometimes they appear in herds; sometimes singly; sometimes you have both the single bull and the herd. But however, or whenever, the novel bull appears, it is for a good purpose: to show the daring of the true lover, or the cowardice of the false; to excite the affection of the lady, or the gratitude of the parent. How bad soever things may look, let the bull once show his face and they are sure to mend. Oh! heroes and heroines, fear him not for the future. Though his bellow may sound very harsh, it is in reality "an amiable low."

Bless the bull! all the novelists that ever made use of him, and their name is Legion, ought to subscribe and raise a statue to him. It would look well in Trafalgar Square, and should stand near Jenner's. People would think it had some reference to vaccination. Bless that bull! In how many love affairs has he not assisted? How many stern parents has he not softened? Oh yes! If you are in love with Virgo, the Virgin, pray for the aid of Taurus, the Bull.

Now these are a few of the commonest novel incidents. I don't deny that they are all quite natural and very effective, but though we may still feel the thrill of excitement when we read of the house on fire and the water party, though that rich old uncle and that good-natured bull may still be dear to us all,—as how could they be otherwise after so long an acquaintance,—yet surely novelists might shape their ends with means a little more original—a little less hackneyed than these. I think—if it is not so, I am greatly mistaken—I think the word novel has some connection with novelty. Why does this connection hold good in etymology alone?

USURY AND USURERS.

The newspaper readers must often notice a certain class of advertisements in some of the London papers announcing that "Officers on full pay, clergymen, reversioners of real or personal property, and heirs to landed estates can be confidentially advised on loans for long or short periods on liberal terms. Address X. Y. Z., &c."

It is in vain that Hogarth painted his wonderful pictures of the Rake's Progress, and that the oft-told tales of ruin appear in the annals of the Insolvent Court; for, in spite of these constant warnings, there are numbers of young men—and middle-aged men too—who will drink their fill of pleasure at any price. The simple act of writing his name across a little strip of stamped paper will furnish young Scapegrace with horses, carriages, opera-boxes, Richmond dinners, and drags for the races—in fact, with the aid of bill discounters, he can procure for himself a prominent place in the fashionable world.

The bill discounter has nothing to do but to sit quietly in his handsomely furnished chambers ready to receive his victims, like a spider in its web watching for flies. Let us christen the fashionable bill discounter Mr. Lasher: I never knew any one of that name, so it is a harmless coinage. His chambers are at the West End, and are generally artfully arranged, so that the client going in never meets the man who is coming out. Lasher's habits are expensive. His horses and carriages are showy; his house in the suburbs of London is gorgeously furnished, and Mrs. Lasher's diamonds sparkle brilliantly as she sits at the head of her table on grand days when Lasher entertains some of his customers.

If Lasher is not an attorney, he is sure to have a brother or relative of some kind who is; and when poor Prodigal comes home with nothing to show for his riotous living but a writ in the action of Lasher *v.* Prodigal, the family solicitor has only to glance at the attorney's name on the back of the writ to see whether Lasher's, or Mordecai's, or Israel Solomon's gang have robbed the unhappy defendant.

Probably the most frequent victims of bill discounters are young fellows in the army. If a youngster takes a fancy to cards, billiards, racing, and similar expensive amusements, it will be a long time before he discovers that all is vanity; and unless he has the purse of Fortunatus, he must fall into the hands of the bill discounters. Nor is the temptation of raising money confined to London. The leading bill discounters have agents in every garrison in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and no doubt in the colonies too. It

seems but yesterday that poor Greenhorn, captain in Her Majesty's 200th Regiment, came to the writer hereof with a writ in his hand for a very large sum for which a certain Mr. Mordecai had sued him. Now I took great interest in Greenhorn's affairs, as I had known him from boyhood, and on more than one previous occasion I had saved him from the Philistines.

Of course poor Greenhorn (he is dead now, and his bones rest many thousand miles away from England) was *enthusiastically* repentant. "Indeed, old fellow," he said, "I *would* have kept my word, and would *not* have touched another bill; and I never did till that infernal Lasher came into my quarters at —— and began chaffing, and *forced a hundred on me.*"

It was the old, old story. The first transaction of the new lot of bills was a bill for 100*l.* at two months for 90*l.* down; then came a second bill at the expiration of two months for 100*l.* for 70*l.* down, the deduction of 30*l.* being accounted for as follows: interest on original bill for two months longer, 10*l.*; interest on new bill for the current two months, 10*l.*; and *bonus on renewal of bill No.* 1, 10*l.* When bills one and two became due, Lasher *of course* was short of cash, but turned over poor Greenhorn to Mordecai—an inferior shark who takes the leavings of the bigger fish—and Mordecai had taken up the two bills and had advanced 40*l.* for a new bill of 300*l.* at two months' date, so that poor Greenhorn had paid exactly 100*l.* for 200*l.* for six months, being at the rate of cent. per cent.

It was the beginning of the long vacation when my unhappy client came to me with the writ, and I promised him a respite till the 24th of October, by appearing for him to the action, which would stop proceedings till term. Greenhorn's delight at this respite was refreshing to witness. From the slough of despond he rose to the seventh heaven of boisterous spirits. "Would I dine with him at Greenwich? No? At Richmond? No? Well, then, he *would* dine with me. He would have a lark, by Jove: he would chaff Mordecai till he was as mad as a hatter: he would paint the Jew's door a different colour every night: he would pay up on the 24th—no, on the 23rd, by Jove, and sell them all."

I took Greenhorn to the Cock. The worthy William (whom Tennyson has immortalised), the best of waiters, got us the finest steak and the best bottle of port which the Cock could produce. We showed Greenhorn "the farthing,"* and told him about Pepys and Mrs. Knipp coming there to supper. It was all new to him.

"What a jolly old fireplace!—what splendid port! He would bring Slasher of ours, and Crasher of the Light Bobs to dinner there."

Over a quiet pipe that evening (of course poor Greenhorn smoked cigars at about three guineas a pound), I took for my text William at the Cock, and preached a long sermon on the comfortable independence which that honest waiter made by the pennies of the customers, and I grew somewhat eloquent on the theme of cheap pleasures. I explained to Greenhorn that the dinner which we had eaten and wine which we had drunk at a cost of a few shillings, could not be surpassed in quality at any hotel where we should have paid a guinea. I went further than this, and conspired with Jones, Brown, and Robinson, to join us at a pool of billiards, when we hired a private room, and played our usual stake of sixpenny pool and twopence a ball, so that the losers could only lose a shilling a game. Greenhorn was obliged to admit that the pleasure was as great as if the stakes had been half guinea pool and a crown a ball.

I never saw him after that night. It was clear that the effect of my preaching on economy had taken no root, for his last words were a pressing invitation to Jones, Brown, and Robinson—"three capital fellows, by Jove!"—to come and stay for a week—the garrison races were coming off, and there would be a drag every day and a champagne lunch.

Every man has his fate before him, and poor Greenhorn's turn came. He did *not* chaff Mordecai till he was as mad as a hatter, *nor* did he paint the Jew's door, *nor* did he pay up and "sell them all, by Jove!" for the next communication which I received from Greenhorn was early in the month of November, and the letter was dated "*County Jail.*"

The poor captain was repentant again, "he would never touch another bill, he would exchange and go back to India; he felt a changed man already. Would I write to the governor for him?"

Of course I did as my client wished, but before I could get an answer from "*the governor*"—who had paid Greenhorn's debts three times before—I received another letter from Greenhorn, written in the highest spirits. "A regular trump," he wrote; "Israel Solomon, a *very respectable fellow*, had paid debt and costs, and he was free again."

Speaking from memory, I think that I am within the mark when I say that Mr. Israel Solomon's little bill was somewhere about the rate of 400 per cent. It was managed on this wise: Israel Solomon paid *half* Mordecai's claim, and poor Greenhorn gave fresh bills for the balance to Mordecai, and bills for the whole amount of debt and costs to Israel Solomon. Matters were now really serious; Greenhorn's father came forward at once on my representation of the desperate state of affairs. I had not the winding up of the Jews; Mr. Fogey, the family solicitor, had the conduct of the business; and I believe, to the day of his death, old Greenhorn thought that I had a hand in leading his son into extravagance, although my books show, to this day, that I never saw the colour of Greenhorn's money for any professional services even, for I loved the youngster "for auld lang syne," and tried to keep his boat upright. At my instigation, however, threats of conspiring to defraud were made against Israel Solomon, Mordecai, and Jacob Shylock, the legal adviser of those gentlemen, who was somewhat anxious that the Law Institution should not be *too* curious about the arrangements which he had made in settling the price of Esau's potage. The upshot of the matter was, that the claims of the gang were

* One of the old copper tokens which were issued by the landlord of the "Cock ale-house" before the Fire of London.

equitably adjusted, and they received no more than the money which was actually advanced, and some twenty or thirty pounds amongst them. Greenhorn left England clear of debts, and died on foreign service.

Now, with the exception of a trifling variation of names and places, the above is an honest description of one of many cases which have come under the immediate notice of the writer hereof, and is "on all fours"—as the legal phrase runs—with hundreds of cases which are daily, nay, hourly occurring. The victims of the bill-discounters are by no means the worst of their species. Many a cautious hypocrite manages to keep clear of debt himself, and flatters poor Prodigal, and drinks his champagne, and wins his money, and still contrives to keep up an outward appearance of respectability, taking good care to forsake him as soon as he is safe within the walls of the Queen's Bench.

How the fashionable world would stare if an omniscient fairy were to enter any public assembly, either at church, opera, ball, concert, or even the houses of the legislature, and tap with her wand every man who had dealings with Mr. Lasher, or—worse still—with the Mordecais or Israel Solomons. The names of the victims is Legion. The Lasher school fear nothing but exposure, but their dealings being only with men who are reasonably solvent, they seldom come before the public. The smaller fry of usurers relieve the large houses of their clients as soon as they have been tightly squeezed, and this latter class do not care for exposure. They do not mind appearing before the Insolvent Court, and stating, with some degree of negative honesty, that they lend their money at a great risk, and play for an enormous stake.

Under the present state of things the bill discounting attorneys and professional usurers can afford to ride their blood-horses and give champagne dinners, even if one debt in three turns out bad; but if interest was kept at a maximum of twenty per cent., there must not be more than one bad debt in seven to enable the money lenders to make their profit.

The Sowerbys, and Bloundel Bloundels, and Demeaces, are irreclaimable scoundrels, and these pages are not meant for them; but if this number of Once a Week should fall in the way of any young fellow who is in the hands of the Jews, let him go at once to Paterfamilias, and make a clean breast of his troubles. As Foker remarked in Pendennis: "The governor will blow like a grampus, but he will get his wind again." And I honestly hope that "the governor" will have the moral courage to tender the exact amount of debt and five per cent. interest to Lasher, Mordecai, or Israel Solomon, as the case may be; and in case of refusal fearlessly confide his sorrows to the tender mercies of a British Jury. F. G.

AMONG THE DEATHS.

I.

"Of fever, in Africa, Richard Brand."
The words start clear thro' the twilight gloom:
The paper drops from her shrinking hand,
And the presence of death fills all the room.

II.

A noble room, where the firelight falls,—
At fitful intervals falls and fades,—
On curtains of silk, on gilded walls,
On gleaming marble, crimson brocades.

III.

She waits alone for her husband's guest,
Lord Arthur,—he has dined with them often of late.
She waits, in jewels and velvet drest,
As befits her beauty and her estate.

IV.

On her arms and bosom, profusely bare,
Shine the diamonds she bought on her marriage-day.
One red rose rests in the golden hair
With which Richard's fingers have used to play.

V.

Dead—Richard dead! and she is alone,
In her silk and velvet and jewels here.
O, soft white breast, make never a moan!
O, soft brown eyes, shed never a tear!

VI.

The time for moan or tear is over:
Nor tear nor moan can bring death to life.
What woman need weep for a dead poor lover
Who has honour and station,—a rich man's wife?

VII.

Honour and station! and Richard dead,
On the fevered shore of that distant land.
No faithful face at his dying bed;
No tender lips on his dying hand.

VIII.

And she loved him—she loved him! The poor false heart
For a moment bursts out with one honest cry.
For a moment the actress forsakes her part:
The woman returns to the love gone by.

IX.

And with him once more, in the purple light
Of the summer evening, she takes her place;
Where the starlit heaven o'er the moor shines white,
And all her heaven is on Richard's face.

X.

His arm is round her; she feels his kiss;
And her trembling breath comes thick and low
With the familiar foolish bliss,
The freshness, the passion of long ago.

XI.

What has she now? Her husband's name;
Settlements; diamonds; five hundred friends
To come to her parties; her beauty's fame;
Lord Arthur's homage. And so it ends.

XII.

No; something more. Far away, up-stairs,
Are her children. She sees them every day,
I believe;—but with so many vital cares
Of dances and dinners, what are they?

XIII.

Perhaps, in a different station, other
And humbler duties had lain to her hand.
She might have had leisure to be a mother
If she had married Richard Brand.

XIV.

But all that is over. Years ago
She sold herself freely—body and soul—
For the things that she holds in possession now;
And the sale was a wise one,—on the whole.

XV.

When Richard last held her to his breast
 Her lips were stainless, her heart was true;
And now—and now—well, let that rest.
 Richard is dead: let the past die too!

XVI.

Let the past die. The present is all.
 Lord Arthur's step is upon the stair.
After dinner the opera and the ball;
 This folly will surely not haunt her there.

XVII.

With a strange wild beauty her cheek is red;
 With a strange wild lustre her eyes are bright;
But still the silent face of the dead
 Looks full in her face that weary night.

XVIII.

And still, amidst music and whispered sighs,
 Thro' her soul goes a shuddering under-breath,—
"Better be Richard Brand where he lies
 Than sunk in the slough of a living death!"

THE AUTHOR OF "MORALS OF MAY-FAIR."

THE LITERATURE OF THE SHOP.

A COUNTRY RECTOR'S COMMENTARY.

It was just three months since; indeed, to speak with preciseness, it was Saturday, the 4th of May. Sophonisba, who is at once the joy and better half of my existence, was breakfasting with me in the dining-room of my pleasant country rectory. Within the room everything (including our two selves), looked agreeable, bright, and warm; out of doors it was cold and cheerless, and anything but agreeable. Although the almanacks assured us that we had entered upon the genial month of May, yet, the east wind was howling, biting, and cutting, and was altogether behaving itself with a rude severity that no panegyric of Mr. Kingsley could mitigate, while a driving hail-storm rattled against the window-panes with a sound like the dropping fire at a Volunteer Review.

"Sophonisba!" I exclaimed to the joy of my existence, as I turned from the kippered salmon to the devilled kidneys (my tastes are proverbially simple), "Sophonisba, it is well that we have not sacrificed our winter garments upon the altar of our fickle climate, but have relied upon the truth of our village adage, 'Till May be out, Ne'er change a clout.' If my singing Curate, Motet, were with us, we could perform that pretty old glee, 'Hail, all hail, thou merry month of May!' it would be appropriate."

"Think of the blossoms, my dear Alphonso!" was the response, as a fresh *feu de joie* of hail rattled against the window. "The wall-fruit is gone; and, now, the apples will be caught."

Between mouthfulls, I was cutting the leaves of that morning's "Saturday Review," and was dipping into their article on "Negroes, and Negro Slavery;" so, instead of vouchsafing any other intelligent reply than a grunt, I shortly called Sophonisba's attention to the Review. It so happened that, during the previous fortnight, the greater portions of my evenings had been occupied by new books by Consuls Petherick and Hutchinson, on Ethiopia and the Soudan, and by Reid's "Sketches in North America;" and these works, and the present crisis in America, had made me more than ordinarily impressible on the subject of the slave-trade. I presume that it arose from this combination of circumstances, that I suddenly uttered the Archimedean cry of *Eureka!* when, after laying aside the "Saturday Review," I had turned to glance over the various printed and lithographed communications that formed a part of the contents of that morning's letter-bag.

Now, parsons are peculiarly liable to other visitations than those of an archidiaconal character, and they are notably exposed to the literary attacks of puffing tradesmen. The chief assailants (apart from clerical subjects, appeals from Church Defence Associations, and Insurance Companies), are hatters, grocers, tailors, and wine merchants. They are particularly attentive to me; and, unlike the generality of my brethren, I always glance over their epistolary commendations of their own wares—not with the thought of giving any order to these mercantile anglers (for I never once have risen to their most alluring flies), but solely for the enjoyment that I derived from a perusal of their literary efforts. For, it appears to me, that the literature of the shop is an astonishing evidence of the progress of education, and a distinguishing characteristic of the Victorian era. To me the development of this peculiar branch of literature seems to be a feature of the age—an useful one, probably, and remunerative, or our nation of shopkeepers would not bestow so much care or money upon it. They are no longer content to call a spade, a spade. They send it forth in mountebank disguise, with a nomenclature which is neither English, French, Greek, nor Latin, but perhaps, a base mixture of all four; and, through the aid of literature, this wonderful article is recommended to notice, and puffed into a pseudo fame, by the most ingenious artifices.

De tea fabula narratur.—I might tell you a tale of a tea-merchant in our county-town, or I might cite the cases of the butcher and the two rival tailors, who, every week, in the pages of our "Slowshire Independent," puff their respective goods through the medium of mortal verse. I am not ashamed to confess that if I do not use or consume their wares, I devour the verses. To my mind, their lyrics form one of the chief attractions of the "Independent," whose articles, it must be confessed, are not equal in ability to those in the "Saturday Review," and it is often a subject of curious speculation to me—Who writes their verses? There was the butcher's poem, last week, on the subject of Garibaldi: I vow that it had all the fire and grace of Tupper! the delightfully easy way in which it turned from Italy and Garibaldi to "Giblett's juicy chops," and the delicate yet forcible manner in which it pointed out that Giblett was no less a patriot than Garibaldi in his endeavours to serve his countrymen, was, to my mind, not unworthy of our great Proverbial Philosopher. While, in the same newspaper, there was another poem on the subject of the British Volunteers marching to glory in Aaron's guinea pants, which Miss Euphemia Gushington might have owned.

"Yes, Sophonisba!" I cried; "I never throw these advertising circulars into the waste-paper basket without having first extracted the honey of their style, and made myself master of their

eloquent rhetoric. Here is another circular from the Great East Indian Brandisherri Wine Company, enclosing quite a pretty pamphlet on the wine trade and prospects of the vintage, and a confidential (lithographed) letter, stating their possession, under very peculiar circumstances, of a pipe of a fine fruity port, which they have not thrown into their general stock, but which they have thoughtfully reserved for their own immediate friends, who will be privileged to purchase it for a mere bagatelle. Now, I wonder what the bagatelle may be when translated into the simple letters £ *s. d.*; and also, whether or no, they include me among their immediate friends; and, if so, why? But, here, Sophonisba, is the circular over which I cried an Eureka; for it cuts the Gordian knot—it provides us with a solution of the Sphinx's enigma—it gives us the recipe for throwing the old man of the sea from off our shoulders; in short, it tells us how to put an end to the slave trade. So you see, Sophonisba, that, despite your occasional surprise at what you deem my waste of time in glancing over these trade puffs—which are meant to swell into a trade wind to blow custom to the advertiser—yet that I am able to pick up nuggets of knowledge in these literary diggings. In harmonious and elegant prose, the circular thus commences: it is from the Cosmopolitan Composite and Translucent Candle Company: 'It is but seldom that any really great improvement in manufactures is achieved. To speak comparatively, it was but yesterday, when cotton dipped in tallow formed the chief candle for general use. But, at this day, products imported from tropical climates, aided by Science, give forth crystallised material from which the beautiful candles now offered are obtained.' Then follow statistics, treated with Gladstonian skill, and remarks on the palm-oil trade, and then comes my Eureka. 'The development of this branch of their manufactures will promote *the extinction of the slave trade.*' A sufficient reason, of course, why all these Britons who never will be slaves, should patronise the Cosmopolitan Candle Company. By the way, what a useful fact this would be for an Exeter Hall orator, for I suppose the May Meetings extend their sympathies to the Man and the Brother. I remember hearing a speech on the subject, and very proper sentiments being expressed, and I certainly thought with the speaker, that we had no longer a right to expect a continuance of those blessings which we have so long enjoyed, if we in the slightest degree encouraged that unhallowed and cruel traffic in man, against which England, for more than fifty years, has been working by the efforts of her greatest statesmen, and her best and bravest sailors. Aye, Sophonisba, but there's the rub. Look at these circulars, and all the varied literature of the shop, and see how eloquently and ingeniously they commend commodities, our very use of which arises from and assists the development of the slave trade. This puff from the candle company is, in shop-language, a startling novelty. Supposing their statement to be correct, they need not fear that it will be basely plagiarised in this circular of Carraways, the tea-dealers. If we do not wish to encourage, in the slightest degree that unhallowed and cruel traffic in man, we must make up our minds to deprive ourselves of a tithe (to speak rectorially) of those articles of necessity on which the literature of the shop so eloquently descants. You, Sophonisba, will have to reply to Mr. Carraway when he addresses you on the subject of sugar, that you are determined not to lend any support to the slave trade; and I must bear the same testimony when he speaks to me of coffee. Mr. Carraway would probably think us mere Bedlamites. But we might reply to fifty other tradesmen in similar terms, and yet be in our right minds. For use has dulled our senses to facts, and if our comforts and appetites are ministered to, we are content to shut our eyes to the means employed. Take the case of Jones (let us say), who, on the subject of the slave trade, is a very Wilberforce. Well, then, Jones sips his slave-grown chocolate, sweetened with slave grown sugar, wipes his mouth with a cotton pocket-handkerchief, and, rising from his bamboo chair, playfully rubs the head of Mrs. Jones's Jamaica parrot. Jones then gets into his gig with its lance-wood shafts, and drives to a meeting of the Anglo-Mexican Mining Company, where he pays up his instalments, and from thence goes to the sale of American produce, where he makes purchases of Carolina rice. He accompanies one of the directors to the City of London Tavern, where he finds an excellent dinner set out upon a table of mahogany. He eats his turtle with a silver spoon, drinks iced punch flavoured with sugar and rum, sprinkles his turbot with cayenne pepper, bedews his cucumber with Chili vinegar, and winds up with curry and hot pickles, preserved ginger, a glass of noyeau, and a cup of coffee. He then puts down ten pieces of gold as a contribution to the Society for the Suppression of the Slave Trade—whose eloquent circular has brought the literature of the shop home to his very heart; and then goes back to Mrs. Jones with the honest conviction that he would sooner cut off his right hand than do anything that would in the remotest degree encourage that pernicious traffic in human souls. I wonder if Jones has received one of those circulars from the candle company! I have quite done now, Sophonisba; and am going into the study to write my sermon."

"My dear Alphonso," said the joy of my existence, "I think you have been preaching one to me." CUTHBERT BEDE.

THE GHOST THAT MY GRANDMOTHER SAW.

One lovely summer's evening I was sitting with my grandmother on the terrace of one of those beautiful villas situated on the "riviera di Genova," overlooking the blue Mediterranean. I had been reading Longfellow to her, for although an Italian she was well acquainted with English; she bade me read once more the "Footsteps of Angels," and it was after these lines—

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more,

that I asked her—half in play, half in earnest—whether she had ever seen a ghost?

"Altro! figlia mia," answered she with a sigh, "but it's a story more than fifty years' old, and I would rather you did not ask me to tell it you."

She seemed very reluctant to make me acquainted with it, but my curiosity being now fairly roused, I grew importunate with my entreaties; it was some time, however, before I could prevail upon her to satisfy my curiosity, and when she did so, her tale was so mixed up with matters, wholly uninteresting to the general reader, that I prefer giving it in my own words:

My grandmother was the daughter of the Count di L——; at sixteen the young Maddalena was counted among the fairest maidens of "Genova la superba;" her hand was sought by numberless youths amongst the nobility of Italy, but my grandmother, like many other damsels both of ancient and modern times, had a preference; she had met at church the young and handsome Count F——, and she had vowed in her little heart that she would marry none other. Letters were exchanged between the lovers, and each evening, when the clock of the church of San Lorenzo struck nine, the young Count might have been seen pacing up and down under the balcony of his youthful mistress. The Count di L—— was averse to the match; he did not deem the young noble worthy of his treasure. "She must," he had said, "be the bride of a prince;" but Maddalena had an uncle, the Cardinal M——, whom she dearly loved, and he was all-powerful with her father; to him she intended to impart her little secret—she had long waited for his return from Rome, whither the benevolent prelate had gone, to be present at a "Concistorio."

One morning she received a long letter from him, informing her of his approaching arrival; and on the evening of the same day the family were sitting at supper, for in those days the evening meal had not yet taken the name of "dinner." They were all joyful in the expectation of the arrival of the kind-hearted Cardinal, and Maddalena especially so, when they were startled by the sudden entrance of an acquaintance, whose countenance showed he was the bearer of ill news. "Had they heard," he asked, "what had happened?"—All answering in the negative, he replied that the young Count F—— had been murdered an hour ago; the assassin had fled; more no one knew.

My grandmother tells me she heard the news without a single cry or groan; she bore it all. Sick at heart she rose from the table, crossed the room to the door almost unnoticed, for all were eagerly discussing the fatal event; she even curtsied to the one guest who opened the door for her, but how she reached her room she cannot tell, —she remembered locking the door after her, and kneeling by her bedside, where she relieved her breaking heart by a flood of passionate tears. She was in that state of faintness which comes with exhaustion from extreme weeping, when the bell of San Lorenzo began the first peal of nine—a terrible sensation came over her, and yet she could scarcely realise the truth; could it be that that voice she was in the habit of hearing every evening, at that very hour, call her by name, had been stilled for ever!—that he whom she had seen only the evening before, full of life and hope, was now lying dead,—killed by the hand of an assassin. Slowly the church clock finished striking the hour, and the silence which it left behind brought an indescribable pain to the heart of poor Maddalena; she was too weak to pray, but slowly raised her weary eyes to the image of the "Madonna," placed in the alcove opposite to where she knelt; when, suddenly, she heard a voice calling her, "Manin," the same voice which called her every evening at that same hour. Oh! the idea was maddening! She rose, parted with both her hands the hair from her fevered brow, and listened, her heart beating and her feet nailed to the floor; her limbs stiff with horror. She listened, and again the voice called "Manin!" and a third time again, "Manin!" but she did not stir; she sat on her bed, listening for the sound of that voice, but in vain she waited, for the voice was not heard again that night.

Her nurse came soon after to the door, and the noise she made in her efforts to gain admittance roused my grandmother, who ran to the door and let her good foster-mother in. The old woman had heard of the sad event, and was full of sympathy for her young mistress, who, she saw at a glance, was nearly prostrate with sorrow. She entered into the particulars of the assassination of the young Count with all the garrulity of her kind, saying that never had fairer "cavaliere" fallen victim to jealousy, for, added she, it must have been the cause of so foul a crime—some one who loves you too well has ordered this deed.

Maddalena concealed from every one the knowledge of the voice she had heard. The following day passed slowly, and with impatience did she await the hour of nine, when she thought she would hear that voice which at least reminded her of the dear friend she had lost: it was a link, though a slight one, thought she, between her and the unseen world whither he had gone. Was it really his voice she had heard, or that of some one cruel enough to desire to keep up the delusion? She would judge with her own eyes. Again did she hear the clock on the following evening strike the hour of nine; but again the sound of that voice, which she heard once more call her by name, troubled her as it had done the evening before, so that she did not dare to go to the window: a cold shudder came over her,—she felt as if about to die.

"But, cara nonna," said I to her, "why did you not go to the window and see who called?"

"Figlia mia," she replied, pressing my hands in hers, "non mi sentivo corraggio. For seven days following I heard that same voice, and I began to fear that I should be haunted all my life with the sound of that voice. I prayed fervently for strength, and on the seventh day I determined to judge by myself if indeed it were an apparition. I shall never, as long as I live, forget that evening. When the clock had completed the last stroke of nine, I heard, as I had done on the preceding days, myself called by name, 'Manin!' I took my rosary, and with a beating heart walked to the window. I looked down and saw *him*—the young Count F——, who had been assassinated seven days before, under my window. He raised his face to me, and

though deadly white, I recognised him in an instant. I was afterwards told that I uttered a loud shriek, and was found stretched senseless on the floor of my balcony. I recollect nothing further of what passed until I found myself on my bed in my darkened room, with anxious faces around me, my hand resting in that of my beloved uncle. I saw on my uncle's face how ill I had been. It was some days before I was allowed to ask any questions. I then learned that I had been long and dangerously ill. I recollected all about Count F——'s assassination; but when I told my uncle that I had seen him, he smiled, and gently told me it was the effect of fever—nothing more."

"Was it so, do you think, grandmamma?" asked I.

"My daughter, were I to die this moment," she answered, with energy, "I would swear that I saw the ghost of Count F——."

I knew that my grandmother's marriage had not been a happy one. I asked her if she had ever discovered the name of the perpetrator of this crime. She grew very pale, and, stooping down, left a cold kiss on my forehead, saying,

"I did, soon after your father's birth; but *never ask me to tell it you!*" Bianca Bertoni.

SKETCHES FROM MY ITALIAN HOUSEHOLD.

THE LADY'S-MAID.

When one thinks of the pompous damsels who in England claim the title of Lady's-Maid, or of the coquettish and pert French aspirant to that situation, an Italian "cameriera" is almost unworthy of such a distinction. In the first place, she is not above making herself generally useful; she does not consider it violates the dignity of her calling to "fare il servizis," that is, to sweep and clean her lady's bedroom, as well as to adorn her lady's person. Secondly, she can not only dress hair, make dresses, and trim bonnets and caps, but she washes and irons, and sews; she can embroider, and plait straw, and she can, on an emergency, even repair her master's trousers and make his waistcoats. In the last place, and this is what most absolutely degrades her from such a dignity, she is content with the most moderate wages. For five, four, nay three, dollars a month she will undertake all these arduous duties.

In her ordinary dress she is, I will confess, as a general rule, far less elegant than her sister abigails of France and England; but when, on an occasion of any very solemn "outing," she does dress herself in her best, she excels them, in as much as she wears her clothes in a far more aristocratic manner, and her speech, gestures, and bearing are far more lady-like. The extreme courtesy and good-humour, which is as a vein of fine ore in the Tuscan character, is universal. The Teresinas, and Virginias, and Gelorgias have it no less than the owners of the grand historic names. A Tuscan is rarely violent or ill-tempered. The women are perhaps more so than the men; but it is not usual in either sex. I have heard many foreigners speak of them as dishonest, and there may be a set of servants who devote themselves exclusively to the service of passers-by who are so; but, judging from my own experience, they are quite the contrary.

There is a certain feudality of feeling, if I may so speak, among Tuscan servants. They identify themselves with a family, and like to remain in its service. It is a common custom among Italians to remember their servants in their wills, and it is an ambition which the true unsophisticated Tuscan servant always acknowledges, to remain many years with the same master. It is curious to hear how, after a man or woman has been a certain time in a situation, he or she always speaks in the first person plural as regards all the belongings of the family. It is always "we," and "ours," and "us." There is much more familiarity than with us between masters and servants, and no other nation has retained so inveterate a republican equality in all these respects as the Italians. Social freedom and political bondage have been the two sides of the shield here, as the reverse is seen in England and America. My maid Virginia, for instance, going out to enjoy herself at the Carnival, does not hesitate to ask me to lend her any trifling ornament or finish which her dress may require. I confess I like this confidence in one's good nature, this reliance on a bond of common humanity. The "thou" with which servants are invariably addressed has also an affectionateness in its sound (exclusively appropriated as it is to them and to the dearest and closest family ties), which insensibly softens and modifies our intercourse with them.

An Italian lady's-maid has a great love of out-door amusements. She must always have her Sunday "passeggiata." The "feste" (saints' days) must not be interfered with. She will walk all day long at such times to see the dresses and carriages in the Cascine, or along the Lung 'Arno, and to be seen. Then there is the Carnival. She stipulates, on engaging with a new mistress, that she may go once to the theatre, and once to the "neglione" (the masked ball at a theatre is so called), and to the Corso. The Corso is the drive along certain streets, on fixed days, of all the nobility, gentry, and commonalty of Florence, in their finest equipages, dresses, and liveries. Some of the carriages are full of flowers, some of bon-bons, some carriages are full of masks, in some there are strange, and grotesque costumes. The carriages go at a foot-pace, the pedestrians throng the streets, and every balcony and window is lined with people. How strange it would seem to us if a sober English lady's-maid knocked at the door of the sitting-room, and asked leave to show herself, previously to going to a masked ball, as my maid has just done.

"Come in, Virginia."

And enter Virginia, a tall fair girl, with her bright hair raised from her forehead over a cushion, and then plaited and adorned with pearls and flowers in true rococo style, a tiny coquettish Swiss straw hat is perched on one side of her head; she wears a black velvet laced boddice, trimmed with red ribbons and pearl buttons; beneath the boddice is a white full muslin chemisette up to the throat, showing the fair proportions of a well-made bust, a white muslin shirt, trimmed with black and red, very full, and rather short (be

it said), completes her dress, and her little black velvet mask is in her hand. Her face glows with delight. There is not the slightest levity about her, she is simply as happy as any girl can be. From the last Carnival to this she has thought of her dress, and every little scrap of ribbon or bit of lace that she could get together have been laid aside for this occasion. With the dimples on her smiling face, and her bright eyes, she is as pretty a sight as one can see, and I am quite sure she will not want partners. She is going with her sisters, her brother-in-law, her aunt, her cousins, a party of eight or ten, and—crowning felicity of all—a fiacre is to be sent for her and to bring her home. To-morrow she will present herself at the usual time, and go through her duties as quietly as before. Her dress is put by till next Carnival comes, and it is all over.

Her Sundays and saints' days' "passeggiate" are all the pleasures she will now need. To these may be added the fairs. On every Sunday during Lent there is a fair at one of the gates of Florence, at which are sold a little flat thin cake, something like the Swiss "gauffre," called brigidini, and nuts. The brigidini are of very ancient date: the flat kind of tongs in which they are baked have been found in old curiosity shops, dated 1100. They are flavoured with lemon, and crisp, like wafers. These fairs are called by the quaintest names. There is La fiera degli innamorati, La fiera dei disperati, La fiera delle spie, &c., &c., according to the gate at which they are held.* There is also the fair of the Santissima Annunziata, held in March, where everything is sold, from a bedstead to a doll. These fairs temper the monotony of the rest of the calendar year.

Novel-reading, tea-drinking and shopping are pleasures not understood by Tuscan maids. Their reading is of the most limited kind, tea-drinking is an abomination to them, and their shopping is very desultory and undignified. They frequent fairs, and actually patronise sellers of second-hand goods. They do not like to go shopping even for their mistresses. Walking out alone they always avoid; and it appears to them an uncalled for and cruel necessity to wear out their shoes, bonnets, and clothes on "giorni di lavoro."

On the other hand, they do not scorn and abhor any economical habit which their mistresses may think it worth while to practise. There is none of that vain glory in wastefulness which is so common in English servants. There is a greater value for money in some respects, and yet a less regard for it, than in England. So much can be enjoyed without money in Italy, so little in England, that the stand-point is different in the two countries.

An Italian lady's-maid likes to marry a man servant in the family she serves. "Husband and wife in one service" is one of their dreams of well-being; and as it is the custom for women of all classes never to nurse their own children, the married state does not interfere with their duties. When the time comes for the child to leave its nurse, some odd corner in the house is generally found for it, where it remains "suffered" rather than "permitted" till the time comes for it to be, if a boy, apprenticed to some trade or sent to some school; if a girl, to be taught knitting, working, ironing, &c. In this primitive and patriarchal fashion, which, however, I am sorry to say, is almost passing away, the household of an Italian family is more linked together by personal affection than in our more limited and regular establishments.

That expressive phrase "keeping company" is understood in Italy quite as well as in England. Every girl has her "damo," whom she hopes at some indefinite time in the future to marry. But I am afraid it is the institution rather than the individual that is valued. There is often a change in the principal actor, though the drama goes on.

Tuscan Lady's-Maid, dressed for a Ball.

"En tout bien et tout honneur," be it understood. Single girls in Italy are taken care of and bear a good reputation. Now and then a catastrophe takes place, but owing to what the rigid world would call a laxity of morals, the consequences do not involve the entire ruin of the guilty one. All is not hopelessly forfeited. She need not sink lower in utter desperation. It still depends on herself to maintain her footing, and in time and with opportunity to regain respectability. I think, therefore, in the mode of dealing with this offence, the advantage is on the side of the Italians.

A favourite amusement of the Italian lady's-maid is that old-fashioned Jezebel one, looking out of window. When by some mishap, or miscalculation, the new bonnet or dress has not been ready in time for going out, you will see them leaning out of the window, with a "scaldino" in

* Porta San Gallo; Fiera dei Curiosi; Fiera dei Furiosi: Fiera degli Innamorati; Porta al Prato; Fiera dei Disperati; Porta Romana; Fiera dei Contralti; Porta San Frediano; Fiera delle Spie.

their hands if it be winter, or the everlasting fan if it be summer, for a whole afternoon. What pretty faces one thus sees as one looks upwards, in some of the dark narrow streets, watching hour after hour, with steady unmoved gaze, the passing crowds. Faces which bear the same lines and are of the same type as the features we have so admired in the churches and galleries. Masaccio has painted them, and Lippo Lippi and they have been idealised by Perrugino. Faces which have a sudden flashing out into smiles which is peculiarly Italian, and which, seen framed by the dark old arched windows, with their twisted columns in the centre and mediæval copings, are a picture in themselves.

I have spoken of the Tuscan lady's-maid. She, however, is a person of grander and larger and more barbaresque mould. She has a kind of indolent and stolid fierceness about her. Her steady wide-open eyes have far less sparkle and intelligence in them, and she is certainly not so clever or efficient as her Tuscan sister, but she is affectionate and faithful. In cases of illness, she will sit rocking herself on the ground telling her beads by the side of the patient night after night, without a murmur or complaint. Then it is more than worth her salary to hear her speak with the musical full enunciation she gives to her words, and to watch the way she holds that noble head of hers, with its loops of black tresses, fastened by the silver, crescent-shaped comb.

There is the Lucchese, of fairer complexion and slimmer figure, handy, clever, industrious, but, as a general rule, less to be relied on; the Pistorian, with "a wild-fruit flavour," and a savage kind of grace about her, and the Neapolitan, full of tricks and cleverness, and humour and plausibilities; but all are easily contented, more obedient, and more obliging than an English servant, and more faithful and less selfish than a French one. The experience of some years has brought me to this conclusion, that no servant is more generally useful and more pleasant to have in one's house than a good Italian cameriera. Let me add that this word cameriera means both more and less, than its literal translation, lady's-maid.

THE COOK AND MAN-SERVANT.

As a companion to the Italian lady's-maid, I must describe the Italian man-servant. This personage is at once housemaid, cook, purveyor, footman, butler, and waiter. In the morning he sweeps and cleans the drawing-rooms and dining-rooms, and prepares the breakfast; he then goes to market and buys the day's provisions. This is done deliberately, and gives opportunity for an unlimited quantity of gossip with other servants occupied in the same manner, and a diversion into a café to look at the "Nazione," and indulge in a little rest and a cup of black coffee. Then it is time to return home. A white apron and white cap are put on, and the real business of the day commences. The charcoal fires are lighted and the preparations made.

At intervals the cloth is laid, and then, when all is ready, and with an occasional help from the woman, the dinner is served.

An Italian servant usually keeps in his own private employment some retainer who does the dirty work, draws the water, washes up the dishes, and cleans the kitchen. This supernumerary is usually nameless, or bears a nickname. The one who is "attachè" to my servant is called "Vecchio." He is certainly an elderly individual, but does not deserve by any means, either from age or appearance, so disagreeable an appellation as "the old one."

After the dinner is cleared away comes a season of repose, spent over a cigar or pipe by some, in a siesta by others, until the hour of the afternoon drive. By that time the man is dressed, and ready to attend as footman; if the dinner is late and the carriage not used, the eternal café with its dominoes and cards and gossip is again resorted to. A man receives five or six dollars a month. I am always speaking of servants paid according to the rate that Italians pay their domestics. There are servants, and those by no means the best, who are engaged by English, or Russian, or American families, who receive treble that amount of wages, but the sum I have mentioned is the Italian average salary. The usual manner of house-keeping is for your servant to buy, day by day, the articles wanted for daily use, and you pay him every day or once a week. That array of tradesmen's books, with those wonderful hieroglyphics with which the butchers like to puzzle and aggravate you, and the baker and greengrocer vie with each other in confusing you, are all but unknown. One sum in addition serves for all.

Some persons adopt a method of limiting their expenses and simplifying still more their household arrangements, which is to agree that their cooks should provide for the expenses of the family at a certain sum per diem, which is to include everything but tea, wine, or any extraordinary and unusual demand. This is termed "a cottino." It requires, of course, a knowledge of the price of every article to judge whether justice is done in the quantity and quality of the food provided, and it also requires an exercise of imagination on the part of the cook to vary the "ordinary" of each day. To my thinking, it is not a satisfactory method for either party.

In Italy, the luxuries of life are cheaper in proportion than the necessaries. The difference in the weights and measures approximates the expenses of living in England and in Italy more than could be at first sight imagined. A hundred a-year can go as far in England as in Italy, but every additional hundred is worth half as much again, and after five hundred, worth twice as much again.

The character of an Italian man-servant is usually pacific and indolent. This last quality seems strange, considering the multiplicity of occupation which he gladly undertakes, but is the fact. In variety of work is repose, so philosophers tell us; and the manner in which an apartment is arranged, the absence of much, or sometimes of any, running up and down stairs, the little dust or dirt which can accumulate on those painted floors, and the facility with which wood fires are kept up, combine to spare the strength of one's domestics. An Italian has also great personal independence. He will not sacrifice his beard or moustache on

any consideration, he would forego the best situation rather than shave. On the subject of honesty there have been dreadful complaints, but I think they have been exaggerated. I do not deny that with some Italians there is a Spartan characteristic of liking to prove their ingenuity in overreaching, not only their employers, but the tradesmen with whom they deal. They use a persistence and an eloquence in beating down the price of an article, worthy of a better cause, and if they succeed in doing so they pocket the advantage without scruple. This is not honest, certainly, according to our notions. I must add, however, that this advantage would never be conceded to the master in any case whatever, so that he is not a loser by sending his servant to make purchases instead of himself, he only loses the difference which is made in selling to an Italian instead of a "forestiere," and which is considered the rightful perquisite of all the negotiation and diplomacy which has been employed. Yet I would trust money, trinkets, plate, as willingly to an Italian servant as to an English one. By showing the first he possesses your confidence you almost invariably secure his fidelity. The fact is, a good servant soon feels a kind of personal affection for the property of his masters, and respects it as he would his own. It is only, I repeat, when he succeeds in driving a sharp bargain that he cannot resist the temptation of profiting by it. Does no pilfering go on with us?

The weakest part of an Italian's character is his love of making excuses. Lies are, I fear, cosmopolite; but for the inventive faculty of dressing up a falsehood with all kinds of imaginary circumstances, I think the Italians are supreme. It is often as much for the sake of pleasing "per contentarta," as for the sake of deceiving. I must explain, however, that they jump to conclusions with a rapidity and an unreasonableness, which often bears the appearance of wilful falsehood when it is not so. Their mobile natures and vivid imaginations are to blame for this. Then their perceptions are so quick, that a look or a gesture betrays to them in what direction your inclination tends when you ask them a question, and their wonderful easiness and pliancy of temper enables them to adapt themselves in their answers to it. I must also say that there is something so childlike and simple combined with all their facility of contrivance and plotting, that their intrigues are usually very transparent. "Siamo furbi," they say with great self-gratulation, for they prize nothing more than this reputation. Dissimulation rather than simulation is their forte. It has been so long the necessity of the oppressed against the oppressor. Fine wit has so often resisted the brutal force opposed to it, that they have acquired a faith in stratagem which it will take years of freedom to uproot.

One thing has always struck me, the indomitable and deep-seated consciousness of their own superiority, as a race, which this people have always cherished. With their necks under the Austrian heel, it existed undiminished. The Austrians were feared and hated, but even more despised.

There is little or no flunkeyism in Italian servants. They do not like to wear a livery. With them servitude forfeits no rights, but bestows a claim. I hear often reproaches made of the ingratitude and mercenariness of Italian servants. This is unjust. They are grateful for acts of courtesy, and for trifling donations, which our countrymen would often scorn and forget; but I allow that their resentment is as easily excited as their love, and often sponges out the previous good will. But I have met with fidelity, disinterestedness, and warm attachment among them, and these are qualities rare everywhere, and not, alas! the staple commodity of any soil.

Your man-servant becomes just as confidential and communicative after he has been some time in your service as your maid. Mine consulted me seriously the other day as to an intention he had of marrying. As a delicate compliment to my nationality, he said he would prefer an Englishwoman.

"Non troppo, Signora," he said; "but with a little money."

I am so unromantic that I was not scandalised at this last clause. I like, as far as possible, an equality in all monetary arrangements between the sexes. If a woman brings her quota to the domestic outlay, it gives her, or should give her, of necessity, a voice and a potentiality in it.

Kindness to children is a remarkable trait in Italian man-servants. The patience with which they will try to please them and wait on them is wonderful. The understanding, too, between the old child and the younger one is very striking. These men have a susceptibility to impressions and an elasticity of temperament which is most child-like and appreciated by children.

I know no prettier sight than to see the tall, stout Ferdinand, with his moustache and black eyes, and ex-military air (he served in '48), sitting the whole evening with that little golden-haired, fair little boy on his knee, making him laugh with stories of his own childhood. To that child "Ferdinando mio," as he calls him, is a type of manly virtue and genius; to Ferdinando the "Signorino," is a marvel of precocious and angelic intelligence.

"E nostro Signorino," says Ferdinando, claiming him, as it were, and I am quite sure that his own children are not more beloved. That child is certain of having in that man a staunch and life-long friend. His having been born in Tuscany completes and crowns his perfections.

"Cosa vaole," the Italian explains, "he was born in Tuscany, how can he be anything but a Tuscan. I cannot consider him as a 'forestiere,' and then, 'e *così* gentile!'"

THE BALIA, OR WET-NURSE.

That woman with the large round broad-leafed Leghorn hat, trimmed with cherry-coloured bows and streamers, with her long heavy gold ear-rings, with the strings of real but uneven pearls round her brown throat, her large cherry-coloured bows on the shoulders, her bodice, called "busto," which tightens her waist under the full matronly frontispiece, so modestly veiled by the spotless

white handkerchief, is the balia or wet-nurse. She is usually a peasant woman from some of the villages clustered like nests on the Apennines. She sends out her own baby to nurse, and comes down to Florence to seek the situation of balia. She looks much older than she is, at first sight, for she is so brown, and constant exposure to sun and air has made her skin coarse and freckled ; but her features are pretty, and the face has a kind and gentle expression.

She absolutely dotes on the little baby who has replaced her own. Her patience with it is exemplary. The baby is the real Moloch (*vide* Dickens), to which everything else must be sacrificed. It must never be thwarted or contradicted. Strict disciplinarians, who would commence infantine education from the cradle, would be frantic at the indulgence she shows her charge.

Tuscan Balia, or Wet-nurse.

The baby chooses her to sit on the ground, she does so ; the baby will roll on the grass, it does so ; the baby will have her shoulder knots, they are taken off. This is very injudicious, no doubt, but the fault is compensated by untiring good humour, unvarying patience, unswerving gentleness. In my opinion, systematic and constant indulgence does less harm than spasmodic and uncertain petting ; and to trust an uneducated person with the repression of, or opposition to, a child's temper is a dangerous experiment.

A balia is eminently a person of one idea, and that idea is concentrated on the baby she nurses ; she thinks of nothing else,—lives, moves, breathes, for that alone. She is paid in proportion more than other servants, but the troublesome fancies of wet-nurses in other countries she ignores. She eats and drinks as usual, and no double allowance of porter, wine, or tea is required. In cases of infantine illness she is devoted and indefatigable, but easily frightened, and apt to despair on small provocation. She covers her face with her apron, and sobs. She is hopeless, and calls on the Madonna. The beginning and end of her philosophy is to kiss and to cry.

I remember seeing one of these women once, when the child she was nursing had a serious illness. It was thought it would die, and it was necessary to tell her of it. Her despair was touching. It was disinterested grief for the loss of her nursling, and not for the loss to herself. At the same time, when she could articulate, there was something so pagan and barbaric in her ejaculations, that it was quite ludicrous to hear her. She reproached her saints with the cruelty of taking such an "angelino" into Paradise, and expostulated on the injustice to herself, after she had taken such care of the child, had dressed it so neatly, and above all, had washed it every day! Such merit as the last deserved a different catastrophe, and was the hardest thought of all. Her patient love, her day and night watchings, and surrender of herself in every way to the well-being of the infant was natural to her; but washing it every day was an extraordinary good work, and should have ensured reward. Her affection for her foster-child is lifelong, and I have seen a balia speak to a bearded man in a general's uniform with the same tone of tender blandishment with which she must have addressed him as a baby in her arms. The foster-brothers and sisters have also a tie with the child their mother has nursed, which is mutually acknowledged, and rarely set aside. She is very obliging, too, and when she is at liberty, will help with the other servants, and do anything she is asked. Such faults as can be found in her must be considered as proceeding from her ignorance. She is untidy and thoughtless. With all her painstaking she does not dress the child committed to her care with the taste and comprehension of finery of an English nurse, but that may be excused when one remembers how strangely wrapped and swathed are the babies she is used to, and that all these frills, and laces, and feathers are incumbrances, in her opinion, rather than ornaments.

She is never so happy as when the child, disrobed of all its pomps and vanities, is held in her arms, and is drawing its little life from her own. She rocks herself gently backwards and forwards, and hums in a low tone, with that beautiful musical intonation of her country which is universal in all classes. The simple melody harmonises well with that soft cooing gurgle with which the supremely happy infant occasionally interrupts itself. Both faces, that of the nurse and of the child bear a look of dreamy, absorbed felicity. At length the little "forestiere" baby breaks off and turns, and opens its blue sleepy eyes on the vivid dark countenance bending over it. The contrast in type and colouring is most strange and picturesque. It has often made me think (with a slight variation of Campbell's pretty line "Morning led by Night") it is "Morning borne on the breast of Night."

THE SILVER CORD.

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS.

CHAPTER XCII.

What else passed between the two women in that chamber of death needs not now be told.

The sisters returned to London.

"You will write to Paris to-night?" said Mrs. Hawkesley, and they were almost the only words which she had spoken to her sister.

"Yes, I *will* write," said Laura, slowly, and as if the resolution was but half formed.

But it was needless, for, before the evening, Mr. Hawkesley arrived, with Arthur Lygon.

That evening Ernest Adair also met an acquaintance whom he had not expected to see again so soon—if ever.

He had lost no time in obeying the orders of M. Wolowski, had engaged a small room in one of the obscure streets between the Regent's Park and the great thoroughfare which lies to the west, and giving the people of the house an impression that he was a theatrical artist, and that his visitors would be connected with some place of amusement—thereby taking a character which, if the owner be tolerably solvent, is exceedingly popular among the lower class of lodging-house keepers—Adair, too restless to remain at home, made his way, and it was a long one, to the eastern side of the city. There he lingered, tolerably certain to meet no friends in the strange, bustling population of that district. About the wide, old, squalid, yet prosperous quarter, Ernest Adair wandered, and sought to interest himself in its noisy and multifarious commerce, in its open-air banqueting, and in its frequent quarrels, which the large infusion of a sailor-constituency somewhat relieved from mere ruffianism, and rendered a matter of course, amid the revelling, fiddling, and unceremonious love-making with which our sea-labourers beguile their leisure ashore. Adair had stopped, and been hemmed in by an unsavoury crowd that promptly gathered to behold a savage conflict between two fine-looking men who had, five minutes before, been affectionately forcing their money upon one another, but whom the demonstrative coquetry of a Cynthia of the minute had roused into jealous and vindictive rage. The fight was at its fiercest, and Adair was so far interested as to struggle for

his place in the front, when a voice behind him said,

"Bah! that's child's play; you cannot care for that, Monsieur Adair. The fools have knives, and don't use them."

Adair turned, and saw a coarsely-built man, with something of the foreign sailor about him, and whose long black hair and ear-rings, and the bull-neck below, suddenly recalled a scene of violence, the recollection of which had almost been extinguished by grimmer memories of more recent date.

"But he hits well, the fair-haired fellow," continued the other. "Only they have drunk too much to be mischievous. We should not drink when we quarrel, unless we mean to use cold steel, Monsieur Adair, should we?"

"You in England, Haureau?" said Adair.

"Why not. England is as open to me as to you, I suppose?"

"I don't know," said Adair, contemptuously, and affecting to watch the combat even more eagerly than before.

But it was soon over. Cynthia, who had needed a few moments to make adequate reply to the fierce reproaches of her female friends, enraged that a lucrative evening seemed likely to be broken up through a ridiculous sentimentality, had clawed away the bonnet from one, and dashed a handful of oyster-shells into the face of another, and having thus repudiated their interference, threw herself between the combatants, and with that curious distortion of mouth which among women of the inferior class indicates pathos, weepingly implored the champions to desist. Even to such tears as hers the sailor nature is very compassionate, and the men began to regard one another in a maudlin and reproachful way, which made it clear to every dissatisfied spectator that in two minutes more they would be drinking together with horrible oaths of everlasting friendship. Adair withdrew himself from the murmuring crowd, and proceeded on his way, when Haureau came up beside him.

"What do you mean by the answer you made just now?"

"What answer?"

"You said that you did not know that England was as open to me as to yourself."

"Nor do I, nor do I care."

And he walked on at a quickened pace. But though the powerful limbs of his companion were short, his power of step was great, and he easily kept abreast of Adair.

"Don't speak to me in that fashion, Monsieur Adair. I have earned the right to be used more civilly."

"I have nothing to say to you—you can have nothing to say to me—let us take our own ways."

"Mine happens to be yours—yes, and whatever yours may happen to be," added Haureau, as Ernest turned round. "Now."

"Then you have something to say. What is it?"

"I am not to be bullied, that is the first thing, Adair," said the other familiarly. "Don't try that game. What," he added, with a coarse laugh, "you were actually looking at that clown in police clothes—were you thinking of asking him to deliver a gentleman from the importunities of a low ruffian, who insists on addressing him. *Dieu*, what an aristo we have become since we used to fraternise with barbers, and that kind of *canaille!*"

"*Canaille*, as you say," replied Ernest, with as offensive a sneer as he could assume.

And with the air of one who is compelled to endure, he lit a cigar, and leaned against one of the rails which in that region fence the outlying merchandise of the shopkeepers.

"Thank you!" said Haureau, dexterously snatching the cigar at the moment of its illumination, and transferring it to his own lips.

Adair smiled, and lit another, as calmly as if no such insult had been practised on him.

"What, not angry!" said Haureau, emitting a large puff of smoke. "The English air agrees with your temper."

"Angry! With you, or with *him?*" replied Adair, quietly, and gently pushing away with his foot a dog that came up against him.

The retort stung Haureau, who showed his sumptuous white teeth with anything but a pleasant smile.

"You have no business, I tell you, to be so rough with me. I don't speak of the little affair at Silvain's," and he laid his brawny hand on the arm that Adair had wounded. "That *you* might remember, but I don't care to speak of. But I was waiting to be your friend on another occasion, Monsieur Adair, when you would have been more pleased to see me than you look at present."

"I am not aware of it."

"Don't tell lies, because I know you saw me. You see everything, even cards that you don't like. And on a certain day when you thought that two if not three strong-bodied Englishmen were coming to settle an account with you, I know that you were not sorry to see me standing about, ready to take a friend's part if needful."

"I suppose that you were ready to help me, or to strike me down from behind my back, as those who hired you might order."

"Perhaps I was, but then I never strike without orders, like some people, and in consequence I can walk about this town in freedom instead of skulking in quarters which I hate. That's near the mark, Monsieur Adair."

"I am leading the life of a *galley-slave*, eh?" said Adair, giving point to his words by a savage look. "I must not walk out of my yard. Very well. I am sure of your sympathy, Monsieur Haureau?"

"You are a brave fellow, Ernest Adair," replied his companion. "I always said that, and I never knew how right I was till now."

"Deeply obliged by the compliment. Have you any more compliments, or may we break off this interesting conversation?"

"We do not part in this way. We can be useful to one another, and I am sure that you will be glad of it. Where are your lodgings? I was thinking of proposing to come and stop with you."

"Ah!"

"That means that you don't feel inclined to give me a strong recommendation to your landlord. You do not like responsibility. That is

prudent. But I have plenty of money, see." And he thrust his large hand into his pocket and drew out a handful of gold. "I will pay in advance, if that is preferred."

Something in his tone told Adair more than his words.

"If you want my address," said Ernest, "I dare say that it will be furnished to you in good time. As I have private business to attend to, I will wait your visit instead of inviting you."

"That is rude and inhospitable. We sailors feel hurt by that sort of thing more than I can tell you."

"I am sorry," said Ernest, knocking off the ashes of his cigar.

"You do not ask me home, then?"

"Why should I?"

"Because, if the gentleman to whom you have sent your address should call, and you should not be at home, it will be very convenient that another gentleman should be there to apologise for your disobedience to the orders given you in the garret where your hands were held behind your back."

"Why not have saved trouble by saying so at first?" said Adair, calmly.

"I hoped that your kind and noble feelings would have made you show a more friendly spirit. I wish you were a good fellow as well as a brave one, we should be such excellent companions."

"My address is Beevor Street, Marylebone, my number is 16, and my room is the second-floor front. My name is Hyde, and the name of the landlord of the house is Pangbury," said Ernest Adair, walking away.

"Stop, Mr. Hyde."

"What more do you wish to know?"

"Have you sent that address to the person who was to have it?"

"Yes."

"How did you send it?"

"I left it at his office with my own hand."

"At what time?"

"An hour ago."

"He will not receive it until to-morrow, then, and a night is lost. There is some question of life or death in the matter. You are prepared to answer for the consequences of the delay?"

"I could not send an address until I had one."

"I have nothing to say to that."

"That is fortunate," said Ernest Adair, haughtily. He had borne much, but the discovery that Haureau had been placed in charge of him, galled Adair almost beyond expression. He had injured and insulted the man, and the reprisals which the coarse nature of Haureau would certainly inflict, now that he had an opportunity, promised to be more offensive to Adair than the cold cynicism of his Parisian colleagues. But he was in the chain, and the taskmaster was behind him with the whip.

"I shall have something to say about that when we meet at our happy breakfast," said Haureau. "I do not invite myself to supper, because suppers are not an English fashion, I am told, and because I have something to amuse me in this part of the world. Is it any use asking you to join me? You can do no good at home, as your letter is lying in that lawyer's box, and you may as well spend a pleasant night."

"I am going home."

"Yes, I hardly hoped to tempt the aristocrat, by offering him our humble amusements, and yet I could make you known, Adair, to some very good fellows, who would receive you warmly."

"I understand you. Let them find me out for themselves. I dare say they will be able to do so when it is necessary."

"No doubt. But I think you are a fool. Pardon my rough tongue, or don't pardon it, just as you like, it is all the same to me. Only I would ask you what good in the devil's name you think to do yourself by riding the high horse, and pretending to be anything but what you are? At least, what's the good of it with me? Do you think that I have anything to learn about you?"

The speech was brutal in tone and in words, and Adair replied with bitter contempt.

"Do you conceive it possible that I care one farthing, Haureau, what you know, or think about me? I thought I made it pretty clear to you just now," and he pushed forward his foot, "that I do not. But while I have a choice between my own society, and that of a gang of low ruffians, I shall avail myself of that choice. Make the best of that statement when you make your report to your master."

"I like you better than I ever thought to do. I swear I do, and I am devilishly sorry that you have shown yourself a brave fellow. I don't want to get to care about you, but your spirit is honourable, and I respect it. By * * * I should be glad to see you escape, after all."

"You are very good."

"No, I am not. But I have seen a good deal of fighting-life in my time, and a good deal of cowardice, and a fellow that can turn to bay, when the rope is round his neck—round his neck, did I say?—when the men below have hold of it, and are only waiting the gun to run him up aloft—I say that fellow is made for better things. I swear to you, Adair, that if you think I bear malice about this hole in my arm, you are out. I don't care for it a curse. I have had a worse cut from a screaming woman, when we had boarded, and cut down the crew, and were making the best of our prize. I bear no malice, and, though business is business, I'll stand by you, if I can."

And the ruffian and pirate, or whatever he had been, spoke with all the earnestness of his coarse nature.

"You can do nothing for me, Haureau," said Adair. "Do your duty, but let me alone as far as you can."

"I would do *that*," said Haureau, "but there's no latitude allowed me, my fine fellow. You are a dangerous man, and I don't let you give me the slip."

"Wolowski must be a fool," said Ernest Adair, very angrily. "A fool," he added with an oath. "When a rat's in a trap, what need of poking at him?"

"Some rats have sharp teeth, and gnaw their way through the best traps, Monsieur Adair, and I take it that your teeth are among the sharpest. But that's not my business. As for our friend being a fool, that may be, and in one respect I know he is, and you know it, too, or I'm mistaken."

"About Chantal?"

"Yes, and another."

"I do not know the other."

"Yes, you do. It was always a weakness of yours to be sweet on the women. So it was mine, in a way, in days when I had the means of showing it," and he laughed a laugh that perhaps meant a recollection of many a day of wickedness and cruelty. "You know the other."

"A woman?"

"A girl, then, which is nearly as bad as a woman. To hear her say Papa Wolowski, so pleasantly, one would not think that she had false keys to all his drawers and boxes, or that she made a copy of his private cipher, and sold it to his master. I don't blame her, mind you. She don't know whether she is his daughter, or not; but she knows right well that the chief of the bureau is quite too much of a gentleman to give her false diamonds for real ones."

Ernest Adair's face lighted up with actual pleasure.

"What?" he said, with almost a scream in his voice. "What?"

It was not in the nature of the population of that district to hear a question without replying, and quick, if low, was the answer given, impromptu, by a passer-by, and loud was his laugh at his own ribaldry.

"Beast," said Adair, but uttered in good temper. The fellow looked round, but the figure of Haureau did not exactly invite insult, so the other went on his way.

"Do you tell me," said Adair, coming close up to Haureau, "that the demoiselle Madelon—"

"I thought you were such friends with M. ——, that he told you everything. But he keeps a woman's secrets, I suppose."

"She sells Wolowski!" said Adair, exultingly. "O yes, her father; he is her father, there is no doubt of that. *Dieu!* if the brute can feel, he will like that. Good little Madelon!—good little girl! I love you, Madelon!"

"Don't say that. It may make M. —— jealous."

"Ha! and Chantal, too, who is engaged to be married to her—he will be a happy man, the good Chantal!"

"I've told you pleasant news, then, Monsieur Adair."

"Yes," said Adair, fiercely, "you have told me pleasant news, and if you care to be thanked, I thank you. I had given up all hope that I should ever have a chance of stinging that cold-blooded villain, and here, in the middle of my ruin and helplessness, you come with news that he will be stung to the very quick by the only person he cares about in this world. That is good news, Haureau."

"Go home," said Haureau, with a kindly oath. "I don't want to like you, I tell you, and you are making me do it. Now you speak like a man. Go home. I will see as little as I must of you, and whereas I was coming to breakfast to-morrow morning, I will be damned if I come near you. Can I speak more friendly than that?"

"Where are you going now?"

"I can show you, but I can't tell you."

"Show me then, for I won't sleep till I have drunk to the health of Madelon Wolowski. I'll go with you, Haureau, no matter whom we go to meet."

"A gang of low ruffians," quoted Haureau.

"Very likely, but they'll not refuse my toast."

"Not if you proposed the health of M. Satan."

Haureau thrust his huge arm across the arm of Ernest Adair, and they plunged into an abyss of narrow and evil-smelling streets, and made their way towards the river.

CHAPTER XCIII.

So, for the first time during the period of our story, husband and wife were under the same roof.

At the sound of wheels, Mrs. Hawkesley had rushed to the door, had received the affectionate kiss of her husband, and had received Arthur with unusual warmth. Then she hurried the two men into the library.

"You know that Laura is here," she said to Lygon.

"I expected to hear it," was the calm reply.

Beatrice looked at him wistfully, and then said—

"Charles, I must tell all, though I had meant to tell you first. Charles dearest, and Arthur, I have such good news for you, for us all."

And her eyes fairly ran over as she spoke.

"It has all been a wicked, base, conspiracy. All is confessed. The letters are forgeries, the horrible letters that imposed on poor Robert. Forgeries, by that wicked woman at Lipthwaite, helped by the villain Adair. She is on her death-bed, Charles, and she has confessed it all. I was there, and heard her. Arthur! do you hear me, forgeries? Charles, why is he not on his knees thanking God?"

"He will answer for himself, Beatrice," said Charles Hawkesley, gravely.

"Arthur!" exclaimed Mrs. Hawkesley.

"This is Mrs. Berry's confession, do I understand you aright?" said Lygon, in a low voice, but without agitation or excitement.

"Yes, yes. This very day. We have been at Lipthwaite together, Laura and myself, and it has all been told. Mr. Berry was present, and has made notes of what she said. Arthur! Why do you stand so coldly looking at me? Laura is in the room above."

She spoke as if she expected him to make one rush from the room to the arms of his wife. But he did not move.

"Is he too much astounded to speak, Charles?" said the impetuous Beatrice, turning to her husband. "Is the happiness too much for him? Let him divide it with Laura."

And she turned to the door, and then looked back at the faces of her companions.

"What does this mean?" she asked. "Is there any new sorrow come upon us? No! I have my husband, you and Laura are here, and all the children are well—what harm can the world do us? Charles, why are you silent?"

"I see all that your kind heart means, Beatrice," said Lygon. "It is sad to have to answer you as I must do. You have believed that all was over, and that after my hearing what you had to tell

me my happiness would be restored to me. This cannot be."

"Cannot be?"

"I will not now discuss a painful subject. I have put your husband in full possession of my views, and he will explain them to you."

"Explain!—I want only one word. Laura is in the house, and that wicked evidence against her is scattered to the winds—why is she not in your arms?"

"Be calmer, dear Beatrice," said Charles Hawkesley. "There is, unhappily, a feeling which is not to be removed by your appeal—it has not been removed by graver arguments. Arthur must take his own course."

"He shall hear his wife, however!" said Beatrice, agitated, and going to the door.

"Stay, Beatrice," said her husband.

"You, too, tell me to stay. What *is* this?"

"Do you think I would stop you for a second, if it were not necessary? Arthur, will you tell my wife why it is necessary?"

"He has offended *you*, I see," said Beatrice, quickly.

"He has grieved me. But that is not worth a word. Let him tell you—or shall I say it for him?—that no reconciliation with Laura is possible."

"Arthur—are you mad?"

"Not so mad, Beatrice," said Arthur Lygon, in cold, measured speech, "as to risk my life's happiness twice."

"Risk! You are speaking of my sister."

"I am speaking of my wife, even a better guarantee, Beatrice, that I should not speak lightly."

"You will break her heart!" exclaimed Beatrice, passionately.

"It will not be so."

"Oh, Arthur! it must be my fault. In my hurry and eagerness to tell you the good news, I have told it badly, and you do not quite understand me. Dear Arthur! Mrs. Berry, the wife of your friend, is dying, and confesses to having forged the letters on which Laura was condemned. You have understood me now," she sobbed, "fly up to her, dear soul, and assure her that she is to be happy again. What *is* it, Charles?" she added, piteously.

"I hope that Laura will long be happy," said Lygon; "but her happiness will be separated from mine."

"That it can never be."

"It could be once, and it had been well for us all if—if we had not been parties to a fearful mistake. But we will not make it a second time."

"For Heaven's sake, Arthur, tell me what you mean! Do you not believe this story which I have told you, this confession of a dying woman? If you could have heard the solemn way in which it was uttered—"

"I know it to be true."

"Bless you for saying that! Then what more is there between you and Laura? You have freed her from that wicked charge—what more?"

"That wicked charge! Beatrice, had that been all, how mad must Laura's conduct have seemed? They were bungling forgers, those wretches. Had their letters been all that could be brought against Laura, she would have laughed them to scorn. The villain who wrote them, and his accomplice, knew little of their business. Until I had seen copies of the letters, I hardly knew what to believe, but half a dozen pages sufficed for me. Copies have been shown me, and my only marvel is that poor Urquhart could have been deluded into the belief that such letters could have come from the pen of a woman whom I had called wife."

"She *could* not have written them?" said Beatrice, with tears running down her glowing cheeks.

"She could not. No English matron, whose taste as well as her heart had not been debauched by vice, could have written them—they are worthy the hands of a low profligate like Adair, and a half-mad and wholly bad woman like Mrs. Berry. Had those been the only evidences, Laura would have trampled the accusation under her feet, and have left her vengeance to me. I tell you, Beatrice, one glance at *those* letters was enough."

"Then what remains?"

"The other letters, which Laura is afraid to disavow. The letters that show she has loved and been loved, and by a man whom she has not wedded. It was for those letters that Laura went to France, and the story which they reveal is the story that parts us for ever."

"My God, Arthur Lygon! The mother of your children! Because when she was a girl, scarcely more than a child, she fancied herself in love with some boy who has long been dead, but who has much longer been forgotten by her."

"I know not whether the object of her love be dead, or be alive, nor is it of importance. She was a woman when she wrote those letters, and she loved the man to whom they were written. Had I known it, she had never been my wife. As it is, she is my wife no longer. Let those words suffice."

"Charles!" gasped Mrs. Hawkesley, "are you a party to this madness, this cruelty? No, I am sure you are not."

"I am not."

"He is not—I will not pause over your words, Beatrice—let me say that your husband is unable to understand my feelings, and has laboured with a zeal which ought to do more than satisfy you, that it is my duty to accept such love as Mrs. Lygon can offer me, and for the sake of the children to forget the deceit of the mother."

"And was it *so*, Charles, that you urged the case of Laura?"

"Again I ask Arthur to reply."

"I see," said Lygon. "I have expressed my own feelings, not his. He is pleased almost to ridicule my feelings, and to condemn me for what he cannot understand. At the risk of offending you, Beatrice, I clear him from the blame you would give him."

"And God bless you, Charles," said his wife. "To you Arthur, what can I say, if you have shut your heart to such pleading as that which speaks for the mother of your children? This is indeed a new affliction, and I was presumptuous

enough to say that there could be no more for us. Arthur, if ever woman loved deeply and truly, it is Laura. She has been devoted to you, and so proud of you that even when things have been said at which other wives might have taken fire—I might and should—I own it—Laura has been silent in her scorn of them—she knew you, and that was enough. If you could not see her love in her whole life, if you wanted the incessant assurance of it, indeed, Arthur, you did not deserve such a treasure as Laura. But even then you might think of her as a mother, and ask yourself whether one who so idolised her children, who watched over them with such perfect and patient love, had no place for their father in her large, warm, true heart. Oh, you know not what wild, wicked folly has entered your brain, what bitter tears you will one day pay for having been so wilfully blind."

"I honour your sisterly love, Beatrice; in return, believe in my suffering. Now we will say no more on this. I had wished to spare you such an interview, but I was forced by your husband to assent to meet you. You have said nothing that I was not prepared to hear—do you need to be told that I would give my right hand to feel as you would wish me to feel?"

"See Laura," sobbed Beatrice.

"Why inflict needless pain? She cannot desire to see me, after what has passed, and it is better for both that we should make our arrangements through others. Your sister, Beatrice, will have no reason to complain of me. I leave all in the hands of Charles and yourself."

"Arthur, she will die."

"Spare such appeals, Beatrice, because they force from me answers which I am grieved to make."

"She will die."

Arthur Lygon made no answer.

"Yes, Arthur," said Beatrice, "it is true. But I will not say that her heart should break for one who has shown how little he deserves her love. You will destroy her in another way."

"Beatrice?"

"Yes. Those children, whom she adores—"

"A word, Beatrice. Are you already so unjust towards me? Are you suspecting me of an intention to avenge myself—to repay Laura for her deceit, to punish her, in short? Think better of me. Your husband will tell you how far was such an idea from my mind—ask him."

"It is due to Lygon," said Hawkesley, "to say that his own resolution, taken without a word on the subject from me, is to leave to Laura the entire custody of the three children, with the single condition that they visit him when he desires it."

"Or at times of her own appointment—when she can best part with them," added Mr. Lygon.

"And men make law for women, and understand them no better!" exclaimed Beatrice Hawkesley. "Oh, Arthur, how little do you know Laura. How, if God is good to you—better to you than you deserve—you will look back with shame and humiliation upon what you have said to-day. Charles, dearest, I am not accusing you—it was not your province to know the depth of that loving heart, and yet you know it more truly than he who should have treasured it like his life. The custody of the children is to be entrusted to Laura," she repeated, bitterly. "Oh, if you knew! And you shall know it," she added, impetuously, "and I care not what follows."

Beatrice hurried from the room.

"Do not reproach yourself, Charles," said Lygon. "You did what you deemed right in bringing me here."

"If I reproach myself, Arthur, it is because I am helping you to inflict pain where it is undeserved," said Hawkesley. "I am in my own house, or I might say more."

The door opened, and Mrs. Hawkesley led in Laura to the presence of her husband.

She was pale as snow, and she trembled visibly. One glance, it was scarcely furtive, and yet timid as the look of a girl. She saw the worn and weary look on the handsome features of her husband, and then her eyes were turned away, and sought his no more. She had read enough, in failing to find that which woman reads with a glance of lightning.

Arthur Lygon bent his head in silence.

Mrs. Hawkesley spoke, and it was almost with solemnity—in a tone very rare in that cheery, kindly voice:

"Do not let us take one step more in a course which has begun in error, but which should not end in misery. Surely it is enough that one of three sisters is a miserable widow, through a fatal persistence in mystery and wrong. At least let the dead be mourned for, before we heap new sorrow on the living. Arthur, and Charles, I have brought Laura here, not that anything may be unsaid that has been said in this room to-night, but that you may understand something that was said by me. Arthur, your wife was in this house this morning, and refused to let me send for her children. Those children are in the house now, and their mother has not seen them."

"May I—may I not see them, Arthur?" said Laura, faintly.

"My God!" said Arthur Lygon, pained to the very heart at her tone. "Why have you not seen them? Why do you not see them? Could I know this?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Hawkesley.

"Beatrice!" said Lygon, in astonishment.

"Let me speak for her," said Beatrice. "Let nothing come from her lips that can add to the painful recollections of this time. How painful they will be, even when we are all happy, who can tell. Arthur, you do not need to be told how a mother's heart is throbbing to feel her children pressing to it—*you* love them, but what is a father's love to a mother's?"

"Why are they not with her?" replied Arthur Lygon, almost angrily.

"Because Laura will not look upon the faces of her children—yes, and you may sever them if you will, until her heart has broken—but she will not see her children until her husband has forgiven an error which, when she dares, she will explain—which meant, as he will one day believe, that she loved him too well to be wise."

"*May* I see my children, Arthur?" said a sweet voice, broken by sobs.

He was silent for a few moments, and the sob of his wife came upon his ear.

"I have long since forgiven," said Arthur Lygon.

Laura raised her head, and one look, such as should have been on his face, would have brought her with one rush to his arms. But the look was not there. She did not move.

"I have fully forgiven," repeated Arthur. "Let the children come."

Mrs. Hawkesley had not waited for the second word. A hurried cry of young voices without, a wilder cry from a mother's voice within, and for a moment, at least, that mother was happy.

(To be continued.

REPRESENTATIVE MEN.

Merchants.

THE POLOS: SIR JOSIAH CHILD: SIR DUDLEY NORTH: THE ROTHSCHILDS: JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

In the study of human life, as in ordinary human intercourse, we find fun and mournfulness always together; and there is scarcely a trait of human character which has not at once an amusing and a pathetic side. For one instance, very striking to an observer of modern English society, there is something as ridiculous as it is melancholy in the contempt which the vulgar of the professional classes parade for commercial occupations. To any one who knows what commerce has done for the world, and what sort of citizens the great merchants of the world have made, there is something ludicrous and painful at once in hearing the family of a provincial surgeon, or lawyer, thanking Heaven that they are not connected with anybody "engaged in trade." Youths and maidens of such families, and not only they but their elder relatives, escape from the charge of pride by alleging that commercial people are narrow-minded and money-grubbing; that their occupations tend to keep them ignorant, and to make them selfish, underbred, and unpatriotic. The landed interest, as we used to call it, had an equally contemptuous notion of the merchants, some time ago, though not on exactly the same grounds. The prejudice has given way, partly through the family alliances entered into by landed dignity and commercial wealth, and yet more by the introduction of the principles and methods of business into the practice of agriculture. Since our great landowners have learned that agriculture is the manufacture of food and other original products, they have begun to perceive the value and beauty of those economical principles and methods which are supposed by apothecaries' sons and attorneys' daughters to vulgarise the mind, and render traders of any rank unfit company for classes which have no interest in saleable commodities. If any one of my readers should be disposed to doubt whether such a view is really entertained in English society, let him take pains to learn what is felt and said in classes outside of his own,—whatever that may be: and he will find that Bonaparte's declaration that we are "a nation of shopkeepers," is still considered the most cutting thing he could have said; and that there is everywhere, from Belgravia to the village of two or three hundred inhabitants, an assumption of gentility and enlightenment on the part of divinity, law, and physic, which commerce finds it hard to despise. It is not to be denied that the aristocratic illusions of the professional classes are kept up by the characteristic faults of the commercial order, as, for instance, the political cowardice which is the conspicuous vice of the manufacturers and merchants of many countries at this day; but, when it comes to picking holes in one another's coat, every class has some success against its neighbour, and there is no profession which has not its besetting sin. The one which seems to beset them all is the ignorant pride with which they regard a vocation which wise men of all orders know how to respect.

It may help some of us to a right point of view to glance at two or three of the Representative Men of the commercial class, and see what they were like, and what they did.

The first who gives us any full and clear impression of the European merchant of the Middle Ages is particularly interesting to us just now, as the first European who ever entered China Proper. The Venetian family of the Polos afford an admirable example of their order; and Marco is the one we care most about, because he recorded what he did and saw.

In 1255 Marco Polo was playing about in the halls and balconies of one of the beautiful palaces of proud Venice,—the great city by which Europe itself was known at the ends of the earth. The boy was becoming old enough to be told about his father, whom he had never seen. He had an uncle Marco; and he had a mother who told him, as he grew able to understand, that his father and his other uncle, Maffio, were men of noble minds, who wished to extend the commerce of Venice, and to make out whether some fresh countries might not be visited, and induced to exchange commodities with a people who could fetch and carry the productions of all known lands and seas. In 1250, the father and uncle had gone to Constantinople, where they had bought precious stones, as the most convenient article to carry into unknown regions; and from thence it was understood that they had gone into Scythia. Beyond this, there was nothing to tell. Scythia meant everything beyond the route that commerce took on the Euxine. Nobody knew what it was like, or how far it spread, or what was the end of it. Ghengis Khan came forth from it; and there was a prevalent belief that a magnificent potentate dwelt in a country of singular wealth where the world ended in that direction; but there were no means of knowledge, and there was no use in going over such maps as there were at that day. Land and sea were set down by guess; and nobody yet dreamed of a passage by the south of Africa, or of the existence of the western half of the globe. Little Marco and his mother could only put together all they had heard of wild animals and strange birds, and wonderful commodities, and terrible warriors, with armies of horses (horses being almost as strange as elephants to the people of Venice;)—the Polos could only speculate and imagine, and desire and pray that the

brave merchants might come home soon. They were hardly looked for while Marco was a child; for, when people went exploring, they expected to be gone for a term of years; and merchants especially found it answer to sit down in a favourable place for months or years together,—besides its being usually difficult to get away in safety, except at rare intervals. But Marco grew into boyhood and youth; and still his father did not return. He was well taught and trained, so as to be fit for whatever destiny his father might be intending: but his poor mother could not wait for the end of her long suspense. When the father, Nicolo Polo, returned at last, Marco was nineteen, and had for some years felt himself an orphan.

It must have been one of the strangest first meetings between parent and child that ever took place. It does not appear that Nicolo had ever heard, with any certainty, of the boy's existence; for people who ventured into "Scythia" in those days gave up all hope of news from home: and now he found a fine manly young fellow, eager to hear of everything, from the traffic on the Volga to the grandeur of Kubla Khan. When on the Volga, the Polos had been warned of troubles to the west of the Caspian; so they tried to pass down by the east side, and lived for a time at Bokhara. They knew better than our poor countrymen of this century how to hold intercourse with Tartar potentates; and they were safe and prosperous where Wyburd and Stoddart and Conolly underwent captivity and death.

At Bokhara they won the admiration of a minister of the great Emperor of Tartary, who persuaded them to go with him to the Emperor's court. For the chance of opening all Asia to Venetian commerce, and seeing what could be made of "far Cathay" and its reputed wealth, they agreed to undertake this journey of a whole year from the court of Bokhara to that of Kubla Khan, in Chinese Tartary. It was in 1265 that they arrived there. The great Khan knew about as much of the West as Europe did of the far East. He wished the Pope, as the head of Christendom, would send him a hundred wise men, to instruct his people in all sorts of knowledge. The Polos carried this petition to the Pope. By some means or other, they got passed through to Syria, from the coast of which it was easy to reach Venice.

They had achieved such a commercial success, and saw so much more in prospect, that they were eager to return to Tartary; and young Marco was eager to go with them. Owing to a change of Popes, it was some time before they could get on with their errand: and they started at last, at the end of two years, without any answer, dreading lest the Emperor should suspect them of bad faith. They had again left the coast of Syria when they were called back to receive credentials, and two monks laden with presents from the new Pope—all destined for Kubla Khan. The monks, however, turned tail on finding that the Soldan of Egypt was in force on their route. The Polos persevered, and reached Balkh, where young Marco was so ill that they stayed for a whole year. When we read of these long pauses, we must remember that the adventurers were trading all the time, or learning the commercial methods of each country and district. We must remember how small were the facilities for exchanging and transmitting money; and that, even at this day, time seems to be of no value in eastern countries. The promptitude and rapid action of Europeans, and yet more of Americans, is a subject of contemptuous wonder to orientals, who are never comfortable unless they lose as much time as possible over every transaction.

At last, however, the Polos were again on the march, climbing the snowy passes of the mountains, and traversing the windy steppes of central Asia. They were thirty days in crossing the desert of Kobi, and, after crossing Chinese Tartary, they presented themselves to their old patron. He was well pleased to see them again, and received the Pope's presents very graciously. When Nicolo presented his son, the Emperor looked benignly upon him, and gave him an office in his household. Marco was young enough to be flexible in such circumstances. He lived like the Tartars, learned four languages presently, and, by his general cultivation, obtained a strong and wide influence. It suited his purposes well that the Emperor sent him here, there, and everywhere on State business—one of these journeys being to a province which it took six months to reach. He was all the time making himself master, for future use, of the geography of these lands and seas, and of their commercial capacity and condition; for he was not satisfied with growing rich and powerful, like Joseph in Egypt, but yearned after his own country and his father's house. While he was acting as governor of a great city in China, his father and uncle were instructing the Emperor in the arts of war, and enabling him to take towns by the battering-ram and some new projectiles—the use of which was high military science in those days.

Meantime Kubla Khan was growing old: the Polos had been seventeen years with him, and they dreaded detention by his successor if they did not get away by his indulgence. He was hurt at the request, and conceived that they ought to be satisfied with such wealth as he could bestow: and he was willing to give whatever they might ask. Marco's opportune knowledge released them. In his rovings he had discovered that there was sea where our ships are now always passing to and fro: and he engaged to carry by sea to Persia a young princess whose bridegroom was awaiting her there, while the land journey was too full of risks, at the moment, for her to attempt it. The Persian envoys so desired his escort, that Kubla Khan yielded the point, and sent off the party in grand style. Fourteen four-masted vessels, provisioned for two years, carried many hundreds of navigators. The few details we have of this return from China—from Fokien to Venice—show us something of what it was that adventurous merchants undertook in spreading commerce in the middle ages. In 1271 and 1272 the Polos had ridden and marched through dry steppes and over ranges of snowy mountains: and now, in returning twenty years later they braved other perils. They coasted almost every country,

and probably took the diseases of all; for 600 men of their little fleet died on the way. The two Persian envoys also died; and when the expedition reached Ormuz, the bridegroom of their Tartar princess was no longer living; nor, as they soon learned, Kubla Khan. His death released the Polos from their promise to return and resume their offices, bringing with them other western Christians to improve his Tartar subjects. They were now free to do what they would with their remaining years.

It was in 1295 that three men of strange aspect appeared on the steps of the Polo Palace at Venice, and were going to enter it as their own, when they were ordered off. Two of them were old, and one middle-aged; they were dark-complexioned, and wore an outlandish dress, and their speech was difficult to understand. When they declared themselves Polos, they were treated as impostors. The absent Polos had long been supposed dead, and their relatives had inhabited the palace for many years. The applicants were evidently foreigners, and in no way resembling the Polos.

The strangers then named the families in Venice with whom their own had formerly associated, and induced them to assemble; and then, in a strange accent, and using many outlandish words, they related their adventures so as to be in part understood. Moreover, they unripped the folds and belts of their dress, and turned out such an enormous mass of precious stones as won the belief and veneration of all present. All Venice was soon at their doors, congratulating them. High offices were conferred on the old men, and Marco had no peace for the eagerness of the ladies to hear all about Kubla Khan and the land of Cathay. A population of millions was so wonderful an idea at Venice that the listeners gave the traveller the name of Marco of the Millions, and the family palace was known for centuries as the Court of the Millions—some, however, supposing that the emeralds, diamonds, carbuncles, and sapphires which were showered from the travellers' clothes originated the title, causing the Polos to be regarded as millionaires, as we should say in our day.

The old men settled down at home contentedly; and Marco's father married again, and had three more sons, when Marco was supposed to be lost. But Marco felt adrift at first, and as if he had passed from a familiar life into a strange one, so that he made no difficulty about accepting a naval command against the Genoese, a few months after his return. The Genoese were in that case the aggressors; Marco was called on as the most experienced navigator in Venice; and forth he went—only to be taken prisoner. He broke the enemy's line, but was not supported, and surrendered when wounded. The Genoese were proud of their prisoner, and treated him well, only requiring from him perpetual narratives of the Great Khan and far Cathay. Marco had soon had enough of this, and he listened to the counsel of persons who insisted that these things should be written down. He was assisted to obtain from Venice the original notes of his travels; and he dictated to a zealous scribe that narrative which is the foundation of all our knowledge of the far East.

That narrative suggested new ideas to the minds of successive generations, so that out of it came the conception of a continuous voyage, and the discovery of the Cape passage, on the one hand, and, on the other, of a westerly access to China and the discovery of America. Meantime, the nature and aims of commerce were prodigiously raised and expanded, and those results were obtained which follow from the bringing face to face of various tribes and nations. The first copy of Marco Polo's travels was made in 1298, and from that time more copies were made and circulated. The more his fame spread, the more decidedly did his captors refuse the great ransom offered by his father and uncle; but, at last, the citizens of Genoa began to be ashamed of so treating such a man, and they successfully petitioned the government for his release. He dutifully tended his father, and raised a monument to his memory; he was affectionate to his father's second family, by whom the family name was for a short time supported, as Marco had no son by the marriage he entered into at Venice. He left two daughters, and the name died out with a grandson of his father's. Marco's will was made after he was seventy; but we do not know the date of his death. What we know about his death is, that his friends implored him, for the salvation of his soul, to confess the lies he had imposed upon the world under the name of his travels, and especially to separate the true from the false in his narrative; and that he swore by his salvation that he had not only told no lies, but reserved in his own breast many things which his countrymen could not be expected to believe. Even this solemn declaration failed to satisfy society at the time, and it has required centuries to establish the rightful reputation of Marco Polo, the travelling merchant of the thirteenth century. Even now there are obscure or unintelligible parts in his geographical statements; but we have learned from former generations to wait for light instead of accusing our instructor. Lapse of time has so confirmed and illustrated Marco Polo's narrative that we are bound to respect where we cannot understand him; and he may not even yet have attained his full fame.

There cannot have been many other men who have so seemed to themselves to live two lives in one. His Chinese life,—the half of his mature years, must have been to him the most natural and familiar, as he took to it early, and formed his mind upon it, so that Venice must have seemed most like a foreign country. The link between the two was his commerce,—the character of commerce being,—at least in those days,—much the same all over the world; and everywhere it was honoured. It would not have been easy in the time of the Polos to find provincial, or even metropolitan people who congratulated themselves on not being connected with anybody "engaged in trade."

It is enough to refer to "the Royal Merchant" to whom the traders of London owed the comfort of a shelter, instead of standing in Lombard Street in all weathers, to confer on their affairs. Sir

Thomas Gresham is universally recognised as the model of a citizen, for enlightenment and public spirit. He had a university education; and then, as in natural sequence, served his apprenticeship as a mercer. It was his study and practice of trade that led him to those financial views which were a fortune to his country. He proposed and proved the policy of domestic, in preference to foreign loans; and this was a greater benefit than even the Royal Exchange. Queen Elizabeth could not have chosen him as the host of distinguished foreign visitors unless he had been a gentleman, as well as a man of extensive knowledge, and a skilled financier. It was a great thing for her, and for England, present and future, that there was a Thomas Gresham, three centuries since, "engaged in trade."

A hundred years later, when the horror of the Plague hung over London like a pall, a merchant who was thus driven from his business, sat at his writing-table in his country house, recording his notions on commercial matters for the public benefit. This was Josiah Child, a London merchant's second son. The national mind was beginning to grope about in need of some principles of political economy to lay hold of, and Josiah did his best to supply the want. No man could be expected to find the true standpoint at once; and Josiah Child proceeded on the then undisputed ground of the mercantile system, by which money is assumed to be something altogether unlike a commodity which has a relative value in the market. In spite of this fundamental error, there was so much that was wise, true, and fresh in Child's writings, that he at once took a high place among the distinguished citizens furnished by trade. He might partly confound cause and effect in treating of the benefits of a low rate of interest: he might take a wrong ground in defending the commerce of the East India Company: but he enlarged the public notion of the scope and operation of trade, and took much trouble to communicate his own enlightenment to society. It was he who also put forth proposals about the relief of pauperism, which showed us in what direction to look when reform became necessary. He thought a union better than a parish, and would have made every pauper work; but, seeing the difficulty of the competition with independent industry, he would have sent all paupers to the colonies. It is remarkable that he advocated a plan of centralisation, and would have established a corporate body of Fathers of the Poor, who should have saved every parish the trouble of its paupers.

Josiah understood his own business so well that he grew vastly rich, and married his children into aristocratic families. He was made a baronet at eight-and-forty; and when his third wife died, thirty-six years after him, above fifty great families went into mourning for her. I sometimes fear that the high spirit of the middle class of Englishmen is not altogether what it was,—seeing how aristocratic connection is made an object of serious pursuit. However this may be, it appears that two centuries ago, as now, the highborn do not object to obtain wealth by becoming connected with persons "engaged in trade."

While Josiah Child was writing in his country house, in the intervals of news about the Plague, the person who was to correct some of his mistakes was entering on manhood under peculiar circumstances. Dudley North, then choosing his course in life, (or having it chosen for him) had lived among the gipsies in his childhood,—having been stolen when his nurse's back was turned, and well hidden from search. Nothing could ever make a scholar of him, when he was at last found; but his whole soul was alive when there was any bargaining in hand. He was sharp enough at school about other things than his book: so his father bound him to a Turkey merchant, to be sent abroad. He went north and east,—to Archangel and Smyrna; and the world was much amused by the accounts he gave afterwards of what he had seen and observed. He learned the Turkish language, and gave his countrymen the first distinct notions they ever obtained of life in Turkey. More than this, he studied the course of commerce with such an open mind that he discovered the real function of gold and silver money in trade, and made some of his countrymen understand it when he came home, by answering Sir Josiah Child's doctrine about interest. It was in 1691 that this revelation was made to the mercantile interest in the "Discourse on Trade," which has placed Sir Dudley North among the early economists of our country.

It was partly at least to his parentage, and to his being brother to the Lord Keeper, that Dudley North owed his consequence in the city, and rose into some high municipal offices: but the same circumstances, and the political opinions which accompanied them, exposed him to vicissitude in the latter days of the Stuarts. If he had not been an enlightened merchant, he would not have been heard of now: whereas we hear of him, not merely as alderman and sheriff, and knight, but as one of those precursors of a great scientific period who, by sagacity, obtain a premature share of the wisdom which is to be disclosed. He stands in our history as the precursor by nearly a century of Adam Smith in one department of his researches; and this was not by closet meditation only, but by bringing strong observant and comparing faculties to bear on commercial topics; so that it was a blessing to his country that the mind early trained to sharpness by gipsy habits, was "engaged in trade."

Within the last century the leading merchants of all countries have manifested the same characteristics,—the enlightenment, the brave and shrewd enterprise,—which have distinguished their class in all times; and they have obtained the same substantial power and social consideration.

When George III. came to the throne there was a little boy at Frankfort who did not dream of ever having anything to do, personally, with the sovereigns of Europe. He was in the first stages of training for the Jewish priesthood. His name was Meyer Anselm Rothschild. For some reason or other he was placed in a counting-house at Hanover, and he soon discovered what he was fit for. He began humbly as an exchange-broker, and went on to be the banker of the Landgrave of Hesse, whose private fortune he saved by his

shrewdness, when Napoleon overran Germany. How he left a large fortune and a commercial character of the highest order, and how his five sons settled in five of the great cities of Europe, and have had more authority over war and peace, and the destinies of nations than the sovereigns themselves, the world pretty well knows. Despotic monarchs must be dependent on money-lenders, unless they are free from debt, and can command unlimited revenues for untold purposes,—which is never true of despotic sovereigns. Constitutional rulers are free from the responsibility and the difficulty, and our sovereigns are supplied by parliamentary vote, and need not stoop to borrow. Yet there is room for a Rothschild in London, where loans are negotiated for all countries, and which is a kind of central office for the financial news of all the world. In London, then, one of the sons—Nathan—settled. Anselm remained at Frankfort, Solomon went to Vienna, Charles to Naples, and James to Paris. Nathan was the leader, to whom the others looked up with reverence and confidence. He had assisted his father by his admirable ways of investing the moneys lodged in his father's hands; and he enriched his brothers by his wise guidance, and his generous extension to them of his knowledge and opportunities. He paid and provisioned our troops in the Peninsular War, and reaped the large profits which were his due for such a service; and from that time his fortune became colossal. He will be remembered in the financial history of the empire by his having introduced foreign loans into this country as a financial feature, as Gresham opened to our sovereigns the resource of domestic loans. Before the days of the Rothschilds, an Englishman here and there had invested his money abroad; but the difficulty of receiving the dividends, and the uncertainties caused by fluctuations in the exchange had confined the speculation to a very small number. Nathan Rothschild made the arrangements perfectly easy and regular, to the convenience of borrowers and lenders alike. Sovereigns and empires competed for his countenance, as his opinion decided their credit; and Spain has not yet got over the effects of his quiet steady refusal to enter into any money contracts with her or her dependencies. He was ennobled in Austria; but he preferred his personal consideration to any adventitious rank, and never used his title of Baron. The Member for London is his eldest son. Everywhere in Europe the Rothschilds are regarded as exemplars of the commercial character in its loftiest phase, in an advanced stage of civilisation. Their honour is proverbial, like the word of a king, or the gage of a soldier; their intellectual range is wide; their faculties are keen and sound; and their charities are in proportion to their wealth. Such are the results of a German boy having left the priestly calling to be "engaged in trade."

The romance of the vocation has not vanished from society with the progress of civilisation. We find in America now the personal adventurousness of three or four centuries ago, combined with the speculative ability which is the common form of commercial courage in our own day. If any reader should here neglect geographical and other distinctions, and confound all American commercial speculators together, I must remind him that the merchants of New England enjoy as high a character for probity, in the widest sense, as any commercial class in Europe. There is an order of merchants in other Atlantic States of the same moral rank, though afflicted with neighbours more fit for a repudiating region, on the frontiers of barbarism: but seats of commerce which have the highest reputation for the virtues and accomplishments of their traders are still in New England. Salem, in Massachusetts, for instance, known in Europe chiefly for the hanging of witches, seems like a European port of three or four centuries ago. There a ship-master puts his elder children to school, and carries his wife and infants on board, to go round the world, seeking their fortune. He starts with his ship in ballast, and steers for some wild place, to see what commodity he can pick up; and he sells his first cargo where he can buy a second; and so goes trafficking round the world, coming home with a fortune in his hold. It entered the head of one of these men to carry ice instead of ballast, and run to Calcutta. The Calcutta people were so taken by surprise that before the ice could be distributed, one-fourth was melted; but the rest brought six cents per lb., which was better than ballast. The next time the customers were more ready; and the price rose to ten cents. Since that time, the exportation of ice has become a lucrative trade; and the lovely "ponds" of Massachusetts afford a field of industry in winter, as striking as the scene of pleasure when the young people go sleighing. The pick and the saw are heard on the ice, as well as the bells of the sleighs, and the laughter of human voices. The celebrated Salem Museum carries one back to old times. It is the pride of every skipper and supercargo to bring home something worthy of a place in the museum; and it used to be the aspiration of every master of a ship to become a member of the Museum Company by having doubled the Capes of Good Hope and Horn. That feat is now so common that some other qualification is probably added by this time. The Salem houses are peculiar in their adornments; rare and fantastic shells, Polynesian matting, shining hempen fabrics from the eastern archipelago, Chinese products in greater variety than the English have supposed to exist, Chinese caricatures of the Dutch in metal, Hindoo idols, and so on, without end.

The great Representative Man among American merchants was, however, not from New England; and we are accustomed to associate his name with New York. He was, however, a German by birth, though his reputation is altogether American.

John Jacob Astor was born near Heidelberg; and there seemed no reason why he should not live and die a German peasant farmer, except his own strong impression that he should be a great man some day. He was one of Nature's speculators; and his mind shaped his destiny. He went, while still a youth, to London, and earned enough to purchase a handful of commodities with which to cross to America, at the close of the revolution,—a brother being already there. The particular direction of his enterprise was determined by his being delayed, like the passengers of

several other ships, for three months by the ice in Chesapeake Bay. The passengers of the detained vessels visited each other; and Astor made friendship with one who had with him a venture of furs. Astor sold his own goods, and bought these furs. His mind was fixed on the condition of the fur trade: he visited Canada, and learned the whole history and mystery of the North-West and Mackinaw Companies. It was a great object in the United States to break up, or evade the British monopoly of the fur trade; and Astor was just the man to do it. When, by a treaty in 1795, Canada was permitted to trade directly with the United States, Astor entered into a contract in London with the Great North-West Company for its furs, which he received in America, and sold to all parts of the world. He had establishments on the Canada frontier, and there found that the Mackinaw Company was sadly in the way.

He proved this so clearly that the State of New York granted a charter of incorporation to "the American Fur Company," so called, Astor being in fact the company. This was in 1809; and in 1811 he had, with some coadjutors from the rival British Company,—the North-West,—bought out the Mackinaw Company, and thrown together the elements under his command under the name of "the South-West Company." He became the master of all the stations within the American frontier; the United States government countenanced all his plans; and he was building up a mighty commercial scheme when the war of 1812 overthrew everything. Congress would not let Canadians trade in furs within the American frontier; and the Company was dissolved.

Astor had been putting together some separate facts about furs; and out of his meditations grew one of the grandest schemes that ever occurred to a private citizen. A sea otter which had a very fine fur had been found to abound all along the coast of the Pacific. This was one fact. Another was that the Chinese were the best customers for furs in the world, and that they especially prized the skins of this sea otter. A third fact was that explorers, British and American, had made out the Columbia River and Vancouver's Island. Astor seized on the idea of establishing a set of trading ports across the whole continent, following the Missouri, and lighting upon the sources of the Columbia, and following it down to its outfall into the Pacific, where a mart should be established which would bring Russian and Chinese custom. Small posts were to be distributed in the interior, wherever rivers ran and Indians dwelt; and a coasting traffic which would pick up all that was left. It was Astor who conceived the idea of carrying out an American population, with its resources and institutions, to the Pacific.

President Jefferson and his Cabinet were enchanted with the scheme. They promised such protection as they could afford; but it was a plan which must be worked out by the contriver; and it was little that anybody could do to help him. He had to struggle with the great British Company, and with the alarmed and treacherous Indians, in addition to the risks which always attend colonisation in a barbarous and ungenial territory. He could not be at both ends of his line at once; and his agents were such as he could get. As usual, some were wilful, some were stupid, some were jealous and discontented, some were the spies of the rival company. After a host of difficulties had been overcome, the settlement of Astoria was founded at the mouth of the Columbia; an expedition by land, and the dispatch of a fine ship, the Tonquin, with commodities and a company of traders, agents and interpreters, seemed to guarantee the establishment of a trading colony which would make the Americans masters of the Pacific margin of the continent. But there were cabals and quarrels on board the Tonquin: and, after reaching the Columbia, and proceeding on her coasting voyage, her ship's company was massacred by Indians, admitted in too great numbers; her last surviving inmate blew up her magazine, with a hundred Indians whom he had tempted on board again, and the surface of the sea was strewn with wreck and mangled bodies. The tidings of the fate of the Tonquin affected Astor more than any other bad news that ever reached him. Yet he had plenty. The land expedition suffered dreadfully from thirst, hunger, and the Indians; and it was eleven months in reaching Astoria in woful plight.

All might have ended as Astor had dreamed and planned, if he could have been present where most wanted, or even have voyaged and communicated by methods familiar to us now. But his mishaps were taken advantage of by rivals and treacherous or ill-judging agents; and, after the persistence of years, after a vast expenditure, and many a rally from defeat and disaster, all was over. Astor's property was sold to the North-West Company for a third of its value; and the British commander of a frigate was virtually welcomed to Astoria by Astor's own agent, who had induced the Indians (from among whom he had taken a wife) to lay aside their arms. The British captain was as much disgusted at the whole transaction as anybody, and threatened to compel the North-West Company to restore the value of the precious furs they had conveyed away: but he did his professional duty, which was to take possession in the name of King George, and to change the name of the settlement, from Astoria to Fort George.

John Jacob Astor will not be forgotten there, however. He will be remembered as the proximate cause of our great colony of British Columbia. His furs opened the way to our gold finding. It is not for this that I have sketched his enterprise, but because he is a modern representative of the ancient and perhaps eternal order of enlightened and enterprising merchants, with their mingled romance and shrewdness, ardour and caution, poetry and economy.

He bore his disappointment and loss with dignity, though thoroughly convinced that he was betrayed, and, in that sense, dishonoured. He said he could have better borne an honest capture by an avowed enemy, "in which there would have been no disgrace." There was no need for him to regret the pecuniary sacrifice; for he had more wealth than he could use. What he left to his family may be conceived of from the incident which happened the other day, when the

President had sent out his appeal to the Northern States for support to the Government, when the citizen Astor of 1861 placed at the disposal of the Executive a million of dollars as a free gift, and as many more millions on loan as might be desired. One wonders whether the anecdote has reached the hamlet near Heidelberg, where the name of John Jacob Astor may be still remembered,—the boy who went away about a hundred years ago, confident that he should be a rich and great merchant some day. HARRIET MARTINEAU.

A DAY'S FISHING.

SOME ten years since it became necessary for the writer hereof to follow some amusement which would take him into the fresh air for a day at a time. The doctor, with disinterested candour, told me that, unless I made a break in my business occasionally, and went away from it, the chances were that I should be laid up for a long time, as rest for the mind, and not physic for the body was the treatment which I needed.

Hunting and shooting were too expensive for my means, and, having always been a great lover of Izaac Walton's works, it suddenly struck me that, like "Venator" (in the good old man's work on angling), I might, with a little instruction, become a fisherman. Having invested a few pounds in fishing paraphernalia, which included a waterproof coat, leggings, and fishing-boots, I started off on a fine October day for a fishing village in Hertfordshire, where, if I did not find "an honest alehouse where the beds smelt of lavender and the walls were hung with ballads," I was lucky enough to light upon a snug little inn near the Lea, and, better still, found a goodly company of pleasant old fogeys—I use the word respectfully—who were discussing their day's sport.

Having dispatched my mutton-chop and cup of tea, I asked leave to light my pipe.

"Sir," said one of the company, "we were only waiting for you; we should have commenced half-an-hour ago, but we thought the smoke might not be agreeable whilst you were eating. Mary! four clean pipes and a jug of the old ale and some tobacco."

Conversation soon became general, though somewhat tainted with fishing. Feeling that I should be out of my depth in two minutes if I joined in fishing-talk, I made a clean breast of my ignorance of the noble art, but expressed a hope that, with the aid of Izaac Walton and the "Jolly Angler" (which, by the bye, is an excellent practical treatise on fishing), I should make something of it.

It really seemed a realisation of a scene out of Izaac Walton, for a kind old boy, who was going jack-fishing on the following day, undertook to be my tutor, if I would be his pupil, and promised me, if I had a taste for the sport, that he would teach me the rudiments of it. I fear that my good-natured old tutor is either too old for fishing, or has gone to his last home, as I cannot hear of him in the neighbourhood of his old haunts, but I owe him a debt of gratitude to this day, which I would repay if I knew how. It is a very kind action in any man to undertake to teach a raw pupil any art which he has himself acquired. The keen whist-player does not care for playing a rubber with a novice, nor does the professed cricketer relish a match with a lot of country bumpkins, and I have myself experienced the miseries of initiating a youngster in the art of fishing (my pupil had not a fishing mind), so I value my Mentor's exertions all the more.

I will not trouble the reader with a diary of my progress in fishing, nor will I attempt to teach him how to catch fish. There is Izaac Walton's book for him, if he wishes to learn the haunts and habits of fish, and the "Jolly Angler" will teach him all he wants to know about tackle, though a day's fishing with an old hand at the sport will teach him more. I simply wish to convince him that fishing is a recreation easily attainable if he feels disposed to follow it out.

To a man who appreciates the beauties of nature there is no sport which will introduce him to more pleasures than fishing; nor is there any pursuit better calculated to relieve the over-worked brain. There is something glorious in finding oneself by the river-side on a fine autumn morning, and to feel that a long day of rest and quiet is before one. It matters not to the angler whether funds are rising or falling, or whether kings and princes are making war, provided that he has a clear faith that a pike or large perch is lying in the pool where his float is bobbing. The angler's sole business in life *pro tem.* is to catch his fish, and to let the fresh morning air blow on his face, giving him health and appetite whilst he pursues his sport. He sees wild flowers which he never observed before, and marks many other beauties in nature which have hitherto remained unnoticed, for the simple reason that it would take a lifetime for a man to stand by a river-side and exhaust all that is worth marking or looking at. The *actual* fishing is simply the *backbone* of the *recreation* of fishing, as the real joys of the sport depend on the attendant incidents. Who would care to have an enormous tank filled with fish, and to sit between four brick walls and pull them out? Supposing that the tank was a mile wide even, who would care for the largest pike of the season if it came out of a colossal tub? The great charm is to wander by the river-side, to watch the currents and eddies, and try the depths; to calculate on the probable haunt of the kind of fish of which you are in pursuit, taking into consideration the season of the year, weather, and time of day; and having come to the best conclusion in your power, to prepare your tackle and go to work.

Salmon-fishing is a sport reserved for those who either live in mountainous countries, or who have time and money to go in quest of it. Trout-fishing, again, is generally a luxury only within reach of the Lord of the Manor, and the visitors at the great house, and of those who can spend a guinea a-day on their amusement; as all good club waters are mostly far away from London. Punt-fishing, again, comes expensive, unless two or three can form a party: but the solitary angler can for a little money get an occasional day's fishing, if he is content with taking chub, jack, perch, roach and dace. There are many spots on the Thames

where he can fish from the banks free of expense, though the best way of following his sport will be to subscribe to some water on the Lea, where, for a subscription varying in amount from 10*s.* to 2*l.*, he can always ensure a quiet day in the meadows by the river-side.

Doubtless many of these subscription waters are over-fished, and the capture of a heavy jack is not an every day occurrence, but there is usually a quiet little inn connected with them which is supported by lovers of angling, and where for little cost the visitor can get a comfortable bed, good plain country fare, and the society of anglers.

Old Izaac Walton's theory that fishermen are generally harmless, honest men, applies to these times as well as to his own days. I have mixed often with them at fishing inns, and my experience has been that a *fast* man would be much out of his element in their society. The evening talk runs mostly on gorge hooks, paternosters, hair lines, gut lines, and the like. Many a fish is killed over again, pending the enjoyment of solemn pipes, and occasionally in winter time a rubber at *long* whist for penny points, "with snuffed candles, a well swept hearth, and the rigour of the game" (as Charles Lamb says), varies the evening's amusement. Then there are good old stories of wonderful fish which have been caught in days gone by, and we never think of doubting the assertion of steady-going, old-fashioned frequenters of the house, "that fifty years ago the water was the finest in England;" nor do we question the weight—quoted from memory—of a pike which was taken in the Waterloo year by the narrator of the incident, who deplores the removal of an old weir where he landed his prize.

The working men at the East-end of London are, many of them, enthusiastic fishermen. Roach-fishing is their particular hobby, probably owing to its being the least expensive. A very little money will buy a decent roach rod and line, and a few single hair or gut hooks can be procured for a penny each; a pennyworth of gentles and a little crumb bread and bran, for bait, complete the equipment.

In spite of the menaces of Little Bethel, or Ebenezer, I have often walked by the river-side on a fine Sunday afternoon, and seen with pleasure some poor man intent on his roach-fishing, and not unfrequently accompanied by his missus and two or three children, who were enjoying their *al fresco* dinner near him. I do not smell brimstone in the enthusiastic cry of "*Father's got another bite!*" and when I think of the gaping gin palaces near the poor angler's dwelling, which are always yawning to receive him, and that he has preferred saving a little money for weeks past for this Sunday treat, instead of investing it in gin, I, for one, won't throw a stone at "that awful Sabbath breaker," which ugly title some well-fed Mr. Stiggins is always applying to him.

I am not going to enter on the question of Sunday fishing, beyond remarking that the overworked artisan, *not* your *underworked* nine hours' strike man, has a very good answer to any one who bullies him about Sunday fishing.

Let any one who wants to ascertain the value of a day's fishing as a relief to the brain, keep a diary of his day by the river-side, and compare it with a page of his working diary. Possibly the two diaries would run somewhat in this way: Monday: attended Perks. Mem.: press Johnson for two hundred pounds. Smith *versus* Cod-liver Oil Company—filed bill. Wrote Brown, Jones, and Robinson, &c.

Tuesday: by the river at 6·30 a.m. Run with pike; lost him round a post. Caught perch—weight, 1½ lbs. Second run with pike; landed him—weight, 4¾ lbs. Breakfast at 8·30. Sun hot from 10 till 4. Saw lots of dragonflies and kingfishers. 5: out of bait; caught seven roach, &c.

Any one who feels disposed to expend a little ready money on an outfit, and can get a friend who understands the mysteries of the gentle art to go with him once or twice, will have no difficulty in acquiring sufficient knowledge of fishing to amuse himself; and although he will never be an Izaac Walton, he will, if he takes a fancy to the sport, provide himself with a new pleasure in life which is inexhaustible. It is not a bad expenditure of money for a novice to go once or twice with a Thames fisherman in a punt; and—taking care to furnish such a commissariat as will keep the puntman in good humour—get a thorough good lesson or two from him. Old Izaac must be his text-book for all information relating to the haunts and habits of fish, though of course he must study some modern practical book (the "Jolly Angler" my text book) for instructions about his tackle.

If I have failed in pleasantly putting my hobby before the readers of ONCE A WEEK, let me now make amends by ending with a quotation from the good old Izaac.

Venator (*loquitur*).—"And as a pious man advised his friend: that to beget mortification he should frequent churches, and view monuments, and charnel-houses, and then and there consider how many dead bodies Time had piled up at the gates of death: so when I would beget content, and increase confidence in the power, and wisdom, and providence of Almighty God, I will walk the meadows by some gliding stream, and there contemplate the lilies that have no care, and those—very many—other various little living creatures that are not only created, but fed, man knows not how, by the goodness of the God of nature; and therefore I will trust in him. This is my purpose, and so let everything that hath breath praise the Lord, and let the blessing of St. Peter's* master be with mine—

Piscator (*loq.*).—"And upon all that are lovers of virtue and dare trust in his Providence, and be quiet, *and go a-angling.*" F. G.

* St. Peter the Fisherman was the favourite Apostle of Izaac Walton.

TANNHÄUSER.

In ancient days the gods were occasionally dethroned. Vulcan was literally kicked out of Olympus, and Apollo reduced for a time to tend the flocks of Admetus. But in the third century of our era, all the heathen deities were expelled together. Heine, in a charming essay

published first in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, under the title of "Les Dieux en Exil," has described the fate of the banished gods.

Apollo acted as head shepherd somewhere in Lower Austria, until betrayed by the exquisite beauty of his songs, he confessed his divine character on the rack, and was accordingly put to death.

Mars, true to his vocation, after various changes, was last seen in the dress of a German Landsknecht, cutting and thrusting, at the sack of Rome, under the gallant Condottiere Frundsberg.

Bacchus entered the ecclesiastical profession, as a jolly fat monk; at the recurrence of the summer solstice he may still be seen, with his fat friend Silenus, and a riotous crew, brandishing the thyrsus amid the dancing Corybantes.

Poor old Jupiter! His fate is terrible. Banished to an island in the North Sea, called the Island of Rabbits, he sits, withered, old, and decrepit, attended only by a lean, featherless eagle, the picture of grim despair; glad to pick up news from a chance whaler.

Mercury, in the disguise of a Dutch merchant, acts as supercargo for the transit of departed souls across the North Seas; and Diana, true to her old vocation, follows in the train of the Wild Huntsman.

Venus, after the destruction of her temples, took refuge, with a licentious crew of nymphs, in an enchanted mountain, called the Mons Veneris, where she spends her time in riotous living. Woe to the rash, who, allured by the sound of music and revelry, seek her attractive court. For them there is no escape. Pleasure may pall, conscience may awaken, but the

captive knight cannot break his bonds, and escape from the arms of the vengeful goddess. This fate befel the noble Tannhäuser, whose adventures are told in a quaint old ballad, written apparently shortly after the Reformation. We have ventured to give a literal translation.

Good folks, now listen to my song,
'Tis of a noble knight,
And of the wondrous life he led
With Lady Venus bright.

This worthy knight, Tannhäuser, longed
Great marvels for to see,
And in the hill of Venus sought
Fair women's company.

"I love you passing well," she said:
"You may not seek to flee,—
You swore upon your soul," she said,
Never to part from me."

"Dame Venus, I never sware that oath:
My love for you is past;
I trust in Heaven's mercy now
To save my soul at last."

"What can you mean, Sir Tannhäuser?
O, spend with us your life!
My fairest playmate I'll give to you
To be your wedded wife."

"No other woman will I wed
Than her whom I adore;
For if I do I needs must burn
In hell for evermore."

"Why talk you of the flames of hell,
Which you did ne'er assay?
Think rather of my cherry lips,
Which smile on you alway."

"Your cherry lips avail me nought:
I loathe them from my heart!
In the name of all women's honour, I pray
You'll give me leave to part."

"You ask my leave to go, Sir Knight,
But that I may not give.
Stay with me yet, Tannhäuser dear,
And love the while you live."

"My life is sick and loathsome grown,
I can no longer stay;
Fair ladye, give me leave to go
From your beauty far away."

"Nay, speak not thus, my noble lord,
Your senses are not right;
Into my secret chamber come
And taste of love's delight."

"Your love to me is hateful grown;
I feel within my soul,
O Venus, noble ladye fair,
You are a fiend full foul."

"Alas! how can you speak such words,—
So sorely lightly me;
Now if you still remain with us
I shall revenged be.

"And if you yet will take your leave,
Of old men ask the same;
And still, I think, where'er you go,
You needs must praise my name."

Tannhäuser, Venus' mountain left,
In sorrow and repentance;
"I'll go to the holy city, Rome,
From the Pope to hear my sentence.

"And joyfully I'll tread the path
To learn God's holy will,
And hear from Pope Urbanus' lips
If he can save me still.—

"Urbanus, holy father mine,
My sins I sorely rue,
The which I grievously did act,
As I'll confess to you.

"One whole long year I did abide
With Venus fair to see;
Let me confess, and penance do,
That I God's face may see."

The Pope bore in his hand a staff,
Carved from a wither'd tree,
"When this dry wood shall bud and bloom,
May thy sins forgiven be."

"O, welcome back, Tannhäuser dear,
I've grieved for you full sore;
But now, my faithful, lovely knight,
You'll part from me no more."

"O, had I but one year to live,
But one year free from sin,
The sorest penance I would do
God's mercy for to win."

Full sadly then he left the town,
I wis his heart was sore:
"O Mary, mother, maiden pure,
Shall I see thee never more?

"Into the mountain I'll return,
Eternally to live
With my sweet ladye, Venus bright,
Since God will not forgive."

Meanwhile at Rome, in three days' time,
The staff began to sprout,
And messengers were sent abroad
To seek Tannhäuser out.

But to the mountain he'd return'd,
And lies imprison'd there,
Until the day of judgment, when
God will his doom declare.

No priest should ever dare withhold
From men the hope of heaven;
They who repent, and penance do,
Their sins shall be forgiven. L. D. G.

COTTON AND THE COTTON-SUPPLY.

PART I.

I fear we must all confess that the present—and chiefly so as regards Great Britain—is a mixed age of cotton and of iron. And this pair, apparently so uncongenial, work together on terms of vast mutual advantage. They are excellent co-partners. Of the two, perhaps, cotton may be said, in some sense, to have the ascendancy, inasmuch as iron, with all its rigidity of temper and hardness of heart, is made to bend to the needs and demands of its associate, whom it educates and conducts through the multiform stages of its career, and finally transmits to its local destination. In fact, much of its employment is in subserviency to the destiny of cotton. It is instrumental to its eminent success, and most complacent in discharging numerous offices of assistance; and in so far as the principal for whom the agent acts is always in this world the bigger of the two, cotton must be deemed a gentleman of superior consideration to iron. Then its direct influence on the creation of wealth is greater and more expansive.

Nevertheless, the affairs of this life are so linked together by a law of reciprocity, that it is impossible to determine the measure of those results which cotton would have attained, deprived of the auxiliary appliances into which iron has been converted. To say nothing of the immense facility which mechanical apparatuses have imparted to the production of cotton-yarn and cotton goods in their many diverse forms, the means of distribution afforded by the wonderful inventions of the age have accelerated incalculably the progress of the manufacture through the marts of the world. Till the time of George III., goods sent forth from Manchester to their several markets throughout England were carried on pack-horses at a speed averaging about four miles an hour. This, compared with their present journey over the whole world, by steamships and railway-conveyance, at the speed of twelve and twenty miles respectively in the same space of time, shows us at once that the uses to which iron has been put in promoting the cause of cotton are of a character it is hardly possible to over-estimate. The reflex action of

these two great interests is, in truth, such as to enhance the importance of both. How natural then the alarm lest those vastly extended lands from which cotton is so copiously gathered, convulsed with the dire conflict of human passions, should be made sterile by the bloody footsteps of discord; or a mistaken view of self-aggrandisement should counteract the beneficial opportunities of nature's prolific womb, and reduce this mighty little thing by the fetters of legislation to a slavery which would prove injurious to its world-wide utility. How suddenly but thoroughly have instincts been aroused, resources calculated, regrets for past apathy and carelessness converted into practical suggestions for an improved and more independent future. Europe, Asia, and Africa, that combination of the old world, which did very well once upon a time by itself, again holds up its grey head, and in the pride of primogeniture, and encouraged with reminiscences of a glorious retrospect, comes forward to pick up the falling laurels so long enjoyed in security by the far west. The prize is open to all who have the energy to strive. So great its worth that the decrepid members of the Sultan's dominions even are almost stimulated to actiou, as Egypt was, not many years since, in the same cause, with results so satisfactory.* Where possibility exists hope should animate with perseverance the endeavours to convert that possibility into a triumph. Let us look for a little into this cotton question; see a little what cotton is; what cotton has become; where and how it is produced; of what stupendous value and importance are its manufacturing and commercial developments, and how wide the area over which it exercises a jealous and undivided sway.

Cottou (the Gossypium herbaceum of botany) is a shrub. Its nature is tropical. In Asia, Africa, and America it grows wild. Although our chief supply of it comes from a country which numbers so few ages among the records of the world, the use of cotton is of very remote antiquity. Time was when we old-fashioned fellows of three-quarters of the world had cotton in abundance, and no South American planters were born or thought of. In Hindostan it existed in the days of Herodotus, and was even then employed as the raw material for an extensively useful manufacture made up by the natives.

Strabo, too, mentions both the shrub and the manufacture. If we feel any inclination to reckon cotton among its kindred products as their aristocracy of ancient lineage, by availing ourselves of the ingenious theories of the antiquaries, we are quite able to do so without concocting evidence for the nonce.

That respectable family, so long shut up in the ark, are said to have been, beyond all doubt, not only acquainted with the cotton-plant and the fleecy filaments contained in its pod, but likewise to have understood the valuable uses to which this wool may be applied, and enough of the mechanical arts to transform it into articles of raiment. Modern investigation seems to have proved that the old Egyptians, though well skilled in the manufacture of linen, were altogether ignorant of that of cotton. This was confined for long to the Hindoo, to whom it had been known since possibly the eighth century of the Christian era, when, according to this account, articles of dress were made of it, and starch used—as we use it now-a-days—for the uncomfortable purposes of stiffness and foppery. After this it were childish to refer to the book of Esther, where at chap. i. v. 6, the substance alluded to has been thought, or at least maintained, to be cotton. This date would be only about 519 years, B. C. Three hundred years later the Greeks are supposed, with greater plausibility, to have made use of cotton cloths which they obtained from India; so that, it appears, the favourite pursuit of Lancashire is a very old one, and the celebrity of the Indian for the beauty of her "webs of woven wind" is not by any means recent.

Pliny often speaks of cotton, and a certain Egyptian Greek — Arrian by name — renowned during the second century as a merchant and navigator, has written very descriptively about it. In those days Syrastrene or Cutch was a famous cotton manufacturing country, and in these the principality of that name cultivates the plant extensively, though the whole of its produce is exported in exchange for grain. But without indulging in the many tempting speculations suggested by diving into the ancient world for the origin of those marvels of manipulation which are ripening only in the modern, I may just observe it has been remarked that, in the earliest ages, nature and circumstances — that is, Providence —apportioned to the different countries of this earth as staples for the fabrication of garments, a specific class of material to each; to Palestine, Greece, Italy and their neighbourhood, sheeps' wool; to all the northern nations of Europe, hemp; to Egypt, flax; to China, silk; and to India, our protegé, cotton; where the textile arts, to which, in consequence, the natives devoted themselves, so likely to rise to perfection in connection with this ductile and seducing element, rapidly achieved the admiration of all the rest. The Hindoo finger to which belongs a sensibility, moisture and softness which marvellously adapt it to the office, guided by the peculiar patient temperament of the Hindoo mind, and working in conjunction with the simple distaff of India, forms a very perfect machine for spinning fine thread, which, though of late years far excelled by the almost invisible gossamers of Paisley and Manchester, being a production from short-stapled wool such as mechanical inventions fail to reduce to the same tenuity, is a wonder unequalled of its kind.

The muslins of Dacca, and the chintzes from the coast of Coromandel—pardon me if I excite uneasy emotions in the bosoms of the fair—bear glorious testimony to the dexterity and power of this delicate instrument. Sleight of hand is so indispensable an attribute of a perfect spinner, even with the aids of the truest machinery, that but few operative workmen out of the complement engaged in a mill rise to any great excellence in the production of the high-numbered yarns,—a singular instance of

* In 1821 Mehemet Ali introduced into Egypt the systematic cultivation of cotton. It is now largely consumed in the United Kingdom, and is so excellent in quality that the Sea Island cotton alone is held to surpass it.

which is shown in the fact that, from some cause not easily explained, the Glasgow weavers, in respect of the above quality, are unable to cope with those of Manchester. It must be admitted, therefore, that without doubt the men of Lancashire have as much gone a-head of their swarthy and all other predecessors in the manufacture of cotton as the American planters have excelled past generations in the cultivation of the raw material.

As we descend down the stream of time, looking out all the way for striking exhibitions of skill in handling cotton, we arrive at the peninsula of Spain, which during the 13th, 14th, and 15th centuries was renowned all the world over for abundance and excellence in the manufacture in question. This arose doubtless from the conquests by the Moors, who in subjecting the Spaniards to the evils of a foreign and unchristian yoke, to some extent redeemed these evils by the importation of much useful knowledge. At about this time the ladies of South Italy very commonly occupied their leisure in the fashionable employment of spinning into thread and knitting into stockings the cotton which was grown in their lords' gardens. It is a remarkable fact that the Mexicans, when under circumstances to them so unpleasant, they first made the acquaintance of Europeans, were found to possess a thorough knowledge of the applications of cotton, which was reared by this extraordinary people in profusion, and its manufacturing capabilities turned by them to good account. The Peruvians, too, at the epoch of the Spanish invasion carried on the same industry with similar advantage. It was not, however, until the end of the 16th century that the interests of cotton made much progress in Europe. The Dutch were the originators of this movement, and in what they did you may be sure they contemplated the advancement of trade, rather than providing for the trifling occupation of the idle and the fair. In the middle of the following century Manchester commenced her career of quick and unprecedented progress. The cotton with which she originally tried her timid hand, on work strange it is true at first, but destined at no far-off period to fructify in such immense results, came from Cyprus and Smyrna. Her chief rival, when she grew bold and daring enough to compete for a place among the experienced and famed, appeared to be Bengal. The Indian looms, rude as they were, and rude as they would have revealed themselves in any other but Indian hands, accomplished incredible feats. Zephyrs, the breath of the mountains, the wings of light, were reproduced in vegetable tissues so exquisitely fine and transparent that the Indian princess could never cover her naked charms by any possible multiplication of folded repetitions. Diapers were coveted by all the world, and purchased by a large part of it. Whilst they exported the finer goods, the coarser ones were fabricated on their own account. There were cotton shrubs, the fruit of nature, and cotton wool, that of art, in plenty for themselves and for us, nay, for all the spinners and weavers in existence. Lancashire might engage in an innumerable succession of trials without fear of exhausting the resources. Porto Rico, the West Indies generally, Peru, Egypt, Arabia, Syria, the Cape of Good Hope, the Isle of France, the Celebes, the East Indies, China, Persia, Ispahan, Aleppo, the Grecian Archipelago, Macedonia, Natolia, the coasts of the Caspian Sea, the Province of Bari, Calabria, and more places in the Levant besides than it were easy to enumerate, have each and all, in different degrees of perfection, reared this widely-diffused and much-requested plant. And nothing has yet been said of the vast plantations* in later times so profitably conducted in the Southern States of what I will still call the American Union. This grand step constituted a revolution in cotton husbandry, and of course affected with proportionate force every branch of its corresponding trade. The quality the most highly esteemed at this period of dearness and scarcity was that brought from the Island of Bourbon, and Smyrna used to send us annually no less than seven million pounds. There was not much to find fault with in the cotton of Bourbon, excepting its price, and this in 1786 rose in England to ten shillings the pound. In a minute we shall know more about prices, and then the above quotation will stand out in its proper exorbitancy.

Manchester is the first town on record that won a reputation for the fabrics she produced from cotton, as she had long previously done for those woollen articles which were destined in time to be so generally superseded by her subsequent innovations. The germs of mighty results were gradually developed by capital, industry, and science. The growth of the cotton interest was steady and irrepressible; moreover, it was rapid and on a scale of magnificence. The old factories devoted to the fabrication of woollen goods, which since the reign of Edward III. had been established at Bolton and Manchester, served as a preparatory school for acquiring the arts of the new manufacture. This traces back our obligations to the Flemings, who had been invited by that monarch on the occasion of his marriage with the daughter of the Earl of Hainault, to settle in this country, and import their skill in weaving to the good folks of these towns. Speaking of this latter city, as it impressed one in the time of Henry VIII., Leland says of it even then, "It is the fairest, quickest, and most populous town in Lancashire;" and in reward for the distinction it had earned, its royal master conferred upon it, in 1540, the privilege of sanctuary, a species of favour it is well for us we have long ceased to receive or appreciate. This celebrity was recognised in an act passed in the reign of Edward VI., in which its cloths are alluded to in complimentary terms. In the middle of the 17th century Levant cottons were worked into fustians, vermillians, dimities, and velvets, and linen from Irish thread was woven into cloth by the Lancashire artisans. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685, drove multitudes of weavers out of France in search of a safe asylum, and as England has

* The area of the States appropriated mainly to the cultivation of cotton, exceeds four times that of Great Britain; or, to give another idea of its extensiveness, fancy twice that portion of the Russian Empire comprised in Europe, covered with cotton-fields; not forgetting, all this while, that, enormous as is the produce of such a domain, many large tracts of country in other regions contribute to meet the unappeasable consumption.

always promised this accommodation, the refugees made choice of the vicinage of Bolton, where they soon fraternised with their brother craftsmen, and in requital for their hospitality, taught them much which conduced to the further prosperity of the neighbourhood. The natural advantages of the manufacturing parts of Lancashire are just what constitute the conditions of eminent success. The Mersey and the Irwell water the district abundantly, the coal found there supplies with facility the important article of fuel, and the proximity of Liverpool to the city of Manchester, which is the acknowledged central mart of the vast circle of towns and villages wholly dedicated to the spindle and the loom, affords the best means of importation and exportation which for every commercial purpose cotton in the raw state, and cotton in its transformed state could possibly have required.

The ancestors of our cotton aristocracy were in George the First's time a very homely, sturdy, hard-working set of people. Dr. Aikin has told us how they rose at five, breakfasted off oatmeal porridge at seven, took along with them to the warehouse, the counting-house, or the mill, a long string of children and apprentices, many of whom were the younger sons of country squires, and thus fortified with the health of morning and the strength of an unluxurious diet, passed the whole day in unremitting toil at the duties of their vocation. In this age, too, the public roads, when coaches were slow, canals few, and railways not conceived even in the tales of fairy-land, were covered with their riders, carrying bags stuffed with patterns of the goods furnished by the houses they served. In due time, machinery giving to the manufacture an impetus which elevated the mill-owners several grades above their former merely successful condition, they were compelled to call in to their aid a complete apparatus of mercantile enterprise, and then commenced that era of progressive prosperity which is the leading phenomenon of commercial history. But as yet it was not so. Every votaress of the wheel and distaff sat at her cottage door, in the manner of her Hindoo sister, but less blessed with the talents which lead to eminence, and spun the slender thread for the weaver to convert by the process which was peculiarly his, into the cloths and stuffs required by trade. No marvel we did so well without the shipments from New Orleans, all of which came forth in obedience to the iron wand of mechanical invention. And let us now look a little more exactly into the supervention of these wonderful days.

Cotton of modern culture has attained incomparable pre-eminence in America, especially the Sea Island, which is the best produced. In 1840 this description obtained in Liverpool the enormous price of three shillings the pound, whereas (for there is nothing like a contrast) Surat cotton, which is the worst growth of India, has been as low as two-pence. These may be regarded, perhaps, as the two greatest extremes between which the commercial value of cotton has as a rule oscillated. Then to show more completely how considerable this variation has been, I may as well give the lowest price within late years of Sea Island cotton, namely, ninepence the pound, and the highest of Surat, which in 1850, fetched 6¾*d.* The old commodity "tree-wool," which arrested the observation of Herodotus, Strabo, Arrian, and Mela, has never, you see, in modern days equalled when at its best and in the dearest market, the worth of the worst quality in the cheapest market of that improved edition of the article which the skill of Americans and the superiority of propitious local conditions have since those benighted ages contributed to create. Enlightened by these simple statistics, we now perceive how momentously the welfare of the cotton dealer is likely to be modified by any extraordinary and exceptional causes liable to augment the already excessive fluctuation upon which he must calculate in the price of his purchases. From 9*d.* to 3*s.* for the best sort is a wide range of fluctuation, and from 2*d.* to 6¾*d.* for the worst, is almost as bad. What a world of room to cramp the operations of a market, and finally to shut it up altogether. With the deficiency, the uncertainty, the inferiority consequent upon a combination of political influences added to this normal state of variation, how tremendous would be the increase of the difficulties to be met. If not for the sake of anything else, at least for the sake of Manchester and her vegetable nobility, let us do something towards the stability and extension of a market, we most of us can do so ill without. It is computed that directly and indirectly, 4,000,000 of our people are concerned in cotton industry, while the mere manufacture as carried on in Great Britain alone, employs directly according to Mr. M'Culloch's estimate, no fewer than 1,400,000 persons.

Although it is undeniable that it was in consequence of the call for cotton-wool being stimulated by the increased consumption resulting from the various inventions of mechanical genius, that the energetic and systematic cultivation of the plant in the Southern provinces of the Union began and flourished, samples of the new material were sent over to Mr. Rathbone, an American merchant residing in Liverpool, so early as 1764, when he received from his correspondent in the United States eight bags of Transatlantic growth, as a specimen of what that country could produce. This to a great extent might have been objectless and indefinite, for it was not until 1785 that the cotton husbandry of the American States commenced in right earnest, after Hargreaves and others had imparted a momentum to the trade which has been augmenting ever since. Georgia and Carolina were the two States which at this date turned their thoughts in this profitable direction. They were sufficiently acute to guess and calculate the highly remunerative character of the speculation. The seed came from the Bahamas, which in the first instance owed to the Isle of Aguilla, in the Carribean Sea, the origination of the most esteemed species. This in the language of botany is the *Gossypium Barbadense*, which includes every variety propagated in the United States. In commercial phraseology all the raw cottons coming from New Orleans, and called indiscriminately by the Liverpool brokers, American cottons, are classed under two comprehensive descriptions, the long stapled and the short

stapled. The great valley of the Mississippi and large tracts of country extending of late years far and wide into the Texas, form the grand area of plantations which in their luxuriant fertility yield an annual crop of more than 30,000,000 lbs., in weight. The Sea Island variety above referred to as the most valuable, is of the long-stapled class. Its wool is slightly yellow, very silky, and of unusual length. Its seed black. The islands upon which it is grown—hence its name—are situated along the coasts of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida. One cause of its superiority is to be found in the nature of sea air, which varied experience has taught the planter is indispensable to the perfection of the cotton shrub. Indeed so great an affinity exists between this plant and the saline principle, that sea mud is actually applied as manure to the ground preparing for its reception. Dr. Ure in his work on the "Cotton Manufacture," records the following somewhat important fact:

"Dr. Wallich brought home several samples of cotton from the coast of Martaban to the India House, which were grown near the sea. They were not exceeded by the cotton of any other country in the quality of the staple * * * There is a village in the Mangrole in Kattywar, which produces a small quantity of very fine cotton. It is cultivated by natives, and grows only on one particular spot of small extent near the sea coast."

In corroboration of this partiality for a marine situation, I may further quote the result of an experiment tried in India; namely, though cotton grown from seed sown in localities near the sea (the experiment was made with Bourbon seed), may be found to thrive to an extent in every way satisfactory, transplanted to an inland spot (for the cotton tested was removed to Benares), it will probably prove—as in the case in question it did prove—a total failure.

The multifarious kinds of the plant from which the cotton wools are gathered present much dissimilarity of size and appearance. Sometimes it assumes the character of a shrub six or seven feet high, and at others it raises itself above the earth only three, or even two feet. The foliage, too, of these varieties takes very distinctive forms,—the vine-leaved, palmate, and many more. The flowers, the seeds, and the filamentous down investing them, which is the wool of commerce, are of different tints. As regards this last, the fact may be seen in the material called Nankeen, the peculiar colour of which proceeds from that of the natural filaments of which its texture consists. Neither is there any very rigid resemblance of constitution among them, for all undergo so many modifications when acted upon by the influences of soil, climate, and mode of husbandry, that both in the field and in the market their characteristics are widely separate. In some places the plant is an annual, but is sown on the same land only every third year; whilst we have in others shrubs which flourish and yield wool during the whole of that period. At Pernambuco, Brazil, and in the Leeward Islands, the shrub is triennial: a small quantity of wool is borne the first year, more during the second, and after the third it is abandoned. But all the plants of the Southern States of the American Union are annuals. It seems to be an ascertained fact, however, pervading every region in which cotton has been cultivated, that it exhausts to a very alarming degree the generative and nutritious virtues of the soil upon which it is grown; so much so, that the produce of the same fields which when first brought under cultivation was immense, has in many instances dwindled away in the course of a few years to comparative insignificance. In such parts of colonies as abound in cheap and plentiful land, it has often been the habit, as the soil gets drained of its fertilising properties, to remove the culture from spot to spot, in preference to adopting any of the less salutary and more precarious expedients of manuring, dressing, and shifting crops. The old lands in Guinea are, for the purpose of renovation, frequently inundated with sea-water.

The low, sandy islands scattered along the coast common to South Carolina and Georgia, appear, when viewed from a distance, or by superficial inspection, to be territories as diminutive in value as they are in dimension. But here it is that the universally celebrated cotton which has contributed so essentially to the marvellous achievements of Lancashire, is reared in all the honour and glory of what is seemingly an indestructible monopoly. Most of these yellow little islets, merging, as it were, thus shyly from the shallow waters of the shore, were formerly covered with extensive pine barrens. Where we now hear the imperious voice of man, and behold the fruits of his transforming labour, a hundred years ago the silence of nature was unbroken except by the cry of the lone sea bird, whose wild music chimed harmoniously with the surge, or melted away in unaccompanied melody over the broad sea, sleeping calmly round about. To the poet, the painter, the goddess Nature's devotee, their beauty, their worth, their moral, was then infinitely more precious than now; but the planter, the spinner, the political economist,—with slavery on their shores, I cannot add the philanthropist,—view the verdure of the cotton leaves and the hoary crop of its blossoms in relation to another class of beauty, another code of sentiments, another school of teaching. This sort of agricultural industry was not unknown in South Carolina so early as the very commencement of the last century, when Governor Smith introduced it for the first time. The idea was a happy one, and circumstances proving auspicious, Georgia, Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama, and other contiguous states gradually took it up, and together they eventually became the gigantic cotton garden of the world. Of comparatively recent date, however, is the distinction gained by Texas. There are warm advocates for enlarging the sphere of operations which this country affords. Its natural advantages are said to be almost unlimited in regard both to the quantity and variety of the cotton it is capable of producing. Besides these recommendations, the salubrity of the climate, and general productiveness of the soil, have had their effect in inducing enterprise to urge forward a work which is likely to prove successful.

As all the world knows and laments, the cultivation of this wealth-creating, work-providing shrub is, in America, carried on entirely by slave-labour; and it has been maintained that the substitution of free labour would so run up the cost of picking—picking especially, for picking is a dilatory and tedious operation,—as to act fatally on the question of remuneration which the planter is of all men most anxious to adjust on a satisfactory basis. It need hardly be added, that this short-sighted policy takes the form of an apology, put forward by those whose silly apprehensions for their own selfish advantage preponderate over the sagacity, liberality, and charity in which the cotton-planters, as a class, are not deficient. The slaves thus supplying the field-labour of the states, number, in the low country, three-fourths of the entire population.

Before the enhanced demand for cotton promised such flattering results to its cultivators, rice, indigo, maize, and tobacco were the principal vegetable products of South Carolina. Now, whilst this last has taken the place of indigo (indigo having fallen almost entirely out of cultivation), cotton has become the great staple of exportation, 20,000 bags being yearly sent away from South Carolina and Georgia alone. The further extension of this kind of agriculture, however, does not appear possible in the United States, for physical reasons lead us to conclude that it has already nearly, if not quite, reached its climax. In 1859-60, the supply from this quarter amounted to 4,675,770 bags, whereas the present year produced but 3,700,000, a disparity not to be accounted for by any of those fortuitous circumstances which regularly affect all production. And as regards the famous long-stapled cotton of the islands of South Carolina and Georgia, the above inference is still more forcibly and emphatically correct. The produce of inland districts is, in respect of quality, coarser and shorter in the staple than that nurtured by the sea-side. What is technically termed the Georgia Upland is of this description, and is accordingly adapted for spinning into stout yarns only. In proportion to their distance from the briny deep, the cotton-fields suffer abatement in reference to the quality of their yield. Twenty-five miles is the maximum limit, beyond which the character of the wool undergoes a marked deterioration. The finest seeds are therefore sown within this range, and perhaps the finest of all fructify on the small islands of Edisto, Wadmalan, and St. Helena, which fringe a portion of the Carolinian sea-board. The process of cultivation in lands and latitudes suited to the plant is neither costly nor difficult, but in the states of North America it is attended with considerable risk, and requires frequent and vigilant interference. In the two states to which I have so often alluded, the caterpillar is computed to devour the leaves once in every seven years, when, of course, the destruction of the crop is inevitable. There are worms, too, equally prejudical to the health of the plant, and in their depredations almost equally disastrous. Then rains and winds, which in these latitudes are excessively violent, inflict their share of mischief upon the ill-fated victim; so that, casting out of the account all floricultural sentimentalism for the plant itself, the grower must contrive for his own peace as best he may, and, in order to do so effectually, keep a sharp look-out, a book calculated upon these probabilities of evil, a temper proof against deferred profits, and a willingness to be written down by creditors among the bad and doubtful debts.

Albeit my intention is far from writing a practical treatise on the rearing of cotton, a few facts connected with the subject, conveyed in a few words, may be of some general interest. The quantity of seed sown to an acre is, on an average, about half a bushel. The first material care falling on the cultivator, after the plant has attained a certain amount of strength and elevation, is the joint operation of hoeing and cleaning. This latter consists in freeing it from grass and weeds, the spontaneous growth of which is generally rapid, and its effects so noxious that it must be dealt with by a summary process of ejectment or extirpation. This takes place between April and June. Then comes thinning, which involves toil and judgment, and is likewise performed chiefly during the act of hoeing. When the boles crack, which they do with a loud explosive noise, very appreciable by the ear, it is a signal that the season for plucking the fleecy treasure has arrived. This gathering the crop, which is also a work of time, delicacy and patience, peculiarly well adapted to the minute instrumentality of a child's hand, commences about the middle of August, and is brought to completion with the month of November. As the value of the wool depends very mainly upon the cleaning or ginning, great attention should be given to this important operation, which is so differently accomplished on different estates, that it is often a principal cause of the variation in price of the same description of produce. It is thought that if the Egyptian cotton were thoroughly well ginned, and thus freed from the gross impurities with which it is commonly mixed, it would approach nearer in value to the genuine Sea Island than any other sort imported; but with the present imperfections in cleaning prevalent in Egypt, the innate quality of the material, which is excellent, undergoes a false and unnecessary deterioration. Of wool in this clean condition five hundred weight is the average yield of four acres of plantation.

As there have been great benefactors to the spinning and weaving departments of the economy of cotton, so now and then men of ingenuity and enterprise have sprung up meriting in the estimation of the planters the highest praise and the deepest gratitude, men whose head-work has served to mitigate bodily toil and appease mental anxieties, and whose cunning inventions, though less brilliant than those begotten of the special necessities of the manufacturer, have greatly facilitated production and multiplied its pecuniary returns. The difficulty which has occupied so much attention has been that of freeing the silky fibres within the pod from the husks, seeds, and other foreign substances with which they get encumbered. The names of Harvie, Eli Whitney, and Joseph Eubank, distinguished in connection with this and kindred objects, sound as

sweetly in the ears of the growers of cotton wool as do those of Hargreaves, Cartwright, Crompton and Arkwright, in the ears of its manipulators. Though the ginner's is usually a distinct calling from the planter's, the intimacy of their relationship is such as to give the same melody and the same fragrance to the eulogiums conferred by either. But while the Arkwrights and their spinning-frames are elements in the affairs of the manufacturers, the producers and cleaners stick to the Whitneys and their ginning devices. In preparation for transmission to England the cotton after ginning is tightly packed in bags. In this state it arrives at the port of Liverpool, and is immediately warehoused by the brokers, a class of middlemen, whose business it is to negotiate sales to the manufacturers of Manchester. Once deposited at the factory, the reception it meets with begins with a sound thrashing. After beating it out, it is more carefully cleaned by an instrument known as the Scutcher. Then—to pursue its treatment under the hands of the manufacturer—it is carded, the effect of which, without staying to examine the details of the operation, is to abstract the shorter fibres and arrange those of uniform length which remain, in united parallels, upon which much of the success of subsequent manipulations depends. In this state the cotton now called "sliver," undergoes a drawing process, and is afterwards still further attenuated, and at the same time slightly twisted by the "roving" or "slubbing" machine, when at last it is ready for spinning into yarn, through the agency of the mule for weft, and that of the throstle for twist. Weaving which so wonderfully conjoins in close and compact intimacy these filamentous creations of the spinning-frame, consists of twist for the warp, or lengthway, of the cloth, and weft for the thread with which this is traversed—a strange and better sort of playing at cross purposes, the issue of which is the strength of union. This weaving into piece goods as the diversities of cloth are styled, can be performed either by the hand or the power-loom, though it is needless to say in these days of Archimedean genius the latter is practically by far the more common alternative. After the web has been thus constructed, bleaching succeeds; after bleaching, dyeing; and upon dyeing follows printing; a description of which to be at all intelligible, or to do justice to so curious and elaborate a subject, would involve more time and space than either the reader or myself would deem allowable.

And now for a brief inspection into some of the chief marvels which from time to time have sprung up in aid of the cotton manufacture. I am not going to enumerate any large proportion of them, for their number is indeed legion.

Since 1800, no fewer than 1,440 patents, or thereabout, have been taken out, to say nothing of the standard inventions of our venerable fathers of spinning and weaving some years previously. Upon the principle, therefore, that every little helps, we may infer that by this time the several arts included in this complex branch of industry have attained to a considerable amount of perfection. It will be all that is required for the present purpose to touch lightly upon the most conspicuous and notable of these discoveries, and to exhibit their agglomerated results, as seen in the present condition of this great national pursuit.

A PRIMA DONNA.

The old King's Theatre in the Haymarket was destroyed by fire on the 17th of June, 1789. The singers were engaged in a night rehearsal: for the performances of the following evening were intended to be devoted to the benefit of Signor Ravelli, the acting manager of the then proprietor, Mr. William Taylor. The fire began a few minutes before ten o'clock, and spread almost instantaneously throughout the building. In a few hours the roof had fallen in, and the theatre was totally destroyed. Madame Ravelli, a chief singer, was saved by the daring of the firemen at the risk of their own lives. Pietro Carnivalli, an Italian, dying at Bristol a year afterwards, confessed on his death-bed that he had set the building on fire in revenge for some neglect on the part of Ravelli, who was said to have been a monk in Spain, and was known by the name of Don Antonio. Carnivalli was leader of the band, and his wife had been a singer at the King's Theatre.

A new theatre—the present edifice now known as Her Majesty's Theatre—was built during 1790, the first stone being laid by the Earl of Buckingham, Michael Novosielski being the architect. The internal arrangements, however, received their present form in 1799, when much remodelling and many improvements were made under the auspices of Signor Marinari, an ingenious architect and scene painter. The new opera house opened on the 26th of March, 1791; but the entertainments consisted in the first instance of music and dancing simply, as no licence for performances of a dramatic character could be obtained on the ground that the theatre at the Pantheon in Oxford Street already held such a privilege, and that one Italian opera-house was sufficient. The history of Italian opera in England is a catalogue of rival managements, insolvencies, and fires. Each theatre was styled the "King's," and both struggled on in a ruinous opposition, one with a licence and the other without. In 1792, however, the antagonism ended. The Pantheon was burnt to the ground on the 14th of January in that year, and the fire was attributed to the act of an incendiary. The King's Theatre in the Haymarket obtained its licence under certain conditions, one of these being that a sum of 30,000*l.* should be paid to the lessee of the Pantheon to compensate in a measure for his losses; and for a long time Italian opera in England could be heard nowhere but at Michael Novosielski's house in the Haymarket.

It was at this theatre, on Tuesday, the 8th of April, 1834, that a young lady made her first appearance in England in the character of *Ninetta*, the heroine of Rossini's opera "La Gazza Ladra." Her name was Giulia Grisi. Two years before, a sister of the singer, Giudetta Grisi, had made a successful *début*, on the same boards, in the opera of "La Cenerentola." For her Bellini had composed the music of *Romeo*, in his opera "I Capuletti." She possessed a mezzo-soprano voice of

great beauty, which death was destined too soon to silence. A few years and the name of Guidetta Grisi passes out of opera annals—but the name of Giulia Grisi remains.

She was born at Milan on the 22nd of May, the fête of Santa Giulia, 1812. She was the niece of Josephine Grassini, an Italian singer of the grand old world school, a contemporary of Marchesi, Crescentini, and other great vocalists. The father of Giulia Grisi was an officer of engineers in the army of Napoleon. He had placed his child at a convent at Gorizia for her education. But the example of Giudetta prima donna at the theatre of Bologna tempted Giulia. She had been noted in childhood for a strange hoarseness of voice: this cleared away, however, in time, and left unveiled an organ of singular power and purity, but it was of a low register, the piercing soprano notes with which audiences were subsequently to be charmed were not yet acquired. Giulia Grisi first appeared on *any* stage in the contralto part of *Emma*, in Rossini's opera of "Zelmira." For Rossini ruled in musical Italy in those days. The singer was then seventeen, with a face and figure of extreme beauty. She appeared afterwards at Florence, as *Juliet* to the *Romeo* of her sister. Was it wonderful that she created an extraordinary sensation? At least Shakspeare's heroine can never have been so well looked as by Giulia Grisi at seventeen. At Milan she first met and took for her model the great Pasta, and when Bellini composed *Norma* for Pasta, he also composed *Adalgisa* for Grisi. Such a *Norma* and such an *Adalgisa* can never since have been seen together on the boards of an opera-house.

The new *Ninetta* had a great success in London. Certainly she did not shine from the dulness of her fellow-labourers, for the cast of "La Gazza Ladra" in 1834 included the names of Rubini, Zuchelli, Tamburini, and Miss Bartolozzi. It was a genuine triumph. *Ninetta* thoroughly won her audience, and from 1834 down to 1861 inclusively (with the exception of one year, 1842, when there was some difficulty with the *impresario*, and the lady tore up her contract and declined to sing in England that season) the prima donna par excellence of Italian opera has been Giulia Grisi. Nor was her first public a public to be so very easily pleased. It had still the tones of Pasta, Cinti-Damoureau, Henrietta Sontag, De Meric and Malibran-Garcia ringing in its ears when it first applauded the new singer. But her merits were undeniable, and the chief characters in the *répertoire* were ceded to her as a matter of course.

During the month of April, 1834, Giulia Grisi appeared (in addition to the character of *Ninetta*) in the operas of "Anna Bolena," the ugly Russian tenor with the beautiful voice, Ivanoff, making his first appearance in England as *Percy*, "Otello" and "Don Giovanni," (Madame Caradori being the *Zerlina*). During May she added to the list *Elena* in "La Donna del Lago," and *Rosina* in "Il Barbiere." In June she first appeared as *Semiramide*, and as *Palmira* in Rossini's "L'Assedio di Corinto," played for the first time in England. On the occasion of her benefit on the 10th July she appeared as *Amina* in "La Sonnambula." In the season of 1835 she appeared as *Elena* in "Donizetti's Marino Faliero," and *Elvira* in "I Puritani," both operas being then produced for the first time in England, and the last-named being played for her benefit. She undertook also the new parts of *Fiorilla* in Gnecco's "Prova d'un Opera Seria," and of *Norma*, which character she first assumed on the 25th June. The triumphant representations of the preceding season were of course repeated. In 1836 the lady's only new part was that of *Amelia* in Mercadante's opera "I Briganti," played for the first time in England. The season of 1837 presents too or three noteworthy facts. The King's Theatre became Her Majesty's Theatre. William the Fourth died on Tuesday, the 20th June—of course there was no performance at the Opera House in the evening. Queen Victoria visited the opera for the first time on the 18th of July, when "Ildegonda," by Marliani, was produced, Madame Grisi performing the heroine. The opera gave no great satisfaction, and has not been repeated since the season of 1837. On the 18th of May Signor Costa's opera of "Malek Adel" was first played, Madame Grisi being the *Mathilde*, assisted by Madame Albertazzi (who this season made her *début* in England in "La Cenerentola,") Ivanoff, Rubini, Lablache, and Tamburini. The opera was repeated the following year, and portions of it were given in 1842, during our prima donna's absence from England, when Madame Persiani undertook the *rôle* of heroine. In 1837 Madame Grisi also added to her *répertoire* the part of *Carolina* in Cimarosa's "Matrimonio Segreto." Her new characters in 1838 were *Parisina*, in Donizetti's opera of that name; *Susanna*, in Mozart's opera "Nozze di Figaro;" and *Mrs. Ford* in Balfe's "Falstaff." In this year Madame Persiani first appeared in England. The following year gave Madame Grisi only one new part, but it was one that has done more to enhance her reputation than almost any other. On the occasion of her benefit on the 6th of June, 1839, Donizetti's opera of "Lucrezia Borgia" was played for the first time in England, Madame Grisi, of course, being the *Lucrezia*, and Signor Mario making his first appearance before an English audience as *Gennaro*. Among the other events of the season may be noted the *début* in this country of Madame Viardot, as *Desdemona*; and the first appearance of Madlle. Ernesta Grisi, who played the contralto part of *Smeaton* to the *Anna Bolena* of her cousin. Opera-goers will recollect the season of 1840 as being the season of the "Tamburini Row," when the indignant pit compelled the *impresario* to re-engage their favourite baritone at any price, and refused to accept the very good singer who had been secured as a substitute—Signor Coletti, who made his first appearance in Donizetti's "Torquato Tasso." Our prima donna this year played for the first time *Lisetta*, in "Il Matrimonio Segreto," and *Eloisa* on the production of Mercadante's "Il Giuramento." In 1841 Madame Grisi undertook two new characters in operas, both played for the first time in England, and both by Donizetti: *Fausta* and *Roberto Devereux*. During the whole of the next season Madame Grisi did not appear. The chief parts in her *répertoire* were shared amongst

Mesdames Poggi-Frezzolini, Moltini, Persiani, and Ronconi—Signor Georgio Ronconi appearing in England for the first time. 1843 is noticeable in operatic annals for the production of "Don Pasquale" (Donizetti), in which Madame Grisi played *Norina*, and, assisted by Mario, Fornasari, and Lablache, achieved an extraordinary success. Fornasari this year made his first appearance in England, the opera chosen for his *début* being Donizetti's "Belisario." Towards the close of the season, Madame Grisi appeared as the heroine of the "Cenerentola." In 1844 her new *rôles* were *Isabella* in Signor Costa's "Don Carlos," and *Delizia* in Ricci's "Corado d'Altamura," both operas being new. Her only new part in 1845 was *Imogene*, in Bellini's "Il Pirata;" in 1846, *Griselda*, in Verdi's "I Lombardi." Our singer's connection with Italian opera at Her Majesty's Theatre was then finally closed.

The old opposition between the Pantheon and the King's Theatre was now to be revived in the rivalry of Her Majesty's and Covent Garden Theatres. With few exceptions the whole of the *troupe*, orchestra, and chorus, quitted the old theatre for the new. It was not an insurrection, it was a revolution. John Kemble's Covent Garden was altered into an Opera House—so new-shaped that its identity seemed quite lost. A new era opened for Italian opera in England. Under the old system operas had been "pitch-forked" on to the stage—a star system had prevailed—*ensemble* had been completely neglected. Dingy scenery, shabby and anachronistic costumes, an inefficient chorus, and a scanty orchestra had aided a small constellation of eminent singers to maintain Italian Opera at the King's Theatre for the entertainment of a *clique*, not for the pleasure of a public. This was to be changed. The new undertaking promised perfection in every thing. Art was to be considered as well as the artist—the composer as well as the singer. A catholicity of appreciation was to rule the choice of operas. The music of all nations was to be included in the *répertoire*, while Italian was retained as the special language of song. Upon the whole the managers of the new undertaking acted up to the spirit of their promises, although success did not very immediately crown their exertions. An enormous expenditure was required for the firm planting of the opposition project. But it was founded on sound principles, and triumphed in the end. Even the fate of the Pantheon could not crush the enterprise. Covent Garden burnt to the ground in 1856, the manager carried his *troupe* to the smaller Lyceum Theatre. In 1858 the Royal Italian Opera was thriving in a new and splendid theatre—New Covent Garden. At this moment we are probably justified in saying that Italian Opera is remunerative to those concerned in its production, even on a scale of magnificence without precedent, in theatrical history. This success has been dearly bought, but it has been certainly deserved. One of its consequences has been the ruin of the elder undertaking. There would seem now to be almost as little chance of hearing Italian music again in the King's Theatre, in the Haymarket, as in the Pantheon in Oxford Street.

Madame Grisi appeared on the first night of Italian Opera at Covent Garden. Her *Semiramide* was supported by the *Assur* of her old colleague—Tamburini, and Madame Alboni, a singer who, for beauty of voice and executive ability can hardly have been equalled, made her *début* in England as *Arsace*. The season of 1847 may be remembered also as the "Jenny Lind" year. It is not unfair to say now that the merits of the Swedish Nightingale hardly justified the popular excitement that followed her performances. She was a great singer of small parts,—her ventures out of a limited line of characters were distinct failures. An admirable vocalist, but without versatility; still the most charming *Alice* and *nearly* the best *Amina* (for is not Malibran remembered? and Patti now singing?) that have ever been heard. The Lind mania supported Her Majesty's Theatre under an opposition that must otherwise have crushed it. Madame Grisi's only new part in 1847, was *Lucrezia*, in Verdi's "I due Foscari." In 1848 she played, for the first time, *Leonora* in Donizetti's "Favorita," and succeeded in obtaining public approval of an opera that had, until then, been rather undervalued. This work, composed for the Grand Opera at Paris led the way to the performance of other fine works, more especially associated with the French lyric stage. Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots" was produced for the first time on the occasion of the Queen's state visit in 1848, Madame Viardot being the *Valentine*. In the following year Madame Grisi assumed the part, and equalled in power and sentiment, while she surpassed in beauty, the delineation of her formidable rival. The character has since remained one of the most admired of Madame Grisi's list. The season was also memorable for the retirement of Madame Persiani. In 1850 our singer appeared for the first time, and with singular success, in the part of *Alice*, in Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable," the opera being produced with extraordinary splendour. In 1851 her new character was *Pamina* in "Il Flauto Magico." The following season was notable as being one of extreme antagonism between the rival houses. A contest between the managers, in regard to a singer, famed throughout Germany for her representation of *Fides* in Meyerbeer's "Prophète," was determined in the Court of Chancery, and the lady was forbidden to appear on the stage of Covent Garden Theatre. A subsequent season demonstrated that the merits of the German *Fides* hardly warranted the hostility that had risen on her account. To meet the popular demand for the performance of the opera in 1852, notwithstanding the loss of the proposed *Fides*, Madame Grisi courageously offered to undertake the part. Though much of the music was of an exceptional character, and hardly came fairly within the means of the singer, the poetry and passion with which the part was invested, joined to the good feeling towards the management and the public which had prompted its assumption, secured an enthusiastic reception of the representation. The performance, indeed, may be regarded altogether as a surprising *tour de force* on the part of our prima donna, and says much for that perpetual youth of true genius, always willing to learn and to venture, to make new effort and to acknowledge no finality. Madame Grisi's successes in French opera, a very distinct field of

art to the music of the Italian stage, considering the period of her career at which they were achieved, are as remarkable as anything in her history. The season of 1853 saw merely a repetition of some of her most favourite performances. In 1854 was committed one of those mistakes which great artists are so constantly making. They begin by saying "Good-bye" too soon, and the danger is that they end by saying the last words of parting a little too late. Farewell performances were announced, and at a farewell benefit—on which a divided performance was given, and the singer sustained one Italian part and one French, the first act of "Norma" being played, followed by three acts of "Les Huguenots"—Madame Grisi took leave of her English public midst a scene of extraordinary excitement: the prices were doubled, the house crowded to excess, the applause was as enthusiastic as it was prolonged. But in 1855 the lady was singing again! The pangs of parting might have been spared. In 1856—the Royal Italian Opera, the scene of her greatest triumphs, destroyed by fire—she was singing at the Lyceum, and again in 1857, where, it may be mentioned, she appeared in yet another new part, that of *Leonora* in Verdi's "Il Trovatore." The years 1858-9-60 have each seen the lady's successes won over again. In the former year she opened New Covent Garden Theatre with her performance of *Valentine*, as in 1847 she had opened John Kemble's altered house with her *Semiramide.* The facts of the farewell season of 1861 are freshly before the reader.

Glance now at a list of the operas in which Madame Grisi has sustained characters, with the number of times she has played in each in London. "La Gazza Ladra," 47; "Anna Bolena," 38; "Otello," 36; "Il Don Giovanni," 82; "La Donna del Lago," 21; "L'Assedio di Corinto," 11; "Semiramide," 41; "Il Barbiere," 38; "La Sonnambula," 18; "Marino Faliero," 8; "I Puritani," 92; "Prova d'un Opera," 21; "Norma," 79; "I Briganti," 5; "Il Matrimonio Segreto" (*Caroline*), 10; "Malek Adel," 7; "Ildegonda," 2; "Parasina," 6; "Nozze di Figaro," 22; "Falstaff," 4; "Lucrezia Borgia," 97; "Il Giuramento," 9; "Il Matrimonio Segreto" (*Lisetta*), 9; "Fausta," 2; "Roberto Devereux," 6; "Don Pasquale," 29; "Cenerentola," 3; "Don Carlos," 5; "Corado d'Altamura," 1; "Il Pirata," 6; "I Lombardi," 11; "I due Foscari," 3; "La Favorita," 26; "Les Huguenots," 78; "Roberto il Diavolo," 12; "Il Flauto Magico," 3; "Le Prophete," 9; "Il Trovatore," 13.

Some 900 and odd nights are thus accounted for, spread over twenty-seven operatic seasons! For so many years has Madame Grisi been singing in London, on an average of about thirty nights a year. There may well be some pain at parting with an artist who represents so large a share in the entertainment of a generation! There need be a fond leave-taking of one, who, apart from being a beautiful woman and a great singer, has toiled so honestly and zealously for her public. Whenever Madame Grisi trod the stage, her audience might be sure of heart-and-soul work for their entertainment. There was no apathy, no caprice, no sluggishness that sometimes seems to weigh down other singers like a heavy cloak. No sparing of self when our prima donna was upon the scene. There has never been a more conscientious public servant. And look over her long list of parts. Is it possible to point to any one living singer as capable of sustaining these as our prima donna sustained them? Some of them, it would seem, must even leave the lyric stage with her. Examine the names of those who have ventured upon, or been forced into her *répertoire*, during the last ten years, say. *Norma* has been played by Jenny Lind, Parodi, Fiorentini, Cruvelli. *Lucrezia Borgia*, by Cruvelli, Parodi, Frezzolini, Barbieri Nini, Albertini, Johanna Wagner, Titiens. *Donna Anna* has had for representatives, Castellan, Viardot, Parodi, Fiorentini, Medori, Cruvelli, Rudersdorff, Rosa Devries, Spezia, Titiens. As *Elvira* in "I Puritani," Castellan, Lind, Frezzolini, Sontag, Bosio, La Grange, Parepa, Ortolani, Penco, have appeared. Which of these vocalists has torn a leaf from Madame Grisi's laurels? Which has in any way diminished her identity in the public mind with these characters? No, at her theatrical demise her mantle must be divided amongst many; there is no one entitled to it in its integrity. Some characters will fall as of right to Viardot, some to Titiens, to Penco, to Carvalho; much of her younger *répertoire* to Patti; but there is no one who can establish a claim to all of them.

The *habitués* of the opera must seek what consolation they may. They will look a long while for a successor to their prima donna who will cause her to be forgotten. For few can hope to unite her gifts from nature and art. London knows no living singer who can so possess her audience as Madame Grisi possessed them. Who can so awe and win, who can so startle by her passion, and charm by her *espièglerie*; can be so great in tragedy, so graceful in comedy. And she has sung for twenty-seven seasons in London! Is she to be blamed that she was loth to part from her patrons? And on the whole Time has been kind. They who took leave of a great artist in 1854, found they were still saying good-bye to a great artist in 1861. It was the same Giulia Grisi, of the beautiful face, of the silver voice, of the perfect art.

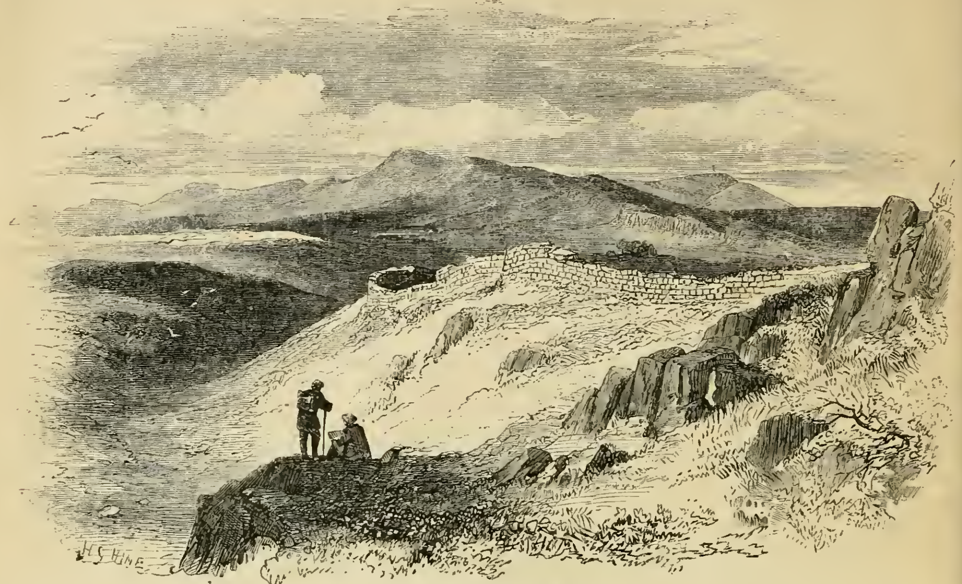
Dutton Cook.

AN ARTIST'S RAMBLE ALONG THE LINE OF THE PICTS' WALL.

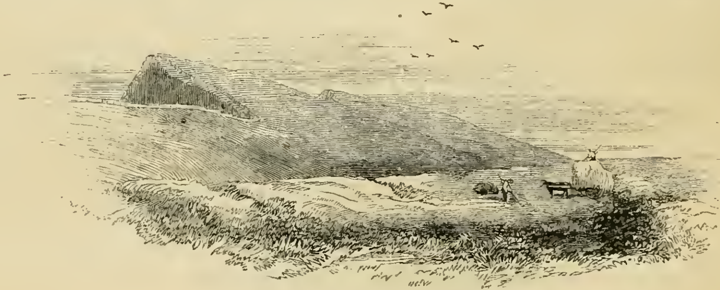
PART III.

Taking up the thread of the wall at Milking Gap, we continued till we reached Steel-rig Gap, where, on the steep descent of the hill, our attention was attracted by the manner in which the courses of wall stones are stepped horizontally into the face of the ground. Hence the wall climbs a bold eminence, running along the verge of the cliff until it reaches Castle Nick, where the military way appears in very perfect condition, with the kerb-stones complete on either side. Passing another gap called Cat's Stairs, we reached Peel Crag, where the face of the cliff rises in a lofty perpendicular wall of basalt, and Gap in the Wall, where a double ditch, in addition to the fosse, testifies that at this point the barrier was considered to require an extraordinary amount of

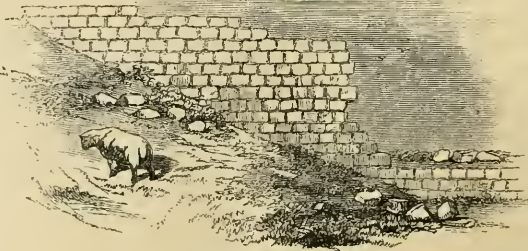
strength. The next elevation is Winshield's Crag, estimated to be the highest ground between the two seas: from its summit the sails of vessels


The Wall near Haltwhistle.

upon the distant Solway may be perceived on a clear day; but the gathering shades of evening


The Vallum and Wall, Cawfield Crags.

denied us this gratification, and we quickened our steps in anticipation of the tea and its accompaniments which we knew our good hostess of the Crown would not fail to set before us on our arrival.* Still proceeding westward, the last red ray of the sun glanced appropriately enough upon the Nick to which Dr. Bruce — who has well and truly entitled himself to stand sponsor to any hitherto unnamed portion of the Wall—has thought fit, in remembrance of the following circumstance, to endow with the ominous cognomen of Bloody Gap. North of the gap is a ridge of ground called Scotch Coulthard. When fugitive moss troopers reached this point, their escape was considered secure, for all beyond is waste and swire, where only they could find footing. Here then, between the Wall and Scotch Coulthard, was the place where, if the fugitive could not make his heels, or rather the sturdy legs of his shaggy Scotch nag, save his head, he must turn at bay; and that many a fierce encounter has here been waged is evident from the numerous skeletons turned up wherever the ground is broken for drainage operations. Further on we came to another gap, whose ominous title of Bogle Hole seemed invested with additional horror as the


Portion of the Wall at Walltown.

* Peremptory in her kindness, mine hostess would say, when I have arrived in the evening wet with roaming among the mosslands, or drenched by a shower, "Sir, your tea is ready, and shall be served as soon as you are dry and comfortable, but until you have changed every wet stitch, not a bit nor a sup will you get from me."

twilight deepened into the shadows of night, and we hastened our steps to the next, Caw Gap, whence we turned towards the descent of the steep road that conducted us back to Haltwhistle.

While descending to Haltwhistle, W—— recited a passage from Procopius, a somewhat obscure author who is believed to have written in the fifth century, setting forth the notions entertained in his day regarding the outlying ground to the northward of the Wall. "Moreover, in this Isle of Britain," he says, "men of ancient time built a long wall, cutting off a great portion of it, for the soil, and the men, and all other things, are not alike on both sides; for on the eastern (southern) side of the wall there is a wholesomeness of air in conformity with the seasons—moderately warm in summer and cool in winter. Many men inhabit here, living much as other men. The trees, with their appropriate fruits, flourish in season, and their corn lands are as productive as others, and the district appears sufficiently fertilised by streams. But on the western (northern) side all is different, insomuch, indeed, that it would be impossible for a man to live there, even half an hour. Vipers and serpents innumerable, with all other kinds of wild beasts, infest that place; and, what is most strange, the natives affirm, that if any one passed the wall he would die immediately, unable to endure the unwholesomeness of the atmosphere. Death also attacking such beasts as go thither, forthwith destroys them. . . . . They say that the souls of men departed are always conducted to this place, but in what manner I will explain immediately, having frequently heard it from men of that region, relating it most seriously, although I would rather ascribe their asseverations to a certain dreamy faculty which possesses them." The people of the district still have their stories of "bogles and lang nebit things fra' the neist warld" of flying men and of dogs in full pursuit, being scared back by some strange metamorphosis of the quarry.

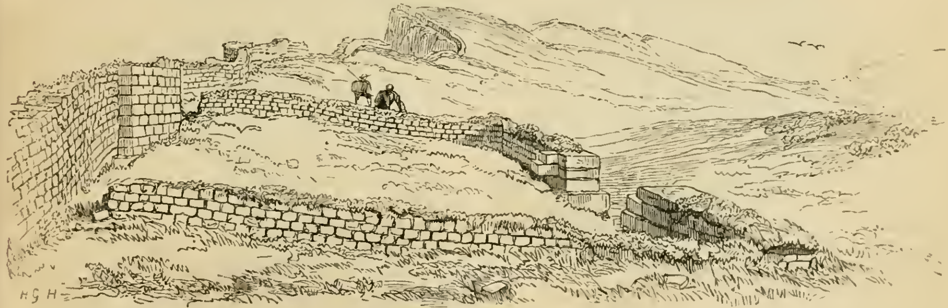
Next morning we sallied forth, W—— undertaking to accompany us part of the way, and took up the line of our march at Caw Gap, where we quitted it on the preceding evening. A road, which soon dwindles to a mere track, runs hence to the north. It passes a lone, uninhabited house, reputed to be haunted by the unquiet spirits of Nell Nichol and her two wicked daughters, who, in their lifetime, were the plague of the neighbourhood. The house was a notorious resort of smugglers and sheep-stealers. Passing another gap, called Thorny Doors, we reached a stage of the Wall, the base of which having been cleared, appears in all its original sharpness, the tooling of the stones looking as if fresh from the Roman hammer. The mile castle called the Cawfields Castle, which we presently reached, is the most perfect structure of that description remaining. The gap which it defended is denominated the Pilgrim's Gap, having been so named by Dr. Bruce's party, who walked along the line of the wall in 1849. The castle is a parallelogram, the corners at the southern side being slightly rounded off. Its inside measurement is sixty-three feet from east to west, and forty-nine from north to south. The south gateway is composed of massive slabs of rustic masonry, and a corresponding gateway appears, walled up, on the northern side, through the wall on which the castle abuts, and opens directly on the face of the crag. These gates have been closed by double folding doorways. The pivot holes are worn by the action of the bolt, which has tinged them with oxide of iron. The opening at each gateway measures ten feet. The width of the wall at the southern gateway is nine feet three inches; at the northern it is ten feet six inches. The castle stands on a slope of about one foot in five, and toward the lower side a level has been obtained by means of "made earth." In clearing out the area, some tiles of grey slate, pierced for roofing, were found, these, it is to be presumed, had been used for the side coverings, the central part of the building being open. In one place the wall is calcined by fire, where, it is likely, the hearth was placed. Here, sheltered from the wintry blast, crouching over the embers, some old legionary grumbler might have appropriately repeated the lines of the poet Florus:

> Cæsar himself I would not be,
> Were the choice e'er imposed on me,
> To march on foot through British foes,
> And bear their Scythian frosts and snows.

And, near at hand, fragments of coarse earthenware and millstones formed of lava, with a sprinkling of oyster shells, betokened the important business of cookery and the consumption of those

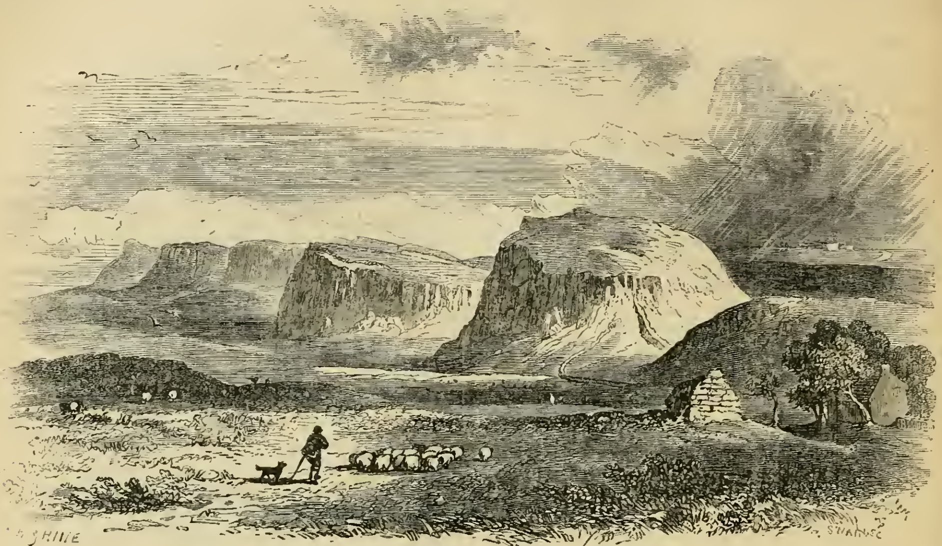
> Wonderful oysters which
> The Caledonian tide sometimes throws up,

celebrated by the poet Ausonius.



Mile Castle at Cawfield Crags.

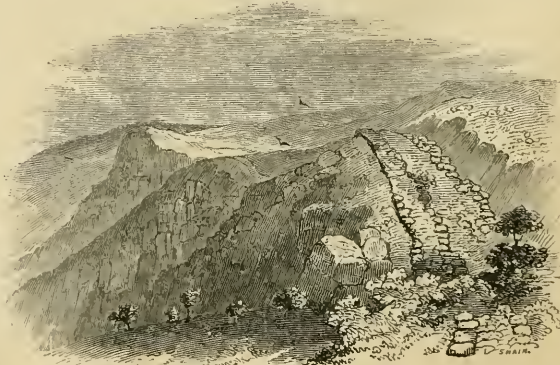
The Cawfields Mile Castle is an exception to the general plan of those structures, in the opening of a gateway to the north, and the question naturally suggests itself, Why open a door on the hostile side of the castle? As an exceptional instance, it would appear to have been planned with a specific



Military Road at the Wall near Cawfield Crags.

object. This portal opens almost directly on to the edge of the crag, which is precipitous, but not incapable of ascent or descent, so that it was assailable from the north; and, in like manner, a sally in that direction could have been effected, although under very disadvantageous circumstances, the balance of advantage being much in favour of the enemy, who would only be induced to make the ascent under the concealment of a night attack. I can only conjecture that perhaps the gateway may have been planned for the purpose of communication with an outpost which had been planted to the north of the wall, or for the exit and entrance of a foraging party.

Leaving this interesting vestige, which lies about midway between the two seas, we made our way to Great Chesters—Æsica—the tenth stationary camp. This comprehends an area of about three acres. In the centre of the camp is a vaulted apartment, similar to that at Walwick Chesters, six feet and a half square and five feet high. It is accessible by a descent of steps, and opposite to the entrance is a stone bench covered with a slab of stone about two feet and a half high and the same in breadth. The vaulted roof consists of six ribbed arches, and the floor is paved with large slabs of stone. According to the Notitia, Æsica was garrisoned by the *Cohors Prima Astorum.* The name of Æsica is traced to a Celtic word signifying water, and may have had its origin in allusion to a watercourse which has been carried to it at a length of six miles from a body of water called the Saughy-rig Washpool, and which, it has been surmised, was planned to add to the strength of the camp by the further security of a wet ditch or moat.



The Wall at Walltown Crags.

To the west of Æsica the crags reappear, and again the wall, like Sisyphus of old, rolls its burden up-hill; and, following its lead, we stood on Mucklebank Crag, whence we looked over the wastes of Cumberland to Crossfel and Skiddaw, and, as we took them to be, the peaks of Arran in the extreme distance to the west. We next reached the Walltown, a solitary house which has some features of a peele tower. It formerly belonged to John Ridley, the brother of the Oxford Martyr. Near this house our comrade W—— directed our notice to abundant patches of chives which grow in the crevices of the whinstone rock, and are said by people of those parts to have been originally planted there by the Romans.

J. W. Archer.

THE SILVER CORD.

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS.

CHAPTER XCIV.

WHILE Laura was in the close embrace of her children, her husband silently left the room, casting upon the loving group an earnest glance which did not escape the vigilant eye of Beatrice.

He made a sign to Charles Hawkesley to follow him. But it was Beatrice who came out and closed the door.

"Come with me," she said to Arthur.

He followed her to the drawing-room.

"You wish to speak to Charles," she said, "but it is far better that you should speak to me, Arthur. Already there is coldness between you and him, and you are both falling back upon your pride and dignity, and five minutes more may separate you for life. You cannot quarrel with me, Arthur, and you cannot offend me. Speak to *me*."

"I had but little to say to him, Beatrice, and that little was simply matter of business. But I will write."

"Write! About what?"

"About future arrangements."

"Arrangements. What is a man's nature? He has still in his eyes the image of his children clinging round the neck of their mother, who is crying out her poor heart between happiness, and doubt, and misery, and he walks from the room and talks of arrangements. Do you ever love us, Arthur? Do you know what it is to love us?"

"Let me write to Charles, Beatrice," said Lygon, in a troubled voice, "and let me go."

"I will not try to stop you. If what you have just seen cannot do that, my words will be of little avail. Yes, dear Arthur, tell me that you called Charles to bid him draw the children away, and send her in here to you, for one moment, for one moment. O, Arthur, make us happy, make *her* happy, and God bless you for ever."

"There is no happiness but in truth and trust," said Arthur Lygon. "Sobs and tears are but hollow substitutes for those. When the sobs are hushed and the tears are dry, then begins again the doubt and the hypocrisy. I will not doom myself to such a life. Farewell, Beatrice, it may be long before we meet again, but be sure that I shall never forget your affection. Farewell."

She detained him by the hand he had placed in hers.

"It is so. Yourself," she said, almost bitterly. "You think of no one but yourself. This selfishness is fearful—yes, and it is contemptible, too."

"Beatrice!"

"I tell you that you cannot quarrel with *me*. I can stand before you and charge you with contemptible cowardice, and you cannot strike me—you cannot even insult me in return. Yes, I have the advantage, and I use it. Arthur, the time of your own trial has come, and you prove unworthy. Poor Laura!"

"I can only be silent, Beatrice, and leave you."

"Your tongue may be silent, but your heart, such as it is, owns that I am speaking the truth. And when you have gone away, and the flush of anger is over, you will accuse yourself in the very words I have spoken. Do not forget them, Arthur. I have said that you are a coward."

"I will forget all, except that a sister made a last and desperate effort on behalf of her sister—to preserve that sister in her position in the world."

"Arthur," exclaimed Beatrice, passionately, "such bitter words were on my lips—they shall not be spoken—no, thank God, I have mastered myself—there. But you are very wicked."

"Be it so, and let me go."

"Her position in the world! There is one position in this world, and but one for which Laura cares, and for which at this moment she would joyfully give twenty years of a life that ought to be too happy for her willingly to shorten it. That, and all the world could offer, she would give to find her head on your breast, and to hear you whisper her name. You know it, you are owning it to your God at this moment, and you are too cowardly to open that door, and with one word bring a happy creature to your arms."

"Why do you harp on the most offensive word you can find?" said Arthur, angrily.

"Because it is the truest. Even while you speak you are proving it. You are striving to close your heart against me, and fastening on that word."

"Cowardly!" repeated Arthur, slowly.

"Yes. You are afraid of yourself. You, who have been proud, and have had a right to be proud of your calm, silent courage, who have shown yourself too really brave to be foolishly impetuous, who have faced the troubles and trials of years, and have conquered them all, you are now afraid of yourself, and of your own thoughts. I read your heart, Arthur, as if it were my own, and I almost hate you for a meanness that will send Laura to her grave."

"I must not answer you."

"O, if you could, we should all be so happy! But you cannot."

"In part you are right, Beatrice, and it is painful to me to own that you are right, because that accuses one of whom I wish to speak only with kindness. I see my course before me; I have convinced myself that it is just, and I should indeed feel ashamed hereafter, if my conscience could tell me that I weakly gave way. That is cowardice of which I own I am guilty."

"What weak, miserable, stilted words! and yet they are the right ones, Arthur, for uttering a miserable pretence. If we are never to meet again, do not let us part with a falsehood between us—a cruel, shallow falsehood."

"*You* have heard none."

"Do not say so. Dear Arthur, you talk of justice; be just to yourself, and to us all. It is of no such mocking folly that you are afraid. It is of your own nature. You are proud, sensitive, and you have learned to be suspicious—there, do not speak—I know what you would answer to that word."

"That the lesson has been wantonly forced on me," said Arthur, sternly. "It was none of my seeking—suspicion was no part of the nature which you describe so vindictively, Beatrice. Ask Laura. Her goings-out and her comings-in were uncontrolled by me; her friends, her letters, her secrets were her own. I had made her my wife, and in that word was absolute, unquestioning faith. Suddenly a whole history of treachery is thrust before my eyes, and *that* image, Beatrice, will outlive all others."

"Yes, you speak the truth, now," said Beatrice, sadly.

"And what are you asking, or what is she stooping to ask through you? That a husband who loved her better than life, and believed her worthy of his love, and who can say, as if he were speaking his last words, that never for one waking hour of their married life was she absent from his mind, and who never let a day pass without some act, it might be a trifle, it might be more, for her comfort, or her amusement—you are asking that this husband, alienated by her own deceit, shall affect to receive her home as he would have welcomed her from some holiday, and shall pretend to re-people his home and his heart with all the loving thoughts of old days, with all that she swept remorselessly away in an endeavour to conceal her treachery. This Beatrice Hawkesley stoops to ask of me, that her sister may continue to live in her husband's house, and go out into the world under the protection of his name. You scoff at a man's pride, Beatrice, but what is a woman's?"

"Her love, which, Arthur, you have never comprehended—and which, I judge from your words, you never will comprehend. For the sake of that deep, true love of Laura's, I can bear with your language, wounding as it is, and as it is intended to be. Yes, we stoop to ask what you have said we ask. We accept this at your hands, and not sullenly, Arthur, but with humble gratitude, and we will wait for the day when you shall thank those who accepted your grudged and contemptuous pity. Even on those terms, Arthur, and with such low thoughts on your part of the motives that lead us, I beg you to receive back my sister to your home."

"I scarcely believe that I hear the voice of Beatrice Hawkesley," said Arthur, speaking low.

"No," said Beatrice, "you hear the voice of your wife. I speak at her bidding, and, if you will, believe her at your knees asking what I have asked in her name."

"Beatrice, the time is too solemn for trifling.

I have known you as a high-minded and truthful woman. I hold your husband responsible for the truth of what you say to me."

"He will accept the responsibility."

"And if I ask you, in the name of all that you hold sacred—"

"In the most sacred name of all, if you will."

"If I ask you whether this appeal is made to me at Laura's prayer—whether she desires, without one more word of the past, to return to my house and resume her place there—you hear me, without one word of the past,—if I ask you *that*, Beatrice?"

"I answer you, Yes."

"Remember what I have said—remember it now and for ever, Beatrice."

"Until you bid me forget it."

"I hear," said Arthur, in an agitated voice, "what, an hour ago, no earthly persuasion could have made me believe would have been uttered by living lips."

"And there has been a time, this very day, Arthur, when I believed it as impossible. But you have heard me, and you grant the prayer that I have made?"

The voice of Beatrice seemed forced and unmusical, and he looked earnestly at her.

"If I judge rightly, Beatrice, it was not counsel of yours that has impelled my wife to take this course."

"Of mine? No," she answered, slowly. "It was no counsel of mine. I love my husband, dearly, deeply, with all my heart and soul. Perhaps I am wicked to speak of the possibility of an hour that could part us—there is but one, I bless God when I say it, that ever can. But if such an hour had come, I dare not say that, deep and true as is my love for him—well, I might have strength given me for such a trial—but I will not now say that what I have been bidden to ask for Laura I would ask for myself."

"You would not?"

"I dare not say that I would."

"Beatrice, in my turn, let me say that I dare not ask what this abjectness of submission means."

"Means?" repeated Beatrice, piteously.

"Yes, the question comes to me with fearful promptness——"

Beatrice Hawkesley uttered a cry—almost a wild cry—and her hand was upon his lips.

"In the name of God! for the love of your children, wicked, foolish man, be silent! Down with all thoughts but one! Oh, Arthur! down with all devilish thoughts. and pray, pray for the power to understand something of a woman's love. She flings herself before you, she prays you to take her home—she, Laura, the proudest of us all—she begs you to forgive her, and with that head bending before you, and that proud heart stooping for pardon, are you so miserable—Oh, Arthur, it is not, it cannot be so!—are you so unhappy as to be unconvinced of her love? Does the God that gave such a woman to your heart deny you the power of knowing how you are blessed?"

Beatrice's tears came to her relief; but, as she leant upon the arm of Arthur, he felt that her agitation was fearful.

"What am I to say?" he uttered, mechanically.

"Say?" answered Beatrice, in a voice choking with sobs. "Call *her!*"

"Either I am mad," said Arthur, wildly, "or God has kept such a blessing for me as I have never deserved. Which is it, Beatrice?" he exclaimed, passionately, imperatively, as if the decision were with the agitated woman who looked up to him with a glowing face, stained with tears.

"Go to her," sobbed Beatrice.

"I *will!*" he answered.

He turned to the door.

"No, let her come to you."

At least he thought he heard some such words; but there was a woman's voice, and a figure hastily crossing the room, and something of a struggle, as of a wife who sought to kneel, but was indignantly caught up to a husband's bosom, and held strongly there, and all that could be borne in the way of pardon given in a kiss, and that kiss forgotten in a long embrace of love.

He would never have remembered that any such words had come to him, but she murmured a word or two—how long afterwards he knew not, but they were alone in that drawing-room.

"I want to speak—darling—one word—I will speak."

"Not now."

"Yes, now, and never again. Will you ever think me proud any more?"

"Yes."

"Not when I tell you that I was listening at the door. Oh! if you had—"

But the sentence was never finished.

As for Beatrice, she again behaved that night in a way so unworthy of a dignified British matron that I do not altogether like to set down the particulars. The only sort of excuse that can be offered for her is, that all the rest of the party seemed to be almost equally unmindful of the proprieties of life. I pass over the excitement of the children, which was shared, to a certain extent, by their cousins, and the merciful removal of all those household blessings, after various ineffectual attempts, and the restoration of quiet in the apartment in which the Hawkesleys and the Lygons were assembled. That Arthur Lygon should say little was natural, and that Laura, having seated herself upon a footstool beside his knee, should content herself with holding his hand, and studying her wedding-ring (which seemed to have some strange attraction for her eyes, and yet it was but a common guinea affair too), and taking very little notice of anybody, was perhaps also pardonable enough. Charles Hawkesley seemed impressed with the idea that a great deal was expected from him, and that it fell upon him to maintain the conversation of the evening, and with the best possible intentions he started topic upon topic, delivered a speech upon each, and when he had fairly worn it out, took another, and acquitted himself upon that with equal fluency and equal failure to produce the slightest response. He also acted on the same principle in regard to his hospitalities, and brought out bottle after bottle of wine, of all kinds, poured

out glasses thereof, and set them before the others. Nobody tasted any, but this did not discourage Hawkesley, who continued to talk and to bring out wine as if he were actuated by some concealed machinery of a hospitable character, and had been set going for the good of society. But Mrs. Hawkesley made herself perfectly ridiculous. How many times she kissed Laura's forehead, in a straightforward way, and how many times she took advantage of her sister's position to come behind her, and hold her head, or touch her shoulders, or give some similar intimation of satisfaction, I cannot say. This might be forgiven, as also might her standing before Arthur and contemplating him kindly, and then walking right away to her husband, and kissing him in the very middle of a speech about Mr. Gladstone's financial scheme, or the National Gallery, or something that neither he nor any of his audience just then cared one farthing about. But why she should have disappeared, after a time, without assigning a cause, and then should have made her re-appearance, at intervals, each time bringing down either her own baby, in its night-clothes, or Walter, in the garb of a *débardeur*, or Clara in some hastily assumed garment, and slippers, but no stockings, or Freddy, in extreme *déshabillé* (it was hard work to get him away, and he had to be bribed with wine), and then varying the performance by calmly bringing in her own baby again, as if nothing had happened, she has never been able to explain, and Charles Hawkesley teases her to this day upon her perseverance, that night, in rehearsing a sort of private Resurrection of the Nuns by instalments. But nobody seemed surprised, and Laura and Arthur, each holding a hand of any child presented to them, would have held it, I believe, until morning, if Hawkesley had not occasionally taken it away, to make room, as he said, for more novelties which were then getting up.

There had been another watcher that evening, another listener at doors, but one who had watched and listened for another purpose than that of reconciliation.

Irritable, impatient, impenitent Bertha had with difficulty endured the solitude of that day. There had been little thought for her, beyond the kindly orders which Mrs. Hawkesley had given for her comfort, and while the incidents that have been last recorded were passing, she had been left entirely alone. Speedily discovering that there was some unusual excitement in the house, Bertha had hastily dressed, and with half opened door had sought to discover the meaning of what was going on below. By dint of listening and of spying, and from hearing the joyous cries and conversation of the children, she soon found out something of the state of affairs, and learned that Laura had arrived, and was with her husband. Something Bertha contrived to hear of the interview between Beatrice and Lygon, and when she had watched the former leaving the drawing-room, Mrs. Urquhart stole down, and took the place at the door where Laura had stood trembling between a last hope and a last despair. Bertha made out that a reconciliation had been effected, and she ground her teeth in impotent anger. All was to be forgotten and forgiven between Arthur and his wife, but what would be Bertha's place in the household circle? Would there be any place at all for her whose sin had brought wretchedness to the English home, death to the home in France? Or was she to be mercifully treated, to be placed away in obscurity, to be provided for by charity, and to be preached into the pretence of repentance? Her state of mind and of health forbad her enduring the idea with ordinary patience, and with a flushed cheek and clenched hands she hurried back to her apartment.

"They are all too good for me," she repeated, as she made some hasty preparations for departure.

Mrs. Hawkesley's bed-room door stood open. Bertha glided into the room, and took a purse that lay upon the toilette table. Then, she came softly down stairs, stealing from landing to landing, watching lest she should be intercepted. But at that moment a new-found happiness engrossed those who might have stayed her. She reached the hall, again listened, and heard Charles Hawkesley's voice, and laugh of excitement. In another minute she had departed, to return to that house no more.

CHAPTER XCV.

Not that night, but the next day—not in that house, but away in the stillness of a lovely scene of green and shadow, Arthur Lygon and his wife sat for hours, and spoke of the events that had parted them. They had scarcely said, but had strongly felt that such a confidence should precede their return home, and they had almost instinctively chosen a retreat in which, in the earlier days of their wedded life merry hours had been passed, as also happier hours of quiet, of almost silent love. It was in a deep shade, and under the aged beeches where, as was long ago told, Beatrice Hawkesley had planned a joyous day, fated to be postponed until many sorrows should have been borne by her and by those dearest to her, that Laura and Arthur sat, too intensely happy to care much for the pleasant things around them, yet conscious that all was in accord with the music of their own hearts.

Long was the tale she had to tell him, as he lay at her feet—lay where his look was not directly upon her face, yet where the slightest turn of his head brought his eyes upon hers, and where, with a touch of his hand, he could tell her, needlessly now, that he accepted all her words with the faith of a child.

But that Laura began with the beginning, or ended with the end, or told her story as a stranger would have told it to strangers, is more than may be said. Nor might a stranger follow it with the eager affection of him who listened, and who found in a half-uttered word, or in a moment's pause, that which brought his hand to the hand of Laura. But this is something of what she had to tell him under the beeches.

When Laura and her sister, Bertha, were pupils at the school at Lipthwaite, Ernest Adair, or as he was then called, Ernest Hardwick, had recently been engaged as one of the masters. He had resided some time in the town, and had been strongly recommended to Mrs. Spagley, Laura knew not by whom; but the fact was that Marion

Wagstaffe, afterwards Mrs. Berry, had procured credentials for the young Anglo-Frenchman from some eminently Protestant friends in London. Acting under her counsels—and why these were so ready, and why so much aid of other kinds was afforded by her, needs not to be told to those who know the rest—Hardwick had gained the good opinion of her Evangelical friends by a device, not then so ordinary as it has since become, and one by which many an admirable and conscientious English woman has been deceived, and has deserved no reproach for her error. It is only those who know the intense conviction held by thousands, that the creed of Rome is the way to hell, who can fairly appreciate the eager zeal with which such believers welcome a Catholic who appears open to an effort for his conversion. Even now, when foreign adventurers have worked this mine until one would think its last lode was exhausted, we occasionally find a profligate and plebeian scoundrel, to whom no vice is unknown, succeeding, by dint of lying avowal that he is dissatisfied with the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church, and desirous of a more "vital" faith, in obtaining access to the homes of England, and in securing a favouritism which would be far more cautiously extended to a Englishman of social position. The police of France and England can tell strange tales of many who have sat, and even yet sit "at good men's feasts." But at the time in question, the game was not so often or so vulgarly played, and it is not to be imputed as a heavy fault to those who, prepared by Miss Wagstaffe's representations, received the handsome, thoughtful, and interesting young doubter, Ernest Hardwick, and, touched by his candour and zeal for truth, became the Aquilas and Priscillas to the convert, but aided him to procure such employment as should render him independant of the tyrannical priests, to whom he described himself as an unwilling slave. He came to Mrs. Spagley's with testimonials which brought the tears into the eyes of that well-meaning custodian of so many future wives and mothers.

But he did not come alone. With him came a companion, a Frenchman, younger than himself, who had been his victim in Paris, at a time when Henri Amyot was dissipating a handsome inheritance in the ordinary courses of a young gentleman's ruin. It was Hardwick who, while plundering his friend, did him the deeper wrong of demoralising him, and of converting a careless, self-indulgent, but not very profligate boy into a premature debauchee, and, finally, into a criminal who had placed himself within reach of the law. When Amyot's means were gone, and he was in a position of danger that rendered him useless to Ernest, the latter would have discarded Henri, and left him to his fate. But they were not to part company so easily, for the pupil had learned something from his master, enough to make Henri a most inconvenient enemy. Later in life, Adair, as he subsequently called himself, might have disposed of this difficulty in some bold fashion of his own. But he was then young and had not entirely divested himself of the natural affections. They had been friends before they were fellow-criminals, and there was something in the gentle and confiding character of Henri Amyot,—something in the almost childlike trust which he at first reposed in Adair,—which made Ernest reluctant to abandon to utter ruin the lad whom he had so deeply injured. Through all Amyot's vice there was a sentiment, lacking to Adair's, and even when Amyot was revelling in the wildest excesses, he managed to tinge them with a touch of romance, which, if it did not render them less hateful, might have excused some slight pity for the fanciful and impassioned Henri. Let it have been the tie which is so often formed by the conviction of superiority, or let it have been any temporary sensation of remorse, there was something that forbad Adair to cast away his weak and gentle associate into the abyss, and though he but withdrew Henri from one atmosphere of guilt to steep him in another, Ernest permitted his friend to cling to him, and the image of that fair young face, with its deep blue eyes and pensive expression, was perhaps the least depraved of the images which set out the temple of Adair's ungodly worship.

He brought Henri to England with him, and what such friendship as Adair's could do for him was done. Its best effort was but to give Amyot chances similar to those which Adair worked so well. But Amyot was indolent by constitution, and his nature, libertine as he was, recoiled from many a scheme which his master set before him. Henri, though he dared not avow it to the scoffing Adair, had a dream of extricating himself from the slough, and of uniting himself to some exquisitely good and beautiful English girl, of fortune and of piety, who might enable him to pass the rest of his life in an extreme of luxury, but a luxury elevated into poetry, and refined by purity. It was a modest aspiration for the pupil of Ernest Adair, but it was genuine. And when Amyot was established in England, where vicious indulgence was not only not forced upon him, but was scarcely attainable, his purpose strengthened. Poor boy, he took the best course that he knew. He made a vow of virtue, and he addressed himself to the study of religion—such religion as stealthily read books of Catholic theology taught, and which he adapted and improved to suit his own tastes by an admixture of a poetry which would have scandalised the authors of his manuals. At this time he enjoyed the only happiness of his brief and wasted life.

For, at this time, when his heart was softened, and even improved by his religious ponderings, and by his withdrawal from the debasing associations of other days, he was introduced, through Adair's means, to Laura Vernon.

The beautiful girl, just emerging into womanhood, and though happy, restless, too, from the sense that her happiness has yet to be complete and defined, was nearly the ideal of Amyot's dream of an English maiden. Her heart, her person, her sweetness of disposition, her gentle yet sensitive nature were all that he could wish, and he believed that his religious efforts had found favour, and that his destiny was to be happy. Ardent and trustful, he at once accepted the representations of Adair that the father of Laura was a man of boundless wealth, which he was hoarding

for his children, and poor Henri yielded himself at once to the only pure passion of his prematurely squandered life.

It was the first time in *her* life that Laura Vernon had felt her heart awakened, nor was it strange that the young and graceful Frenchman, with his deep blue eyes, pensive smile, and mingled religion and poesy should at once fascinate the carelessly educated girl. We have passed the stage of our story when it could be interesting to dwell on the progress he made in her affections, on the dreamlight with which she—she, at the age of dreams—invested the stranger, and how, with the alchemy of love, she found in her own disadvantages new reasons for loving him. When Henri turned his deep eyes upon her, and in that sweet voice told her of his religious doubts and fears, and exulted in urging upon her that her love had been vouchsafed as his reward, adding—we may be sure he did not forget them—all the more earthly and passionate pleadings of a lover who knows a shorter way to woman's heart—Laura, at seventeen, felt that her time had come, and surrendered her heart, not to Henri Amyot, the worn libertine, but to an ideal of passion and of faith.

In that attitude of cloud-worship were written those letters of which we have heard so much, and many, many more, which Ernest Adair destroyed. He destroyed them, when it came to his turn to read them for a fiendish purpose, and he did so because they were too pure, too holy, to be blended into the foulness which he intermixed. There were but a few of Laura's letters that, by accident, did not on their very faces refute the vileness which Adair and his accomplice sought to fix upon them—of these we have seen the fatal use.

Laura had loved Henri. Nor, as she sat under those beeches, did she seek by word or by tone to deny that it had been so.

The rest is soon told.

Henri Amyot died, and Adair killed him. Not with his hand, nor by violence, and yet at a blow.

With what base intent Adair had made his way to the weak and foolish heart of Laura's sister, what shame followed, and what vile use he made of his power over the girl, to renew the exercise of that power when the girl became a wife, is already known. At first he concealed his treachery from Henri, and encouraged him in the belief that he was on a road of flowers, and on his way to fortune and happiness. It was not until the two young hearts had been knit, until each believed in the happy destiny before it, that Ernest Adair struck his blow. And then it was given almost by chance.

Maddened at the failure of some scheme for raising money, and further stung by the unexpected and firm refusal of Henri Amyot to join him in a plan of fraud, Ernest Adair, as one day the friends were standing on the hill overlooking Lipthwaite, broke out in a torrent of vindictive insult, and met the expostulations of Amyot by a brutal revelation which told all. Mr. Vernon was a beggar, and Laura was the sister of a wanton. He had perhaps added some word—some scoff—against Laura herself, but he looked in the face of Henri Amyot, and he dared not.

He heard one curse—one of those utterances in which agony exhausts itself with a single effort—and then he had to raise the body of Henri Amyot from that hill-side, and to strive to staunch the blood that welled from the mouth. The earlier life of Henri had done its fatal work, and this one fierce blow was all that was needed. He did not die in Lipthwaite. Adair, in obedience to the only words Henri could speak, the only words he ever spoke again, removed him without farewell to a town at some distance, and in two days more chose his grave.

So broke that dream of Laura's girlhood. Heaven is kinder to our young children than to permit such grief to be durable, and with womanhood came the graver sense of the meaning of life. But that girl-love and its rapid ending made their mark on the character of Laura, and the portrait that hangs on Lygon's wall, and that speaks of troubles and of suffering, tells, though the painter knew it not—the husband knows it now—something that it had not told but for Henri Amyot. And that rosary of golden beads—you know now whence they came, and Arthur Lygon knows it too.

"And I *will* ask, darling, and yet I know the answer—why this was all kept from me. No, you shall not say. I did not deserve to be told."

"My own Arthur—I *dared not.*"

"Dared not?"

"I thought I knew your nature, Arthur, and I loved you too well to risk the happiness of being your wife. I had heard you speak of first loves, and you had declared that no woman loved twice. This was before we married, and I kept a secret which I never dared to tell afterwards. Oh, when you have praised my courage, and I knew that I was a wicked coward—"

"You shall not say it."

"But you know me now—you know me your own, heart and soul. Is it not so, my own?"

"My wife!"

"Yes. That is all I ask to hear. God bless you!"

"Does *He* not?"

And will they live happy ever afterwards? That is not for me to say, for, save one dark chapter, I have finished the story of the breaking and the re uniting the Silver Cord.

(To be concluded in our next.)

AMERICAN SOLDIERING.

The Civil War in America has an interest for us beyond the political or the philanthropic view of it. We ought to make a study of it as an illustration of a new phase of human affairs. In Europe the true Military Period of society is over, the philosophers tell us; allowing for an old-fashioned outbreak now and then,—like the career of the first Napoleon. This does not mean that war is over. It means that such wars as there are have a different aim and character from those of the true Military Period. Modern wars will, for some time to come, be in connection with commercial

interests, except in the cases, which must soon die out in natural course, in which force is necessary to drive out superannuated or evil-minded despots, not good enough for the age, or for the people who have lived under them. As the true Military Period gave place to another, the military mind and spirit changed, under the influence of new ideas and interests. Still the traditions of one of the chief stages of human experience were sure to live on for centuries; and when men at this day seem to be occupied with very different things, the lightest touch upon some old national association will wake up, in "a nation of shopkeepers," ideas and emotions very like those of ancestors who lived under warrior kings. We need not go beyond our own borders to see this. England is considered the representative of the Commercial Period at which the world has arrived. We have our Peace party, and agitators who uphold it to be a virtue to repress patriotic affections in consideration of commercial tranquillity. We believed, ten years ago, that we had lost our capacity for war, partly through long disuse, and partly because a generation had grown up without military ideas, and any patriotic emotions tending in that direction. We heard our young men deprecating military training, because it wastes time, and costs money, and may be mischievous in putting quarrelsome notions into people's minds. I, for one, heard such objections made ten years ago. Yet, what a rally to the old virtue and the old interests we have made since! Our second army in the Crimea and our present Volunteer force have proved the strength of the traditions which have come down from the military ages. It naturally follows that, when we make war, we do it under the associations and the emotions of the olden time. War is with us an ancient institution; and we have inherited the military spirit, ideas, and conscience which dwelt in our fathers, and which prevent war from being the mere savagery which it would be as a fresh characteristic of a new period of society.

The case is otherwise in the great democratic Republic of the new world; and this is the reason why the civil war in America is singularly important and interesting as a political and social study. Since I last wrote of the conflict, the battle of Bull's Run has become a piece of almost old news in England. Yet it seems to me that we have not even tried to understand it, or to study the indications it may afford.

The Americans are really as unmilitary as we supposed ourselves to be ten years ago; and they are, for the most part, as far from being aware of the fact as we were in 1851 from suspecting what a warrior heart lay under the costume of the British trader. "The Chivalry" of the Slave States commemorate their Cavalier descent; extol slavery as procuring leisure to make the gentry a military aristocracy, carry arms, preserve a show of soldiers, arsenals, sentries, morning guns and evening drums, &c., and keep the world in order, as they think, by threatening to seize the territory, and whip the backs of all nations who displease them. The South asserts itself to be the tiptop military aristocracy of the civilised world. At the other extremity of the country, the pretension is almost as strong, though different in aspect. The sons of the Puritans have grim portraits of the Forefathers as they stood in their armour, and cherish family traditions of the way their ancestors went to work to till the ground and transact their trade. The ploughman and woodman, and herdsman went armed as regularly as Southern citizens do now. The enemy then was the Red Indian, or some foreign invader; whereas the Southern citizen's foe at this day is his next door neighbour, or some townsman who prides himself on the number of "difficulties" he makes in the year. In the great North-west region, the population is heterogeneous; but it goes armed, to a great extent, between its apprehensions from Red Indians, runaway negroes, kidnappers, filibusters, or hostile rovers of one sort or another. Still, that population hardly considers itself military in its character, having no type in the past, and no traditional character to perpetuate. While the north-west boasts of having no ancestry, and claims the glory of being a new social creation in a new scene, the old Puritan race in New England has prided itself on having exchanged fleshly weapons for the sword of the spirit. Non-resistant doctrines have spread widely in that region; and its representatives find it a hard cross to bear when they go up to Congress to be sneered at by Southern men for carrying no weapons, and for a supposed anxiety to avoid all pretexts for duelling. Notwithstanding all this, New Englanders have the same persuasion that other tribes under the Union have, that they can flog the world simply by being the most military people, in the national aggregate, in the world. It is this persuasion, cherished under peculiar circumstances, and now brought to the test of fact, which makes the American civil war so instructive a study at present.

I believe it will be admitted in a little while by everybody, in America and outside of it, that the Americans are the most thoroughly unmilitary of the great nations of our time.

They inhabit a fresh territory, where there are no memorials of earlier periods of society. They have no neighbours who have gone through such periods in company with them, or under their observation. Their chief aims have been first, in their colonial days, a fair and comfortable subsistence; and since, an eminent material prosperity, as a sign and a result of able self-government, in conspicuous departure from the national models and political institutions of the old world. They have succeeded in their aims; but their success has destroyed that military character of thought and feeling which they have taken for granted must remain what it was when their fathers landed as soldiers, of one kind or other, from Europe. They are extreme representatives of the Commercial Period, in fact. They excel the rest of the world in the application of science to the arts of life: they are learned in the methods of creating and increasing wealth: they have the spirit of adventure which belongs to commercial enterprise, and its spirit of liberality in regard to the spread of knowledge, and of hospitality to strangers, and of munificent charity to the needy. All this and more they have; but of the military spirit they

have, as a nation, no conception. That they think they have, simply proves that they misapprehend the military ages and peoples of the world. Whether their unwarlike quality is a sign of progression or deterioration is not the question here. The important thing to us is the fact, as a key to the situation.

The circumstance which goes further to account for the fact than the newness of the terrain, or its isolation from the civilised world, or the heterogeneous character of the people, is the democratic form of government which the statesmen of ninety years ago ventured to inaugurate. That form of government tends to the cultivation of self-will in every shape it can assume; and an inordinate self-will is unfavourable to the military spirit in the highest degree. In every form of society, self-will must be restricted in one way or another. In the American republic, the checks in the different sections form a study in themselves: but all I can say now is that, in each, one man's self-will is checked by the stronger will of an equal; and this check affords no hope for military discipline. The actual working in the present case has been this:

For forty years the Southern politicians have been bent upon introducing the principle of slave labour throughout the Republic; and they have put to its fullest use the three-fifths suffrage which they obtained by bribery from the North in the last century. Obtaining by it the ascendency at Washington, they overwhelmed the Northern section by audacity, and by menace grounded on their supposed military character. The unwarlike North yielded; but this was by the self-will of the most self-seeking portion of the community overpowering the patriotism of better men. The newspapers were the means by which the baser minds acted, as they have now been the fatal betrayers of the Northern cause. The peculiarity of the Southern case has been that, owing to the absence of a middle class, the self-will of the dominant order has had no check—except indeed that of assassination. Despots over a population of slaves and "mean whites," the Southern gentry have become crazed with self-will. The last trace of true military quality disappeared when attacks upon defenceless men, broils, and a gross order of duelling were boasted of as signs of an age of chivalry. When several thousands of citizens of several States awarded honours to Preston Brooks for his assault on Mr. Sumner as something heroic, the Southern community unconsciously surrendered its last claim to the credit of any sort of military spirit. In full consistency with this state of things, the South exceeded all bounds of reason in her self-will about the government of the Republic; and at last provoked the citizens of the Free States to assert their will as the majority. It was an overwhelming majority; but the South was spoiled by long indulgence, and could not yield, according to the constitutional compact. Relying on the unwarlike character of the North, the Secessionist leaders defied opposition, and began a civil war.

By doing so, they fix attention on whatever they have done in the way of warfare. I am not going into the history here; but I may refer to the fact of the absence of discipline which has been remarkable wherever Southern troops have gone. In Mexico, they exhibited a spectacle which could be seen in no place where the military spirit existed. As Republicans, they would be bound by no compulsion to serve beyond their own voluntary promise, or mere will and pleasure; and companies, or parties, or twos and threes, were frequently seen stacking their arms and refusing to move in the crisis of some enterprise, or walking away on the eve of action. By the road side, or in some exposed place in camp, some delinquent might be seen tied neck and knees together, or somehow pilloried, for some breach of discipline,—these cruel punishments being inflicted on safe subjects, in the absence of regular penalties, which republican soldiers will not submit to. These are illustrations of a decided non-military quality in the Southern citizens, who feel as certain of being soldiers, born and bred, as of being whites. If we should be obliged to believe the stories now current of their barbarity to prisoners and wounded men last month, the evidence of their misapprehension of the military character will be complete. On the one hand, experience disposes us to disbelieve all wonderful stories told in American newspapers; and, on the other, as the habit of visiting personal passions on the bodies of slaves has led to the prevalent practice of assassination in that region of the country, it is only too probable that, after a battle and during a rout, men accustomed to strike and stab and shoot on the sly, may have perpetrated acts which soldiers in the old world would regard with loathing.

As soon as the same causes have an opportunity of operating in the North, we see the same effects produced. American sailors, like soldiers, cannot endure to be made machines of. This repugnance is a reason against military enterprise; and Northern citizens have therefore not been soldiers hitherto; but there must be sailors. This has been one of the most trying social difficulties the Republic has ever had to deal with. Naval commanders are not so happy there as in other countries, from the perplexity how to enforce discipline. The narratives of mutinies on board ship,—the few that become known,—are singularly melancholy; as, for instance, that which occurred in the Exploring Expedition under Commander Wilkes, in which it became necessary to hang at the yardarm the son of a Member of the Cabinet of that day. We see in the incessant occurrence of cruelties on board American ships,—now a stereotyped phrase in the newspapers,—the consequences of a lack of a habit of discipline, and of due provision for its enforcement. The necessary despotism under which alone the work of an army and a navy can be done, is an anomaly in a democratic republic; and there is no basis for any trustworthy understanding between commanders and the commanded. It was long experience of this, and a confirmed habit of criticism of Southern soldiering, which made the recent "uprising of the North" so interesting as it was to observers of a warlike crisis in an unmilitary country.

The self-will in the North showed itself in the newspapers before a company was on its march.

For reasons which it would take too long to tell, the power of the newspaper press in America is seized by men who are anything but practical, and who are wanting in the sense and modesty which business habits engender and encourage. The last mail of July has brought us an anecdote which tells the whole case in the briefest way. While almost every newspaper undertook to guide the President, to instruct the Cabinet, and to put the Commander-in-Chief under orders, the New York "Tribune" pushed to the front with its scheme of taking Richmond, and demolishing the rebels at once. In vain the Government held back, and the Commander-in-Chief declared that the means did not exist. The "Tribune" set up the cry "On to Richmond!" and roused the public to insist upon the attempt, by ascribing all delays to faults in the administration. The rulers set up by the people to rule were over-ruled, and the disaster at Bull's Run is the consequence. After it happened, the Government made a strong appeal to the editor of the "Tribune" to desist from interference with its work and its responsibilities. Such an appeal, backed by the hourly arriving news of the dead and the missing, and the immeasurable disaster of the rout, might overawe any man's pride, and touch any man's heart; and we see accordingly a declaration in the "Tribune," under the editor's well-known name, that he will never more offer any kind of comment on public affairs during the struggle, but will convey to his readers nothing but news, without criticism, suggestion, or any remark whatever. It would show some sense of the greatness of the occasion if other editors, not better qualified to advise, would offer the same pledge. They, like thousands of their readers, have been mistaking sanguine imaginings, and the social vanity which belongs to self-governing peoples, for patriotic ardour, and have doubted the patriotic ardour of all who were not in as great a hurry as they were. In this connection another incident has occurred, which impressed some persons deeply long before the march to Bull's Run.

The most experienced and thoughtful of the great Northern merchants have, from the beginning, denounced this kind of patriotic ardour, while themselves so ardent in their patriotism as to pour out their wealth into the lap of the State, and send their sons to the war when too old to go themselves. They have incessantly declared the first requisite to be "a business basis," in contrast to an emotional one, on which to build plans and action—a policy and its methods; and, when this "business basis" was not to be had, they avowed a hope that the Northern forces would meet with "two or three defeats at the outset." I understand, on good authority, that now they have got their wish they do not repent it. When the first desperate accounts of the rout at Bull's Run arrived they pronounced them exaggerated—as they turned out to be; and when the full amount of the disaster became known they admitted that they could not regret it, because the alternative was of something worse. These practical sages have reason for what they feel and say. They see that the self-will which they regard with a truly republican admiration, will be turned full in the right direction,—in the direction of each man's own duty, instead of that of other people's. They have a warrant for their hope in their constant experience of their countrymen's ability to set things to rights, and to learn from events. In civil life, it is remarkable how long an evil may go on unchecked in any American State; because what is everybody's business is nobody's business; but when some flagrant instance rouses attention, and the community gives its mind to a remedy, the remedy is the speediest and best conceivable. I remember, as one instance, the grievance of shipwrecks in a bay formed by the shores of two States. The coast of an island there was dangerous; and the pilots of each State were disagreed about their duty, and remiss in it. At last, a crowd of immigrants were drowned in a way which shocked the whole community; and a Bill was brought in and passed which contained a complete remedy in three lines. Such remedial measures in America, our lawyers say, never need recurring to. They require no botching, no supplementing, as our Acts of Parliament too often do. They may be long waited for; but, when obtained, they are found to be exactly what is wanted. Those who best know the Americans now look for a process of the same kind in military affairs first, and afterwards in political. The evil of presumption and ignorant meddling has exhibited itself in a wreck more disastrous than that in which the immigrants perished; and the scorners of discipline have proved more mischievous than pilots at feud; and the consequence already is a strong direction of the general self-will on the enforcement of discipline, and the securing of the proper conditions.

Not the less for this is the North as essentially unmilitary as the South. No degree of excellence in the army hereafter will surprise any sensible observer; but it will be of a different kind from anything that Europe has produced. We say that our soldiers are all volunteers, and we study with interest and admiration the difference between them and the automaton regiments of the Czar, where every man is not so much a machine, as a cut and dried portion of a machine, worth nothing but as it moves in its place. The difference between our troops and those which the Americans aspire to have is almost as great in their eyes as between us and the Russians. Not only is every American citizen-soldier to do his particular part well in his own place, but each is to make war on his own account, for a cause which he thoroughly understands.

So far from this being absurd, it is exactly what is now doing; but the preceding stage,—that of adequate co-operation, in other words, discipline, —is as yet deficient: and it would not have been the thing absent if the military spirit had existed. I know of nothing finer than much of the conduct of the citizen-soldiers, not only in "the uprising" (as it is, and always will be called), but in the whole march, and the battle, and I may add, the rout of Bull's Run. I need not go back to the incidents of the muster at the President's call; for nobody living will ever forget it: but I have caught glimpses of some of the men from the plough and the fishing-boat, and the forge and

the loom, as they stood in the midst of the hottest fire at the Bull's Run. There stood and fought two score of volunteers from a village in Massachusetts,—stood and fought for nine hours, in heat and hunger, and amidst the natural terrors of a first battle. They may have been among the unsoldierly fellows who ate up two days' rations in one, and finished their allowance of water, and had thought proper to run to the streams and drink on the march. They may have been to blame for their hunger and thirst. For aught I know they may have criticised their officers *en route*, and laid the blame since the defeat where they fancied it ought to rest. But they also fought like men each of whom felt himself a champion of the injured negro race, and a patriot pledged to the recovery of the constitution. One was a stout working man, who had run for hours, at the end of his day's toil, getting signatures to petitions to the legislature, while it was still time to preclude this war. He will run no more, for he left a leg at the Bull's Run. Another was a youth of eighteen, whose republican self-will had brought him into the field before he was fit for the fatigue of it. He had been helped when he showed himself immoveable; and the Puritan non-resistant relatives who could not conscientiously give him revolver or rifle, had stocked him with comforts,—with writing materials and canteen "fixings" in the smallest compass and most convenient shape. Here he stayed in the thick of the fight, till his colonel was down, and his captain killed, and the little band he belonged to was ordered to retreat. He could not retreat far, and as he sank he desired his nearest comrade to write to his father, and say that he was unwounded, but unable to go further. He was last seen lying by the wayside, and his name is in the list of the missing. Citizen-soldiers of this character will gain their political objects in their own way, and will make themselves enough of soldiers to take the shortest way. Not the less does it appear that it is not the military spirit that is astir within them, and that their conceptions are essentially political. I think so the more for the very incidents which are told as illustrations of the martial animus. When citizens who have hitherto been backward in action and in speech now propose to kill every white man at the South, in order to settle the two questions at once (of the constitution and of slavery) the notion is essentially unwarlike;—as much so as the officers' levity of talk about being "whipped," or the privates' lounge about the streets of Washington, gossiping about the disgraces of the rout, and criticising the counsel and conduct of their commanders. The whole condition of war is as yet unknown to them; and if they learn it, it will be by express study, with no aid from instinct.

The attitude of the chiefs on either side after the conflict is as strange a spectacle as anything that had gone before. General Beauregard, looking at a newspaper handed to him, and finding in it that he had gained a great victory, of which he had had no suspicion; General Scott in council at Washington, upbraiding himself for giving up his judgment to the dictation of civilians; the Government telegraphing to New York an appeal to a newspaper editor to desist from a particular course of comment; the best citizens declaring themselves glad of a defeat and rout; Confederate soldiers picking off stragglers and sentries, as they would steal a march on wolves: Federal volunteers walking away from their guns, guessing they'll go home and see how the old woman and the farm get on, and then come back; the whole field of the struggle, and all the details, are so unlike any conception of warfare in Europe as to be worth, as I said at the beginning, a close and patient study.

There is no doubt, I suppose, in anybody's mind that the Northern men will succeed, in their own way, and after certain delays. All indications point to the humiliation of the Secession faction, if any reliance may be placed on the universal testimony to the poverty of the party, the impressment of a portion of their soldiery, and the discontent of many more; the restless state of the slaves, and the consequent impossibility of recruiting the army; and the increasing manifestation of Unionist opinion in the Slave States.

I anticipate a brave and patient persistence on the part of the Free States, and an ultimate vindication of their republican principles, and emancipation of the negroes. There can now be no stopping short of these two aims. What the form of ultimate settlement will be, and whether the Republic can come out democratic from the ordeal of a civil war, is more than any prudent man will undertake to prophesy.

From the Mountain.

THE SPRING OF CLEAR WATER.

It was at noon on a sultry summer's day, that three travellers quitted the high road to seek refreshment at a spring, which they perceived at a short distance. The spring was overhung by a luxuriant growth of shrubs which flourished from its moisture, and in gratitude returned their shade to preserve its refreshing coolness. The waters, collecting first in a basin hollowed in the rock, overflowed in transparent streams, trickling in their course over the following inscription, carved on the rock:

"Be thou like unto this spring."

The separate streamlets kept joining each other on the coarse sand beneath the basin, and then flowed away, farther and farther, till united into a small rivulet they rippled through the neighbouring flowery meadows. The travellers, having quenched their thirst, while sitting to rest themselves for awhile, read the inscription, of which each gave his own interpretation.

"It is excellent advice," said one of them, who appeared to be a trader; he carried a knapsack on his back, his broad leathern belt seemed to contain something heavy wrapped or sewed within it, and his strong boots were covered with a layer of dust, seemingly from a long journey. "The spring," he continued, "runs without ceasing, wanders extensively, receives into itself the waters of other springs, and increases till it becomes a river, and by its example incites man

to ceaseless activity and unwearied industry, for the accomplishment of all his desires."

Hearing this, another of the travellers, an old man, carrying a book in his hand, shook his head, and said:

"The lesson here given is a much higher one than that. This spring is common to all. It quenches the thirst of every passer by, and yet demands the gratitude of no one. It clearly bids us do good, purely for the love of good, and to require no other reward."

The third traveller had remained silent during this time. He was a beautiful, fair-haired youth, who for the first time, and but recently, had parted from his mother. His comrades asked him his explanation of the inscription.

He reflected for a moment; then, slightly blushing, said:

"To me the spring tells a different tale. To what purpose would be its unceasing activity, and its readiness to assuage the thirst of all passengers, were it muddy and defiled by the earth? Its chief excellence is its brightness and transparent clearness. Its inscription exhorts us neither to industry nor to magnanimity; but to be like this spring ourselves, to preserve the soul in such unsullied purity, that it may, like it in its course, fitly reflect the flowers of the earth and the splendours of the heavens." W. K. W.

WELSH EISTEDDFODS.

Notwithstanding the jealous care of antiquarians and archæological societies, there are but few places in the kingdom where old customs have not disappeared in these days of railways and telegraphs, as if the country had become too utilitarian, or too engrossed in business to waste time or money in shows, guilds, and pageants.

To me such occurrences as the Preston Guild, the Lady Godiva procession at Coventry, and the Shrewsbury pageant are interesting and picturesque, and if of no use, afford at all events a pleasant holiday to many hard-worked townsfolk. Of a higher and more attractive, because more national class of meetings, the Eisteddfods of Wales are worthy of record, not because they are likely to become extinct—for they seem at this moment more flourishing than ever—but because the Welsh appear to be the only race, a component part of Great Britain, which has not had its nationality so rubbed out, if one may use the term, by constant intercourse with the English, as to forget that it ever had any national customs.

While the amount of good that these Eisteddfods do, as they are at present carried on, may be questioned, they certainly offer a field for local genius, which would otherwise never be displayed, and also perpetuate Welsh characteristics of temper and talent to a remarkable degree.

Among these characteristics love of country is certainly a very marked feature, and a determined belief that everything good had its origin in Wales; not to mention a pugnacious way of arguing the case, when doubt is thrown on their assertions by incredulous heretics.

Tell a Welsh dissenting minister that the Church is gaining ground, or a bard that the Eisteddfods are nonsensical, and you are overwhelmed with a storm of fiery reproach, followed up in the county paper by a number of strongly-worded letters, in which the subject is pursued until the editor inserts a notice that all future communications must be paid for as advertisements.

It certainly is a great question how far the Eisteddfods are useful or mischievous, some asserting that as long as the Welsh is kept up, so long will the English language be retarded; while others rush to the opposite extreme, and think that by proving that bardism began with Adam, they have done signal service to their native country.

The truth probably is that these assemblies are neither very good nor very bad, but might be made productive of much use, when divested of their mummery, by developing national talent and encouraging sound instruction.

And if their promoters like to dress themselves up as bards and druids, and if plain Mr. Jones likes to dub himself with the high-sounding name of Taliesyn or Cuhelyn, there is not much harm in it. Tennyson and Tupper might call themselves Ossian and Chaucer if they pleased. Not that I would ever place our modern bards in the same category with the Welsh poets, who I rather think have a dim notion that nobody would listen to their effusions when offered to the public under their own names. However, apart from these absurdities, there is no doubt but that a large amount of old Welsh lore, which would otherwise have sunk into oblivion, has been kept up, and much interesting information elicited; and if the English language, which is so rapidly gaining ground in Wales, was only more encouraged, instead of being kept so much in the back ground, the Eisteddfods would really become valuable institutions. And in saying this I do not wish the Welsh language to become extinct; but when we observe how the other national languages, such as the Erse, Manx, Irish, and Cornish have nearly all died away, it is folly to fight against an inevitable order of things; and the Welshman will best consult the interests of his country, while preserving her old customs, by adapting himself and fellow Cymri to the requirements of the age.

As the Eisteddfods are of ancient institution, and are conducted after a traditional fashion, it may not be uninteresting to detail the proceedings for the benefit of such of my readers as may not have witnessed one. An Eisteddfod (plural, Eisteddfodau) Cymreigiddion is an assembly of Welshmen for the purpose of hearing speeches, essays, music, and poetry in the Welsh tongue, for all of which subjects prizes are offered, frequently amounting to a very considerable sum. These meetings are known to have been held, as early as the sixth century, on an eminence near the now fashionable watering place of Llandudno, although the first detailed account did not take place until 1176, when Rhys ap Gryffydd, Prince of Wales, held a congress in Cardigan Castle, on which occasion the prize for poetry was gained by a North Welshman.

The opening of the Eisteddfod is usually preceded by some mysterious ceremonies called the Gorsedd, for which a pedigree is claimed dating from 1000 years before the Christian era, and which can be conducted only by those who are initiated into the sacred rites (or mummeries, as many may be disposed to call them).

The place for holding the Gorsedd is usually an open space, in the centre of which is a huge stone, the "Maen Llog," surrounded by a circle, thirty feet in diameter, of twelve other stones, supposed to represent the signs of the Zodiac. On the outside of the eastern portion of the circle three other stones are placed, in such a position as regards the Gorsedd stone, that lines drawn from it to them will indicate the rising of the sun in the summer and winter solstices, and the equinoxes respectively. The form which these lines, or pencils of light as they are termed, would assume in the mystic symbol of the bards and druids, and when written down appear thus /|\, is in fact the druidic expression for the Creator of all things. To this Gorsedd stone a solemn procession is formed, which is at least curious and picturesque, owing to the peculiar dresses assumed by the different orders. The colour of the bards is blue, to symbolise the blue sky, and supposed to indicate peace and tranquillity; the druids are dressed in white, significant of great purity; and the ovates or candidates for the higher orders are (rather unfortunately) habited in green, to represent the grass of the field, which is typical of growth and progress.

Another singular custom is the carrying of a sword by a bard, who holds it by the point, to show that he is a man of peace, and would rather turn the weapon against himself in preference to any others.

On arriving at the circle, a prayer, said to have been composed 1300 years ago, is recited to the following effect:—

> May Heaven grant strength,
> And to strength add understanding,
> And to understanding, knowledge,
> And to knowledge, what is just,
> And to what is just, love,
> And to love, the love of all things,
> And in the love of all things, the love of God.

As soon as the prayer is finished, the Gorsedd is declared to be opened, and the business of conferring degrees on the bards and ovates is proceeded with. Of the three orders the ovate is the lowest.

Under the old druidic dispensation, he was required to devote twenty years of his life (rather a long period of incubation) before he could qualify as a bard, to gain which honour he had to study the laws and maxims of the institution, generally in verse, besides using his brains to compose fresh ones. At the expiration of his time he became a bard, which gave him the privilege of holding or presiding at Gorsedds, as well as instructing disciples, which was usually done in a series of pithy truisms called triads. Although they are full, even to repletion, of wisdom, they are characterised a good deal by repetition, and were sometimes not a little obscure to ordinary mortals who had not the advantage of studying them for twenty years; as for instance, "the three dignities of poetry are the praise of goodness, the memory of what is remarkable, and the invigoration of the affections." And again, "three things to be chiefly considered in poetical illustration—what shall be obviously, what shall be instantly admired, and what shall be eminently characteristic." Some of these "proverbial philosophies" are rather graceful, as "the three primary requisites of poetical genius:—an eye that can see nature, a heart that can feel nature, and a resolution that dares follow nature." Literature, however, was not the only thing that the bards had to look after, for morals also came within their scope, as we find that the three ultimate objects of bardism were "to reform morals, secure peace, and follow everything that is good,"—a delightfully comprehensive view of the whole duty of man, which was still further carried out by "the three things forbidden to bards—immorality, satire, and bearing of arms." The only thing that one wonders at is, that so many people could be found to undertake such heavy responsibilities. I fancy, though, that some of these laws must be obsolete, for I know at least two bards who are enthusiastic members of a rifle corps. In former times, it was considered rather a good thing to be a bard; for we read in one of the laws of Howell Dda (the Welsh Coke upon Littleton), that whoever injured a bard, even slightly, had to pay a fine of six cows and 120 pence, while a murderer of one was mulcted in 126 cows. Bards also had the privilege of passing in safety through a hostile country, of maintenance wherever they went, and, what was more valuable to a Welshman than anything else, according to Giraldus, their word was to be taken before that of any other person. Nevertheless, it is to be feared that the bards were not the perfect characters they ought to have been; for it is recorded that Gryffydd ap Cynan, one of the kings of Wales, in order to restrain their inordinate vanity, enacted, "That if a minstrel offended in certain points, any man whatsoever might arrest and inflict discretional punishment on him—seize whatever property he had about his person." The highest order of all was that of the Druids, who united in their sacred persons the office of priest and judge, and traversed the whole country trying causes and instructing the people. Though the worship of the Druids is generally looked upon as a mixture of the savage and the impious, it is probable that they were clever observant men, well versed in many of the phenomena of natural philosophy, by which they maintained their power over the people. But Druidism as a system does not appear—according to the statements of some of the literati cymreigidd—to have been of that heathenish nature with which it is popularly invested—at least, so I understood a speech made at an Eisteddfod at Llangollen, in which the hearers were informed that bardism was as ancient as Noah, or even Adam, and when the dispersion of nations took place, the Cymri were the only ones who, without revelations, kept the true religion undefiled; so that when the Messiah came, they saw that He answered the types they had of Him, and accepted the Gospel

as a completion of Druidism, which consequently was the basis of all Christianity—a very satisfactory and complacent way of settling all difficulties upon the point.

The peculiar systems of the Druids were not to be revealed except to descendants of the order, amongst whom there are some even now existing, who carry the fearful secret in their breasts, which they are bound to keep inviolate under fear of pains and penalties, to which the conventional red-hot poker of freemasonry is nothing. Above all, if the Archdruid holds secrets in proportion to his rank, it is a wonder how he can go through life: but not only does he do so, but is a very affable and pleasant-spoken gentleman, who, if you chance to meet him in company, as I had the pleasure of doing, does not overwhelm you with an undue sense of his exalted position. But the Archdruid at a dinner-party, and the Archdruid presiding over a congress of bards, are very different people, and I feel shocked to this day at having ventured to speak familiarly with a being who, as he himself informed us at a Gorsedd on the "Maen Chwyf," or rocking stone, on the banks of the Taff, was "the representative of the first progenitor of mankind, and was also figuratively the sun of the moral world!"

Having examined the leading features of the Gorsedd, I will briefly describe those of the Eisteddfod, which is thrown open to the *profanum vulgus* who are not initiated into the mysteries of bardism. This is, after all, the most important business of the day; and if on a large scale, as those at Denbigh last year, and at Merthyr Tydvil the year before, attract a large number of visitors as well as competitors for the prizes. The programme consists of speeches, essays, poetry, and harp playing, which is almost always the cream of the whole performance. Of the former some are good, and evince much patient research and learning, and when on a sensible subject, —such as "The Mineral Resources of Wales," which gained a prize at Llangollen,—are calculated to be of immense utility to the country.

A very common form of poem is the "Englyn," usually composed in honour of some person or some personal event, and generally embodied in a few lines or stanzas. Frequently they are racy and expressive, but too often—particularly in small local Eisteddfods—the englynion in praise of a person are fulsome and laudatory to a laughable degree.

The harp playing is always more or less good, and, from its characteristic nationality, is pleasant to hear. The Welsh harp, however, appears to have derived its origin from Ireland; for, as late as the eleventh century, the Welsh were accustomed to pass over into that country to receive instruction in the harp and the bardic profession generally; and it is said that Gryffydd ap Cynan, before mentioned, brought over from thence "divers curious musicians," from whom was derived a great part of the instrumental music. The harps used at the performances of the Eisteddfods, as elsewhere in the principality, are not the large pedal harps which are turned out all gold and ornament from Erard's factory, but are rather small, triple-stringed instruments, which, to any one but a native, would be perplexing in the extreme. Many of them, however, are of very great sweetness, and are adapted before all others for the simple pathos of the Welsh airs. The most peculiar performance connected with the harp is the style of accompanied singing known as "pennillion singing," which certainly, I think, nobody but a Welshman could ever imagine or execute. The singer does not begin with the strain, but strikes up whenever he likes, at the third, fourth, or fifth bar, although at whatever point he commences, he is in duty bound to end with the strain which contains eight bars. The great point seems to lie in the number of words that they can cram in, so as to bring the air and stanzas to a simultaneous conclusion. To judge by the frequent applause which pennillion singing always evokes, it is evidently the favourite portion of the programme with the Welsh hearers, who, I fancy, care more for the music and englynion than anything else. Indeed, nobody who has ever lived in the principality can fail to remark the universal love of music in the Welsh character, in some cases amounting almost to a passion.

There are few towns or villages which do not possess their choir (probably attached to some chapel), which attends at the different Eisteddfods for the purpose of competing for a prize, and sustaining the reputation of the neighbourhood. Sometimes there is an individual competition, the subject being an air out of the "Messiah," which is the oratorio *par excellence* of the Welsh; while on other occasions each choir is at liberty to select what they like best. In the mining districts particularly there is a great passion for Handel, and the "Messiah" in particular, and I am bound to say that difficulties never stand in the way of a Welsh choir, for they almost always select a chorus in which there is most fugue—a style of music which appears to delight them immensely. The hymns and anthems which every choir-leader is sure to compose for his flock, generally abound in rapid runs and fugues, in which the different parts are certainly taken up with great precision. It is a pity that with all their innate love of music, and their capabilities for it, that the Welsh do not possess a wider range, and that a greater knowledge of the works of the great masters is not more frequently attempted, as has been done in the case of the Lancashire and Yorkshire folks, who have by such practice attained a reputation as first-rate chorus singers; but it is to be feared that the national vanity and conceit stands in the way of all improvement, as it has so frequently done before. G. P. B.

FROM MY WINDOW.

BEFORE SUNSET.

Framed in the open window,
'Gainst a background of green and red,
The sweep of a flowing garment;
And the droop of a queen-like head;

And a delicate hand outstretchèd
To gather the leaves of the rose,
And a voice that carols the story
Of Love, its joys and its woes.

The clouds are rosy above her,
The trees catch the hue of the sky,
Where they bend to the distant gable
All a-glow with an amethyst dye.

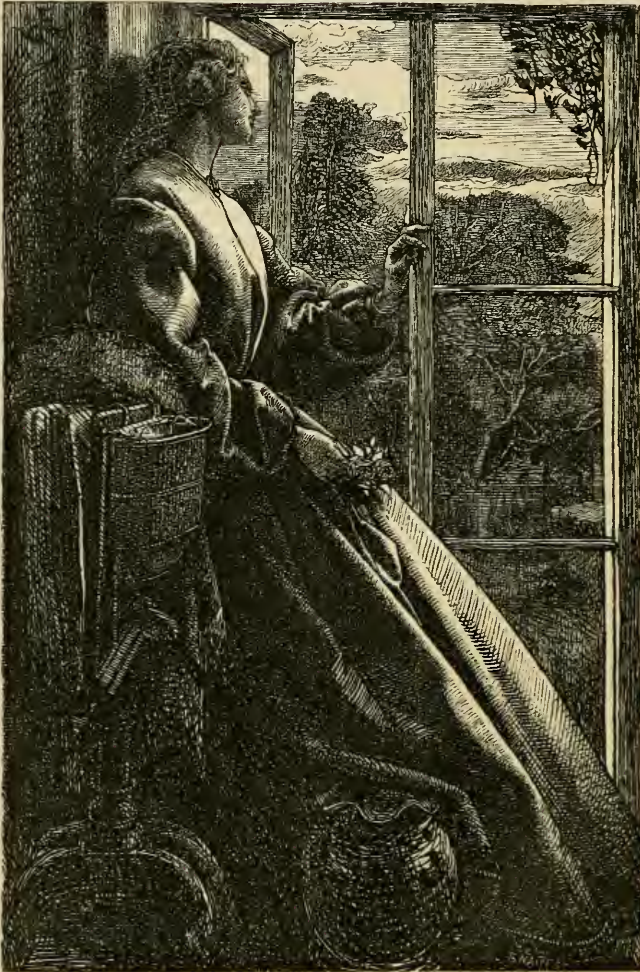
AFTER SUNSET.

A noise at the garden wicket,
A heavier step on the ground;
Two voices talking in whispers,
And one has a deeper sound.

Two figures framed in the window,
Blurr'd in with the leaves and sky;
The breeze from the grave of the daylight
Coming up with an ominous sigh.

The black trees mourn o'er the gable,
The mists steam up from the dell;
Of two, that are framed in the window,
There's one that loves far too well.

FRED. H. WHYMPER.



COTTON AND THE COTTON SUPPLY.

PART II.

It is very curious to observe the opinions of a former age in respect of novelties which have been matured and perfectionated—suffered to take root and yield their fruits only in our own. Montesquieu confessed himself decidedly opposed to all mechanical contrivances, on the ground of their pernicious action upon the manual industry of skilled labour. In a work written by Lancellotti in 1636, there is mention made of a certain genius who constructed a loom, by which haberdashery was so immensely multiplied that the municipal council of Dantzic took fright lest the heads of the citizens should get crushed by cogs and levers, and the hands of their artizans be tied and fettered with the ribbons of an automaton. The sentence which, in virtue of this decision, was pronounced against the artist, was death; a just

punishment, or at any rate, a fair retribution for the injuries his mathematical combinations had inflicted upon mankind. Beckmann speaks of the expediency of suppressing this sort of mechanical applications by some general consent among governments, as of a question difficult to handle, but too urgent to be repudiated. In Germany, when this fever of invention was running highest, as fast as looms were set up and their capabilities displayed, they were burnt or proscribed by public authority. In 1719 the Emperor Charles renewed the prohibition he had first promulged on this subject in 1685. Fifty years afterwards, however, things so thoroughly changed that looms of various kinds, and designed for diverse purposes, were not only common, but in Saxony premiums were actually bestowed for such further improvements as would augment their powers of production, and extend their usefulness. No wonder the worth of modern mechanical appliances made itself keenly felt at last through the thick, chilly clouds with which habit, prejudice, and conventional interests had shrouded it; for in those good old times, when they did not exist, a spinner sat at his work a whole year to produce as much yarn as can, with our present aids and expedients, be spun in a single day. One Englishman at his mule turns off daily a deal more yarn, and of a far finer quality, than do two hundred of the most indefatigable spinners that Hindostan ever produced. Velocity of motion is the cause of this immense power of creation. The machinery employed is enormously active. A calculation of results reads like an exposition of astronomical phenomena. Why, the spindles and bobbins on to which the thread is wound revolve in one minute more than five thousand times. One pound in weight of the finest thread made (No. 1000) is so amazingly slender that it stretches in length 477 miles. The first inkling of a progress destined to lead eventually to these grand accomplishments, occurred in 1767, or a few years later, to James Hargreaves, at Stanhill, near Blackburn, in Lancashire. His idea, thoroughly worked out, revealed itself afterwards in the form of his celebrated spinning jenny. This contrivance enabled one little girl, without any external assistance whatever, to work at once no fewer than 120 spindles. Fancy the importance given to a young child by becoming the guiding providence of machinery which with such unerring precision and speed was multiplying thousands by tens, nay by fifties—not of the threads of calicoes and stockings only, but of good Bank of England notes. This of course imparted to 1767 a rubricated distinction which brings it out prominently from among the years of the century, at least in the eyes of a Manchester man and all subsequent Chancellors of the Exchequer. Not of course that the total amount of development to which this industry has attained is ascribable directly either to James Hargreaves or his spinning-jenny; but the inauguration of an era of mechanical contrivances took place when this ingenious and important invention occurred, and accordingly we cannot doubt but that the emotion with which cotton-spinners and financiers look back to it is deep, suggestive, and satisfactory; for whereas before this period only 200,000*l.* worth of cotton goods were manufactured annually throughout the whole country, occupying about 30,000 persons, since the progress to which it conducted, their production has expanded so rapidly, that at the present moment they are perhaps hardly represented by 37,000,000*l.* sterling, a sum which it must be borne in mind the lapse of only about ninety years has, by means which may all be traced to this spinning-jenny and the little girl, proved adequate to create.

In 1771, Highs constructed what may be termed a double jenny. This had twenty-eight spindles on each side, and turned by a drum in the centre. To show both the simplicity of its action and its capabilities, Highs' son, a child only two years old, worked it publicly in the Manchester Exchange in 1772. The reward for this piece of ingenuity was a purse of 200 guineas. This same year was also memorable for the production of calicoes, which were now for the first time manufactured in Manchester, and muslins succeeded about ten years later. But to keep to spinning. As the principle of these modes was adopted in disparagement of the distaff, so Arkwright's adaptation of rollers to the same purpose had the effect of superseding the clever but inferior contrivance of Hargreaves. Samuel Crompton, who was born in 1753, made an important discovery in his invention of the "mule," which is by far the most suitable of all instruments for the spinning of fine yarn, specimens of which, from the best quality of cotton,* have been sold for lace making at no less than 20 guineas the pound. Arkwright's throstle, which was at first called the water-frame, spins nothing, I believe, higher than No. 36, but the value of the invention is to be estimated from other considerations. Water-twist has thoroughly supplied a desideratum, the want of which was felt as a sore hindrance to the complete success of the cotton weaver. He is now enabled to fabricate stuffs wholly of cotton, and this advantage alone, derived entirely from the nature of the twist, viewed economically, reflects upon Arkwright so much credit for his ingenuity, and entitles him to so much gratitude for the immensely beneficial consequences it has involved, that apart from the other great and comprehensive objects he accomplished in such signal perfection, he has won from posterity the admiration and blessing of thousands, as the author of a boon so complete.

Mr. Crompton's mule-jenny combines both the principles which guided his predecessors, and performs such marvels in respect of tenuity, that it requires greater weakness and even credulity than are possessed by the readers of "Baron Munchausen," to believe the accounts on the subject without first seeing demonstrations of their veracity. But the factory system, as we behold

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* From 1789 till 1792 Mr. Robley cultivated cotton of the rarest quality in the Island of Tobago, and it was from the wool of these plantations that the yarn referred to in the text was spun. Unfortunately the failure of the sugar crops in the neighbouring French islands induced him to substitute sugar-canes for the cotton-shrub, and, in consequence, cotton of equal excellence has perhaps never since been obtained.

it existing at the present day, constituting a wonderful monument of the highest mental attainments, of the most indefatigable industry, and of phenomena physical and moral such as are combined with equal effect in no other instance,—this most striking spectacle of all which the world of manufactures can present,—owes its origin and happy solution to Arkwright. It was at Cromford that he first tried the experiment, and established its success. In a factory he there constructed he introduced the multifarious processes of spinning, weaving, &c., conducted by a complete organisation of labour. They have constituted the ordinary operations of our gigantic cotton workshops ever since. The oldest mill in Manchester, reared by this benefactor of mankind, and, I believe, still standing, was built on Shude Hill in the year 1780. It was not here, however, that the mighty power of steam was first displayed. Watt applied the steam-engine in 1785, but at Papplewick in Nottinghamshire, where it spun the first cotton yarn produced by the new and wonder-working agent. In 1789 Manchester adopted the innovation. When the power-looms regularly took up their places in these huge beehives of human industry, the embodiment of the idea in its full consummation must have afforded infinite complacency to the mind of the projector. A mill with 50,000 spindles and 750 hands, producing three hanks of thread of 850 yards each, per spindle daily, in the opinion of an Arkwright, is a spectacle of vast and paramount interest, affording an amount of satisfaction and delight of which the votary of mere pleasure has never been able to form the slenderest conception. And to this add the beautiful and unerring expedients by which the web is knitted together with a rapidity next to miraculous, and at a cost comparatively so trifling, and the work of elaboration is arrived at its climax. The inventor of weaving by this magical process, that is to say, of these power-looms, I must not neglect to state was the Rev. E. Cartwright, of Hollander House, Kent, who, from a source apparently so little associated with the concerns of a factory, thus contributed that element of integrity which may be regarded as the masterly finishing stroke to the grandness and comprehensiveness of the system. This gradual introduction of mechanical auxiliaries did not fail in this instance any more than in all others, to arouse the antipathies of the prejudiced and the vulgar. Sir Robert Peel, the father of the illustrious statesman, was one among many who suffered from the hostility of a violent mob. His machinery at Altham was totally destroyed, and so much did he take this act of lawlessness to heart, that he withdrew at once to Burton in Staffordshire until a gentler spirit and calmer temper rendered his return safe and desirable.

Now, in order to obtain some notion of the wealth and importance of the "cotton lords" of the nineteenth century, with Sir Richard at their head, let us pause for a moment and survey the area of factories spreading over so wide a surface of the county of Lancashire. The district immediately around Manchester contains two hundred of these town-like workshops, each of the better class of which costs no less than 100,000*l.* This valuation is equally correct in its application to other numerous factories, uplifting their tall chimneys in neighbouring towns and villages of the same busy locality.

Within the parochial bounds of the town of Bolton we can count some 70; the parish of Bury furnishes 120 more; at Rochdale we reckon 100; in Oldham parish about twice as many; Ashton supplies upwards of 70; and Staley Bridge, taken with Hyde, more than 60; all of which places are situated within half a score of miles of their common metropolitan centre. This makes altogether a total of about 820 in factories, and therefore nearly as much in hundreds of thousands of pounds. Nor does this computation exhaust the subject, for if we extend the range of our circumspection over other districts still watered by the Mersey and its tributaries, we shall find groups and groups in thick abundance wheresoever we glance, without diverting our attention to those other important cotton establishments which have enriched and invigorated such large portions of Yorkshire, Derbyshire, and the neighbourhood of Glasgow. The amount of capital embarked in cotton industry, in England only, has been estimated, in the year 1860, at 100,000,000*l.*, which, compared with the 35,000,000*l.* of twenty-five years ago, serves to give some idea, not only of the absolute immensity of the interest involved, but likewise of the rapidity with which it has attained its present enormous growth.

Manchester, of course, with its population of 500,000 persons, out of which are more than 24,000 spinners and weavers, and 700 calico-printers, by far and beyond all comparison figures the most prominently in this computation; and America is as surpassingly the leading market from which the yearly total of five millions of pounds of cotton is dispatched to satisfy the voracity of these factories. It has been calculated that 1,390,938,752 lbs. of this article was, from the different producers of the whole world, imported into Great Britain in 1860. This importation is, I believe, in magnitude unprecedented, and it will be readily believed it represents a consumption a deal larger than that of every other country on the earth taken collectively. When we consider, too, how rapidly it is increasing, the events of the day, so inevitably destructive of even the ordinary supply, acquire a commercial as well as a political significance, in which this kingdom is very chiefly and profoundly entangled. And to show the vast importance of our transatlantic resources, we have only to remember that out of the 4,321,000 bales, which on an average constitute the European demand for cotton annually, 3,500,000 come from America, of which one-sixth is shipped at Charlestown.

After England, but at a considerable distance, her receipts being not one-third in quantity those of this country, France is the greatest cotton-importing country of all. Her cotton goods are in high estimation, and though perhaps as to quality they may be in the main slightly superior to those of Switzerland, the Swiss, likewise, enjoy a long and well-deserved reputation for skill, taste, and excellence in this manufacture. The Prussians are not famous for their cottons, and the Russians even less

so. But the once United States, until bayonets and ramrods monopolised their attention, were actively employed in this species of labour; and as the advance they have made since its commencement among them has been in every way remarkable—from 1810 to 1830 the direct increase in production being more than 500 per cent.—we have long been accustomed to look across the Atlantic for future competition in what is at present almost exclusively our own peculiar branch of industry.

So extensive an organisation of labour as is presented in England by the manufacture under consideration, may well have excited the interference of express legislation. In June, 1825, an Act was passed to regulate the industrial economy of the factory, and it may be regarded as the basis and frame-work of all subsequent enactments which have from time to time been called for as experience ripened and new circumstances arose. Children form so large a portion of the population of a cotton-mill that it was right the law should enforce regulations in regard to labour, which would protect them alike from the hurtful exertions of tyrannous masters and the cupidity of indigent and unnatural parents. The age of the child, the duration and disposition of its hours of labour, and the providing for it ample opportunities for taking meals were, therefore, together with certain other provisions connected with moral and sanitary considerations, the main objects of legislation.

Children below thirteen years are contemplated by the law with more tender mercy than are young persons, or those between this age and eighteen, just as men and women, or those who have passed this latter period of life, are still less the objects of its clemency and protection. In the employment of children a certificate of strength from a surgeon is requisite, and if they have not attained their eighth year their services are not legal. Those below eleven are not to be worked for more than nine hours per day, and none to commence earlier than five in the morning or continue at their occupation later than nine in the evening; and one hour and a-half is the minimum allowance of time for meals. Then the whole of Christmas Day and Good Friday, besides eight half-days, are to be granted every year to children and young persons for holidays and half-holidays, and a variety of other stipulations into which it is needless to enter, manifest the same consideration for the health, enjoyment, and comfort of the little slaves, and reflect great credit upon the legislature for the wisdom and benevolence by which they have been dictated.

The foregoing statements will prepare us to hear—and it is a fact which has been confirmed by the progress of only the last hundred years, before which not a yard was exported—that our exportation of cotton goods nearly equals that of all our other manufactures put together. By way of illustrating this preponderance let us look for a moment into the tables representing the monthly exports of our home manufactures and their declared value. I have taken the month of March, 1860, for no special reason but that of convenience. Here we perceive the smallest figure is that representing the value of telegraphic wire and apparatus, namely, 4745*l.* Plated jewelry, which short of our textiles constitutes the largest item, is put down at 46,167*l.* But as we get into the textile class of exports these values considerably augment. Thus, linens are represented by a sum of 326,018*l.*, and linen yarns, 173,725*l.*, in all, 499,743*l.*; and then woollens give a sum of 987,982*l.*, and woollen yarns of 281,387*l.*, in all, 1,269,369*l.*; which swells into a very serious amount. But what is it, nevertheless, in comparison with cotton and its magical significance? Here we have cottons of various descriptions, valued at 2,941,759*l.*, not very far from twice as much as linens and woollens put together; and then add to this the yarn estimated at 807,848*l.*, as we have done in the former cases, and we arrive at the prodigious total of 3,749,607*l.*, which, remember, represents (what may be deemed) the monthly value of our cotton exports only; whilst to obtain a complete view of the entire subject, we should add another sum, closely approaching upon 5,750,000*l.*, for the average home consumption of the same recurring period. And now, satisfied that the reader is sufficiently impressed with the magnitude of our stake in cotton husbandry, to feel a more than common interest in its welfare and extension, I shall conclude with a few words—into a *very* few I cannot compress them—upon the resources we may possess other than those which are now so fatally endangered by the perpetration of political discord and civil warfare.

The interior of Africa produces the cotton plant in rich abundance, and the inhabitants, aware that its linen is much less conductive of heat than that composed of either wool or flax, spin the fibre it affords, and weave the yarn thus obtained into shirts, turbans, and sundry sorts of cloth adapted for other articles of raiment. But more accessible parts of this mysterious quarter of the world might easily be made available for the cultivation of the product in question. In Natal cotton is found equal in quality to the American, and its culture is beginning to attract practical attention. Several other spots of the coast of Africa are well suited for the purpose, and might doubtless, with due energy and knowledge of the subject, be soon converted into little mines of moderate wealth. Before we quit our notice of this region of the earth, I would make one more observation. Suggestions have lately been offered for substituting for cotton other fibres of analogous character. South Africa affords one of the best of these in plenteous profusion. It is an indigenous plant, belonging to the family of Amaryllideæ, and yields a fibrous wool so strongly resembling that of the Gossypium in texture and consistence, that from all accounts it might be readily adapted to precisely the same uses. So long ago as 1847 a patent was granted for the application of this new substance to textile purposes. The late Mr. Crompton, the celebrated paper-maker, turned his thoughts to the discovery, as one which might furnish to his branch of trade an advantageous material. But Mr. Crompton died, and the matter dropped.

Some of our finest cotton comes from Brazil, and is of the same long-stapled class to which

the Georgian belongs, this latter being, with the exception of course of the Sea Island, the only cotton of North American growth possessed of this highly-prized characteristic. But the great rivalry set up by the agitators on behalf of the diffusion of cotton planting is between the West and East Indies, in favour of which both claims seem so indisputable that nothing remains but to listen to each. With regard to the West Indies, a number of circumstances conduce to promote its abundant and profitable production, although on the other hand it must be confessed there are difficulties to be met, of which we have not yet received any satisfactory solution. Porto Rico has afforded cotton scarcely inferior to the Sea Island. When American cotton was first imported into England, it was so ill cleaned that but small value was set upon it; and before this period it was the West Indies which supplied us very principally with wools of the best description. In 1787, 6,800,000 lbs. came from these islands as against 6,000,000 lbs. from the French and Spanish colonies, and 5,700,000 lbs. from Smyrna and Turkey. If the spirit of Mr. Bazley, the enlightened member for Manchester, had some three years ago animated the breasts of his fellow-townsmen, Jamaica would probably at this moment be sending us a million of bales a-year. Its growth in that island is as simple as the most propitious conditions of soil and climate could render it. It has been produced experimentally upon the hills within the last few years with trifling labour; and upon the plains, with the average good fortune of fair weather, its cultivation is still more easy and remunerative. And as to fineness, there appears to be from the testimony of those best entitled to pronounce, no question of its excellence compared even with the most renowned which comes into the market. Both in this island and in Demerara it is not an exaggeration to say that hundreds of thousands of acres exist perfectly suited to the cultivation of this plant; and in Trinidad, where the climate is equally favourable, large tracts of land, whose soil is in no respect inferior to that of these other islands, might be with similar expectations applied to this valuable purpose. The difficulties to which I have adverted have, notwithstanding, created hitherto many formidable obstacles. The abundance of labour supplied by Jamaica in particular would seem at first to be a very important element of encouragement in the venture. But it must not be forgotten, that unfortunately the coloured population of these islands, and indeed of all places where slavery does not exist, are in relation to the amount of work they perform almost worthless as compared with other races, or with their own under compulsory treatment. Their demoralisation and constitutional sloth are evils which must be corrected before we can look for that conscientious assiduity which, in these days of keen and active competition, lends so much effect to the struggle with fortune. When men will work but for four hours a-day, and that during only four days in the week, and want so little more than what bare nature gratuitously bestows as to be indifferent to those inducements which stimulate others to acts of exertion, they are altogether incapable of the results constituting the essential conditions of prosperity in the industrial contests of the present day. Those whose natural constitution is such as to enable them to support the fatigues of toil under the exhausting influences of a tropical climate, are by the same cause disqualified to become competitors in the cheap production of the demands of trade or manufactures with either Europeans, with those of European temperament, or with coerced slaves of their own can-but-wont-work race; and hence, as labourers, that numerous class of the population of the West Indies which is poor and unemployed is, it is to be feared, almost wholly unavailable for the exigencies of the case treated on the principle of commercial remuneration. The characteristics both of the native and coolie are discouraging and untractable. To a very injurious and fatal extent the same objections have operated on the profitable culture of the article throughout our Oriental Empire. Meanwhile the great Western Continent springs up, and with its many local advantages and its forced labour, triumphantly disputes the old-established claims of the East.

There are two species of cotton cultivated in India, whose nature is indigenous, besides the one transplanted from America; but the various experiments in relation to both, which have been made with a view to increase the yield, and improve the texture of the wool, seem to establish the conclusion that for the interests of the grower the exotic is in both these respects quite 25 per cent. more valuable than the indigenous plant. Almost the whole of the cotton which comes from this country belongs to the short-stapled class, and from imperfections in cleaning and rough handling in transmitting, suffers a depreciation in the Liverpool market, which could certainly without much difficulty be rectified. Some of the finest Indian cotton wool possesses a natural fibre so extremely delicate, that until our improved machinery for carding enabled us to work it into a state fit for spinning, it was utterly useless to our manufacturers. Among these may be mentioned the Bourbon, which formerly ranked high, and was much cultivated; but of late years, in deference to the superior claims of the Sea Island, its production has considerably slackened, and its importation into England is now in quantities of relative insignificance. Very recently, however, this source of supply appears to have undergone some stimulation, even greater than can be accounted for by the unusually prolific character of the last season; for, comparing the first three months of the present year with those of 1860, Bourbon has shipped off 250,000 bales in excess. However, so short and dirty are the fibres of most of the wools coming from India, that the delicate fingers of the Hindoo female can alone manipulate with advantage upon them. Of this nature is the Surat—pre-eminently. It is classed among the worst imported. The Madras and Bengal are scarcely better; so that, upon the whole, the Levant cottons, which take so low a position, are for the finer purposes of the manufacturer, superior to what at present our great Eastern Empire despatches for the necessities of the mother country; that great Eastern Empire, with its immense extent of districts—Coimbatore, Madura, and Tinnevelley, over which

the hand of Nature has so lavishly scattered her gifts, and where British wealth and intelligence exert so much of their powerful and life-giving influence. It is indeed mortifying to find how greatly this inferiority is attributable to causes which have, as I have hinted, their easy and simple remedies. Then, again, until the improved method of cotton culture in India can be made to appear as remunerative as that of indigo, sugar, and grain; until a system of irrigation has been completely effected, and economical means of transportation to the sea-board (which on an average implies a distance of from 100 to 300 miles) have been devised, to turn the attention practically to ginning and cleaning, packing and carrying, is perhaps somewhat premature. Although, doubtless, the last of these objects will in some measure be achieved by a further development of the system of railways now in rapid progress, a cheaper mode of transit seems necessary to enable the Indian grower to compete upon fair terms with the Western world. The Americans send down their corn and cotton by the Mississippi, one thousand miles, at one-twentieth the cost of railway carriage. Look at the only machinery for the conveyance of the precious burden now existing in India, and contrast it with the unapproachable advantages just mentioned. A country cart and pack bullock, or, as the case may be, a pack-horse but little swifter than a bullock, travelling along a rough track which admits of a speed of not more than from two and a half to three miles per hour. The charge made for this means of transport is not, as might be expected, absolutely heavy, but it adds, nevertheless, very materially to the selling price of the cotton when arrived in Liverpool, and causes grave inconvenience on the score of delay. With respect to the former, it has been calculated that on Indian cotton two-thirds of its value, as paid by the English purchaser, goes to defray the cost of transport in and from the country producing it. The Great Indian Peninsular has proved itself the first railway company to introduce into an Indian cotton district the peculiar facilities of its system of intercommunication. With the slight exception of an interruption of nine miles at the Thull Ghât, there now exists a continuous line of 107 miles, extending from Bombay to the vicinity of the cotton plantations of Berar. Then, if cotton is to come down the Ganges, much embarrassment is occasioned by the paucity of steam-vessels and the consequent uncertainty attending its shipment. In the absence of this mode of conveyance, barges, impelled by one large square-sail, are frequently resorted to, but with a reluctance which their ricketty condition and the inefficient crews with which they are manned account for without further explanation. The indolence and carelessness of the parties to whom the merchandise is by this method consigned, generally levy in effect a heavy penalty of risks and losses upon the exporters (a distinct class from the growers), as the price of their imprudence. A slow way and a sure way have no natural alliance in this instance, for as the barges, never very safe, are on these occasions always overloaded, and accordingly very dangerous, the cotton not unfrequently suffers shipwreck; and even if so fortunate as to escape this calamity, the damage it sustains is more or less serious in regard to its market value. This disparity in the whole freight, as between India and America, is a question in which the success of enterprise in the East is very chiefly involved. It has been calculated that, whereas from America this charge upon the article varies between ½*d.* and ⅞ of a penny per lb., the expense incurred in this way between Madras and Liverpool, should be reckoned at a minimum of 1*d.*

For complete success in furthering the conduct of this distant traffic, nothing is more desirable than the annihilation of as much space as modern resources can at their utmost accomplish. The six or eight months elapsing between the purchase of the commodity in India and its arrival in England, involves the chances of such fluctuations in the home market as subject the buyer in India to the liability of very grievous loss. And, principally in consequence of the American monopoly, these oscillations in price are enormous—sometimes 50 per cent.; a variation which a more extended field of supply would effectually check and regulate. Hence it is thought by many that a joint-stock company, or some large capitalist, could alone prove equal to confront this shock of fluctuations—fluctuations so liable eventually to terminate in difficulties which, though perchance only temporary, might press too heavily to be resisted. A certain amount of risk might be run by the Manchester manufacturers, and the impulse given to the production of cotton wool in India would recoil advantageously on those who imported it. The cultivators, speculating for the general good, would like to pre-arrange a remunerative price without reference to the vicissitudes of the home market, and be thus freed from that damping, deadening, paralysing condition which enjoins them to send their cotton some thousands of miles, and receive for it just what the prices ruling in the Liverpool market shall at the moment determine. This is certainly the normal principle of trade; but might not India, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, be for the moment dealt with exceptionally? It is perhaps true, that so long as American cotton does not sink below 4*d.* per lb. in Liverpool, India can compete with Transatlantic producers. But it is well known that samples of good Indian cotton have brought as much as 5*d.* per lb. in our markets, though at times when the best American staples were selling at 1*s.* and 1*s.* 2*d.*; so that, assuming that the superior quality of the latter will doubtless always give them the leading place in the price-list, it is more than probable that the demand for inferior sorts at 4*d.* or 5*d.* may be, upon the whole, sufficiently steady to encourage the enterprising to make every exertion on behalf of our eligible Eastern dominions, whose growers can contrive to dispose of their produce profitably at this moderate rate. India has certainly every right to be regarded not only as the mother of the manufacture, but as the parent soil upon which this celebrated shrub was originally reared and propagated. The backward position she at present occupies in regard to the quality of

her cotton wool, arises mainly from the indiscretion of the residents who were appointed by the late East India Company to superintend ostensibly the cultivation of the plant, but whose conduct practically had the effect of producing results exactly the reverse of their mission. They were an ignorant and inefficient class of men, and matters grew worse and worse under their supervisionary authority. Experiments which, in many instances, contained infallibly the germs of success, failed in their hands; and attempts to do what might have been performed with little difficulty were ere long abandoned in despair or disgust. Who could expect the natives, left to themselves, would prove competent to seize young America by the throat and cry—"Pay me that thou owest!"

All the cotton plantations in India are in the hands of natives; but fear not, gentle reader, I am about to enter into none of those interminable and complex disputes which have raged so violently among zemindars, ryots, factors, and agents. Neither have we time to examine the causes of that failure in which so often experiments in the improved culture of the plant have eventuated. Whilst in Bengal excessive moisture has been said to have spoiled their crops, in the north-western provinces excessive drought brought on the same disaster. American planters, fresh from the fields of Alabama, Florida, and the Carolinas, have invested their capital and devoted their energies, intellectual as well as physical, in furtherance of the Indian cotton cause, and whilst they have themselves found it to be, under existing circumstances, a very unprofitable occupation, and by no means an over-pleasant pastime, Sir John Lawrence, in raptures of delight, has grown cotton luxuriously in his garden in the Punjab, upon terms, too, so commercially advantageous, and with results so thoroughly satisfactory, that its remunerative cultivation and its capability of amelioration are placed beyond all reasonable doubt. The Chinese, who are hardly so particular as ourselves in the quality of their raw material, take a deal of cotton from India—not to make all the nankeen in the world, very much of which my reader may be surprised to hear is manufactured in England, and thence sent out to the land of its baptism—but for purposes of their own, into which, since we have learnt how to make nankeen and grow tired of it, we do not care to inquire. Now, in India, they produce much cotton wool and use but little. In 1847 the crop was utterly worthless for lack of roads by which it might have been conveyed to where it was wanted and would have been prized; and so great was the distress and discontent resulting from this state of things, that, to meet them, the land-tax was remitted though the cotton was lost. As the material may be purchased in India for 1½*d.* to 2*d.* per lb., temptations were not wanting to embark a little money and apply a little skill in establishing a factory at Madras or Calcutta, just to see how far they could go concurrently with the rest of the world in fabricating for themselves and for exportation. The languor of the native character soon proved the great obstacle to this achievement. After a few hours of activity, lassitude takes firm hold of the artisan, and he and the gang to which he is attached, give place to fresh hands which, in turn, are also rapidly exhausted and require the same relief and renovation. These coffee-coloured, sun-burnt, hot-blooded fellows are incapable of toil. It takes three or four of them to do the work of one silver-headed Saxon; and hence the yarn comes to a price as long as itself, and would weave into a very extravagant piece of ordinary cloth, much dearer, without being in any respect better, than what we manufacture at home. Some forty years since, when the distaff was first exchanged for the throstle and the mule-jenny, native factories existed which, in Madras only, produced goods to the value of some 100,000,000*l.*, but the importation of British cottons, with their recommendations of superior cheapness and quality, soon overwhelmed the straitened attempts of the Hindoos to struggle with their masters in a race depending so largely upon vigour and science. This miscarriage leaves the question between India and ourselves in this striking position. We bring our cotton staple 5000 miles from India and take it back that distance manufactured in the various forms required, and there sell it at a very considerably smaller figure than that at which the natives can buy the same article, grown, spun, and wove by themselves. It is fair, however, to confess that in the immediate neighbourhood of the spot where the cotton is reared, the yarns spun by the natives by the aid of mechanical power infinitely excel those produced in England with the same wool, in consequence of the great deterioration the raw material endures from packing and carriage. And now, in a few words having reference to the claims of the new Australian colony of Queensland, I will bring my remarks on this great subject to a close.

The climate of Queensland is perhaps the finest in Australia, and in character very strongly resembles that of Madeira. Yet it is remarkably well adapted to the cultivation of cotton, sugar, tobacco, indigo, coffee, rice, and other products of the earth which usually flourish under circumstances highly detrimental to the health of man and the conservation of human life. The soil, too, is all that could be desired, and the European constitution can as well support the exhausting effects of toil here as under European influences. The part of Queensland best fitted for the growth of cotton, is that east of what is called the Main Range. The river Darling, which gives its name to the Darling Downs,—a district regarded emphatically as the garden of Australia, where the land is rich and prolific, the supply of water regular and abundant, the climate moderate, the weather sufficiently constant, and the charms of nature spread around in every graceful variety,—could be made at a very small cost to open up some 5000 miles of country available for the production of the choicest kinds of this valuable textile. Several bales of Moreton Bay cotton have indeed already arrived in England, and the ablest judges, having valued them at very high prices, concur in advocating measures designed to promote a system of regular production. A somewhat peculiar and rare advantage resides in the climate of this district. It is free from anything like severe frost, and this absence

of an evil very pernicious to every variety of gossipium, imparts to the cotton plant of Queensland a perennial existence. Here is its paradise. The average yield has been estimated at 400lbs. per acre—mark, in India it is only 50lbs.—and the average value at 1*s.* 4*d.* per lb.; and in order to encourage this species of agricultural industry, the government of the colony offers a bonus of 10 acres of land for every bale of cotton of this first-class description, weighing 300 lbs.; all which furnishes data very capable of conducting to inferences of a most important and agreeable complexion, such as make the itching ears of the emigrant to tingle, and his empty mouth to water. I am almost resolved to take out my passage in the next ship sailing from Liverpool.

The most prominent feature in the whole economy of cotton husbandry, which is picking, viewed in relation to Queensland, loses all its formidable aspect. The three months during which this operation continues are May, June, and July, and these compose proverbially the most serene and salubrious of any similar portion of the year. Besides the country above alluded to, there are other immense tracts of alluvial lands on the banks of navigable rivers, and a vast extent of coast from Point Danger to Keppel Bay, embracing altogether many millions of acres, in all respects inviting to the intelligent and industrious emigrant, who with the smallest capital, and the fewest possible number of antecedents, might at once enjoy comfort and independence, and lay the foundation of future opulence. People at home, and people who go abroad, are equally interested in the truth of these facts. Brisbane, the metropolis of the new colony, contains already a population of 7000 souls, and is well stocked with all the necessaries, and many of the luxuries, both of the animal and spiritual life; for even spiritual life has its indulgences. Among things appertaining to the latter may be mentioned fourteen churches and chapels, of nearly as many denominations of religious belief as the sum will admit, a bishop of the English church, and priests of that of Rome being included. Agricultural pursuits are those which are engaged in most actively, and accordingly a demand for men with tastes and habits comporting with these callings is so general and continuous, that, *ceteris paribus*, agriculturists and field-labourers are the most certain to prosper. The remuneration for labour in general is handsome, taxation very light, provisions exceedingly cheap, and clothing, for a colony, not exorbitantly dear. I have only to add, that although I am not by any means an emigration agent, or, under all circumstances of pressure, a strenuous, out-and-out advocate for tempting fortune in another land; although I have no direct or indirect connection with the welfare and expansion of the colony of Queensland, or with any cotton consuming process, either at home or abroad; I should have no reason to regret the tendency of these remarks, if they turn the thoughts of any number of practical men to the subject of cotton-growing in regions apparently so suitable to the purpose—that grand and profitable purpose of multiplying material for the "silver tissue" which "clothes the world."

MISAPPLIED ORNAMENTATION.

THE decorative arts are, without doubt, making great progress in our country, and people are no longer satisfied with the plain humdrum style of ornamentation that satisfied our fathers. There was room for improvement, no doubt; clumsiness of old was the characteristic feature of all our designs—a clumsiness only second to that prevailing among the Dutch and German nations. But where is our modern fever for ornamention leading us? Entering my old parish church the other day after the restoration, I scarcely knew where I was. There used to stand in the chancel the Tables of the Law, done in very old-fashioned white letters on a black ground. When a child, I used to remark upon the plethoric character of the P's, and the B's, and the R's; but, with all those little old-fashioned imperfections, I could at least read the Commandments plain enough. But now all was altered. In place of the old turnpike-looking board, there was a page from some ancient missal—at least it looked like it. Each Commandment had its illuminated initial letter, and each letter was as unlike the old Roman character as a herald is from a Quaker. Here the tail of an R twisted itself round some distant member of the alphabet with the tenacity of a ring-tailed monkey; there something that looked like an S shot up into the air like a Gothic sky-rocket. It is, no doubt, very fine, and I can readily conceive that the letters are an exact copy of that invaluable MS. which St. Etheldreda spent her life in illuminating in the fifth century; but there was one little difficulty,—I could not read the Commandments thus got up in masquerade. The light was none of the brightest, it must be confessed, and Joseph done in deep purple, together with the Magi in ruby, standing on their toes in the true Byzantine style, as the curate informed me, probably had something to do with my want of clearness of vision. But, why should this over-ornamentation extend also to the service? There was a time when it was read in plain English, but we suppose that, with a love of uniformity, the vicar had ordered it to be intoned to match the illuminated Commandments; at all events, the flourishes and queer intonation given to the fine old English words were so successfully accomplished, that I really could not understand what was said. It was certainly a drawback to public worship, neither to be able to use my eyes nor my ears as I used to do; but, at least, I may pray in my old fashion, I said to myself; but I was reckoning without my host. The roomy old pews had given place to Gothic sittings, in which the agony of kneeling was so great that I could not help suspecting our worthy vicar contrived it with the idea of giving an expression to his congregation that should match the old gurgoyles that grinned upon us from the porch—at all events, prayer under such circumstances was totally out of the question, and I could not help thinking that the services of our modern church ornamenters had resulted in rendering impossible the service of God. But the evils of over-ornamentation are by no means confined to ecclesiastical furniture and decorations; it is spreading to our literature.

Happening to take up Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," that lay upon the table of a lady upon whom I was making a morning call, I was horrified to find it was printed in black-letter type, and was surrounded with an illuminated border, by Owen Jones, of so elaborate a character, that it was evident it was not intended that the poem should be read. The charming elegy which breathed the sacred calm of English life was stifled with oriental surroundings, which drive the mind far away from the text. What should we think if we saw one of Millais' heart-searching pictures plastered round with high-flown descriptions of its beauties? Why, that they were intolerable impertinences. I have the very highest respect for the genius of Owen Jones, but I fear even his artistic excellence will fail to add one charm to such a poem as the immortal "Elegy" of Gray. The sudden craze that has come upon us for decoration has, I fear, placed in the background that good sense for which at least Englishmen have been conspicuous. For a moment, we are losing that first canon of all beauty, the sense of fitness. Why is it that a piece of good English machinery is always pleasing to the eye of the artist? Because every part of it is designed with exquisite simplicity to perform its given function. We never see strong beams and pillars covered over with gilding and painting, and scrolled with Louis Quatorze work, as we do in American machinery; for the object is not to impress the mind with a sense of prettiness, but with that of strength; and this our English good sense obtains by simply not striving to make the thing look what it is not. What we wish to see preserved in the midst of the arts of design, now making such progress throughout the land, is this appreciation of the sense of fitness. Not many years ago the Society of Arts gave a prize for a set of tea things. The design was classical, and certainly very pretty, but usefulness was entirely sacrificed to it. The milk-jug was so narrow in the neck, that the hand never could get inside it to wash it out. The sugar-basin was a charming little object, but it required filling two or three times for a moderate company: the cups again were too small and fragile for English habits; and so the prize model got laughed at, and had no earthly influence in reforming the old designs for our tea services, which, however inelegant, had at least the merit of suiting the habits of the people; and there is a good deal in this. We shall never take to Greek designs, simply because we do not possess the old Greek appreciation of the beautiful to the exclusion of other qualities. We shall never take to a French style, as it is too frivolous for the national character. A few *petit maîtres* may rave about the lightness and elegance of the taste of our neighbours across the Channel, but the nation will never adopt their filigree work.

Moreover, there is a tendency in French designs to misapply ornament in a marked degree. How our collectors swear by Sèvres China. I was looking at a set the other day in the Soulages Collection, at the South Kensington Museum, and could not help being struck with the beauty of its form, colour, and texture; but there was a dessert service meant to be covered either with a D'Oily, or with fruit, enriched with the most exquisitely enamelled portraits of princes, warriors, and other famous men of France. If the reader will for a moment consider these little enamels as exquisite works of art, he will recognise the absurdity of making them the receptacle of melon rinds or peach skins. Pictures are intended to be looked at, and it is a gross violation of taste to make them subservient to an ignoble purpose. I have seen picture galleries on tea services from the same royal source, alike testifying to the perversion of taste which obtains in the most artistic atmosphere of that country, which boasts that it leads Europe in all refinements. Look again at the famed Pallissy ware. We see dishes filled with snakes, fish, and reptiles of all kinds. Now here we see an article of use so constructed that it cannot possibly be used. It would have been very simple to produce Pallissy china, of an artistic character, without associating it with culinary apparatus—it was a misapplication of art which cannot be defended.

Gavarni once observed to me, that what struck him on coming to this country was the size of its men and beasts, and the substantiality of all our appurtenances. Physically, as well as morally, we are a solid, large-limbed, large-thoughted people, and our art, to be national, must be in keeping with these manifestations of mind and matter. Our Elizabethan architecture was a very barbarous thing compared with the Cinque-cento style, its Italian contemporary, but we contend that it was a truer style for Englishmen, because it reflected the florid, large, rough manners of the period better than would the delicate subtle spirit that ran through the Italian work of the same age. The various schools of design, now educating our young people in the ornamental arts, very properly direct their pupils' attention to copying Nature. By this means we shall, in the course of time, work out a style of our own which is truly national. In painting and poetry, the drama and gardening, we possess an individuality which other nations recognise, but as yet we have possessed no natural style of ornamentation, for the sole reason, as far as we can see, that we have never systematically devoted our attention to the subject, but have been content to copy those of other nations in the most servile manner. At the very foundation of all national design, lies strongly marked national character, and this we possess. We also possess the imaginative qualities in the highest degree as witness the famous roll of our poets; and to say that we cannot impress these qualities on inanimate nature is to assert an absurdity. The English of the next century will, we believe, be an art-loving people, and the demand will call forth the supply with certainty. Meanwhile we must, we suppose, submit to see taste outraged by the extravagances called forth as a reaction from that old Quakerish baldness of ornamentation which has satisfied us for so many generations. A. W.

BUSINESS WITH BOKES.

We are told that we may know men by their friends. But suppose they have no friends? How is it possible in that desperate case to arrive at

a correct estimation of our fellow-creatures? Well, I think that we may know men by their waistcoats, by their shirt-collars, by their whiskers, by their books, by their furniture, by their surroundings generally.

Now, Tom Lupthorpe, in connection with whom I am about to relate certain facts, *had* friends. For instance, Budder was one of them: Crickson was another: I was a third. No doubt, therefore, it was open to the critical observer by taking account of Budder, and Crickson, and myself, or somehow by adding us together, and dividing the total by three, to regard the result, or average, so obtained, as a fair valuation of Tom Lupthorpe. But I think that an estimate of equal correctness might have been reached by a less complicated method. I may be led to this opinion, perhaps, by an inclination to shrink from arithmetical effort, which, as it is purely natural and constitutional, and quite out of my control, I have no hesitation in avowing. By no process of calculation could I ever persuade a sum of addition, however simple bystanders may have chosen to call it, to yield a correct product, or one that did not singularly vary upon each occasion of my testing it. Consequently I should have preferred to derive my appreciation of my friend's character from other sources. I should have put Budder on one side, and Crickson, and myself, and have set to work to study Tom Lupthorpe, quite as an isolated subject. I should have held a severe inquest upon his personal appearance, his manners, and dress. And certainly my friend betrayed himself abundantly in these matters. His was not an involved character; his idiosyncrasy presented few remarkable traits. A foundation of admirable amiability and geniality of disposition, and reared upon this a rather rickety mental edifice; extreme irresoluteness, much vacillation of purpose: a mind of a sort of putty material, which could be pinched, and pressed, and kneaded into almost any shape the operator might fancy. And this much was surely perceptible, even upon a cursory examination; for, indeed, in the most trivial affairs of life his want of decision was demonstrated; in the brushing of his hair, the cut of his beard, the fashion of his necktie. He never could resolve definitively as to the side of his head on which he would draw the conventional line of division of his hair. He never knew exactly whether he would wear his straggling straw-coloured moustache with the ends turned up defiantly, or down pensively; and, as often as not, in his indecision, had one up and one down, like a railway semaphore signalling the approach of a train; whether he would denude his chin with his razor, or clothe it with a beard, now to be worn long and streaming, now short, sharp, and pointed; now a thick, bushy, blunt spade form; now pared away to a mere comma or sedilla on his lower jaw, which receded of course; or where would physiognomy be in respect to men of feeble volitions? He had always found much difficulty in the proceeding known as making up his mind. Perhaps, altogether, this gave rather a pleasantly helpless and benignly imbecile expression to his face. He had made, of course, two or three false starts in life. The wonder was that he had ever "got off," as the phrase is, at all. At the time I first knew him, he was an artist, occupying a second floor in a small street turning out of the upper end of Tottenham Court Road. I believe he had been originally destined for the church; had lurched towards the army, was found for a short time stranded on a high stool in a lawyer's office, was next said to be reading hard for the bar, and then was suddenly discovered to be a painter, following no particular line of art, but in a sort of irregular service, struggling on a plan of his own, independently of any one else, and in defiance of all rules and precedents. Not from any over muscularity of his mind prescribing for him a particular career of informal action, but simply because in his irresoluteness he was turned and twisted by every gale that blew, carried away by any chance current that came near him. He had commenced with a success in portraiture, then had developed a passion for landscape, had burst out with a grand historical work, and then had suddenly subsided into *genre*, with a suspicion enduring the while that he might at any time revert to the former branches of his profession: like a squirrel leaping in a tree, his movements seemed to be entirely without method, and could not possibly be predicted. I am bound to say, however, that he had very considerable art-talent, and though his works were rather indications than developed proofs of this, they were, nevertheless, very charming, and might have been of much more commercial advantage to him than his want of judicious dealing with them would permit them to be.

"How are you, Lupthorpe?"

"Hard up. That is, I have been; as hard up this morning for five shillings, as I should think a fellow ever was. However, it's all right now."

"Where's that pretty little sketch you made in Epping Forest?" I asked, as I looked round the studio. It had been a favourite drawing of mine, and it generally rested on the mantel-piece, and I always went straightway to contemplate it whenever I called on Lupthorpe. I may say here that his was not by any means a comfortable studio; it was, like its tenant, so wanting in decision of character. It looked as though at one time it had wanted to become a drawing-room, and then before it could bring that idea to maturity it had abandoned it in favour of being a bed-room, ultimately to revert again to its old studio destiny. Thus, a loo-table, with an ornamental cover, stood in one corner of the room; in another a washing-stand painted to resemble an upholsterer's notion of bamboo, that is to say, a bright yellow colour, with here and there mysterious brown dabs and lines, and speckles. Of course, the washing-stand flatly contradicted the loo-table, and at direct issue with both of these were the easels, and the paint boxes, and the groups of boards and canvases leaning against the wall. The effect was embarrassing to the visitor, who was always torn with doubts as to how he ought to behave himself, and whether it could possibly be permissible to smoke.

"Where's the Epping Forest sketch?"

"I've sold it. To Moss Bokes. For five shillings."

He jerked out the words with evident effort, as though he did not like parting with them.

"For five shillings? Why it was well worth five pounds, if not ten!"

"Do you think so?" he asked, meekly.

"Oh! no," cried some one in the depth of shadow of the window, the half of which was covered to exclude the light, "it vas only vorth a crown, vorth vot I give for it, not a farding more. A poor little thing. I shall have a hard job to sell it agin, and get my money back."

Moss Bokes was the speaker. I could see him now standing behind Lupthorpe, and if I could not have seen him I should have recognised him by his voice. For there was no mistaking Moss Bokes's voice. It had all the peculiarities of his nation. Need I say that the purchaser of Lupthorpe's "Epping Forest," for five shillings, was of what is called the Jewish persuasion? The voice evidenced the ordinary stoppage in his nose—(it was a roomy-looking and largely moulded nose, too, and was not so ornamentally formed but what it might have been useful)—and seemed influenced by a perennial cold in his head, and it had the usual husky gutturalness and indistinctness which may proceed from labial peculiarities or lingual excess of size. An anatomical question here presents itself, upon which I hardly feel justified in entering: the reader who has ever talked with one of Mr. Bokes's nation will understand the kind of voice I desire to describe; if not, he has only to listen to the persuasive tones of the next crier of "Old Clo'!" who passes down his street, to be thoroughly acquainted with it. A small old man, with a hat much too large for him, and a thick stock of dusky black silk round his neck, fastened with a huge buckle at the back—a stock of so ample a circumference that he could avail himself of it easily, if necessary, to withdraw his chin and almost his nose from public view. In fact, it always seemed to me that by pulling his stock well up and his hat well down, Bokes could have, at any moment, rendered himself invisible so far as his face was concerned. A dusty olive-green coat of remote antiquity, high in the collar, short in the waist, and long in the skirt; thin sallow claw-like hands, that were generally either buried in his pockets or concealed by overhanging cuffs; a stunted beard of rather a patchy piebald aspect—here orange, there grisly grey—there quite white; prominent green eyes with a glassy glitter in them; and I think I have catalogued the specialities of Mr. Bokes's appearance.

"A poor little thing! Vot am I to do vith it now I got it? Who'll buy it of me I should like to know? I don't know no one. But I'm so veak; there's vhere it ish. I'm so veak, 'specially when a gent says to me, 'Bokes,' says he, or 'Mossy,' if he's more intimate, 'buy a picture of us?' vhy, I buys it right off. I'm so veak, and loses no end of money by it; that's me all over, that is."

He gesticulated violently as he spoke, and smiled and chuckled, and put his head on one side, and shrugged his shoulders, and meanwhile held his purchase tight under his arm.

"I never thought, Lup, that you'd have sold it for such a figure as that," I said.

"No!" cried Bokes, exultingly, "else you'd have bought it yourself. Vouldn't you now?"

"Well, I don't buy pictures——"

"No. You sells them; and sellers alvays vants to keep up prices, don't they?" and Mr. Bokes laughed loudly, stamping on the floor in his merriment. May I avow that I, at that moment, felt a passionate longing to "bonnet" Bokes where he stood, as violently as might be. I resisted that longing and overcame it. I hardly know now whether I am glad or sorry that I did so. I turned to Lupthorpe.

"That's a pretty thing you're painting there, Lup."

"Do you think so? I hardly know what to make of it yet; or what it means, quite. Can you give us a name for it?"

"Call it Paul and Virginia," interrupted Bokes, "that's a good selling name."

"Don't be absurd, Bokes. You know it won't do for that."

"Well, vasn't I advising you against my own interest? Put a little more brown on the boy's face, and it'll do very vell."

"I was thinking of Lorenzo and Isabella—that might do?" said Lupthorpe, turning his puzzled-looking face to me, "or Lorenzo and Jessica,—or Romeo and Juliet,—or Claudio and Isabella,—or Claudio and Hero,—or Hero and Leander—no, that wouldn't do. Dear me. How difficult it is to find a good name for a picture."

"What's that sketch over there?"

"O, I designed that for a large picture as big as that side of the room, a Jael and Sisera, or a Judith and Holofernes, I don't know which it will be. Crickson, who was here the other day, advised me to make it a Samson and Dalilah, or if not that, a Charlotte Corday and Marat. You see it would come very well for any one of them."

"I'll buy it, I'll buy it," cried Bokes; "what shall we say for this pretty little thing?" and he brought out a handful of silver from his pocket and began to swing it about before us. "I don't bear no malice," he said, "I'll trade with you; let me do a deal with you—*do*. What shall we say?—one half-crown, two half-crowns, three half-crowns—four; do let me do a deal with you, Tom, my boy."

"No, Mr. Bokes," I said to him, sternly, "we'll have no more dealings here at present. You've done too good a morning's work as it is."

"To think of saying that now," cried the Jew, in a tone of expostulation. "Suppose I'd bought it—the poor little thing! Vot should I have done vith it? I don't know, no more than the dead. But I'm so veak—there's vere it is—so veak!"

"How can I help it?" asked Lupthorpe, piteously, after the Jew had gone, in answer to my regrets on the loss of Epping Forest. "He would have it you know, and I don't know how much things are worth. Well, it does seem a poor price certainly, as you say; but I *did* want five shillings rather badly, and then—and then—you know—Bokes isn't such a bad sort of fellow after all. I wish though he wouldn't call me Tom. I do wish that. It does *not* sound well."

"You've sold him a good many things, haven't you, Lup?"

"Well, I have, at poor prices certainly, I must admit. But what can I do? He comes here, and talks, and stands at the back of me, and says, 'Well, that is a poor little thing you're painting there—that is—and no mistake—a very poor little thing. What do you expect you'll ever do with that? You'll never sell it, you know, never,' and so on, and a cold shiver seems to come over me, and I begin to think it *is* rather a twopenny sort of thing I'm at work on, and then he gets rattling his money about in his pockets ever so much—and then he says, 'A crown. I wouldn't mind giving a crown, though it's more than it's worth, and I shall never get my money again, never,' and then he brings out half-crowns, and flings them up in the air, and catches them, and chinks them together, and drops them on the floor, and they roll over my feet and settle down right before me; and I begin to think I *do* want a few shillings rather badly—and—and it ends in his taking off the picture at his own price."

"And his selling it for fifty times as much."

"Do you think so, really? Well, he says not."

A burly red-cheeked gentleman strode into the studio. He looked more like a farmer than an artist; still he was one.

"How are you two fellows?" He had a grand, loud, hearty, healthy voice, full-flavoured, and with plenty of body in it, as some merchants say of port. Eminently a strong, stout man's voice.

"Hullo, Crickson. Did you meet Bokes?"

"Bokes? *Connais pas* Bokes (Crickson had studied in French *ateliers* evidently), and don't want to. I've heard of him, though: a dealer? of course. No. We've got our own vampire at Camden Town. I should like to see Bokes come on *his* beat."

Painters are always gregarious. They all love to establish distinct *quartiers* of their own. Wherever you find one you may be sure there are plenty more not far off. They don't live as single figures, but compose themselves into groups. Hence art colonies are established in various parts of the town; one at Camden Town; one at Pimlico; one at Bayswater; with always the old parent stock near Fitzroy Square; to say nothing of a snug little branch settlement near Langham Church. Crickson was of the Camden Town migration.

"What are you painting, Lup? Lord Leicester and Miss Robsart? or the Earl of Surrey and the Fair Geraldine? or Shakspere and Ann Hathaway before they were married?"

"Thank you, Crickson, those are very good names. I'm sure I don't know which to choose. Do you like it? It's a mere sketch, you know, and I've had very little nature for it at present."

"Yes, it's very nice. I think there's rather shaky drawing about that knee, though, old fellow, and you *have* got some queer colour in the girl's hair."

"What do you think I ought to ask for it?"

"Ask anything you like, and you're sure to get it. All that's wanted in these matters is confidence—or *cheek*, if you think that's a better word. And I'm not at all sure that it isn't. Why, I was twelve hours the other day wrangling about price with a fellow down Camden Town way. And then at last we stood ten shillings off each other. I offered to fight him for the difference, or to wrestle him for it, or to walk him for it, or run, or hop, or swim, or row him for it. Still we couldn't come to terms. Then I lost my temper and threatened to throw him out of window, and the sneak, would you believe it? he gave in. I haven't done a stroke of work since, and shan't till the money's all gone. It has nearly."

Crickson was rather like that pupil of Berghem's named Theodore Visscher, who we are told disdained to carry his stock of money in his pockets, but always walked about with it in his hands, notifying his possession of it thus simply to his companions, and carousing with them until all was expended.

We told him about Bokes.

"Five shillings for that lovely little study. My eyes! what a shame. Why, Lup, you are the dearest old flat that ever lived, I do believe! I tell you what I was thinking of doing with our Camden Town vampire the next time I have a deal with him. I was reading the other day—was it Roman or Grecian history? Have you got a Pinnock, Lup?"

"Yes, I think I have somewhere, a geography."

"Ah, that won't do. Well you know what I mean—about that old woman the Sybil, you know, who offered the books to the fellow to buy, and when he wouldn't trade with her, went home and burnt some of them, and then offered to sell him the rest at the same price—or was it double? I forget which; and went on burning and offering to sell the rest, until the fellow bought them of her at her own figure. You know what I mean. Well, I intend to pursue the same course with my next picture."

"What! Burn half of it?" cried Lupthorpe, alarmedly.

"Well, no, not that so much as asking double for it, every day, until the dealer buys it at last. And he's sure to, you mark my words. Name your price and don't flinch from it—rather increase than decrease—and you'll get it, you're sure to. These men mean buying, sir, it's their trade; they *must* buy—they can't help it—and you can get out of them any price you like if you only know how to set about it. Ask a hundred of Bokes for that, and you'll get it—you see if you don't; only persist in it, stick to the hundred, threaten to make it a hundred and fifty if he's obstinate; tell him you'd sooner put your foot through it, or put it on the fire, than let it go for less, and you'll get your price at last—only see if you don't. When does Bokes come here again?"

"He generally looks in on Mondays."

"He's made a good thing out of you, Lup. It's time you should make something out of him. Mind now you don't go selling him anything more without letting me know. Promise it."

"Well, I'll try not to," said Lupthorpe, with much self-distrust.

A fortnight and great progress had been made with the picture. Hugo and Parasina it was finally named. I believe there were a few anachronisms in the matter of costume, but then these are usual in paintings. Mobbs (late of the

10th Hussars) had been sitting for Hugo, and pretty Miss Briggs (of Upper Paradise Place, Hampstead Road, top bell and a single knock, please), had posed for Parasina. It was decidedly a very admirable work, and did Lupthorpe infinite credit. Soon, it was finished.

"Itsh pretty; yes, itsh pretty. But it ishn't much. I wouldn't mind a tenner. Vat do you say Tom, my tear, a tenner—think of that." And Mr. Bokes waved a Bank of England note in the air.

"Think of Crickson," I whispered to Lup, for I saw he was yielding.

"Fifteen, then; come, twenty; there, twenty-five; I can't say fairer." It was evident that Bokes wanted the picture very badly.

"Am I right?" asked a bland voice at the door. "*Is* this Mr. Lupthorpe's? I think the name is Lupthorpe. Oh, this *is* Mr. Lupthorpe's. Thank you."

An elderly gentleman, with smooth grey hair, and gold-rimmed spectacles, and a white neckerchief, a most respectable looking gentleman, clothed in a shiny suit of black, entered the room; he felt in his pockets for a letter. He produced and read it. He addressed himself to me in the first instance, mistaking me for Lupthorpe. I set him right.

"I am commissioned, sir," he said, "as the London agent of" (he mentioned a name greatly venerated in studios, the name of a large purchaser of works of art, let us call him Smith of Manchester) "as the London agent of Mr. Smith of Manchester, to make an offer for a picture in your studio, called, I believe, Hugo and Parasina."

"Indeed!" said the aghast Lupthorpe.

"Close with me, my tear boy," whispered Bokes. "Thirty-seven pund ten; forty, there!"

"My instructions will prevent my offering more than a hundred pounds for the picture," said the London agent of Mr. Smith of Manchester.

"A hundred pounds!" cried the Jew.

"I have the money with me," said the agent, putting his hand in his pocket.

"So have I; so have I," cried Moss Bokes. "Guineas. I'll give guineas; take the money, my tear Tom, you'll sell to me in preference to a stranger, von't you, now? Ah! that's right!"

The bland agent expressed his regret that he could make no advance on his offer. So Lupthorpe closed with the Jew, and gave him a receipt for the money as the agent left the room. Mr. Bokes nearly cried as he brought out the money—in gold, notes, silver, partly even in half-pence; then he danced round the picture and gazed into it; nearly colouring his nose with the wet paint, he inspected it so closely, and his green eyes sparkling with joy; then he subsided into an assumed despondency.

"A lot of money! I shall never see it again. Never! And what shall I do with this poor little pictur now that I've got it? Dear me! it will be a dead loss to me. But I am so veak, so precious veak! There's vhere it is. I always vas!" And he went off in a cab, with Hugo and Parasina on the seat opposite to him.

"Well, that's the best business I think I ever did with Bokes!" cried Lupthorpe, with elation, after the door had closed upon the Jew. "A hundred guineas for that little picture is really a very respectable price. I should have liked, though, rather to have sold it to Smith of Manchester. It would have been a good thing to have commenced a connexion with Smith of Manchester. Only Bokes *was* so pressing."

Just then Mr. Smith's agent re-entered the room. He stared at us curiously, and then commenced tearing off his white neckerchief, flinging a grey wig and a pair of gold rimmed spectacles into the middle of the room, and capering round them extravagantly. It was Crickson!

"I consider that a very neat piece of acting," he said; "and I think I circumnavigated Bokes in rather a superior manner. Lup, I congratulate you. You've made a good thing out of Bokes at last. Thanks to me. It was a grand idea. I shall get one of you fellows to try the same trick on with our Camden Town vampire."

"Then, Smith of Manchester," Lupthorpe began, in a disappointed tone—

"All a delusion, my dear Lup. He doesn't want Hugo and Parasina, and wouldn't give you a hundred pounds for them, so far as I know, any more than I would—and now I suppose some one will give me something to drink, for picture buying is very dry work,"—and Mr. Crickson began to amuse himself with a tumbler.

In the evening Budder called. He was always welcome to Lupthorpe's studio; and indeed, at a good many other studios. We were sitting round the fire, and some of us were smoking, and there was a strong odour of whiskey and hot water in the room, which some of us must have been drinking. At this distance of time I may be forgiven for not remembering precisely who it must have been.

Budder was not an artist. He was an articled clerk in the firm of Blinker, Jugman, and Moggles, Austin Friars, City; and what with his official duties, bitter ale at all times of the day, late hours, reading law books while he drank cold green tea, and sat with a wet towel wrapped round his head, like a turbaned Turk who had been pumped upon, preparing for his examination, he had rather a pale and uncomfortable appearance, and had the coldest and flabbiest hands I ever met with—shaking hands with him was something like taking hold of the tail of a dead cod-fish.

He knew nothing about art, though he had many friends among the artists. But after all, friendship is just as unreasonable as love. Perhaps in both it is best to begin with a little aversion. How is it that men, with diametrically opposed minds, are always such fast friends with each other? Ideal poets cling to anatomical professors. Visionary politicians are fast allies of analytical chemists. We artists were cleaving to a lawyer.

Not, after all, that Budder was much of a lawyer really, though undoubtedly he seemed so to us. Upon reflection, I think now that though he is an unquestionable authority upon fly-fishing, and pigeon shooting, and bagatelle even—and I should not hesitate to accept a dictum of his upon any of these heads as quite final—he is perhaps

the last man I should go to for a decision upon a strictly legal question.

We put him in possession of the story of our business with Bokes. He smoked over it a pipe of the very strongest tobacco I should think procurable anywhere. Somehow, he did not appear to enjoy the narrative so highly as we had expected; on the contrary, he grew very solemn over it.

"Perhaps you're not aware of it," he said, at last, in an awful voice, dividing his words so that they might fall like distinct and individual blows upon us. "Perhaps you are none of you aware of it; but you've all been guilty of an offence—I should say clearly indictable at common law. You, Lupthorpe, of fraud and covin."

"Oh Lor!" cried Lup, in an agony, "what's covin?" But Budder did not heed him. He went on as though he had been a chief justice, with the black cap on, condemning a batch of convicts to extreme penalties.

"You other two have been guilty of conspiracy, or perhaps misprision of felony, or you may be charged with vagrancy and disorderly conduct. I was reading up the subject only last night, but I hardly know upon which I should go against you.',

(See page 248.)

He certainly dwindled here from the chief justice into the articled clerk again—and then he communed with himself, contemplating the ceiling. "No. I don't think it's *crimen læsæ majestatis*," he went on; "the punishment might be transportation for two years, or perhaps penal servitude; or if the thing came before the sessions, perhaps imprisonment and hard labour for one year, with whipping, except in the case of females." (What was *crimen læsæ majestatis?* Did Budder really know? or was he only seeking to impress us?)

"Oh please, sir, let us off: we'll never do it again—please, sir!" cried Crickson, with what I must really denounce as ill-timed humour.

"This is awful," cried Lupthorpe, his face quite white; "fancy being dragged along the streets by policemen—the crowd hurraing—then before a magistrate—"

"The scene would paint very well," said Crickson, meditatively. He was an artist always—even if he was to be regarded as a felon.

"Fancy its being put into the papers, and their getting hold of it down at the Rectory. I do think it would kill my poor old governor. Hard labour for one year! Oh Lor! with whipping—"

"Except in the case of females," interpolated Budder.

"What would you advise us to do, Budder? *Do* tell us. *Do* help a fellow in his trouble!" cried Lupthorpe.

"Give back the money. Make peace with Bokes. Give him double the money if need be."

"Where's one to get double the money from?" growled Crickson.

"Won't that be compounding a felony?" I asked, with a dim notion that I had heard of some such thing before.

"That's Bokes's look-out," replied Budder, trenchantly.

For ten days poor Lupthorpe endured an agony which can be better imagined than described. The phrase is not original, I admit; but it is appropriate. If I knew the name of its author, I would frankly give it—but I do not know it.

He grew thin and pale, and intensely miserable. He was always putting problematical inquiries to his friends.

"I say, old fellow, suppose you're transported; they give you a ticket-of-leave, don't they, if you know your catechism and that? And you can come back to your friends, can't you, after a short time, and when your hair's grown all right again, you know? And, I say, do you think, supposing you were a returned convict, that people would come to you for their portraits? and could you sell your pictures, do you think? and would the Academy let you exhibit? Do you think if I were to cut off my moustache that the police would recognise me, and could I not dispute my identity and get off somehow that way?" and so on. Poor Lupthorpe!

We were comforting him as well as we could. —"There's been a dead schvindle here," said a well-known voice; "a dead schvindle."

We looked up. Moss Bokes stood before us, frowning grimly.

"How about Mr. Smith, of Manchester, and his London agent?" and he fixed his green eyes on Crickson. "There's been a dead schvindle here."

"There have been a good many swindles here altogether, Mr. Bokes," said Crickson, with a calmness that might be callousness, but which was anyhow enviable.

"Tom," said the Jew, pathetically, and he screwed up his face, trying, I fancy, to press a tear out of his green eyes, but he could not quite manage it; "I didn't think it of you. You knew how veak I vas, and you've used me cruel! But I've got a peeler below?" This could have been only to frighten us.

"Oh, Mr. Bokes, please don't!" cried Lupthorpe.

"Vill you give me back my money? Vill you deal with me fair in future? May I call you Tom?"

Lupthorpe shrieked affirmative replies to these inquiries.

"Vill you sell me Jael and Sisera—dirt cheap?" the Jew asked, eagerly. Before Lupthorpe could answer, the servant entered with a letter. It bore the Manchester post-mark. It ran thus:

Dear Sir,—I have bought of Mr. Bokes, a dealer, a picture painted by you—Hugo and Parisina—at the price of 150 guineas. He tells me you have a companion work of Jael and Sisera, and of this he speaks highly. I am willing to act upon his judgment, coupled with what I myself know of your works. Are you disposed to sell me the second picture at the same price I paid to Mr. Bokes for the first? An early answer will oblige,

Yours truly, John Smith.

Manchester.

"Is this really true," said Lupthorpe, wiping his face; "is it really Smith, of Manchester, this time?"

"It's quite true," said Crickson, after he had glanced at the letter. "I've sold to him, and know his handwriting: Jael and Sisera, a companion to Hugo and Parisina. Hurrah! how I love people who buy *pendant* pictures."

"Then you von't sell it to me now, I suppose?" said the Jew, humbly. "Ah, how you've trifled with my veakness."

"You didn't make a bad thing out of it though, Bokes," remarked Crickson. "Fifty guineas, that's a tidy profit on a hundred, I fancy."

"But you vill have another deal with me some day—von't you, Tom?" and Mr. Bokes writhed insinuatingly before him. Tom said he would, and the Jew took care he should act up to his word. In fact, he had dealings with us all afterwards. The system of waving about bank-notes and chinking gold disturbs the equanimity of the artist mind terribly.

"The Jew had a good cause of action," Budder sententiously commented upon the case, for as we had triumphed we were rather inclined to undervalue our friend's legal opinions; "if he chose to let it go, why of course that was his look-out. Well—thank you—I will, as you're so pressing. Yes, whiskey please—two lumps—thank you—and hot water. It's delicious. Your health, Lup, old boy, and good luck to your next picture."

We joined him in the sentiment, and in the drinking of it. Dutton Cook.

The Russian as a Shopkeeper.—Trade s the proper element of the Russian; it is his favourite pursuit, and should his trade even be confined to hazel nuts, he will devote his time and energy to it, with the same zeal as if he were engaged in commerce on a large scale. He is indefatigable in displaying all his goods before his customers, and is never offended even at the lowest offer. I once entered a hatter's shop at St. Petersburg, and asked the master to show me a hat. He took up one, turned it round and round on his hand, ejaculating: "*Votibi sladitshka na twoya galovitshka*," (here is a pretty neat hat for your pretty neat head), "and you would not mind to give 20 roubles banco (about 16*s.*) for it." I offered him 5 roubles, and was about to leave, when he detained me, saying: "Do not run away, we are not so very far asunder. Take a seat, and say really what you mean to give." I bought it at last, after much amicable bargaining, for half the price asked for. When the Dutch Jews once asked of Peter the Great permission to carry on their trade in Russia, for which privilege they offered him a considerable sum of money, he refused, saying, smilingly: "Keep your money, my friends, you won't find your account in Russia. One Russian is as cunning as four Jews." M.

THE SILVER CORD.

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS.

CHAPTER XCVI.

Two days passed, and Ernest Adair received no summons from the person to whom he had been directed to announce his arrival in England. This time he passed at the lodging he had taken, seldom venturing out, except to procure himself some of the minor luxuries to which one who has long resided on the Continent is accustomed, and which do not enter into the coarse calculations of a lodging-house keeper. A little fruit on his breakfast-table, a box of sardines, even a few flowers, were among the humble requirements of Adair, and his two-pennyworth of roses was arranged with as careful an attention to their grouping, as if the hand that set them out had been that of an innocent girl who varied her task with a song. Adair, too, varied his task with songs, but they were not such as a girl should sing, or hear. Their meaning, however, was, of course, lost upon the rest of the household, and the foreign gentleman was supposed to be rehearsing for his theatrical duties. He gave little trouble, smoked incessantly, and occupied himself with newspapers, which he bought in large numbers, and searched for paragraphs of foreign news, the nature of which, happily for the peace of those with whom he sojourned, came not within their homely imaginations. But he searched in vain.

A third day passed, and the monotony of Ernest's existence suddenly began to press upon him with a dead weight. Those who have lived a life of business, or of irritating excitement, have their moments of repose, when a species of almost defiant pleasure is found in the interval of stagnant inaction. But such persons, under such circumstances, not infrequently arouse to a feverish and despairing sensation, when the stillness of this life becomes intolerable, and even at the risk of destroying arranged schemes, or of running upon foreseen perils, they must do something to

satisfy or subdue the energies which revolt against repression. Prudence warns in vain, the blood flows hotly, and the brain works feverishly, and the swimmer who has drifted into one of the still pools of the stream of life, cannot bear to lie floating, but must strike out again into the torrent, though he well knows that his expected boat is yet far away, and that the current must whirl him along to perdition. Fortunate is the man on whom Nature at such an hour lays her restraining hand, and throws upon a bed of sickness, but this is a good fortune which, though it occurs with felicitous precision to the heroes of fiction, seldom occurs so opportunely in actual life. It came not to Ernest Adair, who, in full health and vigour, found himself suddenly doomed to tormenting inactivity, among those who were incapable of supplying him with society, and at whom he scoffed, perhaps instinctively rather than with malice, when exchanging with him the common-place civilities of their home, and of his hiding-place.

A fourth day passed, and Adair's loneliness, far more depressing than actual solitude would have been, became unbearable. On the night that Haureau had accosted him, Ernest had spent a couple of hours with a strange and coarse gang to whom the former had introduced him, and though Adair's dislike for such associates had made his conversation that evening one long sneer, except when in a sort of humorous despair, he had sought the applause of his companions by some wild outbreak of ribaldry, or worse, avenged on himself the next instant by a bitter self-loathing, even such society was better than none at all, or than the enduring the harmless platitudes of his new neighbours. He determined once more to visit the river-side haunt to which Haureau had taken him.

It was nearly dark when he summoned his landlady, informed her that business of importance took him into the city, and charged her to take the utmost care of any letter that might arrive.

"It's late hours for the city, sir, isn't it?" said the woman. "I thought that city gentlemen shut up early."

"Theatrical gentlemen do not, you know, Mrs. Wallis, and we must call on business men in the hours of business, talk business, and go about our business, that they may have time to attend to their business, as I see you have stuck up in your parlour."

"Well, to think that you should notice that, sir, and have a memory for it, too," replied Mrs. Wallis. "I do believe a memory is the gift of God."

"Do you?" said Adair. "Some people believe in an exactly opposite direction, but never mind that."

"No, sir, and I am sure I beg your pardon for taking the liberty of naming it. But would you mind taking the latch-key?"

"Not a bit, if you don't mind trusting me with it?"

"Oh, sir, anybody could see that you are a gentleman to be trusted, though, to speak the truth, we used to be set against mustaches, having been sufferers by the same, but everybody wears them now, and if persons were not intended to wear them, I suppose they wouldn't have been given. I tell my husband so, when he makes a piece of work if he can't find the halfpence to go round and be shaved, for shaving himself is what he never could and never did do, but he laughs, and says that the hair comes to help the barber to live, and so it does, if one looks at it in that way."

"Well, I am glad you look at mine in a favourable way, Mrs. Wallis, and I hope Mr. Wallis will not be jealous."

The good-natured woman laughed very heartily, had no doubt but that there was a younger and a prettier lady to think about Mr. Hyde's moustaches, gave him the latch-key, and promised that a candle should be left burning for him in the passage.

The candle burned out, but it outlasted the life of him for whom it was lighted.

Ernest Adair left the house, and, turning into one of the large thoroughfares, mounted upon an omnibus that was making its slow night progress towards the city. The vehicle was nearly empty, and proceeded at a funereal pace which once or twice elicited an imprecation from the only outside passenger. Yet, had he known it, his progress was fast enough for him. If there are intelligences, commissioned or volunteering to watch over the separate destiny of a mortal, and who have marked all his wanderings and circuitous journeyings in the world, seen him press eagerly forward when he should have tarried, and sit down, wearied, when a few vigorous steps would have given him the object of his blind quest, we may imagine them moved, either in pity or in mockery, when, for the last time, he exerts his boasted free-will, and addresses himself to the moral or the physical effort which is to carry him over one edge of the waiting grave. Is there a flutter of phantom wings, and a gaze of increased interest, as the spirits note the beginning of the end, or is the thought but one of the dreams which are to be scared from each and all of us when the hour of waking comes?

Late into the night was prolonged the orgy in the haunt by the river. The room was long and low, and heavy beams upheld the house above it. The old-fashioned windows, strongly made and fitted with small panes, told that several generations had drunk under the beams, and had, each in its turn, been pityingly spoken of by enlightened successors, the newest series of whom was then pitying its fathers, and hastening to be pitied by its children. But there was no special feature that distinguished the dingy room from many another in the neighbourhood. Its dented tables and sawdusted floor were like those of a score of hostelries within reach, nor was it a special haunt of evil-doers. Very good and jolly fellows, mostly connected in some way with shipping, or with the commerce that creates it, had passed many jovial and blameless hours there, kind and honest greetings had been exchanged in homely language over the liquors of the place, many a good voyage on the sea had been honestly wished, and many a loved and loving woman, wife or sweetheart, had

been toasted there with words that might have brought a tear to her eye, but not a blush to her cheek. And many a group of scoundrels had also met in that room, where the worst of them had spoken in low voices which no excitement of drink could elevate into manly freedom, and others, perhaps not the worst, had given vile toasts and shouted vile songs, and all had reeled away, making uncertain progress through the street, but certain and measured advance towards the Devil.

Perhaps no worse group had ever occupied the room than those gathered round a table in a corner-box on the night of Adair's second visit. There were five or six men, foreigners, but whose nationality it would have been hard to define. Their costumes were not squalid, but incongruous, and it seemed as if each had bought some one new and good garment, when he happened to have the means, without reference to the rest of his dress. The handsome coat of one man half covered a wretchedly threadbare vest, while the showy waistcoat of a second shamed the poverty of his other clothes, and the nether man presented similar contrasts. Some of them wore jewellery, which looked good, and as if it had been procured as a safe and portable investment against a time of need, but one or two had no such adornments on their persons. The faces of the party seemed at first to bear a strong family likeness, and it was not until one had observed closely a group that ill repaid such study, that the general impression of sallowness, dishonesty, and ferocity subsided into more distinct ideas, and enabled a spectator to note that at least half the men were mere tools, and that Haureau, and a couple of evil looking persons who sat close to him, were the masters of that company.

They were drinking and smoking when Adair came in, and there was the combined gabble which characterises such meetings among foreigners, and which contrasts with the silence maintained by Englishmen of the same kind, while some one dull guest is permitted to drone and prose over something which the party accepts as a narrative. But it was curious to notice that at the approach of a stranger, who could ill be made out in the smoke and gloom, not only did those who could see him instantly suspend talking, but the signal of silence was caught by those whose backs were towards the new-comer. It was like the hindmost pointer's drop into attitude at sight of the point of his colleague in the field.

Haureau rose, and came round to Ernest Adair.

"So, my friend, you have lost no time in coming to be congratulated?"

"Congratulated on what, in the devil's name?" was the ungracious response.

"Why, you have had your letter."

"I have had none."

"Nothing from that lawyer?"

"Nothing."

"And no message?"

"None."

"Then you have no business here. That you know well, Adair."

"Business or none, I *am* here, and, being here, I mean to stop. I will not kill myself by inches."

"Nobody asked you to kill yourself at all," said Haureau, looking at him with a sinister expression. "But you were ordered to remain on guard until relieved."

"And I have deserted my post," replied Adair, savagely. "What is this letter you talk of?"

"You have heard nothing?"

"Nothing, once more. Do you want me to swear it?"

"Well, no, I cannot say that I do; great weight as your oath would, of course, have. But, come here."

He seized the arm of Ernest and led him, not to a seat, but between two of the party, and all the upturned eyes of that group were at once upon Adair.

"Our friend informs me that he has received no orders or instructions of any kind, and yet he is here. He is a brave man, is he not?"

A strange, growling assent passed round.

"A brave man," repeated Haureau. "A chair for the brave man. We will drink his health, English fashion."

Ernest Adair took a seat, and lit a cigar, but did not speak.

"He is impatient for some news, which I will tell him by-and-bye," said Haureau, with a coarse laugh. "Meantime, fill, all of you, and drink to him."

The men obeyed, some with a slight and sullen nod, others with a more elaborate and mocking gesture.

Ernest's answer was a mocking curse, addressed to the group generally. At this Haureau laughed boisterously, and pushed a glass towards Adair.

But, three hours later, when the room had long been abandoned by all save Haureau's party, Ernest Adair was in another mood. He had drunk deeply, he had poured out a flood of wild and ribald talk, such as no pen sets down even for men like himself, he had sang songs, and he had in turn encountered each of his companions in a combat of abuse, in which he had utterly vanquished and silenced all except Haureau, against whose imperturbable but ruffianly jollity Adair's sarcasms were spent in vain, while his denunciations were met by nods of approbation, given with a meaning which Ernest was not too intoxicated to observe as intended, which he pointed out scoffingly to the others, and defied Haureau to explain.

Soon afterwards, Ernest, who had been steadily gazing at Haureau, and in an under voice delivering himself of new taunts, looked round, and saw that the party had diminished by one-half.

"So," he exclaimed, "I have whipped them to their kennels, have I?"

"Nay, nay," said Haureau, "they are good men, and have gone home to their wives."

Ernest Adair looked at him for a moment, and then sang—

"Woman keeps us waiting now,
But she shall wait for us to-morrow."

"*Shall she?*" said Haureau, smiling.

"Yes, she shall," responded Adair, with drunken fierceness.

"You must go home, Ernest Adair," said Haureau.

"How dare you dictate to me what I shall do, galley-slave?"

There was an angry murmur at the word, and Ernest Adair, more incensed, repeated it, and looking savagely round, declared all present, except himself, to be convicts escaped from the galleys.

"Brave talk," said Haureau, repressing his companions, who rose in wrath, and whom he compelled to seat themselves. "Brave talk. But, my friend, you dare no more stay away to-night from your lodgings than you dare throw yourself into the river that keeps lapping and plashing there."

"I dare not? I will not return to my lodgings, galley-slave, and if I do not throw myself into the river, it is because I am dressed like a gentleman, and do not choose to spoil my clothes, for fear I should look like you and your gaol-birds here."

"You dare not remain out. Else I would row you over to *my* lodgings, and we would make a night of it. But go home, and obey orders."

"Row me to your lodgings. Do you live on the river Styx, or the river Acheron?"

"No matter—you dare not come."

"Dare not, and with rowers like you and your friends, who learned to row in the galleys—classical ruffians as you are. Styx or Acheron, I ask you."

They all went out soon afterwards, Haureau walking beside Ernest Adair, who had now worked himself into the phase of intoxication in which one is perfectly, subtly, conscious of all that goes on or is said around, but supposes oneself to be reserving all comment for another occasion. He walked uprightly, repulsing the arm of Haureau, and the party, turning down a narrow lane proceeded along a small wharf, and stopped at a tall gate, partially latticed.

"Are these your lodgings, Haureau?" said Adair. "That is very like a prison window—you must feel quite at home."

He spoke distinctly, yet without the intonation that used to give point to his speeches of other days.

"No, this is my carriage house," said Haureau, opening the door.

Looking in, Adair perceived water. The place was an old boat-house, but there was no boat there. The tide was high, and the gloomy space within resembled a tank, only that under the eaves there came a gleam from a distant lamp.

Adair was sobered into self-possession in a moment. The next, his hand was upon his breast. But Haureau's iron clutch was upon the wrist of Ernest, who at the same instant felt his other arm seized by two of his companions.

Even at that instant, and with the conviction that came upon him, the courage of Ernest Adair did not forsake him.

"Listen, Haureau!" he said.

"We have listened to you enough to-night, my friend. It is your turn to be silent for a long time."

"I understand."

"All that was wanted has been learned without your help, and you are dismissed."

"Bertha!" cried Ernest, with a bitter cry.

It was a dastard blow, but which of the ruffians around him struck it will never be known till the judgment. Then the senseless body was thrust through the door, and into the dark water.

It must have lingered in that shed, and have been fetched away by another tide. For it was on the following night, and very late into that night that some men who were on their way to a barge upon the river came upon the body as it lay at the foot of a little causeway. Scarcely paler than in life, and with the peace of death on the brow beneath which throbbed no longer that once busy brain—parted in death the lips whose words had been sin, and whose kiss had been shame—so lay Ernest Adair. The secret of his death has been well kept, and he lies in a nameless grave.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

We were to have had but one chapter more, and indeed there is little else to tell, and yet one would not willingly bring down our curtain upon a mournful *tableau*. Of some thirty persons who have more or less actively aided in our story, two have died by violence, and the hand of death was upon the third, when her connection with the narrative ceased. She is gone, and Mr. Berry has disposed of his Lipthwaite property to Sir Frederic Charrington, and upon the site of Cromwell Lodge a school for girls now flourishes, under the patronage, and what is better, under the vigilance of Lady Charrington. It is a school where the girls are taught more cookery than catechism.

In strictness, Bertha Urquhart ought to have made a sorrowful end, upon which (to preserve the theatrical image) the rose-coloured light of a sentimental repentance should have been thrown. But, weak in all else, she was too weak to offer an example of poetical justice. The property left by Robert Urquhart was realised, and it afforded her a comfortable income, upon which she lived for some months at Cheltenham, where she married a gentleman who had been an officer in her Majesty's service. He had been an exceedingly fast man, but having spent all his money, and a good deal more, had to sell out, and look out. He looked out well, and wooed as fast as he had lived. He is kind to Bertha, and she understands him—the severest thing one can say of him, for he is a very goodnatured Gorilla. Bertha has taken to distributing tracts, and in a season or two, unless she runs away again, will possibly have a private evening service for herself and select friends, at the St. James's Hall.

Alphonse Silvain has, of course, married Mary Henderson, and will exhibit perfumery at the International Exhibition next year. Meantime his wife exhibits, with intense pride, an international baby, which has been christened Laura.

Archibald Vernon continues to live at Canonbury, and to retain the conviction that he is an ill-used man, whom the world has never comprehended. It is reported that he, also, has thought of coming before that world, next year, and has gone to the extent of promising to write to Charles Hawkesley, to get him to ascertain whether any kind of lecture-room is likely to be vacant in the middle of the approaching summer.

Charles Hawkesley's new play has been a tremendous success for Mr. Aventayle, and, strangely enough, for the author himself. For the admirable but eccentric manager got hold of an idea that an author and a manager might be regarded as partners in the production of a piece, just as author and bookseller stand in the production of a volume. And "after expenses," and other deductions of a most just and righteous character, Aventayle actually shared with Hawkesley the profits of *Reckoning without the Host.* The proceeding is most ridiculous, but Aventayle says that he is satisfied, and that the author is devoting himself to the composition of another play, of the very best character, and to which he can afford to give ample time and elaborate workmanship. This is an age of experiments and new-fangled notions, but this headlong advance towards the recognition of the value of brain-work is surely to be deprecated. A present of a fifty-pound note, on a three hundredth night, with speeches and reporters, would have been an act of generosity as well as a capital advertisement, and quite enough. But Aventayle is an odd man, and if he were not growing so rich, one might speak of his eccentricities with more severity.

So ends our story of man's wickedness and woman's weakness, of false love that brought ruin, of true love that lived through the storm. If there be a moral in the tale—and in what story of trial, suffering, and sorrow is there not a moral?—assuredly it shall not be preached here. It shall be left to the apprehension of those of whom the author, after ten months of unbroken intercourse, takes for the present his Farewell.

THE END.

HALF HOURS AT THE KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

THE MUSEUM OF PATENT MACHINES, &c.

OUR Museums are getting so extensive that it is becoming a most wearisome task to attempt to master their contents in the limited time sight-seers are generally able to devote to a stroll through them. All the world knows it is one of the most headachey things in the world to spend a couple of hours among the miles of galleries in the British Museum; and the South Kensington Museum is becoming almost as confusing a place of amusement. We may have half-hours with the different departments, however, without coming away with that sense of mental prostration which invariably attends any attempt to "do" the museum in one afternoon. There is one room in it, but not of it, which always throws open its doors free of charge—the Museum of the Commissioners of Patents, in which a whole Noah's Ark of machines and models meets the eye of the visitor. This exhibition is totally distinct from the South Kensington Museum, and only occupies a room temporarily until a building is erected by the Commissioners with the 90,000*l.* and upwards they have in hand for that purpose.

In taking our survey of the riches of invention which meet the eye on every hand, let us first glance at its curiosities. In a glass case at the top of the room are several worm-eaten wooden pieces of machinery, which do not look unlike portions of Dutch clockwork, on a large scale. On the foundation of these crumbling fragments the great staple of English manufacture has been built—these are the original spinning and carding machines of the barber Arkwright. When he used to leave his basin and his lather to plot and plan wheels and cogs, his wife used to scold him for not attending to his business,—if that old dame could have seen in a dream the mighty results these ugly-looking engines were destined to give rise to in the course of a century—could see the millions of slaves enthralled to grow cotton for its delicate fingers to spin—could see the fleets of ships they called into existence to supply it with food—could see the great port of Liverpool they had created, the great city of palaces, Manchester, which they had built, the enormous fortunes which they had earned, and the comfort they had conferred on millions,—she would have dreamed a dream, which surpasses anything related in the Arabian Nights, and with the addition that the dream was destined to come true. Let us make our bow, therefore, to those worm-eaten old engines, and be grateful that their inventor had a mind superior to taking his customers by the nose. By way of contrast to the rude models of Arkwright we see close at hand a spinning machine of the present day. The clumsy beams have given place to light iron work, finished with the delicacy of a clock movement; Arkwright himself would scarcely recognise the transmutations his own germ has passed through in the course of a century. Not far off we see another of those great mother thoughts which have moved the world during the present century—there is the original model of the first locomotive that ever ran. Mr. Trevethic, in 1802, conceived the plan of substituting steam for horse-power on the Cornish tramways; and here is the original idea of a power which has since revolutionised society. The original locomotive had but two large wheels and a small guiding wheel, like a perambulator, and was called by the country people the Puffing Billy!

The machinery was confined to a cylinder, a piston-rod with a cross-tree head, which communicated the motion by two shafts to cranks on the wheels; this was the original germ which developed into the existing complicated locomotive, a model of which is placed opposite to it. Trevethic's engine worked at the moderate pace of three and a half miles an hour, and carried coals only. George Stephenson improved upon this, and produced his engine, which carried passengers for the first time in 1829 on the Stockton and Darlington line, and continued working until the year 1850. This locomotive would have been an interesting addition to the machines in this room, but it is, perhaps, better where it is, mounted on a pedestal at the entrance to the Darlington station, where it takes its stand as the premier locomotive of the world. As it cannot be removed, an excellent photograph does duty for it, and clearly shows that its machinery was only an amplification of Trevethic's idea, the piston-rods, cross-pieces, &c., working perpendicularly over the boiler. But a

still greater rarity is the beam engine model made by Watt himself. This model works the steam valve, by what is termed the tippit motion. An additional interest attaches to it over and above the fact that it is one of the first ideas of the great motive power of the present day, inasmuch as Watt always kept it under his own observation in his drawing-room. It is but rudely finished, but the very fact that its great inventor's eye dwelt upon it with pride and triumph invests it with a poetry all its own. Another beam engine, once belonging to Watt, with parallel motion attached to the piston-rod, is a better example of mechanical skill. We have not far to look for the first germ of steam navigation. That huge model which appears to be a combination of two funnels and a number of chains working over wheels is the parent marine engine. As early as the year 1787, Patrick Miller, of Dalswinton, Scotland, engaged himself in making experiments with double and treble boats, which he propelled by means of wheels placed between them worked by manual labour; in the following year he induced one Symington, an engineer, at Wenlock Head, to apply to it a marine steam engine he had invented. This engine propelled the boat along Dalswinton Lake at the rate of five miles an hour. This was undoubtedly the first attempt ever made to use steam as the motive power in a vessel; although it was not the first practical steam-boat. The engine which belongs to the earliest history of that invention, is what is called an atmospheric engine, that is, the piston is raised by the action of steam, and then it is forced down by atmospheric pressure. The history of this curious parent of steam navigation is worth noting. After the trial in the boat, the engine was removed to Mr. Miller's library, where it remained until his death in 1815; in 1828, it was sent by his son, packed in a deal case, to Messrs. Coutts & Co., in the Strand, where it remained until 1837, and finally it found its way to a plumber's in Edinburgh, who flung it aside with the purpose of melting it. However, the model was rescued from destruction, and in 1855 was restored to its former working condition by Messrs. Penn & Son in 1857.

It is usually supposed that the boat made by Fulton, in America, was the first practical steamboat; but that honour must be transferred to Symington, who, in 1801, perceiving that his old engine was too complicated to work practically, completed a new one with the later improvements by Watt and others, and placed it on board the Charlotte Dundas, which was, in truth, the first practical steamboat. The paddle was still a problem which puzzled mechanicians. Its best form, so as to offer the least resistance on entering and leaving the water, engaged the skill of hundreds of thoughtful men, many of whose models are to be seen in the museum. But other minds were intent upon superseding the wheel altogether, and, at last, Captain Smith's screw did so. We can all remember the fierce disputes there were among nautical men with respect to the relative powers of paddle versus screw—a dispute which was finally settled by the tournament which took place between her Majesty's steamer Rattler, screw steamer, and the Electro, paddle-boat, both of equal size and power. They towed stern to stern, and the propeller dragged the paddle after her at the rate of two and a-half miles an hour. This victory seems to have put an end to all attempts to improve the paddle, and now human ingenuity seems concentrated upon the screw. The number of patents taken out for different forms of the propeller is something extraordinary, and the models in the museum are in themselves a curiosity. Every degree of pitch that can be got out of a spiral, would seem to be exhausted, and the favourite design of screw now appears to be modelled in the shape of a blade-bone. The screw of the Rattler, for instance, ten feet in diameter, looks like the remains of the scapulæ of some gigantic Ichthyosaurus. Thus we go on improving upon each other's efforts, every one adding some trifling improvement until perfection is attained.

Five minutes' walk through this museum is sufficient to satisfy me of the profundity of the remark that "it is society that invents." Let us take the subject of steam as a motive power, and let us see how long the idea has been before the world. Here, on the walls, we find a coloured drawing of Hero's steam-engine invented 130 years before Christ! We can scarcely conceive that whilst Pan was still young, and whilst great was Diana of the Ephesians, the thin white vapour which now moves the world was even then dandled as a second infant Hercules. Hero's idea of the application of the elastic force of the youthful giant was confined to simply projecting it against the resisting medium of the air—a hollow spindle connecting with two arms turned in opposite directions being filled with steam, the two jets acting on the air, gave the simple machine a revolving action. What centuries of thought lie between this and the great engine of the Leviathan steamer, a model of which is to be found in this room.

In these centuries we find the names of Solomon De Caus, Giovanni Branca, Torricelli, the Marquis of Worcester, Denis Papin, Thomas Savery, Thomas Newcomen, and Watt, to say nothing of the host of inventors who have added improvements in the present century. All of these studious men have nursed the mighty infant through the ages, until its limbs present their present gigantic proportions; and yet we say, familiarly enough, that steam is still in its infancy, and, without doubt, the New Zealander, could he exhume the museums of science of his day, will be able to read a list of improvers of steam as numerous as those we have already had.

Another great element of our present civilisation is beginning to make signs of its existence in this museum. We allude to the electric telegraph. Bakewell's Copying Machine is one of the most interesting of this class, as it brings before the public eye the means that can be employed to write with a pen thousands of miles in length. If the Atlantic cable were in working order, for instance, a man through its instrumentality could sit down to write a letter in London, and feel certain that a fac-simile of his handwriting was at the same moment coming out of the telegraph office at New York. The manner in which

this astounding machine works is as follows. The message is originally written on a conducting material, such as tin foil, with resin or some non-conducting ink. Over the face of this letter, which is placed on a cylinder, a point of metal revolves—this point is in connection with the conducting wire; at New York say, a piece of chemically prepared paper is placed on a like cylinder to receive the message; both cylinders are made to move round by clockwork. As the point at this end of the wire passes over the non-conducting resin writing no current passes, hence the point which moves synonymously with it at New York does not change the colour of the paper, but all the other surface of the writing tablet being a conductor, the currents pass and deepen its colour by chemical action on the far-distant recording tablet. The receiver thus obtains a perfect fac-simile of his correspondent's handwriting done in white upon a blue ground. Specimens of this electrical handwriting are placed beside the telegraphic machine, and afford an admirable example of the caligraphy of the lightning pen.

The great practical puzzle of the present day—submarine telegraphy—endeavours to find its solution in dozens of different specimens of electric cables. When it is remembered that the problem to be solved is to produce some envelope which shall perfectly isolate and protect a conducting wire, running for thousands of miles, as the Atlantic cable for instance does; when it is further remembered that a fault in the covering material of the wire only as big as a pin-hole speedily becomes enlarged to the size of a sixpence by the burning action of the electric fluid passing out into the water; when, again, we find the gutta-percha, with which cables are covered, is liable to the attacks of insects, to be abraded by rubbing on sharp rocks; and when we find that in shallow water cables are always liable to be dragged up by ships' anchors, the difficulties of making them electrically secure are indeed immense. Hence hundreds of patents have been taken out to accomplish the desired end, and thousands of miles of ruined cable, representing some two millions of money, now lie at the bottom of the ocean, subjects of great curiosity no doubt to the fishes.

We have been noticing hitherto different forms of the great inventions which have changed the face of society within the last quarter of a century; but the museum does not shut its doors to ingenuity employed in even the smallest objects. Here, for instance, is a collection of ancient and modern locks,—some of Chinese, some Indian, and some Egyptian origin, all giving testimony to man's familiarity with this little instrument before the Christian era. In these, all the leading features of the tumblers in our best locks are to be found. The Indian padlock may be said to depend upon its security for its moral influence! It is made in the form of a bird, representing the Hindu deity Garuda. The works are of the most trumpery kind; but it is supposed to owe its security to a fear of the vengeance of the deity whose image it represents. As a pendant to this moral lock, are the keys poetical, which once gave freedom to Mary Queen of Scots from Lochleven Castle.

Sewing machines of all kinds are here, of course; but we were struck with an invention calculated, we think, to give relief to the needle-woman in a still more marked manner. A machine to mend stockings has always struck us as a great desideratum: our inventor, however, professes to accomplish his object in a more expeditious manner. Noting that stockings wear out only in two places, at the toes and heel, he manufactures these pieces at a cheap rate, in order that they may be pieced on at home.

Another ingenious man has patented a sweeping brush, which runs along the carpet on rollers, and collects all the dust in a covered box. The advantages of this machine are, that it does its work without scattering the dust on the furniture; therefore the housemaid need not cover it up while pursuing her cleansing work.

Another individual, who still further labours to ease the domestic servant, exhibits a patent for peeling potatoes and apples, and for mincing meat; and the gas engineers show working models of different gas stoves, which supersede the use of coal fires altogether.

The introduction of new materials, and the cheapening of old ones, has given rise to their applications in articles with which their use would, on *à priori* grounds, appear totally inadmissible. Here, for instance, is a glass pump, working with an india-rubber valve; and it seems strong enough to resist any ordinary rough usage. Close at hand is a mangle, the bed and rollers of which are made of the same fragile material.

The introduction of india-rubber has, we know, revolutionised whole trades, and the glass-cases in the museum are filled with specimens of the purposes to which, under different forms, it is applied.

Sedulously masticating a piece of india-rubber, in order to make bladder-pops in our school-days, how little did we dream that the sticky mass was destined to play the part in the world it has done during the last quarter of a century. The many waterproofing purposes to which Messrs. Mackintosh have applied it, we are all familiar with, and the change which takes place in its nature on the application of a little sulphur, we also know; but the public, unless they visited the museum, would scarcely dream of the extent to which its consequent increased resiliancy has caused it to displace the use of steel in the form of springs, and of packing of all kinds, in order to make air-tight joints.

Yet another change is induced in this Protean material: by simply baking it, we get what is termed ebonite by the Messrs. Silver, its discoverers and patentees. This substance has all the appearance of jet, with this advantage, that it is tough instead of brittle; hence its applicability to a thousand uses in the arts and sciences. We see here chains which cannot be told from the best jet, combs, paper knives, statuettes, anything, in short, which can be moulded, and requires a high finish and polish. These specimens of the manufactures carried on at "Silver Town," in the Isle of Dogs, are full of the deepest interest, and prove how quickly many of our oldest established trades may be prostrated by the discovery of some new material, or the chemical change which may

be induced by scheming men in an old one. Not the least attractive feature in this museum is the collection of portraits of great inventors. The marked individuality in every countenance is very observable. But these are the lineaments of the famous and fortunate discoverers. The philosopher must in his own mind draw a picture of the amount of care and struggle represented by the great mass of patents in this room. Of the many years spent in efforts which have only terminated in the total impoverishment of the thoughtful toilers, of the many hopes blasted, of the castles in the air that have been transformed to dismal prisons, we do not see here the expression on the canvas, but be sure they have existed, and will exist as long as there remains in man an irresistible impulse in the path of progress, and a God-like energy to pursue it at all cost and sacrifice.

A. W.

GREEN SEAWEEDS.

Most people who have visited the sea-side know some little about seaweeds. They are familiar with the characteristics of the three great orders into which this class of plants has been divided, have learned to distinguish some of the commoner and more elegant species, and have perhaps made a small collection of specimens more or less skilfully dried upon paper. They know, too, something of the purposes to which some of the seaweeds are applied, have probably tasted laver and Irish moss, and have heard that the Scotch eat dulse, and that the ashes of the fuci are made into kelp. And with this amount of knowledge very many rest content. Yet there are few objects which offer more points of interest than the seaweeds to any one who is willing to look a little way below the surface, and to spend a few hours in learning something of their modes of growth and propagation.

The name seaweed can in its strict sense be applied only to plants growing in the sea. If, however, we use it as a translation of the botanical term algæ, it becomes applicable not only to these, but to a considerable number also which are never found in salt water. Every river and brook, every pond, ditch, and roadside puddle has its algæ—even on damp earth and walls they are seldom wanting. On the other hand, at least one plant growing in the sea, the Zostera marina, sometimes called seagrass, is a true flowering plant, and cannot therefore properly be called a seaweed. It has been found convenient to divide the algæ into three great divisions: the confervoideæ, otherwise called chlorospores, or green-spored algæ; the florideæ rhodospores, or red-spored algæ; and the fucoideæ melanospores, or dark-spored algæ. Colour, which is generally a mark of very small value in classification, is here a tolerably safe guide, so that we shall not go far wrong in calling all the brown seaweeds melanospores, all the red seaweeds rhodospores, and all the green seaweeds chlorospores. It would be impossible in the space of a single article to give even the slightest sketch of the history of these three orders, and we shall therefore for the present confine our attention to the last only, the chlorosperms or green-spored algæ, and to those only of this order which are found in salt water.

The green seaweeds which we find growing on our seaside rocks belong most commonly to one of the four genera: conferva, cladophora, enteromorpha, and ulva. The broad bright-green fronds of the Ulva lactuca, the lettuce ulva, or laver, are too well known to need any description, but there are some curious episodes in its history which are far less generally known.

Among the strange facts which modern improvements in the microscope have brought to light, there are few more unexpected and more startling to our preconceived ideas than the possession by certain plants of a faculty of motion so like in every respect to that of some of the lower animals, that the first observers had no suspicion of their vegetable nature. You may perhaps feel inclined to doubt the possibility of the existence of these moving plants; you may think that the story is a mere scientific figment contrived for the purpose of puzzling the unlearned, and you ask why we cannot be contented with the good old definition of our younger days, "Plants live and grow; animals live, grow, and move." If you happen to be by the sea-side, you may soon satisfy your doubts, and in no way more easily than by bestowing a little attention upon the common green laver. Go down to the beach at almost any state of the tide, and in the first rock pool you see you will probably find some of the conspicuous bright green fronds of this seaweed. Probably, too, if you look closely you will see that some of the fronds seem to have lost their brilliant hue and are limp, transparent, and colourless, not unlike wet tissue paper. They are faded, you say, and dying. By no means. Never were they more full of life than they are now. Gather one of these colourless fronds, or rather one which is half green, half colourless, and take it home with you for examination. Cut off carefully a small piece from that part of the frond through which the line passes, dividing the green from the uncoloured half, and having placed it in a little sea water on the stage of the microscope, examine it with an object-glass of a quarter of an inch focus. You will, in the first place, see that the frond of laver is composed of a network of small, many-sided, irregularly-shaped cells densely packed together with their sides in contact, and by slightly altering the focus you will find that another and precisely similar layer constitutes the under surface of the frond. Next, if you turn your eye from the seaweed to the water in which it is floating you will see, nimbly swimming about, a considerable number of small green bodies in shape something like a pear. These, if you now see them for the first time, you will, beyond all doubt, pronounce to be animals, probably belonging to the class of the infusorial animalcules. But you will be very far from the truth in your guess, for these pear-shaped bodies are the *zoospores*, or moving spores of the green laver, and have probably just emerged from one of the cells of the fragment at which you are looking. Now look again at the seaweed, and observe particularly the cells of which the coloured portion is made up. These you will find to be filled with a

green colouring matter, while those cells which form the colourless half of the leaf are quite empty. If your microscope is a good one, and you know how to manage it, you will be able to detect in the centre of each of the empty cells a very small hole or pore through which, probably, the vanished colouring matter has escaped. Scattered among the empty cells may be seen a few which are not yet quite empty, and within these one or two more zoospores may plainly be seen moving. At first you think you are mistaken; you wipe imaginary dust from your eye-piece, alter the arrangement of your light, and look again, but only to be fully convinced that the moving bodies actually are within the cell. Returning now to the green half of the frond, you will see that in the cells situated near the boundary line the internal colouring matter is beginning to form itself into small clusters, and in one or two of these cells you will observe a strange motion which has been termed "swarming," from the resemblance which it has been supposed to bear to the motion of a swarm of bees thickly clustered together. Other cells, again, you may see in which the zoospores are perfectly formed, and seem to be trying to find a means of escape, and perhaps in one of them you may be fortunate enough to detect a zoospore in the act of escaping through the pore. May we not conclude from these facts that the pear-shaped bodies which we saw swimming about in the water are identical with those which we detected moving within the cells of the plant, and that they are, in fact, the zoospores, or moving spores, of the ulva formed from the green colouring matter with which its cells are originally filled?

Doubtless if you are inclined to be sceptical it will be possible for you to construct a theory by which most of the facts may be explained without allowing to plants the power of spontaneous motion. Suppose, it may be said, these moving pear-shaped bodies are really, as they seem to be, animals; suppose that they feed upon the green contents of the cells of the laver, and that the white portion of the frond consists of cells whose contents they have devoured. There will then be nothing strange in their occurrence within the cells into which they may easily be supposed to have penetrated in search of food, having first pierced the small hole which you have seen in the cell wall. Now is there anything absurd in such a supposition? I do not know that there is, though I much doubt whether it would meet with ready acceptation from any one who has actually witnessed the process which I have attempted to describe, nor do I think the peculiar appearance known as swarming could be thus accounted for, or the occurrence of the moving bodies in great numbers near the line which divides the green from the white half of the leaf, and their total absence from any other part of the former half.

But if we carry our observations a little further we shall find ample reason for rejecting as inadmissible any theory involving a belief in the animal nature of the zoospores. If these moving spores are really, as we have supposed, the produce of the ulva, we may expect that they will at some period of their existence grow into the likeness of their parent. If then we can keep them alive for a short time, and watch what eventually becomes of them, we shall probably find the means of settling the question. Now there is little difficulty in effecting this. Take a small glass cell containing a few drops of sea-water and some of the zoospores, and, in order to prevent the water from evaporating, place the cell upon a layer of moist sand and cover it with a bell-glass or a tumbler, and you will be able to preserve the zoospores alive for any length of time, and to trace from time to time any changes which take place in them. In a few days it will be found that they have ceased to move, and have attached themselves by their smaller end to the glass in which they are contained, generally to that part which is most freely exposed to the light. Then they will begin to grow in the manner which we shall presently describe,—a long filament being first produced which is gradually converted into a broad frond. When this process has once commenced it will soon reach a point at which even the most sceptical will be compelled to allow that the organism before him is undeniably a plant. These observations must, of course, be made under the microscope, for though the final result of the process is a plant of no small size, attaining sometimes a length of two feet and upwards, yet the zoospores themselves are so small as to be absolutely invisible to the naked eye.

There is good reason to believe that these zoospores do not truly represent the spores of the ulva, but are rather analogous to the bulbils by which some flowering plants are reproduced, and that true spores, probably motionless, exist in these as in almost all plants with which we are acquainted. These supposed spores, however, have not yet been detected by any observer.

Probably you will feel some curiosity as to the agency by which the strange animal-like movements of the zoospores are produced. Each zoospore is furnished with four, or in some cases with two, cilia or vibrating threads attached to its smaller end, and by the motion of these it is urged through the water. The cilia can only be seen, satisfactorily, when object-glasses of a high magnifying power are employed, and then only when they have been coloured and rendered opaque by the addition of a small quantity of tincture of iodine to the water, or when the zoospores have been dried at a gentle heat upon the glass slide. Of the force by which the cilia are set in motion nothing at present is known.

Very similar to the ulvæ in their habits and modes of growth, and not unlike in appearance to young filaments of the same seaweed, are the enteromorphæ or sea grasses, some species of which are common on most of our coasts. Closer examination, however, shows us that the frond of enteromorpha is not flat but tubular, the walls of the tube being composed of small cells like those which we have already seen in the frond of the ulvæ. The formation and motion of the zoospores may be watched in the enteromorphæ as well as in the ulvæ; but as there is no essential difference between the two cases, we need not again describe the process here. The commonest species of the sea grasses, the Enteromorpha intestinalis, which

is found both in the sea and in freshwater ditches, attains a length of more than two feet, and a diameter of two-thirds of an inch.

The cladophoræ and confervæ form tufts of light green threads, attached to stones and rocks between tide marks, and may be distinguished from each other by the threads of the latter being simple, while those of the former are much branched.

The cladophoræ are small plants, seldom exceeding a few inches in length, but the confervæ grow to a considerable size, specimens being sometimes found of one species many feet in length. These seaweeds are of very simple construction, each thread consisting of a series of cylindrical cells arranged end to end, the length and thickness of the cylinders varying much in the different species. Like the ulvæ, the cladophoræ and confervæ are reproduced by means of zoospores, and the resemblance of these moving spores to animals is in this case rendered yet more close by the presence of a minute red spot exactly like that which is found in many of the infusorial animalcules, and which, in their case, is supposed to represent an eye. The appearance of these plants under the microscope is very singular, the green colouring matter being frequently arranged in a net-like pattern upon the wall of the cell. Sometimes, too, the threads forming the net seem to be strung with small bright beads, which, by the use of proper chemical tests, may be shown to be granules of starch.

But there is yet another reason why these simple seaweeds are peculiarly interesting to the microscopist. Owing to their great transparency and the power which small fragments possess of continuing to grow when detached from the plant, if they are kept in water and exposed to the light, the whole process of their growth may be observed without any difficulty. To enable the reader to comprehend the nature of this process, it is necessary to say a few words about the vegetable cell. A full account would require not a few lines but a volume, and volumes have been written upon the subject, but enough for the present purpose may soon be told.

Every plant, the largest tree as well as the smallest alga, is built up entirely of cells, varying much in size, shape, and colour, but all constructed upon the same plan. The most simple form of these cells consists of a closed membranous bag, containing a fluid sap. The bag is formed of two layers, the outer thick and conspicuous, the inner very delicate, and not easily seen. This inner layer, which has been called by vegetable physiologists the primordial utricle, is supposed to be in a peculiar degree the seat of the life of the cell. The seaweeds which we are now considering consist, as we have said, of a single series of such cylindrical cells placed end to end, and the several threads of which the plant is composed increase in length by the division of one of these cells into two smaller cylinders, each of which then grows to the dimensions of the original cell from which they were derived.

If we place upon the stage of the microscope a growing fragment of cladophora we shall easily be able to observe the mode in which this division takes place. It is to the terminal cell of one of the branches that we must direct our attention, since it is for the most part in these only that division is going on. If we observe a cell in which division is just commencing, we shall see that the delicate membrane which lines the wall of the cell is gradually contracting at a point near the middle of the cell, so as to divide the green contents into two nearly equal halves. The contraction slowly increases until that part of the cell in which the change is going on has assumed nearly the form of an hour-glass. We may imitate the change of form closely by taking a small tube of gutta percha, or any other elastic substance, passing a string round it, and gradually drawing the ends tight. At length the two halves of the hour-glass become entirely separated, the outer wall of the cell having in the meantime undergone no sort of change. Next a new cell wall is secreted around each of the two halves so formed, so that two new cells are produced, both included within the outer wall of the original cell. The two halves then increase in length, until each has attained its full size, and a fresh division commences in the new cell, which now forms the termination of the branch. In the simple unbranched confervæ there is no other mode of division than this, but in the branched cladophoræ we find another slightly modified plan of growth. When a new branch is about to be formed, the lining membrane of one of the cells (in this case not a terminal cell), begins to project sideways, pushing the outer cell wall before it, so as to form a protuberance on the side wall of the cell. After this outgrowth has reached a certain size, a process of division takes place, exactly similar to that which we have already described, by means of which the newly-formed cell is separated from the old branch, and becomes the first cell of a new one. Cells in every stage of division may often be seen in a small fragment of cladophora, some showing the projection just commencing, others the hour-glass-like contraction of the contents of the cell, and others again the completion of the division, and the formation of the new cell wall.

Very different in structure from any of these plants is the pretty little Bryopsis plumosa, whose dark green feathered silken tufts, from one to four inches high, may often be met with between tide-marks, growing upon rocks, stones, or other seaweeds. This plant belongs to the order of green seaweeds, called siphonaceæ, or tube-like seaweeds, the stem and the principal branches being composed of a single large branched tubular cell. Zoospores are produced in this plant in all the smaller branches with which the principal branches are feathered, but the phenomena resemble too nearly those presented by the ulvæ and confervæ to need a separate description.

We have now nearly completed our sketch of the green sea-weeds. Some we have passed over as presenting few points of interest; but we must not omit to mention one very curious tribe of plants, more common perhaps in fresh waters, but of which some species inhabit the sea,—the oscillatoriæ, or oscillating algæ. These plants are not attached to rocks, but float freely in the water, forming a dense layer of very fine green threads. There is nothing striking or attractive

in their appearance, and few people probably ever notice them, or could be easily induced to believe that there is anything in them worthy of notice. But place a small portion under the microscope, and you will not long be in doubt as to where the interest of the oscillatoriæ lies. You will see an evident and undeniable plant actively moving. In the case of the moving zoospores, which we just now described, it is only by seeing them within the cells of the parent plant, or by patiently watching their growth, that you can convince yourself of their vegetable nature; but that the oscillatoriæ are plants, notwithstanding their strange motions, your eyes will at once convince you. And strange indeed their movements are. Here you will see a thread moving from side to side like the pendulum of a clock, one end vibrating, while the other remains fixed; here a second twists itself about like a worm or a caterpillar, while a third combines this with an onward progressive motion. "If a piece of the stratum of an oscillatoria," says Dr. Harvey, "be placed in a vessel of water, and allowed to remain there for some hours, its edge will first become fringed with filaments, radiating from a central point, with their tips outwards. These filaments, by their constant oscillatory motion, are continually loosened from their hold on the stratum cast into the water, and at the same time propelled forwards; and as the oscillation continues after the filament has left its nest, the little swimmer moves along, till it not only reaches the edge of the vessel, but often, as if in the attempt to escape confinement, continues its voyage up the sides till it is stopped by dryness. Thus, in a very short time, a small piece of oscillatoria will spread itself over a large vessel of water." The cause of these singular movements is a mystery to which at present we have no clue. No cilia can be detected, nor any other organs of motion; and when we have said that the movements of these plants are rendered more active by heat and light, and checked by any strong chemical agent, we have exhausted the whole stock of our present knowledge.

Strange as are some of these facts when told, they seem far more strange when seen. The history of the seaweeds is one which words can but very imperfectly relate. Probably no one fully realises the idea of moving plants, until he has seen for himself the swarming of the zoospores within their parent cells, or the oscillatoriæ performing their singular rhythmical movements. Here, too, as in all other branches of natural history, he who wishes truly to know, must not rest contented with the descriptions of others, but must take the earliest opportunity of verifying or correcting them by his own observation. C. C.

ADALIETA.

(FROM BOCCACCIO.)

PART I.

LONG years agone—so saith the chronicler
Whose old Italian gentleness of touch
Findeth no echo on the northern harp
To counterpart its music—long ago,
When Saladin was Soldan of the East,
The Kings let cry a general crusade,
And to the trysting-plains of Lombardy
The idle lances of the North and West
Rode all that year, as all the year runs down
Into a lake from all its hanging hills
The clash and glitter of a hundred streams.
Whereof the rumour reached to Saladin,
And that swart King—as royal of his heart
As any crownèd champion of the Cross—
That he might fully, of his knowledge, know
The purpose of the lords of Christendom,
And when their war and what their armament,
Took thought to cross the seas to Lombardy.
Wherefore, with wise and trustful servants twain,
All habited in garbs that merchants use,
With trader's band and gipsire on the breast
That best loved mail and dagger, Saladin
Set out upon his journey perilous.
In that far day fair land was Lombardy!
A sea of country plenty, islanded
With cities rich, nor richer one than thee,
Marble Milano! from whose gate at dawn,
With ear that little recked the matin-bell
But a keen eye to measure wall and foss,
The Soldan rode, and all day long he rode
For Pavia—passing basilic, and shrine,
And gaze of vineyard-workers, wotting not
Yon trader was the Lord of Heathenesse.
All day he rode; yet at the wane of day
No gleam of gate, or ramp, or rising spire,
Nor Tessin's sparkle underneath the stars
Promised him Pavia; but he was 'ware
Of a gay company upon the way,
Ladies and Lords, with horse, and hawk, and hound,
Cap-plumes and tresses fluttered with the stir
Of merry race for home. "Go!" said the King
To him that rode upon his better hand,
"And pray these gentlemen of courtesy
How many leagues to Pavia, and the gates,
What hour they close them." Then the Saracen
Set spur, and being joined, to him that showed
First of the hunt, he said his message—they
Checking the jangling bits, and chiding down
The unfinished laugh to listen—and by this
Came up the King, his bonnet in his hand,
Theirs doffed to him: "Sir Trader," Torel said
(Messer Torello 'twas, of Istria),
"They shut the Pavian gate at even-song
And even-song is sung." Then turning half,
Muttered, "Pardie, the man is worshipful,
A stranger too!" "Fair Lord!" quoth Saladin,
"Please you to stead a weary traveller,
Saying where we may lodge, the town so far
And night so near." "Of my heart, willingly,"
Made answer Torel, "I did think but now
To send my knave an errand—he shall ride
And bring you unto lodgement—oh! no thanks,
Our Lady speed you!" Then with whispered hest
He named their guide and sped them. Being gone,
Torello told his purpose, and the band,
With ready zeal and loosened bridle-chains,
Sped for his hunting-palace, where they set
A goodly banquet underneath the planes,
And hung the house with guest-lights, and anon
Welcomed the wondering strangers, thereto led
Unwitting by a world of winding paths:
Messer Torello, at the inner gate,
Waiting to take them in—a goodly host,
Stamped current with God's image for a man
Chief among men—truthful, and just, and free.
Then he, "Well met again, fair sirs! Our knave
Hath found you shelter better than the worst.
Please you to leave your selles, and being bathed,
Grace our poor supper here." Then Saladin,
Whose sword had yielded ere his courtesy,
Answered, "Great thanks, Sir Knight! and this much blame,

You spoil us for our trade :—two bonnets doffed,
And travellers' questions holding you afield,
For these you give us this." "Sir ! not your meed,
Nor worthy of your breeding ; but in sooth
Such is not out of Pavia." Therewithal
He led them to fair chambers decked with that
Makes tired men glad—lights, and the marble bath,
And flasks that sparkled, solid amethyst,
And grapes, not dry as yet from morning dew.
Thereafter at the supper-board they sat,
Nor lacked it, though its guest was reared a king,
Worthy provend in crafts of cookery,
Pastel, pasticcio—all set forth on gold ;
And gracious talk and pleasant courtesies,
Spoken in stately Latin, cheated time
Till there was none but held the stranger-sir,
For all his purfled robe of cramasie,
Goodlier than robes could show him. Presently
Talk rose upon the Holy Sepulchre.
"I go myself," said Torel, "with a score
Of better knights—the flower of Pavia—
To try our steel against King Saladin's.
Sirs ! ye have seen the countries of the Sun,
Know you the Soldan ?" Answer gave the King,
"The Soldan we have seen—'twill push him hard
If, which I nothing doubt, your Pavian lords
Are valorous as gentle ;—we, indeed,
Are Cyprus merchants making trade to France—
Dull sons of Peace." "By Mary !" Torel cried,
"But for thy speech, I ne'er heard speech so fit
To lead the war, nor saw a hand that sat
Liker a soldier's in the sabre's place,
But sure I hold you sleepless !" Then himself
Playing them chamberlain, with torches borne,
Led to their restful beds, commending them
To sleep and God, who hears, Allah or God,
When good men do his creatures charities.
At dawn the cock, and neigh of saddled steeds
Broke the King's dreams of battle—not their own,
But goodly jennets from Torello's stalls,
Caparisoned to bear them : he their host
Up—with a gracious manner like the dew—
To bid them speed. Beside him in the court
Stood Dame Adalieta : comely she,
And of her port as stately, and as sweet
As if the threaded gold about her brows
Had been a crown. Mutual good-morrow given,
Thanks said and stayed, the lady prayed her guest
To take a token of his sojourn there,
Marking her good-will, not his worthiness ;
"A gown of miniver—these furbelows
Are silk I spun—my lord wears ever such—
A housewife's gift ! but those ye love are far;
Wear it as given for them." Then Saladin :
"A princely gift, Madonna, past my thanks;
And—but thou shalt not hear a 'no' from me—
Past my receiving—yet I take it : we
Were debtors to your noble courtesy
Out of redemption—this but bankrupts us."
"Nay, sir,—God speed you !" said the knight and dame.
And Saladin, with phrase of gentilesse
Returned, or ever that he rode alone,
Swore a great oath in guttural Arabic—
An oath by Allah—startling up the ears
Of those three Christian cattle they bestrode,
That never yet was nobler-natured man,
Nor statelier lady ;—and that time should see
For a king's lodging quittance royal repaid.

PART II.

It was the day of the Passaggio :
Ashore the war-steeds champed the gimmal-bit;
Afloat the galleys tugged the mooring-chain—
Waiting their loads ; the Lombard armourers,
Red-hot with rivetting the helmets up,
And whetting axes for the heathen heads,
Cooled in the crowd that filled the squares and streets
To speed God's soldiers. At the none that day
Messer Torello to the court came down,
Leading his Lady ;—sorrow's hueless rose
Grew on her cheek, and thrice the destrier
Struck fire, impatient, from the pavement-squares,
Or ere she spoke, tears in her lifted eyes,
"Goest thou, lord of mine ?" "Madonna, yes !"
Said Torel, "for my soul's weal and the Lord
Ride I to-day : my good name and my house
Reliant I entrust thee, and because
It may be they shall slay me, and because
Being so young, so fair, and so reputed,
The noblest will entreat thee—wait for me,
Widow or wife, a year, and month, and day ;
And if thy kinsmen press thee to a choice,
And I be not come, hold me for dead :
Nor link thy blooming beauty with the grave
Against thine heart." "Good, my lord !" answered she,
"Hardly my heart sustains to let thee go ;
Thy memory it can keep, and keep it will,
Though my one lord, Torel of Istria,
Live, or—" "Sweet, comfort thee ! San Piero, speed,
I shall come home : if not, and worthy knees
Bend for this hand, whereof none worthy lives,
Least he who lays his last kiss thus upon it,
Look thee, I free it—" "Nay !" she said, "but I,
A petulant slave that hugs her golden chain,
Give the gift back, and with it this poor ring :
Set it upon thy sword-hand, and in fight
Be merciful and win, thinking on me."
Then she, with pretty action, drawing on
Her ruby, buckled over it his glove —
The great steel glove—and through the helmet bars
Took her last kiss ;—then let the chafing steed
Have his hot will and go.
But Saladin,
Safe back among his lords at Lebanon,
Well wotting of their coming, waited it,
And held the crescent up against the cross.
In many a doughty fight Ferrara blades
Clashed with keen Damasc, many a weary month
Wasted a-field ; but yet the Christians
Won nothing nearer to the sepulchre ;
Nay, but gave ground. At last in Acre pent,
On their loose files, enfeebled by the war,
Came stronger smiter than the Saracen—
The deadly Pest : day after day they died,
Pikeman and knight-at-arms : day after day
A thinner line upon the leaguered wall
Held off the heathen :—held them off a-space ;
Then, over-weakened, yielded, and gave up
The city and the stricken garrison.
So to sad chains and hateful servitude
Fell all those purple lords—Christendom's stars,
Once high in hope as soaring Lucifer,
Now low as sinking Hesper : with them fell
Messer Torello—never none so poor
Of all the hundreds that his bounty fed
As he in prison—ill-entreated, bound,
Starved of sweet light, and set to shameful tasks ;
And that great load at heart to know the days
Fast flying, and to live accounted dead.
One joy his gaolers left him,—his good hawk ;
The brave, gay bird that crossed the seas with him :
And often in the mindful hour of eve,
With tameless eye and spirit masterful,
In a fine anger checking at his hand,
The good grey falcon made his master cheer.

One day it chanced Saladin rode a-field
With shawled and turbaned Emirs, and his hawks,
Barbary-bred, and mewed as princes lodge,
Flew foul, forgot their feather, hung at wrist,
And slighted call. The Soldan, quick of wrath,
Bade slay the cravens, scourge the falconer,
And seek some wight that knew the heart of hawks,
To keep it hot and true. Then spake a Sheikh:
'There is a Frank in prison by the sea,
Far-seen therein." "Give word that he be brought,"
Quoth Saladin, "and bid him set a cast:
If he hath skill, it shall go well for him."
Thus by the winding path of circumstance
One palace held, as prisoner and prince,
Torello and his guest. Unwitting each,
Nay and unwitting, though they met and spake
Of this goshawk and this—Signors in serge—
And Chapmen crowned, who knows?—till on a time
Some trick of face, the manner of some smile,
A gleam of sunset from the glad days gone
Caught the king's eye, and held it. "Nazarene!
What nation art thou?" asked he. "Lombard I,
A man of Pavia." "And thy name?" "Torel,
Messer Torello known in happier times,
Now best unknown." "Come hither, Christian!"
The Soldan said, and led the way, by court,
And hall, and fountain, to an inner room,
Rich with kings' robes: therefrom he reached a gown,
And "Know'st thou this?" he asked. "High lord! I might
Elsewhere," quoth Torel, "here 'twere mad to say
Yon gown my wife unto a trader gave
That shared our board." "Nay, but that gown is this,
And she the giver, and the trader I,"
Quoth Saladin; "I, thrice a king to-day,
Owing a kingly debt and paying it."
Then Torel, sore amazed, "Great lord, I blush,
Remembering the Master of the East
Lodged sorrily." "It's master's master thou!"
Gave answer Saladin. "Come now and see
What wares the Cyprus traders keep at home;
Come now and take thy place, Saladin's Friend."
Therewith into the circle of his lords,
With gracious mien the Soldan led his slave,
And while the dark eyes glittered, seated him
First of the full divan. "Orient lords,"
So said he,—"let the one who loves his king
Honour this Frank, whose house sheltered your king,
He is my brother:" then the night-black beards
Swept the stone floor in ready reverence,
Agas and Emirs welcoming Torel:
And a great feast was set; the Soldan's friend
Royally garbed, upon the Soldan's hand
Shining, the one star of the banquetters.

PART III.

All which, and the abounding grace and love
Shown him of Saladin, a little held
The heart of Torel from its Lombard home
With Dame Adalieta: but it chanced
He sat beside the king in audience,
And there came one who said: "My lord the king,
That galley of the Genovese which sailed
With Frankish prisoners is gone down at sea."
"Gone down!" cried Torel. "Ay! what recks it, friend,
To fall thy visage for?" quoth Saladin,
"A galley less to ship-stuffed Genoa!"
"Good, my lord!" Torel said, "It bore a scroll
Inscribed to Pavia, saying that I lived;
For in a year, a month, and day, not come,
I bade them hold me dead—and dead I am,
Albeit living, if my lady wed
Perforce constrained." "Certes," spake Saladin,
"A noble dame—the like not won, once lost—
How many days remain?" "Two days, my prince,
And twelve-score leagues between my heart and me:
Alas! how to be passed?" Then Saladin:
"Lo! I am loath to loose thee—wilt thou swear
To come again if all go well with thee,
Or come ill speeding?" "Yea, I swear, my king,
Out of true love," quoth Torel, heartfully.
Then Saladin: "Take here my signet-seal;
My admiral will loose his swiftest sail
Upon its sight, and cleave the seas, and go
And clip thy dame, and say the Trader sends
A gift, remindful of her courtesies."
Passed were the year, and month, and day; and passed
Out of all hearts but one Sir Torel's name,
Long given for dead by ransomed Pavians.
And Pavia, thoughtless of her Eastern graves,
A lovely widow, all too gay for grief,
Made peals from half a hundred campaniles
To ring a wedding in. The seven bells
Of San Piero from the nones to noon,
Boomed with bronze throats the happy tidings out;
Till the great tenor, overswelled with sound,
Cracked himself dumb. Thereat the sacristan,
Leading his swinkèd ringers down the stairs,
Came blinking into sunlight—all his keys
Jingling their little peal about his belt.
Whom, as he tarried, locking up the porch,
A foreign signor, browned with southern suns,
Turbaned and slippered, as the Moslems use,
Plucked by the cope. "Friend," quoth he—'twas a tongue
Italian true, but in a Moslem mouth—
"Why are your belfries busy—is it peace
Or victory, that so ye din the ears
Of Pavian lieges?" "Truly, no liege thou!"
Grunted the sacristan, "who knowest not
That Dame Adalieta weds to-night
Her fore-betrothed,—Sir Torel's widow she,
That died i' the chain?" "To-night!" the stranger said.
"Aye, sir, to-night!—why not to-night?—to-night!
And you may see a goodly Christian feast
If so you pass their gates at even-song,
For all are asked."
No more the questioner,
But folded on his face the Eastern hood,
Lest idle eyes should mark how idle words
Had struck him home. "So quite forgot!—so soon!—
And this the square wherein I gave the joust,
And that the loggia, where I fed the poor;
And you my palace, where—oh, fair! oh, false!—
They robe her for a bridal. May it be?
Clean out of heart, with twice six changeful moons,
The heart that beat on mine as it would break,
That faltered forty oaths. Forced! forced!—not false—
Yea, I will sit, Wife, at thy wedding feast,
And let mine eyes give my fond faith the lie."
So in the stream of gallant guests that flowed
Feast-ward at eve, went Torel—passed with them
The outer gates—crossed the great courts with them
A stranger in the walls that called him lord.
Cressets and coloured lamps made the way bright,
And rose-leaves strewed to where, within the doors
The master of the feast, the bridegroom, stood,
A-glitter from his forehead to his foot,
Giving fair welcomes. He, a courtly lord,
Marking the Eastern guest, bespoke him fair,

Prayed place for him, and bade them set his seat
Upon the dais. Then the feast began,
And wine went free as wit, and music died—
Outdone by merrier laughter :—only one
Nor eat, nor drank, nor spoke, nor smiled,—but
gazed
On the pale bride, pale as her crown of pearls,
Who sate so cold, and still, and sad of cheer,
At the bride-feast.
But of a truth, Torel
Read the thoughts right that held her eyelids down,
And knew her leal to her memories.

Then, to a little page who bore the wine,
He spake : "Go tell thy Lady thus from me :
In mine own land, if any stranger sit
A wedding guest—the bride, out of her grace,
In token that she knows her guest's good-will,
In token she repays it, brims a cup,
Wherefrom he drinking, she in turn doth drink.
So is our use." The little page made speed
And told the message. Then that lady pale—
Ever a gentle and a courteous heart—
Lifted her troubled eyes, and smiled consent
On the swart stranger. By her side, untouched,

Stood the brimmed gold. "Bear this," she said,
"and pray
He hold a Christian lady apt to learn
A graceful lessson." But Sir Torel loosed
From off his finger—never loosed before—
The ring she gave him on the parting day ;
And ere he drank, behind his veil of beard
Dropped in the cup the ruby, quaffed, and sent.—
Then she, with sad smile, set her lips to drink,
And something in the Cyprus touching them,
Glanced—gazed—the ring !—her ring !—Jove ! how
she eyes

The wistful eyes of Torel !—how, heartsure,
Under all guise, knowing her lord returned,
She springs to meet him coming !—telling all
In one great cry of joy.
Oh, me ! the rout,
The storm of questions, stilled, when Torel told
His name, and, known of all, claimed the Bride Wife.
Maugre the wasted feast, and woeful groom,
All hearts but his were light to see Torel :
But Adalieta's lightest, as she plucked
The bridal-veil away. Something therein—
A lady's dagger—small, and bright, and fine,

Clashed out upon the marble. "Wherefore that?"
Asked Torel. Answered she: "I knew you true;
And I could live, so long as I might wait;
But they—they pressed me hard; my days of grace
Ended to-night—and I had ended too,
Faithful to death, if so thou hadst not come."

EDWIN ARNOLD.

THE SUCTION POST.

Having read an article in one of your numbers for July, 1860, upon the "Suction Post," which interested me much in the undertaking; and having recently received an invitation from the Pneumatic Despatch Company (Limited), to view the experiments on about 500 yards of tube laid down at Battersea, I took advantage of a fine afternoon, and proceeding to Hungerford Bridge, was at once conveyed with as much rapidity as was possible for a penny steam-boat, to Battersea Pier. On arriving there, I observed a long iron tube, about eighteen inches in diameter, trailing along the side of the river, looking like some sea-serpent that Father Thames had stranded on his banks: this was the Pneumatic tube. Having watched with great interest a car drawn into it from the starting-point, I proceeded to the arrival end, where the engine-house was situated, and where I found the civil engineer, who thoroughly deserves his title, for his polite attention and kindness in explaining the *modus operandi* to me.

Having expressed a desire to become myself a passenger by this miniature railway, the engineer informed me that although not actually meant for passenger traffic, it could easily accommodate itself to that purpose, if I would return to the starting-point, and place myself in one of the parcel cars, which I accordingly did; and being compelled to recline myself at full length on a couch of gravel-bags, with which the cars were partially filled, for the purposes of the experiments which were being made. As soon as I had thus placed myself, the car was partially pushed into the tube, leaving just my head exposed to the gaze of my surrounding friends, who, whilst I was in this position, assailed me with cheering observations, such as whether I had made my will previous to starting, and who was to be the lucky legatee, in case of my never seeing daylight again in my present shape, of which they assured me there was little probability. My feelings at this time were, I should imagine, somewhat similar to those of a boy tied up in a sack with his head free, and being tickled by his loving schoolfellows with a straw. I had only just time to make a gracious reply to the kindly inquiries, when I felt myself being sucked down the throat of the serpent, and in another instant was whirling along at what appeared to me lightning speed; but which, in reality, was about a quarter of a mile in fifty seconds, but this was a great reduction, on my account, of the ordinary speed. A large quantity of dust which was, I suppose, drawn in with the car, was blowing over me throughout my brief journey, which, combined with there being no springs to the car, was the only unpleasantness I experienced. There was a cooling rush of air over my face the whole time, which if it had not been mixed with the before-mentioned dust would have been very agreeable.

My fancies during my very rapid passage were of a novel character. I bethought me of the description in the second Æneid of the Grecian horse of old with its living bowels, and was reminded by the whirring noise and great reverberation of the line:

Insonuere cavæ gemitumque dedere cavernæ.

Then the idea of coming to a dead stop in the middle of the tube, and spending the afternoon there, suggested itself, but was dispelled on remembering that the engineer had told me that in case of such a mishap, which could only occur through some derangement of the pumping-engine, a workman could be sent in on his hands and knees to hook on a rope to the car, which could then easily be pulled out. But I had not time for much reflection before I felt the speed slackening slightly, and after turning a sharp curve in the tube, that brought me into the engine house, I was released, after a slight pause, by the guardian angels, alias pneumatic workmen, who watch over the trap-door (that fastens the end of the tube), and the car rolled slowly out amidst a small crowd of interested spectators, who apparently seemed most intensely disappointed that I did not appear in a mangled or otherwise injured state. I don't know if the expectant legatee was amongst the number. I was instantly surrounded by this crowd, who, in a very affectionate manner, considering the shortness of our acquaintance, begged me to describe my sensations generally during my novel passage, which, though possessing much natural amiability of disposition, I was unable to do to the satisfaction of all, so will refer them to this account instead.

The purposes and advantages of this scheme were so amply explained in your previous article,* that it is quite unnecessary for me to add another word.

H. N. P.

OUR FIRST ENGLISH REGATTA.

It is August,—Parliament is up,—battles, murders, and sudden deaths do not suit the dog-days,—it takes all the graphic powers of a Russell to excite an interest in the mad doings of our cousins across the Atlantic, and we turn with pleasure from the columns in which the word "America" appears in large letters associated with all the horrors of a fratricidal war, to where we see the same four syllables in humbler guise under the heading of "Intelligence from Cowes," and learn that the far-famed schooner of that name has sailed, and lost, a match with the Alarm. There is something refreshing in the very thought of a regatta at this hot season, and though the unequal distribution of Fortune's favours may not allow us to sail our own yachts, we can at least derive enjoyment from inhaling the invigorating breezes of old Ocean, as seated upon the shore we watch with dreamy interest the sport which is made for us by those who do.

An ocean separates us from anarchy and bloodshed; in the face of this glorious summer sun sea-girt old England, clad in her golden robes of

* See Vol. III., p. 130.

harvest, looks up and smiles. Let us too look up with thankfulness and joy, for many and great are the blessings which surround us, and, in the midst of peace and plenty, gratitude is due to Him who is the giver of all good gifts.

Such were our thoughts a few days since, as seated upon the shores of the Solent, a signal gun from the yacht club battery at Cowes announced to those deeply interested in the race that the Arrow had gained a victory over her rivals, the Osprey and Brunette. The scene was one of surpassing loveliness at the moment; sea, land, and sky seemed to borrow beauty from each other; the waters of the Solent teemed with life, and as yacht followed yacht, with white sails standing out in bold relief against the shores, it required but a slight stretch of fancy to imagine how naturally such a sight, seen for the first time, would inspire the spectator with feelings of indescribable awe; such as was felt by the natives of the new world when they saw the "winged monsters" of Columbus gliding mysteriously towards them, over their, till then, lonely seas, and bearing, as they fondly believed, beings belonging to a heaven-born race. Ah! could they but have foreseen the degradation, bitterness, and woe which was to follow in the train of those they thus welcomed—the bearers of that sacred cross which was to typify the sacrifice of One who came down from on high to proclaim peace on earth and good will towards men, how changed had been the scene depicted by the poet!

> "Nymphs of romance,
> Youths graceful as the faun, with eager glance,
> Spring from the glades, and down the alleys peep,
> Then headlong rush, bounding from steep to steep,
> And clasp their hands, exclaiming as they run,
> "Come and behold the children of the sun!"

But whilst ocean remains the same, how great the change in all she bears upon her bosom. Man no longer fears her darkest frown; science has bid him conquer, and through her aid nor storm nor calm can turn him from his course. Where it will end we know not. We marvel at the present, but what marvels may there not be in store for those who follow after?

But what has all this to do with a regatta?—more than would at first appear; for what we have just written is nothing less than the excavation of the dock in which the keel of the structure we are about to build is to be laid, and it is thy ignorance, O reader, or thy impatience which thus perverts thy judgment, and prevents thy being cognizant of so grave a fact.

Be thankful that in these preliminary remarks, we have not, as some writers do, made the beginning of the world our starting point. We have but gone back to Columbus, and how were it possible for us to omit a reference to the great Genoese navigator, when the ocean and America were in our thoughts. Subjects, these, which naturally associate themselves with the matter we have in hand, for on the 19th April, 1775, there was fighting in America. At Lexington the first blood was spilt in the great contest which was to deprive Great Britain of the largest portion of her Empire in the Western world; and on the 23rd of June in the same year, whilst Great Britain's soldiers, in tight spatterdashes and cocked hats, with hair powdered and "albemarled" in accordance with the regulations of the military martinets, were struggling under Gage against the undisciplined, unpowdered levies of the "Confederate States," all the good citizens of London, headed by the "beau ton" of those formal corrupt old days, were swarming the banks of Father Thames to see the first regatta.

"The first entertainment of the kind in England," says the Annual Register of that date; and from the same authority we learn that it "was borrowed from the Venetians, and exhibited partly on the Thames, and partly at Ranelagh."

Novelties in the year 1775 did not succeed each other quite so quickly as in these more favoured times; the want of something new was consequently more deeply felt. The appetite for amusement was not one whit less sharp, but though it could be satisfied with simpler fare, the palate of the public sometimes required to be stimulated; and so it was that some ingenious caterer for the public wants bethought himself of this new sport from Venice, and in proof of his discernment, on the 23rd June, 1775, all the sight-seeing world of London were to be found standing on the very tip-toe of expectation to see this great regatta.

The 23rd was on a Friday. The bells of St. Mark ushered in the morning of the long-looked-for show with a merry peal, whilst later in the day St. Margaret's rang out her happiest chimes. On the river all was bustle and confusion. Barges belonging to the different companies and pleasure-boats were moving to and fro. Flags and gay streamers fluttered in the breeze. From London bridge to Millbank was one moving mass of boats and barges; the splendour of the scene increasing as we moved towards Westminster, where prominent amongst other striking objects was a river barge, "filled with the finest ballast in the world—above 100 elegant ladies."

"Above 1200 flags were flying before four o'clock, and such was the impatience of the public, that scores of barges were filled at that time," though half-a-guinea was asked for a seat in one of them. Scaffolds were erected in the barges, on the banks of the river, and even on the top of Westminster Hall; all of which were crowded with spectators. The bridges were covered with crowds in carriages and on foot, men even placing themselves in the bodies of the lamp irons. Before six o'clock it was a perfect fair on both sides of the water, and—we are told—bad liquor with short measure was plentifully retailed, whilst in order that there should be no lack of additional excitement for those who might require it, the avenues leading to Westminster bridge were covered with gaming tables.

Six o'clock and no regatta! The impatient public must have pricked their ears when from under the arches of the bridge at Westminster, they heard the sound of "drums, fifes, horns, trumpets, &c." This was followed by a round of cannon from a platform before the Duke of Richmond, "who, with his Grace of Montague, and the Earl of Pembroke, had splendid companies on the occasion."

At half-past seven there is a stir upon the river; and my Lord Mayor's barge sweeping down in great state, twenty-one cannon are fired as a salute; and then, just before my Lord Mayor's barge reached the bridge, to which it had made a circle, "the *wager-boats* started, on the signal of firing a single piece of cannon." They are said to have been absent some fifty minutes, and "on their return the whole procession moved with a picturesque irregularity towards Ranelagh." We hear no more of these "wager-boats;" it is evident that the interest of those who came to see the show was not centred in them, and we can but exclaim with all true lovers of aquatics, "O monstrous! but one halfpennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!"

But all the world has moved up the river, the Thames has become a floating town, everything —from "a dung-barge to a wherry"—is in motion; let us on to Ranelagh!

We land with the company on the stairs at nine o'clock, and share their disappointment when, on proceeding to join the assembly which has come by land in the Temple of Neptune, we find that the Ocean God, wrathful perhaps at his musicians having been attired in "sylvan suits," has thrown obstacles in the way of our amusement—for his temple is not yet swept out or even ready—so that we have to defer our intended cotillons till after supper. This takes place at half-past ten, in the Rotunda, where, whilst we refresh ourselves at one of three circular tables of different elevations, "elegantly set out though not profusely covered,"—an imitation of which style may be seen in the diners à la Russe of the present day, our ears are regaled by an orchestra of 240 performers, "in which are included some of the first masters," led by Giardini. But though a spell of enchantment is cast around us by the bewitching singing of "Messrs. Vernon, Reinhold, &c. &c.," the appearance of the orchestra has in itself a lugubrious effect, "for its illumination has been unfortunately overlooked."

Supper being over, we withdraw to the Temple of Neptune, and though we have very great personages amongst us, for there are their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland, the Duke of Northumberland, Lords North, Harrington, Stanley, Tyrconnel and Lincoln, with their respective ladies; also Lords Lyttelton, Coleraine, Carlisle, March, Melbourne, Cholmondeley, Petersham, &c., and the French, Spanish, Russian and Prussian Ambassadors,—we dance minuets and cotillons, without regard to precedence, till a late hour.

The weather is not favourable to out-door amusements, so that the bridges and palm-trees which were erected in the gardens are lost upon us, and the illuminations with which they were to have been accompanied are not exhibited; so we dance on till we are thoroughly tired, and then home, well pleased, though somewhat puzzled, with our first regatta.

As we walk homeward we hear a lusty voice chaunting one of the eleven verses of the ballad composed in honour of the occasion, and which had brought down thunders of applause in the Rotunda:

"Enough of festinos, champêtres enough,
Bal-parés, and frescos, and such worn-out stuff,
But how to amuse ye? Ay, there was the question.
A regatta was thought of—oh, lucky suggestion!"
Derry down.

The refrain is taken up by numberless voices in a variety of keys, and, if there be a want of harmony, it is not because our own voices remain silent. G. G. A.

OUR FIRST CURATE.

On the middle of a wild uncultivated moor in the north of England is situated a small village, which shall be nameless, although the mention of its veritable name would give small enlightenment to most readers. In these days of steam and perpetual motion there are indeed but few corners of the world which remain a *terra incognita*, but this is, I believe, one of them; at all events at the time of which I am about to write,—the time of my youth, now alas! numbered with the past. the spot was unvisited save by the snow and sleet in the winter season, and when these had melted and gone, came only the purple heather flowers, glowing beneath the summer sunshine far as the eye could reach.

Here, in the parsonage, my two sisters and myself were born. We lost our mother early, too early to be sensible of our loss; and our father never brought any one to supply her place to us, either in the shape of step-mother or governess. We learnt our alphabet and earliest lessons at his knee, and as we grew older he it still was who taught us all we ever knew. Thus we grew up not exactly ignorant, but unaccomplished, and shy to a degree. Of this shyness each had her own characteristic manifestation. Sarah, the eldest of us, was affected by a nervous cough and contraction of the eyebrows at the sight of a stranger; the same phenomenon induced a tremor through my whole frame more nearly resembling St. Vitus's dance than anything else; while Rose, our youngest sister, blushed a deeper red than the reddest of her namesakes in the garden. In spite, however, of all our shyness, although the scent of a tailed coat, or the sight of a hat other than our father's in the hall, sent us off with the speed of lightning, like frightened mice to our hiding-places —the most inscrutable nooks and crannies in all the house — of course, in spite of this, we had our own private romances; we each of us were to have a lover some day; some bright being— wearing hat and coat, I suppose, but himself hardly made of mortal clay—was to fall down straight from the clouds, or perhaps to "*slither* down a rainbow" at our feet; this being bright— or rather these beings, for there were to be three of them—were to declare their love, a passion pure, ethereal, rapturous, such as earth before had never known, which should be reciprocated electric-like on the instant, and then shyness should be no more, reserve should be swallowed up in confidence, and there should be but one heart, one mind, one soul between us.

Such was our first dream of love, a dream altogether dream-like and unsubstantial; by and by, however, we began to indulge in some little

curiosity as to what our lovers should personally be like; and when we chanced to hear that in the town nearest to us there lived an old woman who showed to people through a glass the forms of the future rulers of their destiny, we determined to pay her a secret visit. Papa must not know anything about it, nor anybody in the world except Mary, the old servant, who had told us the story—she would go with us. It was a long way, more than six miles off, that little town of B——, and the sun was scorchingly hot as we crossed the wild unsheltered moor that summer afternoon; but our feet did not tire nor our spirits flag. We reached the old woman at last; very old she looked—nearly a hundred to our eyes—and her antique dress and hollow sepulchral tones exactly embodied our imaginations of the Sibyl. The magic mirror, an ordinary prism to all appearance, was produced, and Sarah invited to look steadily into it. Wonderful to relate, she declared she beheld a gentleman whom she had never seen before, very tall, very long in the back, small enough in the waist to hint a suspicion of stays, having the tiniest darlings of feet and of hands, jet black hair and whiskers, and a profile exactly in accordance with that of a Greek statue. Encouraged by what I heard of this delightful apparition, I now took the crystal from Sarah's hand, but alas! look as long and earnestly as I would, it reflected nothing for my eyes but the colours of the rainbow, a phenomenon belonging, as I thought, rather to the science of optics than to that of magic. Vainly I asked the Sibyl whether she portended an early death for me, or —fate yet more cruelly unkind—life as an old maid, from this vacuity of vision: she did but shake her head, a shake big, doubtless, with significance as Lord Burleigh's, only the wisdom that should interpret it failed me. Thus was my fate left undecided, and Rose essayed her turn. Her description resembled Sarah's so exactly, that I settled it my sisters must be the destined brides of two brothers, probably twins—the statuesque profile, tall figure, small waist, delicate hands and feet, all presented themselves a second time, only Rose's Adonis had light hair instead of dark, and no whiskers at all.

More than two years passed away without bringing anyone to our village in the least degree like the phantoms of the mirror, and our village was our world, having never any of us travelled further from it than that little town of B—— I have mentioned before, in all our lives. Sarah was now twenty-one, I a year and a half younger, and Rose just eighteen. One day papa—but I must pause a moment first to describe what sort of man our father was. In person he was indisputably handsome, and mentally as indisputably clever. I don't know whether it was from choice or from the necessity of the case during those more than twenty years he had held the living of —— on the Moor, but he saw scarcely any society at home, and never went out. His income was small, by the way, and did not justify his keeping a carriage. He occupied himself chiefly with literary pursuits, had contributed, as we knew, articles to several of the reviews, and at the present time we imagined him to be engaged on some greater work, though he had never spoken of it to us. Now I can return to my "one day." One day, then, papa took us all by surprise by announcing that he was going to keep a curate. The parish was very small—the emolumen , as I have said before, also small—there was but one full service on Sunday, and very little occasional duty—a few babies were born and wanted baptising, it was true—but a burial was rare, and a wedding almost unheard of—what *could* papa want with a curate?

"I may tell you," he said, in answer to our inquiry, which was looked though not spoken, "that I am writing a work—a great work," he added rather pompously—"one which, I trust, will be acknowledged as such by future generations, and which I would fain, therefore, finish before I die. For this purpose, I have resolved to devote myself entirely to my literary labours, and have engaged as curate a young man who will take the whole of the parish-work off my hands. As I give him a title, he is satisfied with a small stipend. His name is Pembroke, and I expect him immediately after the Easter ordination. He will lodge at Mrs. Shipton's."

This information being vouchsafed us about the middle of Lent, we had full employment for the remaining two or three weeks in talking over the great prospective event; not the fate of kingdoms to the statesman, nor that of universal science to the philosopher, could be bigger with interest than was the advent of this curate to us three country girls. Sarah and Rose had each the hope of discovering her crystalline hero—or hero of the crystal I should, perhaps, rather say—and, though my interest was not so personal, it was none the less keen in my sisters' behalf.

"I am afraid he won't be comfortable at Mrs. Shipton's," said Sarah, "the rooms are so small and the furniture so mean. Don't you think we might send a few pictures to cover the walls?"

"Or rather the paper that is upon the walls," suggested Rose. "Those dreadful blue roses with the scarlet leaves. Of course we might. And I am sure we could spare one of the couches from our own morning-room, and—"

"You need not dispose of any more articles of our furniture in your fancy, Rose," I interrupted; "we might spare, indeed, but we could never send them. Mrs. Shipton thinks her rooms fit for a prince, and would be mortally offended if we insinuated they were not fit for a curate, to reckon nothing of what the curate himself and papa would say and think when they discovered, which, of course, they would do, that we had carried out your plan."

My arguments were not to be gainsayed, so Mrs. Shipton's wonderful blue roses suffered no eclipse, and her hard-seated horsehair chairs admitted no dangerous rival in their midst in the shape of our more luxurious sofa.

Easter Sunday came at last, and the Thursday after came Mr. Pembroke. The next day he called at the parsonage, and, after being for some time closeted with papa, was conducted by the latter to the drawing-room, to be introduced to his daughters three. We heard, with beating hearts, their footsteps approaching. The door opened.

"My daughters—Mr. Pembroke," said papa.

Sarah's cough was distressing as she rose from her seat, and my legs trembled so that my curtsey —self-taught, by the way, for we had never had the benefit of a dancing-master—was quite a failure. I glanced at Rose: her cheeks were scarlet. And what was the colour of Mr. Pembroke's hair? It might have been green as Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse's when he had made use of the infallible dye, for anything I knew to the contrary, for full five minutes after my introduction.

The new curate began by offering a few remarks on the weather and his first impressions of the country, in a voice rather too loud for a drawing-room, but not unmusical. These were answered by Sarah in monosyllables, strangled in the birth by coughs. At length I took courage to look up. What colour was it? Black—black as the raven's wing. This must then be he whom fate had predestined for my sister Sarah. Behold, the sympathetic chord was already touched in his bosom—he was inquiring anxiously about her cough.

"I am distressed to hear you cough so," he said; "have you suffered in this way long, Miss Seaton?"

Sarah's reply was completely choked.

"Yes, my daughter is subject to a cough," said papa; "but I have seldom heard it so bad as this morning."

"I believe cod-liver oil is the best remedy," resumed the curate: "wonderful cures of long-standing disease are well authenticated to have been wrought by it."

Long standing disease and cod-liver oil! Poor Sarah, this was a pleasant prelude to love-making! Papa resented it for her.

"My daughter's lungs are quite sound, I am happy to say," he remarked, in a tone which forbade anything further to be said on the subject; and Mr. Pembroke, after bestowing one more pitying glance on Sarah, began to talk of something else. He asked us if there were many pretty walks in the neighbourhood. This time it was Rose who answered. She was an artist; knew the whole length and breadth of the moor; had witnessed the different effects of sunrise, sunset, and the sun at his meridian on its broad rugged features; and she spoke with enthusiasm in its praise.

"Ah, *you* look strong," said Mr. Pembroke, with a scarcely perceptible emphasis on the pronoun, which, however, papa did not appear to notice, for he observed, smiling:

"Ah! you judge by her colours, I see. Rose does not, however, always hoist such a crimson flag."

A suggestion of consumption again under the diagnosis of the hectic flush I thought to myself, and I half expected to hear a second recommendation of the infallible cod-liver oil. But Mr. Pembroke was wiser: he might think these poor motherless girls were following their deceased parent at a galop to the churchyard, but he kept both pitying word and look to himself this time, and after a few more now-forgotten observations on matters irrelevant, rose to take his leave, papa accompanying him to the gate.

"Well, Sarah, is it he?" was my eager inquiry, as soon as we three sisters were alone.

"The very same," she replied, confidently.

"It struck me, however, that Mr. Pembroke's hands and feet were decidedly large—and if you recollect, they were to have been so very small," I remarked, rather maliciously.

"Perhaps his boots and gloves did not fit," suggested Rose.

"Well, I can't answer for the boots, but he took a glove off to shake hands before departing, and I particularly noticed the hand. Mine felt like a child's in the paw of a giant."

"But then, Fanny, you know your hand is so very small," said my sister Sarah, hoping perhaps, by this gentle flattery, to deprecate any further raillery on my part.

"Thank you, Sarah," I returned; "then I must make no more *odorous* comparisons. And there is no mistake that Mr. Pembroke's figure is tall and good, his hair black, his features of the Greek style of architecture, and that altogether he is a very handsome man. Sarah, I congratulate you: that pity is akin to love is well known, and there was, assuredly, ineffable pity in his eye the moment he heard that little cough of yours."

"That horrid cough," began Sarah.

"Say rather most opportune cough," I interrupted. "You don't know what you owe to it. I wonder whether Mr. Pembroke has a brother just like himself, only with light hair," I went on, thinking to turn my artillery now against Rose.

"Oh, of course he has," she answered, laughing, "and of course the light brother will come here to stay with the dark, and everything will happen just as it should do."

"No, indeed Rose; you must not be in such a hurry. Mrs. Shipton's house can never accommodate two lodgers at one and the same time; you must wait for your introduction till Sarah is married, and then she can bring her sister and her brother-in-law so nicely together under her own roof, and you will fall in love with one another as a matter of course."

We did not see Mr. Pembroke again until we saw him in the pulpit the following Sunday morning.

"Much cry and little wool" was papa's verdict on his curate's first sermon, expressed as soon as we were out of hearing of the village congregation, within the garden gates of our own parsonage. "But he is a young hand, and it is to be hoped he will improve. It is sad, however, that pulpit oratory should be so entirely untaught at our Universities," he went on, after a pause.

We were obliged silently to acquiesce in papa's adaption of the old proverb. Mr. Pembroke had a fine voice—one at least which would have rolled sonorously through the cloistered aisles of some large and lofty cathedral. As the poet Wordsworth writes of Harry Gill's,

> His voice was as the voice of three.

But for our little church the sound was all too big, and when I afterwards asked Widow Barber why her little boy cried and behaved so badly that morning, she said it was the parson frightened

him with the awful noise he made. Then, amid all this cry, there was, as papa said, little "wool," neither striking argument, nor lofty thought, nor simple earnest practical lesson. We could but echo his hope of improvement from the bottom of our hearts, convinced it could not be that his future son-in-law should be dismissed from his curacy for mental incapacity.

A few days later papa asked Mr. Pembroke to dine with us, telling him he was sorry he could not invite anybody to meet him, as we never had company at the parsonage. It fell therefore to the curate's lot to lead Sarah to her place at the head of the table that day, and as far as looks went, nobody could deny they were a very suitable and striking pair. She was tall and elegant in figure, and her face, though not exactly beautiful, was interesting, her complexion very fair and pale, her hair luxuriant, and shining like silken threads of gold, and he—but I think I have described him sufficiently before.

Of course Mr. Pembroke did not neglect to inquire of Sarah after her cough; her answer was not in words but in kind, and being unfortunately timed at the moment she was raising a spoonful of soup to her lips, had the result of upsetting the same upon her dress, a light blue silk, which bore the memorial stains to its dying day. Mr. Pembroke's next words were spoken too low to be audible to anybody but Sarah, to whom they were addressed. Actually whispering to her, I thought, so that chrysalis pity is already changing its nature—but alas! I afterwards learnt those few low-breathed syllables had only been "Do let me persuade you to try De Jongh's cod-liver oil." There was very little conversation that day at our dinner-table worthy of being repeated; we girls were far too shy to speak unless we were spoken to; the only spontaneous remark Sarah offered to her right-hand neighbour during the first course, being to ask whether he would take a little more soup, while during the second the same inquiry was hazarded respecting some chickens. Thus the talk was almost exclusively between the two gentlemen.

"I had an old Cambridge friend of your name," said papa, "Pembroke, of Trinity, he was of the same year as myself, and we took orders together, but I have not met nor heard anything of him for many a year. It may be he is a relation of yours: is it possible, your father?"

"My father — no — my father —is — not in orders," returned our curate, with marked confusion of manner and hesitation of voice.

"No,—well certainly, my friend Pembroke in his youth bore no resemblance to you; he was tall, but his figure was much slighter, and his features—"

"My form," interrupted Mr. Pembroke, before papa had time to complete the picture of his old friend, "my form, I have been told by an eminent sculptor, presents the happy medium between the Apollo Belvidere and the Farnese Hercules."

Certainly our new curate was not lacking in vanity, and took small pains to conceal it. It was difficult to preserve one's gravity at this speech; but papa's countenance was a model of decorum as he replied,

"A most just compliment, sir. My poor old friend, on the contrary, would have felt such an one ridiculous applied to himself. His face, too, was what no painter would have chosen as a model for his ideal, though the expression made it beautiful in my eyes."

"Like the sunlight on my moor," remarked Rose, timidly, blushing at the sound of her own voice.

"Ah, expression and sunlight may be all very well in their way, but give me the face and the landscape which are not dependent for their beauty on such adventitious aids." And Mr. Pembroke blew his nose at the conclusion of this observation, by way of sounding a trumpet in praise of its irreproachable Grecian outline.

Papa seemed to think we had now had enough on the subject of personal beauty, and the word "landscape" prompted him to ask his guest if he had travelled much. But Mr. Pembroke had never been *out* of England, and seemed to have found but little worthy of contemplation *in* it, nothing certainly in comparison worthy with his own matchless form and features.

The conversation was next turned by papa upon books, ever his darling theme. He met, however, with no sympathy.

"Ah, books are all very well for monks and hermits," said Mr. Pembroke, "but man in his natural state is a sociable animal, and I acknowledge that my fellow-man has much more interest for me than all the wisdom that ever was printed."

"And all the folly, too, Mr. Pembroke? Don't you care for novels, either?" I ventured to ask.

"Better to *live* romances than to *read* them," replied that gentleman, with a volume of affected sentiment in his tone.

"I am afraid," said papa, dryly, "you will not find the phases of real life so interesting here. We are quite out of the pale of society in this place."

"Is there absolutely no one with whom you can associate in the parish?" inquired Mr. Pembroke dismayed.

"Neither man, woman, or child," returned papa, decisively, "the whole population is composed of labourers and one or two small tenant farmers."

"Surely," expostulated the Curate, "I saw a lady in church on Sunday—two middle-aged and most respectable ladies in fact—with a footman attending them."

"Miss Arabella Green!" we girls exclaimed in chorus, while papa proceeded to give some further account of the lady.

"True," he said; "Miss Arabella Green is, as you remarked, a most respectable lady, who will, I have no doubt, be delighted to welcome you to her house, though I should scarcely imagine her society would be the most agreeable to a young man's fancy." (Miss Arabella Green was, by the way, the ugliest woman I have ever seen in my life; plain, is a term totally inadequate to her description, she was positively and irreclaimably ugly.) "She is very rich," papa went on "and

spends a good deal of her time in travelling, but she has a house of her own in the parish—I dare say you have noticed it—the only one above the rank of a cottage there is,—a great staring red-faced house surrounded by a high garden-wall, about the middle of the village, and here she generally resides for some months in the year. The other lady you noticed with her at church was Mrs. Tweedie, a Scotch widow, and Miss Green's companion, or *chaperone*, as the latter lady herself styles her, although Miss Green would probably appear to you something past the age regarding chaperonage. Once upon a time she was very active in the parish, but I suppose I gave her offence about something or other, for her zeal has these many years past subsided into indifference, while the feeling with which she regards me and my daughters must, I fear, be indicated by a harder name. However, poor lady, she does us no harm, and we can forgive her for it," concluded papa, magnanimously.

Yes, indeed, we could forgive her, whatever might be papa's sentiments; far rather could we girls tolerate Miss Green's enmity than her friendship. We had a suspicion, though we were but children at the time, that Miss Arabella had once designed to change her home at the big ugly red-faced house for our pretty quiet parsonage—to change both home and name at one and the same time.

I have said that our father was a very handsome and a very clever man, and that Miss Arabella was a veritable Gorgon, so let it not be thought so unnatural a thing that a rich maiden should dream of throwing herself away upon a poor parson, a widower, with three gawky daughters for incumbrances. Unnatural or the reverse, it was however our inward conviction that this was the secret spring of all Miss Green's activity in the parish, —of her clothing and sick charities; of her soup bounties on Thursdays; her coals and her blankets at Christmas; and that the hardening of her heart synchronised with the melting away of her matrimonial hopes. Precisely at the same epoch, too, it was, that instead of being greeted as before—with gentle smiles as "sweet darlings"—whenever we chanced to meet Miss Arabella, she brushed past us without a word, and a brow as dark as a thunder-cloud. Of course nothing of all this was related to Mr. Pembroke, but he manifested singular curiosity about the lady, which we endeavoured, in some degree, to gratify. Enough, however, of what passed on this day; time must henceforth move with a swifter wing in my narrative.

Many sermons had now been preached by the new curate in our church, and several dinners eaten by him in our parsonage. Our shyness was diminishing in his presence by small degrees and beautifully less, while Sarah's love was increasing by large ones and horribly larger. Her love, did I say? Nay, let me not dignify with such a name a folly, which, I may say, had "all the contortions" without any of the "inspiration" of the divine passion. Mr. Pembroke's intellect was below mediocrity, his vanity beyond anything ever before met with, his character in no respect loveable, and Rose and I were morally certain, it was impossible our sister really loved him. She had, however, persuaded herself she did, at first sight, because of the fancied resemblance to *him*, whom, as she said, fate had revealed as her future husband, and reason about it as we might, we could not reason her out of her nonsense. Mr. Pembroke meanwhile manifested no symptoms, of contagious disease, and Sarah's were only recognised by our sisterly omniscience. She was, however, looking ill to all eyes, the cause whereof was as follows:

The Curate had one day expressed his admiration of the colour of the larches which ornamented our lawn, and were then just bursting into leaf in all the fresh beauty of the opening spring. From this very simple and natural remark, Sarah had taken it into her head that green was his favourite colour, and in spite of our protest (for nothing could have worse suited her pale complexion), she persisted, from that time forth, in wearing nothing but green. Notwithstanding papa's near-sightedness, and want of observation in such matters, I expected every day he would be remarking how very unwell she looked.

Mr. Pembroke had been with us about six months, when one morning at breakfast papa exclaimed in stronger terms than usual against the poverty, the absolute imbecility, of his sermons. His progress, papa declared, was retrograde rather than advancing, and he concluded by expressing his determination to dismiss Mr. Pembroke at the end of the year for which he had at first engaged him. I watched, on Sarah's countenance, the effect of this announcement, but whatever her feelings were, she managed to disguise them successfully, and for several days afterwards made no allusion to the subject either to Rose or me. About a week had passed, when she came to me in my bedroom, one morning, as I was dressing for a walk, with a face which betokened something on her mind.

"I want to speak to you, Fanny," she began.

"Well, dear, what is it?" I returned, putting my arm round her waist, and kissing her cheek, to encourage her confidence.

"You heard what papa said the other day about—Mr. Pembroke?" uttering the name with difficulty.

"That he must leave at the end of the year if he does not preach better sermons? Yes, dear, I heard that, and I am very sorry if it grieves you, only we cannot help it, you know."

"Yes, I think *I* can help it, if it be only the sermons," returned Sarah, to my astonishment taking a manuscript out of her pocket, and putting it into my hand with the request that I would read it. Seeing that I looked for an explanation, she continued modestly, "I think it is a better sermon, or at least, that it will please papa better than those Mr. Pembroke usually preaches, and I am sure I can find time to write one such every week, and—"

"And oh, Sarah!" I interrupted, "can you really love a man whom you acknowledge in anything inferior to yourself? *My* lover, if I ever have one, must be one whom I think, and know, and feel from the bottom of my heart, to be infinitely wiser and nobler, and

better than I am. Like Helena's should be my song:—

> It were all one
> That I should love a bright particular star,
> And think to wed it, he is so above me.

"My dear Fanny, if you go off into a rhapsody, it is no use talking to you."

"True, Sarah dear, I beg your pardon, and promise not to rhapsodise any more. So tell me your whole plan. Do you mean to send a sermon to Mr. Pembroke every week, under your own sign manual?"

"No indeed, of course neither he nor anybody must ever know I have anything to do with it. I should not even have told you, only I want you to promise to walk with me once a week to B——, where the manuscript must be posted. I am sure I have disguised the handwriting beyond all possibility of recognition."

This I admitted, but objected that Mr. Pembroke would naturally suppose it was one of his own congregation who thus favoured him, for what could it matter to any of the parishioners of B—— whether he fed his flock on a dry crust, or on the choicest and richest of viands? And, among his own congregation, upon whom could suspicion fall save upon one of the parson's daughters?

But Sarah, wiser than I, reminded me that Mr. Pembroke was personally known to more than one of the families resident at B——, that to know him was to love him (?), and that although it might matter nothing to these individuals what manner of sermons were preached in our village church, it possibly mattered everything that the preacher should remain in their neighbourhood. They had heard of papa's discontent, and the sermons were sent as a means towards the end of preventing his dismissing his curate. Or even should Mr. Pembroke's suspicion rest on one of his own parishioners, had I forgotten Miss Arabella Green? Had she not the pen of a ready writer? and what more likely than that she should employ it in the curate's service? Did she not ask him to dinner, and patronise him, and smile upon him—a hideous smile, truly, but meant as a sign of grace and favour? Had she not sought to gain a husband once by feeding his hungry and clothing his naked, and might she not be seeking to gain one now by writing his sermons? She was old enough to be his mother, I was going to say; true—but did elderly maiden ladies never pay court to young single gentlemen, men young enough to be their sons? It was absurd, but was anything too absurd for Miss Arabella Green? I was obliged to grant all these arguments of Sarah's, to grant that she might succeed in preserving her incognito.

"But," was my next objection, "Mr. Pembroke will never make use of your sermons. Depend upon it, he thinks no small things of his own compositions, his manner of delivering them proclaims it unmistakeably. His form being the happy medium between the Apollo Belvidere and the Farnese Hercules, his style of writing doubtless combines Bishop Butler's powers of reasoning with the eloquence of—whom shall I say?"

"Ah, Fanny, you have always done him injustice. I know papa has told him more than once that he is not satisfied with his sermons. Besides, if he doesn't make use of the first I send, of course I shall not try a second time. But you will read this one, and tell me what you think of it. I should like to make an experiment of my plan for once."

"Very well: but you don't wish me to keep it a secret from Rose? She has gone out to finish a sketch on the moor, and I was just getting ready to join her there, when you came in. She asked me to bring a book to read to her, and if you will allow me, I will take this sermon of yours instead, and when we come in you shall be favoured with our united judgment of its merits."

Having gained the desired permission, I sallied forth, and soon reached the spot where my youngest sister was seated, with her colour-box beside her, intent on the painting she had in hand.

It was now October; the heather had put off its purple robe and donned the sad and sober brown, but it was a lovely day, and the unclouded sun, with its countless lights and shadows, made objects and colours, inanimate and faded in themselves, dance with life and brilliancy. Rose's pencil had been true to nature, and had succeeded in sketching an effective picture. I told her Sarah's project, which surprised her as much as it had done me, and then I proceeded to read the manuscript aloud. We were doubtless partial and incapable critics, for to us it seemed a masterpiece; it was, however, indisputably superior to any effort of Mr. Pembroke's, and we thought even *his* vanity must acknowledge it.

"He is not worthy of her," exclaimed Rose. "If the light-haired brother proves half so stupid, or a quarter so vain, I will have nothing to say to him, though I should see his image reflected in all the crystals in the world, in the very rain-drops as they fall, even though he should profess to love me with an immeasurable love, which last even is sadly wanting in Sarah's case."

"Ah! I had forgotten all about the light-haired brother. Do you mean to say you have discovered he really exists? Mr. Pembroke always appeared so very unwilling to speak of his family. I remember the first day he dined with us, when in answer to papa's question, he said his father was not a clergyman, his confused and hesitating manner gave me the impression that he (the father, I mean) must be a felon, or something of the sort."

"Well, the light-haired brother may be a galley-slave, for anything I know to the contrary. My discovery goes not beyond the bare fact of his existence. One day, however, Mr. Pembroke casually mentioned this brother by name. I ventured to ask if he resembled him, and he replied, some people thought so, but the colour of the eyes and hair was different. Now, our Mr. Pembroke's hair is dark, so it follows the other's must be light."

"No, it may be red."

"In that case, too, I shall have nothing to say to him," replied Rose, laughing; and her sketch being now finished, we returned to the house, and told Sarah we agreed to conceal and abet her proceeding—agreed to be subscribers to the Curate's Aid Society.

The following Friday, Rose and she walked

together to B——, and with the manuscript was posted a note, informing Mr. Pembroke that if he condescended to make use of *this*, the writer guaranteed to supply him with a new one every week, so long as he continued curate of ——. The MSS. would be all original, and the strictest secrecy observed.

Full of curiosity, we entered church the next Sunday morning. Would Mr. Pembroke avail himself of the anonymously sent manuscript? The prayers seemed twice as long as usual, and the second hymn had six verses, long measure. Mr. Pembroke had reissued from the vestry, and ascended the pulpit, full five minutes before it came to an end. We heard him turn over the leaves of his sermon-book, for our pew was just beneath, and by looking up we could easily have discerned whether they bore recognisable features, but we all three felt too conscious to do so. At length the last notes of the hymn died into silence, the congregation seated themselves, the opening collect was pronounced, and the text about to be given out. Breathless we listened. It was Sarah's text! With bended heads we heard each well-remembered following sentence. Would papa make any remark? Mr. Pembroke half obliterated the sense and destroyed the feeling of many a passage by his tasteless screaming; but in spite of this, we thought it must universally be felt that such a sermon had not been heard in —— church since the new curate was inducted. We were not disappointed. It was longer than usual before papa joined us in the garden after the service, and when he did so his words were:—

"I have been congratulating Pembroke on the sermon he gave us to-day. He spoilt it by his unfortunate delivery, else it was one that no young fellow of his age need have been ashamed of. Did not you girls observe a wonderful improvement?"

Rose and I at once answered in the affirmative; but Sarah, conscious and abashed, held her peace. Papa was not satisfied: Sarah had been from childhood his favourite daughter; he was proud of her abilities, and now wanted to have her opinion coincide with his own.

"Didn't you think so, Sarah?" he repeated.

Poor Sarah was obliged to run away to hide her confusion, and I, in explanation, to say she had not been well for some time, and I was afraid she was to-day feeling unusually ill.

"Go, both of you, after her," he ordered, and we obeyed. When we afterwards all three appeared at dinner, he looked anxiously at Sarah. She wore a pale, sea-green dress, and did look really ill.

"I shall send you from home before the winter if you are not better by that time," papa said to her.

In vain she assured him she was quite well: his anxiety was now aroused, and daily she had to meet his look of solicitude, and to answer his inquiry how she felt.

Weeks passed on; the sermons were regularly written and as regularly posted, but not without difficulties. Though Sarah was clever, she required time for her work, and papa unfortunately discovered she sat and studied too much, and that fresh air and exercise were essentials in her case. This made her sit up late at nights writing; she grew paler and more pale, and under the shadow of the sea-green her appearance was ghastly. As the days grew shorter too, the Friday afternoon walks to B—— were not so easily accomplished. It was always quite dark before we reached home, and one evening, when we had had heavy rain as well as darkness to contend with, papa met us at the door, seriously angry, and forbade our staying out so late ever again. There was nothing for it now but to make it a morning instead of an afternoon walk, though this too had its difficulty. If there was one thing about which papa was particular it was punctuality at dinner, which being *on* the table at two o'clock, while breakfast was never *off* it before half-past nine, we had to scud over the moor like steam-engines, and often came in panting and puffing after the manner of those agents of locomotion.

Meanwhile Mr. Pembroke grew in papa's favour; the latter became more and more friendly, and though he declared his curate's powers of conversation did not progress in keeping with his power of writing, he added it was said of a greater man, that he "wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll."

One day papa happened unexpectedly to ask Mr. Pembroke to dinner on a Friday, at our usual hour. It was Sarah and I who had taken the walk to B—— that morning; we entered the drawing-room on our return, tired and heated, and found him already there, in company with papa and Rose.

"Been taking one of your long walks I perceive, young ladies. I hear of your going as far as B—— almost every week," was the curate's greeting to us.

Could he have any suspicion of our errand? No; surely the remark betokened the innocence of ignorance rather than the impertinence of knowledge. But papa took up the word.

"In B—— every week—is that true?"

"We have gone there rather often lately," I replied, apologetically. "We have wanted things that John could not attend to for us."

John was a boy sent regularly once a week to the town to make the purchases required for our housekeeping.

"Then I must tell you I will not allow Sarah to take such long walks. But, indeed, she will not have the power of doing so much longer," said papa.

Does papa then imagine Sarah so very ill, was my thought; but he soon proceeded to explain himself.

"I wrote a short time ago to your Aunt Markham, saying I should be happy if she would repeat the invitation I have so often declined, as I thought a little change of air and scene would be beneficial to Sarah. To-day I have received an answer expressive of your aunt's delight. She hopes I will not delay fixing as early a day as possible for Sarah's departure."

Dismay sat on all our countenances. Aunt Markham was papa's only sister, who had been a great beauty in her day, and had made what was

considered a grand marriage for a poor clergyman's daughter, Mr. Markham being an M.P. and a man of large property. She had not only married herself well, but had made still more brilliant matches for her two daughters in their first season, and since this success had been most benevolently anxious to do the same for us, her three nieces. Many a time had papa been implored to part with us to her. He was most selfishly sacrificing our prospects. We were "wasting our sweetness on the desert air." So said Aunt Markham. But the great world and the aunt we had never seen were a terror rather than an attraction for us, and papa too, I believe, thought his sister a vain, worldly woman, and had hitherto been of opinion that his wild moorland flowers would flourish better in their native soil than under her fostering care. Now, however, he seemed suddenly to have changed his mind, and the winter at Brighton and ensuing season in London, with all the splendours which had been suspended over Sarah's head so long, were now to fall upon it, and—so we feared at least—to crush her. How we should miss her too! never having been separated from one another for a single day in all our lives before. What Mr. Pembroke said and did during that day's dinner I have forgotten; after he was gone, and papa had retired to his study, Sarah began to bewail her fate.

"What *shall* I do?" was her exclamation.

"What you are bid, I suppose," returned Rose, with an affectation of gaiety she did not feel. "Papa bids you go to Aunt Markham, and Aunt Markham—let me see—what will she bid you? In the first place, to learn to dance; in the next, to make a bonfire of all your green dresses, look as pretty as you can; and finally to captivate a live lord or rich baronet at the least."

"Oh, but Rose!" said Sarah, dolefully, without the shadow of a smile on her face, "I mean, what shall I do about Mr. Pembroke?"

"And oh, Sarah! I mean London is a big place, and I have no doubt contains thousands of black-haired and handsome-featured individuals, just as like the one you saw in the crystal as Mr. Pembroke is, who will make you forget the existence of the latter in no time."

"You won't understand me," said Sarah, almost crossly this time, "I mean what shall I do about the sermons? I begin now to see my own folly—love it never has been. But if Mr. Pembroke ceases to receive the sermons when I go away, he will find me out, and think, oh!—all sorts of horrid things. I am sure I shall never find time to write them when I am with Aunt Markham, or else I might have sent them by post for you to forward. Oh, Fanny! Oh, Rose! Won't you try to write them when I am away?"

We both, however, positively declined this proposal.

"*Qui amat non laborat*, Sarah," I said, "but in Rose's case and mine the work would be not light but grievous."

I tried, however, to comfort my sister by suggesting that some other way out of the difficulty would probably turn up before she left us. I said probably, though the chance, indeed, seemed small. In a few days more the time of Sarah's departure was fixed. Papa was himself to take her to Brighton the week before Christmas—that was in little more than a fortnight.

We had been all three taking a walk on the moor the day following this decision; the weather was dark and gloomy, and our spirits in unison with it, when on our return we met papa at the garden gate, just bidding Mr. Pembroke good morning. The Curate's calls were not unfrequent, and had seldom any important object: we were therefore rather surprised when papa asked us to guess what it had been to-day.

"To inform me of his intention to leave at Easter," said he, seeing us at a loss: "knowing I was going from home, he thought it better to tell me before I left, as I might, when away, hear of another curate to supply his place. You don't any of you seem to feel much sorrow at my news," he added, scanning our faces, "nor do I myself, either. His sermons have been well enough lately, but he is a vain, conceited fellow, whom I could never bring myself to like."

The news was indeed anything but sorrowful to us. Our first thought was, here was relief for Sarah. The anonymous sermon-writer had only promised assistance so long as Mr. Pembroke should continue in his present curacy. His intention of leaving would remain no secret, and might naturally be supposed speedily to reach the ears of his benefac*tor* or *tress*, as the case might be. That the latter's aid should *at once* be withdrawn might follow as a matter of course. After some discussion, however, we decided it to be advisable that Sarah should send a note to Mr. Pembroke explanatory of these causes and effects, and the following, in the same disguised hand-writing, was accordingly despatched through the B—— post-office:—

"In consequence of information the writer has received, that it is Mr. Pembroke's intention to give up the Curacy of ——, no more sermons will be forwarded."

"I can't understand it," said papa, the next Sunday morning, as we were leaving church; "I can't understand it, unless the fellow has been preaching sermons not his own for the last two months, and to-day has returned again to his original compositions. Can you explain it otherwise?" he finished by inquiring, looking Sarah full in the face.

She was a bad dissembler, and instead of answering began to cough her old nervous cough. I made an attempt at evasion, but it was unsuccessful. Papa was determined on knowing the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and he questioned and cross-questioned with all the pertinacity of a crown lawyer. So the story came out. He was not very angry; in fact, I think he was rather proud that a daughter of his could write such clever sermons.

"It is the story of Titania and Bottom over again," he said. "I think, however, we have arrived at the point where the queen discovers the asses' ears, so we will spare her further ridicule." And the subject was never again referred to.

The day of Sarah's departure arrived only too

soon, and papa went with her, and, after something less than a fortnight's absence, he returned alone. We did not see so much of Mr. Pembroke at this time. He had not named to papa his reason for wishing to resign the curacy, and we were in doubt whether it might be he considered the stipend inadequate to his merits, or that the latter were shining under a bushel, in such a wild out-of-the-world place as our village. Suddenly a strange rumour ran like wild-fire over the moor. Mr. Pembroke was going to be married to Miss Arabella Green! It was in everybody's mouth, but we refused to believe it. Mrs. Shipton declared she had all along guessed what would happen; this being, from time immemorial, the observation with which she greeted every piece of news that surprised her ears. The idea of *her* being mistaken! Was he not her lodger, and did she not know everything about him just as if he were her son? Not that he could have been her son, though, she wasn't quite old enough for that. She was, indeed, several years younger than the lady he was going to marry. She remembered Miss Arabella Green a grown-up young lady when she, Mary Podger, was quite a child—years before she had ever seen poor dear departed John Shipton—bless his soul!—to whom she was married when she was only nineteen. And, for her part, she thought the young gentleman was going to throw himself away—such a fine handsome young gentleman as he was. Then, there was Miss Arabella Green's cook's tale to our cook. Of course there was going to be a wedding. As if anybody had a better right to know than she. And she thought her lady, with all her money, might have looked higher than a curate, though, to be sure, he was a handsome young man, and, no doubt, Miss Arabella could buy him a bishopric directly, if she liked. In spite, however, of Mrs. Shipton's tale, and Miss Arabella Green's cook's tale, and the tale of the butcher's wife, who lived just opposite the big, staring, red-faced house, and had seen the Curate go into it I forget how many times a-day—but it was a number that "must mean something:" in spite of these and tales too numerous to mention—our population the preceding Census was 395, and of these every man, woman, and child beyond the age of babyhood, had his or her story to tell about the wedding that was to be: in spite of them all we were still incredulous, only resolving to tease Mr. Pembroke about them the next time we saw him. But before this time came papa received a letter which must be transcribed. It was addressed in an unknown and somewhat illiterate handwriting, bore the postmark of a small town in the west of England, and its contents were as follows:

Reverund Sir,—This coms hopin you will not take it amis seein as how the Feelins of a parint must be sakrid in the heyes of one whose duty it is to inforse the Fifth Comandment from the halter ivry Sunday sir my Name his Pembroke and i ham the Father the unhapy Father of my ungratefull son your curate sir i hope you will Pardon me for trubblin of you with sum Partiklers of my own history my brother and i were hurly left horphans with no fortin beyond the Superor hedication of wich your reverence now as a speciment your Reverence knows as how we receeve not allays the just recompens of our doins in this warld my brother he grows Rich but your humble sarvent he tried the Sea he tried ivry honest callin on land but ivrythink went agin him sir does not the Bibel say sumthink aboot the Stars in there corses a fightin agin a Body well sir sure they did agin your humble sarvent and no Fault of his'n my brother sir he maried a rich leddy and had no childer while my wife of poor but honest parints had Five as fine childern as iver the Sun shined on two on 'em lads and wen my brother seed em he covetted em forby the Comandment says thou shalt not covet so seein as how he wur rich and we had scarce Bread to eat i let him take John George him as is now your Curate to bring up has his own Son and sur he was Brought up to be a fine Gintleman and despise his poor ould Father and Mother that bore him to whom he has niver sent a Penny and who lives now to be a Burden on his brother who is a rispectabel Grocer in this Town and who would niver have let me rite this here letter to you sir if he knowed it but sir he has a Wife and Family of his own to support and hearin as how my son your Curate is goin to Marry a grand Rich lady i thought praps your Reverence might kindly get him to settel a small anuity upon his mother and me to make us Comfortabel and independant in our ould Age sur it is our wish to disgrace Nobody and our Son need not Fear we shall iver put ourselves in the way of his Rich Wife whose Face we hear is not so bony that Folks might long to see It Sir i should not have trubbled your Reverence with this long letter but i can get no anser to those i have writ to my son your Curate axin your Pardon again Sir i am

Your reverence's humble Sarvent to Comand
John William Pembroke.

The effect of this letter was to stir up our indignation against that hard-hearted and unnatural son. Papa suggested it was a case for inquiry, that it might be false altogether, and that the son himself should be heard as well as the father, but Rose and I were ready to stand up for the truth of every syllable in the letter. And we proved right. Later in the day papa called on his curate with the epistle in his hand. Great was the confusion and annoyance of Mr. Pembroke, when he found his humble parentage had become known. He condescended to implore the tale might not be told to Miss Arabella Green, acknowledging the fact of his matrimonal engagement to that lady. He promised that, from the date of his marriage, 100*l.* per annum should be regularly paid to his parents; it had, in fact, been his intention all along, he had told his betrothed of his wish to make a settlement of that sum on a poor distant relative—had he said how *near* was really that relative, it would possibly have led to the destruction of his hopes. Hitherto Mr. Pembroke declared it had been out of his power to do anything for his parents, his uncle having allowed him but just sufficient to support him at the University, and having since his ordination withdrawn the allowance entirely. He repudiated, with indignation, the charge of being without natural affection, and half insinuated the rich marriage he was about to make was an unselfish one for his parents' benefit. This we none of us believed of course, though that money was the attraction there could be no doubt, Miss Arabella being so totally devoid of every other. We gave small credit either to the story of the promise previously obtained from her in behalf of the poor distant relation, else why had the son refused the father the comfort of that

knowledge? That such a promise was, however, afterwards extorted, or at least that the money was regularly paid, is scarcely to be doubted. Papa wrote to old Mr. Pembroke, telling him the result of his own interview with his son, and bidding the old man appeal to him (papa) again, in case he should ever fail to receive the annuity. No appeal ever was made, and so we will trust the old couple lived on to the end of their days in increased comfort, having no longer cause to complain of the stars fighting against them. They must, in the course of nature, be both dead long ago.

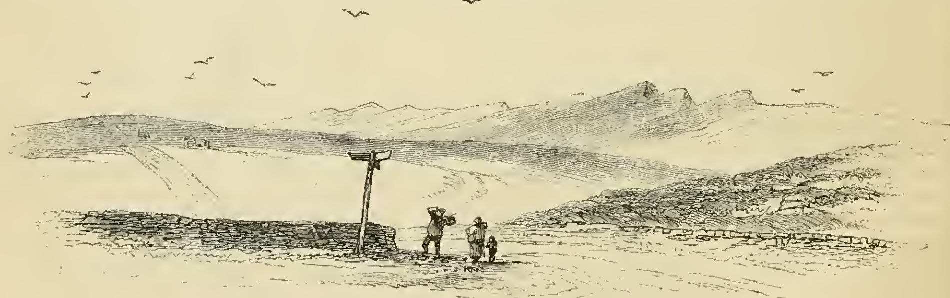
Mr. Pembroke, junior, left us at Easter as agreed. He did not return for his marriage. Possibly the dislike which Miss Green had in these latter days, conceived for papa, made her desire that his should not be the hand to tie the knot; for, about two months later, she went to stay with a friend in the south, from whose house, as we shortly after read in the papers, the wedding took place. Then came the news that Mr. Pembroke had bought the living of——, held at the time by an octogenarian rector, who was obliging enough to die within the year. Mr. and Mrs. Pembroke immediately took possession, and the former, I hear, is still the rector, having daughters by a second wife, likely—when they come out—to be the belles of the county.

My sister Sarah came home to us, after her London season, engaged to be married to the Hon. Augustus Seymour, an agreeable and good-looking young man, with decidedly *light* hair and whiskers, not in the least resembling the picture the crystal of fate presented to her. Mr. Pembroke's brother—"the respectable grocer," being already disposed of—was of course not to be further thought of as a husband for Rose; another was, however, in due time found for her, while of my own fate I shall say nothing. The crystal, it will be remembered, left it a blank.

AN ARTIST'S RAMBLE ALONG THE LINE OF THE PICTS' WALL.

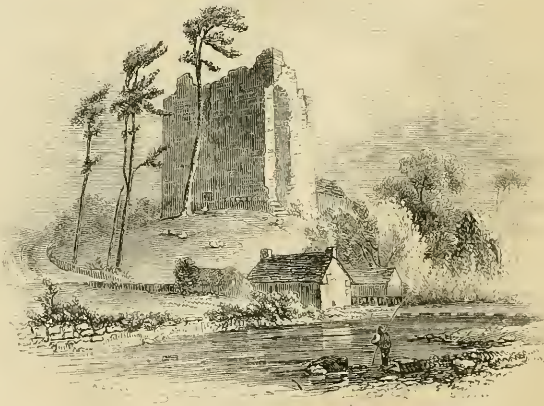
PART IV.

Sampson Erdeswicke, who wrote concerning the wall as early as 1574, says: "The Scotts lyches, or surgeons, do yerely repayr to the sayd Roman wall next to thes (Cær Vurron) to gether sundry herbs for surgery, for that it is thought that the Romaynes there by had planted most nedefull herbes for sundry purposes,



The Nine Nicks of Thirlwall.

Colossal Head.



Thirlwall Castle.

but howsoever it was, these herbes are fownd very wholesome."

Near the wall, and on the eastern declivity of the defile, is a spring, popularly called King Arthur's Well, but, by another tradition, it is understood to have been the well in which King Ecfrid was baptised by the Missionary Paulinus. We took a draught of the water, which is cool and pure.

On the western side of the gap the acclivity is very steep. Hutton says he had to climb it on all-fours. On the summit are traces of a mile castle. We now had before us a series of indented crags, called the Nine Nicks of Thirlwall; along these abrupt eminences the wall appears in great preservation, and, in some places, it presents to the north a height of nearly nine feet, the thickness being nine feet; here we counted twelve courses of facing-stones. Hence the cliffs gradually subside, and a more cultivated region appears as we approached Caervoran—the Roman Magna. The station comprehends an area of four acres and a-half. It stands upon a platform, with a steep declivity on the southern side towards the village of Glenwhelt. This situation appears to have been planned in order to avoid a bog which, had the station been set as usual next to the wall, must have intercepted the vallum. The latter avoids the bog by running close to the wall, which is carried along a ridge of elevated ground. Some fragments only of the north rampart and the fosse on the same side remain. We now descended to our quarters at Glenwhelt, where, in the inn, are preserved a magnificent pair of antlers found in a well at the station.

Here, after a seemly libation, we took leave of W——, and, having rested, strolled by the banks of Typalt Burn to the dark and shattered walls of Thirlwall Castle, whose name is supposed to have been derived from the Scots having broken through the neighbouring barrier in one of their aggressions on the southrons.

The walls of the castle are of the great thickness of nine feet, and the facings are composed of stones taken from the Roman wall. I may here remark that for ages the wall appears to have been appropriated for every kind of erection built near it. The materials for farmhouses, cottages, and dry stone dykes, have been so abundantly quarried from it, that the only marvel is that any part of it should remain; but the larger vestiges appear chiefly in craggy and barren solitudes, the abode only of the curlew and the hill-fox.

After the dispatch, on the following morning, of such a breakfast as only pedestrians enjoy, we set forth for Gilsland, our next quarters, stopping as we sallied forth to pay our respects to the colossal head, which stands in all its grotesque ugliness upon the wall in front of the inn, its ludicrous effect being enhanced by the top of a quern, which some pious hand has clapped on it, after the manner of a Scot's bonnet. Between the waters of the Typalt and the Irthing, the wall traverses a flat and exposed surface, and here the vallum has closely accompanied it, but of the wall within this space there is no superficial appearance till arriving at the small village of Wallend, about half a mile no. Here the two lines of defence change their relative positions; the wall, pursuing a lower level, is entirely commanded by the earthworks of the vallum, until the river Irthing is attained.

Arriving at the Shaw's hotel we only stopped to bespeak our dormitories, and take needful refreshments, which, being accomplished to our full satisfaction, we proceeded on our way, and, crossing the Poltross Burn, stood on Cumbrian ground. Here, after having climbed the steep precipice on the opposite side of the burn, we again fell in with the wall and vallum, and the vestiges of a mile castle, and, after an escape from an angry bull, approached Burdoswald, a name which is accounted for by the tradition that Oswald, King of Northumbria, had a hunting-seat here, and was here seized while alone and fishing in the waters of the Irthing by a band of northern freebooters.

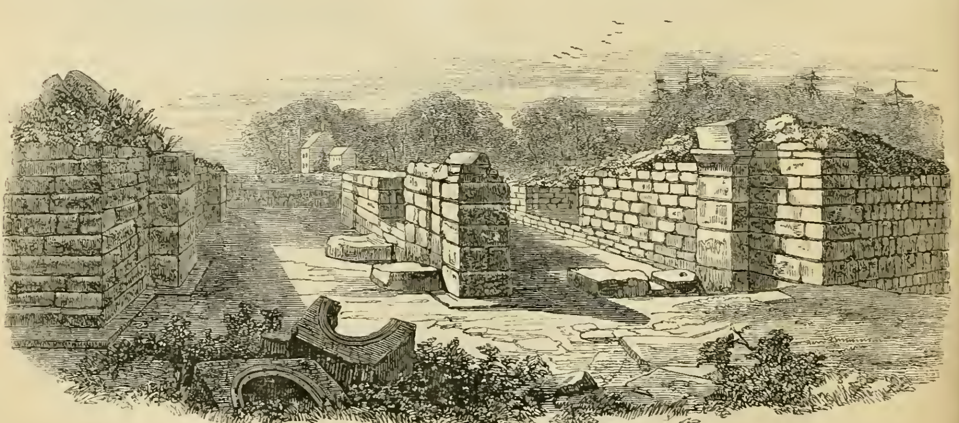
Burdoswald—the Roman Amboglanna—is the twelfth station on the wall. It comprehends an area of between five and six acres. Having been ably excavated in 1850 by Mr. H. Norman, the proprietor of the camp, and Mr. Potter, its parts are clearly defined, and it is justly considered one of the most perfect stations along the whole line of the wall. A greater number of inscribed stones have been found here than in any other station on this line—and from these it appears, according to Horsley (Brit. Rom. 257) that about the middle of the third century, the *Cohors Prima Eliana Dacorum* was here stationed. The derivation of the name Amboglanna has been the subject of different conjectures, the most likely of which appears to be that derived from the Latin word *ambo*, and the British *glan*, the brink or bank of a river, which agrees exactly with the situation of the camp, standing as it does upon a point of land, with the steep banks of the Irthing on either hand of it. Beginning with the west gate, *Porta Principalis Sinistra*, the sill stones are in perfect preservation, with two grooves, which appear to have been worn by the wheels of carriages. When this gateway was opened out, a rough wall presented itself, which from the inferiority of its masonry, had evidently been the work of ruder hands than those employed upon the wall of the station, making it evident that the gateway had been built up long after the Roman occupation, and suggesting the idea that the camp may have been appropriated as a stronghold in the subsequent days of border warfare. This wall has been removed, and the gate, the opening of which between the pillars is eleven feet two inches, clearly exposed. The present height of the highest pillar is four feet eleven inches. To the south-east, at a distance of a hundred and thirty-six paces from the west gate, is the east gate—*Porta Principalis Dextra*. Between these gates would be the *Via Principalis*, which," says Mr. Potter, "in some camps, is one hundred feet wide. The length from north to south of the camp at Burdoswald is about one-third greater than the breadth from east to west, which, according to Vegetius, who lived in the reign of the Emperor Valentinian, A.D. 385, was the most approved form."

The eastern gateway is composed of much larger masonry than the west, although the opening between the pillars is less by thirteen inches. This gateway was likewise found to have been built up. A little distance to the south-east of this gate, the Roman road is clearly discernible. Midway, in the south rampart, is the south, or Decuman gateway. Adjoining the gate is a guard-room, ten feet four inches in length, eight feet broad, and standing at a height of eight feet.

This chamber is fitted with a rude oven. Near the guard-room are the remains of a kiln for drying grain, apparently of Roman construction. The floor is flagged, and measures four feet four inches by three feet eight inches. Near the gate lie a number of wedge-shaped stones, which no doubt have formed the arched tops of the gateways. A fourth gateway has been opened out about fifty-five yards north of the east gateway. It is in fine preservation, having guard-rooms on either side, that on the left of entrance measuring ten feet seven inches by ten feet, and that on the right nine feet by ten. The openings of the double gateway measure each ten feet. The north pier of this gateway remains complete, including the impost and first stone of the arch, and presents the most perfect specimen of masonry along the whole length of the wall. The two first courses of stones

Course of the Wall at Caervoran, looking over the Moss.

measure one foot four inches square, the masonry being finely jointed, and the impost strikingly bold and massive. This pier is eight feet and a half in height. Within the gateway lie massive semicircular door-heads, which have belonged to the entrances to the guard-houses. About fifty feet of the wall of the station have been laid open to the north, and twelve courses of fine masonry, in perfect preservation, exposed. This gate had communicated with the suburbs, the lines of which are apparent in the undulations of the soil. From the discovery of floors in the area of the station, at a height of four feet above the Roman level, it is presumed that this camp had been occupied after the departure of the Romans, probably at a time when the gateways were built up for further security. The commanding situation of Burdoswald would make it a desirable point of vantage to some Saxon or Danish chieftain. A little to the north-east of Burdoswald, near a tumulus,



North-east Gateway of the Station of Amboglanna.

some masonry was a while since removed to supply materials for a modern erection. This was called Haro's or Harold's Castle.

Within the area of the station, a room measuring ten feet by nine feet six inches, has been uncovered; the walls appear to have been coated with a red stucco. It was found to communicate with another of ten feet by nine feet six inches, in which is a hypocaust, and behind the hypocaust there is another chamber, measuring nine feet eight inches by nine feet six inches. These apartments, it is supposed, have been used as baths. While excavating one of these apartments a small headless statue seated in a raised chair was found, measuring thirty-four inches. The missing head is, I believe, in the museum at Newcastle. It were well if head and trunk could be reunited.

J. W. Archer.

LILIAN'S PERPLEXITIES.

A TALE IN TWELVE CHAPTERS; BY A. W. DUBOURG.

CHAPTER I. WHAT THE IDOL WAS MADE OF.

In a boat on Brienz lake—then a lake of silver by reason of a large August moon—the cool evening of a hot day, flakes of silver sliding from the oars, rowlock noise and ripple, silver light alternating with deep black shade—in this boat on Brienz lake sat Charles Westby, Esquire, Barrister-at-law, and in the line of his eyes the sweetest half-length of a girlish figure, perfect outline dark against the molten silver of the lake.

Now, Charles Westby was intently considering what ought to be said and what ought not to be said in a certain matter, to wit, a Chancery suit in which he held a brief. This was an erroneous employment of time: firstly, because the subject on hand is the subject best worth thinking about, and the present occasion formed no exception to the rule; secondly, because an eminent member of the faculty had absorbed a guinea, shaken his head, and stated authoritatively—

"Mr. Westby, if you don't give up all business thoughts for two months, at least, I won't answer for the consequences."

"And your prescription?" asked Mr. Westby, desiring something tangible in return for the absorbed guinea.

"Here it is, sir; it is so simple that you won't require the intervention of a chemist."

The prescription consisted of three English words—"Go to Switzerland."

Mr. Westby did go to Switzerland, but the sanative property of the prescription did not lie in its letters. He coloured everything with equity that he saw in his route—Paris architecture, Louvre pictures, Strasbourg cathedral, the pleasant Vosges mountain range seen from the second-class on the Strasbourg and Basle Railway, the swift green Rhine shooting beneath the balcony of the "Trois Rois" at Basle, and the sunrise on the Rigi.

"And pray, sir, what description of colour is equity?"

I can't tell you, reader; it is impossible to describe colour. Can you tell me what red is like, or green, or blue?—You can't, and I can't tell you the colour of equity. I state a fact—Mr. Westby coloured everything with equity, and he found that the prescription was quite ineffective.

But there must be no light scorn thrown at Mr. Westby—a man cannot cast off the motive thoughts of life as a garment; they are knit in with the blood like the burning shirt of Hercules. Equity represented in his mind two great ideas—reparation and ambition.

Reparation—there was a long score of youthful idleness to be paid off. A heavy sum of money, ill afforded, had been spent almost uselessly on his education. From six years old to nineteen, the same thing had been said sorrowfully by his father—a good, kind Wiltshire clergyman with a narrow living—"Ah, Charles, if you only had the will you could learn anything." And his mother had said sadly, yet with hope, "I am sure Charles will apply one day."

That day of grace was slow in coming, and all but a mother's love would have grown sceptical. Anything but learning for Charles Westby—an idle, bird-nesting life in his early days—an idle, prankish life at school—a valuable exhibition, which would have lightened the burden of his college expenses, lost for want of application. Yet his good father would have him go to college, the household expenses of the rectory were cheerfully narrowed to support the son of the family, in the hope that repentance and application would be the results of home sacrifice. But the results were boating, not as a healthy recreation, but as an engrossing object, and profitless friends, and debts, their natural sequence.

The day of repentance came at last. It was a great question which was the best oar, Westby, of ——, or Jones, of ——. To decide the fact, Jones challenged Westby to a sculling match. Westby accepted the challenge. He ought to have refused. A sadly desponding letter had arrived from the rectory, deprecating his college life: he was touched by his father's indignant words, and his mother's gentle but reproachful postscript. Ought he to refuse the challenge? The "inner voice" said he ought, his friends said he ought not. Well, then, for the last time he would go into training, row the race, give up the water for ever, and become a reading man—his father and mother should have no more cause for grief on his account—this he firmly resolved on.

Both men were in splendid condition, doing their work capitally; the betting was even, there was nothing to choose between the two competitors, their friends backed them heavily, and the rowing men generally were deeply interested.

The race day arrived, the still moment of the start. They're off!—stroke for stroke, both boats as nearly even as possible: after a time Westby takes the lead slightly, but Jones puts on a spurt and goes ahead. Westby, rowing strong and steady, gradually regains the length Jones has made, and the boats are even again. Jones tries another spurt—a tremendous one—and goes a length and-a-half ahead; but Westby regains the distance in less time than before. It is evidently getting all up with Jones; his friends cheer him from the banks, but won't take the bets of Westby's party at two to one on their man.

Row on, Charles Westby, strong and steady: it is the last race you will ever row—you don't know it, but you are pulling for far more than a triumph over Jones and the honour of your college; every moment saved in the time of the race, you will prize beyond gold.

"He's won! Bravo, Westby! Fifty pounds in my pocket. Hurrah! That's Fred Temple speaking to him, his great chum—why he's fainted! They are carrying him ashore. Gad! the pace was killing."

It was not the pace that knocked up Westby, but the words of Frederick Temple, who bent down the moment the boat touched the shore, and whispered in his ear—his two ears tingling with the sound of triumph—the men who had won money on him hurrying with loud shouts to grasp his hands.

"Charles," whispered Temple, "they've sent to say your father is very ill,—it's a bad business I fear."

Then the "inner voice" which had spoken when that last letter arrived from home spoke out again, loudly this time, so loudly that it hushed the noise of victory, and the sculls which he yet held fell away from his hands, and he sank back into the arms of those who had come to greet him, rushing knee-deep into the water in their eagerness and joy.

They got him to with brandy, covered him with boating coats and a great coat,—there was no time to change the jersey and flannel trousers, not a moment to lose, the train would start in a few minutes, and failing that train there would be a delay of many hours.

The messenger from home had luckily fallen in with Temple, who did not accompany his friend to the starting-place. It was too late to stop the race, indeed the race was the quickest mode, as Temple wisely determined, of getting Westby back again.

* * * * *

They were waiting for Westby at the Rectory, very anxiously—the Rector lay in his bed, propped up with pillows, his wife and daughter by his bedside.

The doctor had said there was no hope—why only yesterday it had been all life and health and good spirits. No hope! hard words to realise by those anxious watchers at the bedside, with every happy incident of yesterday vividly fresh in their minds.

The Rector certainly possessed his senses, but they were absorbed in some great thought—for even when his wife or daughter spoke immediately in his ear he gently motioned them away. A neighbouring clergyman, who had been hastily called in, ceased not to talk of religious matters in an earnest strain,—praying and exhorting—his voice was quite loud at times, rising with the subject; and the sorrow of wife and daughter, notwithstanding all their efforts, would break restraint into loud sobs. The Rector heeded none

of this, but when there was a distant rumble of wheels, he would start and faintly point to the window. To the window went mother and daughter, and they gazed on the bend of the white dusty road blurred to their vision by their tearful eyes, praying that it might be the fly bringing Charles from the railway—but time after time, amid clouds of dust, came tilted carts with market folks from Salisbury, or brisk driven farmers' gigs.

The clergyman was much distressed at the dying man's state of mind. He led Mrs. Westby aside, and whispered something of evident importance in her ear, and in reply to her hesitation he urged her—

"Ask him if he is now prepared,—we must lose no precious time."

Mrs. Westby did as she was bidden, the Rector slightly inclined his head, and murmured the word "Charles."

Mrs. Westby told the clergyman hat her husband only waited his son's arrival.

"This delay is very sad," said the clergyman, "his time is so short."

A message was brought to the room that some one who had wronged the Rector had sent to crave his forgiveness.

"Ay," said the clergyman, "at a period like this it is very meet that we should forgive all wrongs done to us. Pray explain it to him—Farmer Jones asks pardon for his conduct at the Church-rate meeting."

Mrs. Westby went to the bedside and repeated Farmer Jones's message.

"Mary," murmured the dying man. She took his hand in hers. "Mary," he repeated, and his daughter came close beside him. Their hands were clasped together. The Rector made an effort to raise himself—there was a glow of joy in his countenance, exultation in his weak voice.

"Mary, *he will* repent—I know it—*know* it—God has heard my prayer—I'm very happy—my boy—my boy."

The hands held by his wife and child gradually lost their grasp. And then an hour's insensibility, and the end.

* * * * *

When Charles Westby reached home he saw by the face of the servant that it was all over. "*Missus* is with Miss Westby in her room, sir," said the girl. He would not let them be disturbed, but went directly to his father's room.

No affectionate greeting, no good counsel in kindly words, no more friendly admonition—a sweet smile on a placid face, and silence—that was all. Father and son were alone for a long time.

The clergyman, full of zeal, tried to comfort the women. He read some short passages from the Psalms and New Testament, very aptly chosen, and he wisely refrained from adding any words of his own, having ascertained by experience that at such periods God's own consolation was far better than any poor comfort which he could afford.

And then he thought it was a good time to speak to the young man. "He has been very thoughtless hitherto, far from correct in his conduct; I may, by God's blessing, make some impression on him."

So he joined himself to Charles Westby, who was pacing the gravel walk by the house.

It was drawing on to night—a flush of sunset, dying into palest tinge of green, lingered beyond the dark outline of distant fir plantation which belted the downs to the west—darkness was slowly rising from the east and lighting the stars.

Charles Westby thanked the clergyman for his kind interest, but particularly desired to be alone; and consequently the clergyman, who was stored with pious admonitions, had to retire, not a little chagrined at the loss of so golden an opportunity of converting a soul. His regrets were needless—the turning point of life is from within. You may talk very eloquently, very wisely, you may press your words home—but repentance is deeper than conviction, and it is not until the man's own conscience speaks to his soul that the hour of repentance comes. "*I* will arise and go to my Father." Charles Westby's repentance had been already consummated in that hour's communion with the dead.

He wished to be alone—he could not share his feelings with either mother or sister; they had sorrow—he had sorrow and remorse. The last was very stinging: "You have wasted your father's slender substance,—your mother and sister will suffer for this; they won't reproach you, but silence will be worse than words." He needed some anodyne to sooth the pangs he suffered. There was one—reparation. Ah, how he longed to be at work, even at that moment, repairing the past; it was a relief to revolve plans for the future. His college life had ended—no more funds to support him there; something in London. What? And he paced up and down the gravel-path, many a time, with "what?" unsolved.

In the intensity of these thoughts his past life seemed to fade years back—his college hopes and plans — even the aquatic triumph, but a few hours old, and he was still dressed in his rowing-garb, had lost the excitement of recent action. There was great lassitude in his frame, the result of that intense physical effort; yet with sorrow and remorse close at his heart sleep was impossible; and, worn as he was, that pacing to and fro, in the cool night air, was a relief.

* * * * *

Charles Westby went to London—a few lines will tell the struggle of eight years—he got hard work and little payment, as a great favour, in a solicitor's office; he ate his "terms," supported himself, and sent something home out of his pittance. Then he gave up the solicitor's office and obtained some parliamentary reporting in the evening, which enabled him to pursue his law-reading by day.

It was a vast change at first from physical to mental effort — the muscles which had been developed by the use of the oar had to be attenuated by the use of the pen. But he had put his hand to the plough—there was no looking back on old habits and pleasures. Happily no temptation to do so, because remorse stood watch

and ward over the past. At last came the reward of this hard struggle; labour was no longer a painful effort. His father's prediction was realised —he had acquired the *will* to learn, the key to his talent, and he had the intense gratification of finding that slowly but very surely he was attaining a sound knowledge of his profession.

Gradually the great object of his life grew to be law, not in the "warp" only, traversed with threads of lighter thought, but the "woof" was law as well.

Thus, hours of relaxation would be spent in following the argument in this and that case: he would form his own judgment, waiting anxiously to find whether it concurred with the judgment of the court. Sometimes he and the judge were unanimous; sometimes when they differed, there was an appeal to a higher tribunal, and once or twice, to his intense exultation, the joy of the successful suitor was scarcely greater; the judge's judgment was reversed, and his view of the case affirmed.

But why did not business come? True, he had no connection, but he did know some few lawyers —they might have discovered his talent, that firm at least in whose office he was when he first came to town—yet those who knew him best sent him least business, and, since his "call," they all seemed more or less to keep out of his way. Then he would be beset with heavy misgivings; perhaps, after all, he might be deceiving himself as to his power and talent; perhaps that hope—faith in future eminence—was a delusive dream; perhaps, notwithstanding the hard labour he had endured, mediocrity was to be his destiny.

Hard work by night, hard work by day, bent head, depressing doubt and fear, the unceasing wear of a gritty thought—law; it was too much, he had strange sensations in the head, so at last he was forced to consult a physician, who, with scarcely a question, read the case in his patient's countenance, and gave the Switzerland prescription.

* * * * *

Hot walking and hard to the top of the Brünig Pass. Well, the view was fine certainly, Charles Westby was forced to admit that, but it had been a deuce of a pull up hill, and, after all, this Switzerland did not seem to do him much good: he could not get rid of that feeling in his head, notwithstanding he had entirely given up reading as the Doctor ordered, so very likely it was not the fault of the books. Now, if he had been at chambers this vacation time, some business might, in the absence of other men, have been driven into his hands; besides all this, travelling cost a mint of money,—he could not afford pleasure yet,—in a few years perhaps, when he had made a name; directly he got to Interlachen he would turn back by Berne to Strasbourg, and home. Such thoughts as these presented themselves as he was descending into the Hasli valley with the giants of the Bernese range before his eyes.

A party on horseback consisting of two ladies and a gentleman with guides, porters, &c., had started in the morning rather earlier than Westby, and had kept about the same distance a-head of him throughout the day. About half way in the descent to Brienz he saw them stop suddenly, perhaps to enjoy the view, or rest; in a short time he came up with them. The whole party had dismounted; the gentleman, a middle-aged man, was sitting on the ground, evidently in pain, the two ladies knelt beside him; the guide and porters, a little apart, were holding a noisy consultation. The eldest lady addressed Westby—her husband had met with a terrible accident—her daughter, who was riding in front, had pulled up her horse rather suddenly; the horse had kicked out and struck her husband, who was riding close behind, severely below the knee; they feared the leg was broken—how should they ever be able to get to Brienz?

"I can't understand these guides," said the young lady, who was sadly agitated; "their French is full of German words. This delay is terrible for poor papa."

Both ladies prayed anxiously of Westby not to leave them. Such a request was, of course, needless, and his hearty promise of all assistance that lay in his power, seemed a staff of comfort. It was evidently impossible for the poor gentleman to ride again on horseback, and for the porters to have carried him over such rough ground, without proper supports, would have added intolerably to the pain which arose from the slightest movement of the leg.

Westby proposed to hurry down to Brienz, and make the best arrangement that he could for a *chaise-à-porteurs.* They gratefully accepted his offer.

In about two hours Westby returned with the *chaise-à-porteurs* and the best appliances he could procure for supporting the leg. There was, unfortunately, no doctor resident at Brienz. Westby's aid was invaluable; he saw with a quick eye what to do, and he had strength of arm to do it with great gentleness.

On inquiring at Brienz, Westby had found that the best medical advice of the district was to be obtained at Interlachen, and that it would be advisable, if the state of the accident allowed it, to proceed thither at once by water. Accordingly, when they arrived at Brienz, it was agreed, as the sufferer had borne the *chaise-à-porteurs* motion tolerably well, to go on directly to Interlachen; and a boat having been by the care of Westby carefully fitted up with pillows, they embarked on the lake.

How deeply they thanked him! The gentleman with painful effort, the elder lady from the depths of the heart, and that young girl—Ah! it was worth conferring an obligation to gain such heartfelt thanks—to see the expression in that young charming face, flushed with very intensity of feeling, and those blue eyes, looking full into his, with their earnest gaze of gratitude.

Well, that girl had a charming face, and if love had been the motive, deepest love could not have lent a more beautiful expression than the one he had witnessed; but fair faces were not his business yet; hard duty, money to add to his mother's and sister's pittance, that was his present business; so, sitting in that boat, the excitement of action being over, his thoughts flowed into their old channel, and Equity sat beside him, as the rowers

—men and women—rowed down the silver water, timing the oars' stroke with rough lake-song.

They got safely to Interlachen. The sufferer was conveyed to the Hotel des Alpes. Herr Jacob, the manager, was very kind and assiduous in his attentions; the doctor presently reported, to the infinite relief of the ladies, that the leg was not broken, but the bruise was very severe, and in addition the ankle was severely sprained by the fall from the horse after the kick. The case would require some weeks' rest.

CHAPTER II. THE IDOL ON A PEDESTAL.

The morning after the accident, Westby was seated at breakfast in the *salle à-manger* of the Hotel des Alpes; he had determined, if his services were not likely to be of further use to the ladies, to start for Berne in the course of the day.

"Why, bless me, that's Westby!" exclaimed a voice near him.

Westby looked up; he did not for the moment remember the face, the light tawny beard and moustache.

"Fred Temple, isn't it?" he exclaimed the next instant.

"Yes, old boy!" was the reply, coupled with a hearty grasp of the hand.

They were delighted to meet again, school-fellows and college friends—a full eight years since they had met last. They ought to have written, it is true; each blamed himself for not doing so, but neither was a letter-writing man.

"I know you cut college after I left, and went into the army," said Westby, "what have you been doing since?"

"Oh, shifting about here and there—England and Ireland and India. And you?"

"I've stuck to London and law."

"Dry work, eh?"

"At first, but I like it now."

"'Gad! the fellow who would hardly touch a book at school or college. What a change!"

"I am changed," replied Westby; "two minutes' sight of you tells me that. I can see your manhood is the sequence of your boyhood—light heart and dash; that was my boyhood, too. I've done a mass of head-work since then, nothing but that, and become leaden-spirited. Yours is the old face, fresh and beaming, a little burnt, perhaps—India, I suppose. I know my face is getting like parchment."

"Pooh! a trifle pale—interesting, the women would say."

"Pale! that's the incipient stage; the parchment yellow 's sure to follow."

"Westby, old boy! I'm so glad we've met. The whole lot of us are here—Fairy, too, you recollect, my sister, who was staying at my uncle's when you were on a visit there."

"What, my fairy sweetheart, little Lilian?"

"Little! It must be ten years ago, recollect. You would not know her now. I only joined our party this morning, and there's the governor tied by the leg—deuced unlucky, poor man!—coming over the Brünig yesterday——"

"Could that have been Lilian?" exclaimed Westby.

"What! were you the fellow who got them out of the scrape? 'Gad! the women can't say enough about you."

"I've found you at last, Fred," said a voice behind him.

"Here's Lilian!" exclaimed Temple, turning round. "Little Lilian! Don't you know him, Lilian?"

"Yesterday——"

"Years before yesterday!" interrupted her brother. "Uncle Everard's!"

"What, Karlo Magno!" she exclaimed, with surprise.

"Yes, yes; Karlo Magno," replied Westby laughing.

"I ought to say Mr. Charles Westby," replied Lilian, blushing.

"No, no!" said Temple; "call him Karlo Magno—your old name for him when they were teaching you German history."

Westby inquired for Mr. Temple, who he found had passed a very fair night, the doctor speaking most favourably of his condition.

"How oddly things do come about," said Temple. "Do you recollect that old plan of yours, Lilian—travelling on the Continent with Karlo Magno and myself—no governess or lessons?"

"That was a child's fancy, Fred."

"It's come true, nevertheless."

"I think of returning to-day," said Westby.

"Nonsense, man! What for?"

"Oh! they said I had been over-working—perhaps I have—that I looked ill—that I'd better travel for awhile; but it don't do any good."

"Give it time! your head is chockful of stuffy thoughts, I'll bet. Half-an-hour's thinking gives me a headache."

"I'm sure you never tried the effect of that length of thought, Fred," said Lilian, laughing.

"Then I act all the quicker, you rogue. Come now, Westby, we'll engage to clear the cobwebs out of your head in no time. Won't we, Lilian?"

"That we will! Recollect, Mr. Westby, the old plan was to have nothing to think about—pleasure all day."

"Nothing to think about!" exclaimed Westby. "Query, would a mental vacuum be pleasure?"

"I mean, not to think about troublesome, bothering things," replied Lilian.

Westby consented to remain at Interlachen for a few days. In truth, he had not the heart to say no. That old visit of his at Mr. Everard's, in companionship with Temple and his sister, had been one of the happiest bits of his life: a country-house life, with all the means of active amusement and sport in which he delighted; the fun of half-spoilt Lilian's evasion of the school-room, and participation in the pursuits of her brother and himself; daring rider of a spirited, mealy-nosed pony; skilful coxswain of their boat on the pleasant stream; not one atom a romp; wholly a fairy—lightest strength and delicate grace in every action; and her childish talk passing strange with the quaintest conceptions of life.

"Well, Mr. Westby, we have made you enlist in the health service," said Lilian, with a smile.

"Ha, ha! a recruit!" exclaimed Temple, laughing. "Come, sir, and go through your drill——"

"That's right, Fred! begin at once; give him a long march to-day."

"Never fear, I'll fill his mind with mountain air."

"And you, fair captain, do you march with us?" inquired Westby.

"Not to-day; I'm on—what is it, Fred?"

"Garrison duty."

"Yes, yes; and, besides, I've got dear papa to look after. Now, then, soldiers, shoulder arms!—alpenstocks, I mean!—march!"

And off they went. Lilian to her father's bedside, to tell her parents that their friend of yesterday was her brother's oldest friend, and her playmate ever so many years ago when she was quite a wee child.

So Westby was fated to have a real holiday after all—a holiday life with two people whose lives had been a perpetual holiday, amusement the end of their existence. Frederick Temple's amusements were of the physical order mainly—fox-hunting in England, tiger-shooting, pig-sticking, and the like in India; and Lilian was true to her old love of active pursuits, but with mind beyond her blue eyes which had sought amusement in deeper matters; yet her intellect was hidden from ordinary sight, few of the many partners of a first season suspected it in her enthusiastic love of Whitenose, her horse, or the *valse-à-deux-temps*—herself a paragon of dancers.

The two friends walked upwards behind Interlachen, holding a gasping-breath conversation on old times; the mountain breeze smote their faces with pleasant coolness as they turned for a moment's rest, or sight of the valley beneath.

Temple was such an inspiriting companion; care, the vampire, had never fastened on his spirits, and there they were full and overflowing as a boy's. His conversation was a delightful novelty to Westby, presenting such easy happy views of life; events had fallen on Temple like feathers to be blown about at pleasure, not leaden weights to be sternly endured. Westby had come abroad to try for a while to forget the past, Temple recurred to it with intense pleasure—such stories he told; muscular power spent in great adventures, riding and shooting feats, big bags of Indian game, tigers and leopards, boars and antelopes, and all manner of birds; these things spoken of in such hearty enthusiastic words that the old nature of Westby, buried beneath many legal tomes antagonistic to the natural man, was aroused, and old boyish dreams of active, dare-devil life, soldier, sailor, emigrant, flitted through his brain, as he strode along breathless at Temple's side, Temple in better walking trim than himself, listening with eager ears to this Indian talk.

"I have given the man a good breather," said Temple to his sister. "How do you feel after it, Westby?"

"Why, I *think*——"

"Think! that's just what you are not to do, Karlo Magno!" exclaimed Lilian.

"I am better, then."

"The walk, you see."

"Yes, and your brother's conversation."

"Just what I feel; whenever I'm tired, I make Fred talk, he always enlivens me. I'm tired now."

"How so, Lilian?"

"I've been amusing papa all day, that is, writing business letters for him—money, the everlasting subject. I hate it."

"Honey's pleasant! don't blame the bees, my pet."

"I'm not a drone, Fred! I hate to be idle, as much as you do."

"Ah! but our activity don't pay."

"Never mind, I kill time, and you kill tigers."

"Confound it! Russians would have been more profitable. I missed the Crimea, Westby."

"You would go to India, Fred."

"I'd always wanted to see India—I exchanged, Westby. A year or so after I got out, the Russian row begins. Everybody said we should be sent to the Crimea; I thought so, too; month after month we sweltered under the punkas, but the orders never came. I grew sick of the whole Indian business, hunting and all; so when the French shut up for want of money and made us make peace, I got a year's leave and came home."

"Poor boy! I dare say there will be a row in India some day."

"Nonsense, Lilian! who with? Who is there to fight us, and our big native army? We shall be ordered home in another year, that's one comfort."

"It will be a comfort to me," said Lilian. "I shall miss you so, Fred; there's nobody to ride or walk with."

"Well, I dare say the next London season will provide a companion. For instance, that tall, elegant, handsome——"

"Nonsense, Fred! it's a great shame—I did not care one atom—I declare it's true, Mr. Westby!—I won't be laughed at; why, Whitenose has got more intellect!"

"Ride with your father, then."

"Stupid Fred! when you know papa's pony, and the affinity it has for money matters."

"For money matters!" exclaimed Westby.

"Yes, it's very odd; there are several animals of the same kind, they always join company in Rotten Row, and listen to their riders' talk of the city events of the day—this equestrian finance fidgets Whitenose dreadfully."

"There, never mind stuffy London!" interrupted her brother, "I had enough of it last season. Let's think what we ought to do while we are here."

All three plunged into Murray and Keller. Lilian enthusiastically proposing the most tremendous mountain feats which were gradually laughed into possible performances. Day after day they went forth to see the grand sight of that mountain land. It did wonders for Westby, this happy companionship; the equity colour was thereby clean cast out of his eyes; there was no resisting the enthusiasm of Lilian, with her fresh new thoughts gathered off the riven granite masses, and their snowy summits, bossy white at noon-day against the deep blue sky, or sun-flushed at dawn and eventide, rolling their dead white ice-waves into the gloomy valleys beneath. And

those same mountain-tops, and rough flanks, and all that eternal snow, were things for climbing and scrambling in the estimation of Frederick Temple, with great obstacles to be overcome by heart and limb.

Such scenes to see ! only a few hours from hard-worked London, by a path of pleasant country, French or German land, to this holiday ground. Tired heads wanting a change of thought, all-engrossing, deep-seated thought, emulations, ambitions, against which a level country, however pleasant, would be powerless ; but those granite giants are irresistible, they will fill your head with their immensity—your atom self and that vast mountain, two miles or more distant ; no intervening objects to break the intense power of size, and yet it seems you might almost fling a stone from your standing point on that Wengern Alp to the Jungfrau opposite ; ay, and climb that rough mountain surface, deftly picking your way by those clearly defined granite fragments, broken into possible steps, down which snow-flakes are falling from the upper snow. Thunder in the clear summer sky ! the snow-flakes are avalanches which would snap down forests in their force, and the possible steps are precipices which no man has scaled or will scale to the end of time. The path trodden on those waves of ice, which for ever roll on and on, by years, not moments, with short slides to sure death in those insidious *crevasses* with their green mysterious light fading into dark depths—those steep, precipitous rocks, bleak and cheerless against the blue sky, girdling the valley with their cold shade hours after sunrise, yet at a further point of view their summits unexpectedly crowned with upland pasture, vividly green in the sunlight, dotted in that upper distance with toy-sized châlets, and goat-herds, and mice-sized goats —such scenes as these are to be treasured in the memory, and brought home, and used in lieu of the painted or papered monotony of dull chamber walls, as a diversion for tired heads raised for a moment from weary print or scribbled brief, bringing up refreshing recollections of physical activity and vigour in contrast with present mental effort.

Westby lost his headache in the clear mountain air, and he felt again with delight the sensation of weariness from hard exercise, not rankling thought, followed with troubled slumber, but fine deep sleep, and clear head, and elastic step on the morrow.

So finding his health improve, his thoughts set homewards ; but letters came from home praying him to prolong his tour—"it had already done him so much good, why not remain till his health was quite restored ?" The Temples, brother and sister, said the same thing, and they were so resolute, too, they fought his reasons for returning from point to point, and thus it was that he was led to speak frankly of his affairs, and of his eight years' struggle after leaving college, speaking as a man would speak to his brother and sister. Frederick Temple listened with many expressions of wonder at what he had accomplished, and Lilian listened silently, but very attentively ; and if the conversation changed, she would bring it back with a skilful turn, and often in their walks she would with great delicacy render it the subject of their talk.

"Nothing to think about, Lilian, except thoughts that lightly come and go ? You are thinking deeply about this man's life ; it does interest you, that hard fight of his with the world, that love of his for the two at home, a love not loudly spoken, very indirectly indicated indeed, but plainly visible to your quick insight. Well, heroism in any form is a pleasant tale, and though young, you have been already somewhat tired with the smooth amenities of existence, and it is pleasantly exciting to glance from the rose-leaves to the granite work of life. So you have great pleasure in gazing on his face which is grave with care, and bears thought-marks on the forehead—greater interest in that face, than in the hundred handsome, careless faces which have flitted round your path."

Nothing to think about, Lilian ? You grow very silent, the lively dash of your conversation is dulled—your brother remarks it ; he fancies you are overwearied by the walking excursions ; your sprightliness readily returns in his company, but it is with Westby you are silent ; you listen eagerly to what he says, and you ponder it deeply, but you don't reply at great length, for talking to him grows an effort. You are astonished at this change in yourself. Why your high spirits have always headed every occasion, and your self-possession stood ever ready with an answer at your lips. What does it mean ?—not love ?—nonsense, not love !—he is far too good, too clever that he should ever think of you. Then what does it mean ? You could always converse with that young baronet who rode so often last season with you and your brother in Rotten Row, and danced with you so much at London balls : his conversation seemed constrained and stupid, while you could say, without effort, the things that came first to mind. He was handsome, and danced well, and had clear thousands a year ; and girls you knew—girls quite as pretty as yourself—looked on with envious eyes at his attentions, and people whispered that all this would end in an offer. You, amazed with easy conquest, would not believe it ; you protested it was nonsense, that sober marriage would never come from such idle, foolish talk ; you had said nothing more to him than to twenty others. Thus you talked on, and danced, and rode, till one day, the red sun-set evening of a Richmond party, when you had been diverting yourself with good-natured raillery at an engaged couple, the laugh had scarcely died on your lips, when his voice deepened, and the young man offered you his hand ; you were astounded the words thrilled through you, but a 'No' fell quickly from your lips : in a moment you were yourself again, and could speak easily enough—but you can't speak to Charles Westby now.

It is love, Lilian ! though you fight against the thought, calling it folly, and heaping reasons against it. He has frankly told you and your brother all his affairs ; is he in a pecuniary position to marry ? See, with that full ambition which beats at his heart, which makes him almost grudge every passing enjoyment, is it likely that he will as yet seek a partner with whom to *enjoy* life ?

"No," is the reasonable answer to all this. You firmly resolve to hide your folly from all eyes, and strive to forget it when he is gone. He will be gone in a few days; you are almost thankful for that.

*   *   *   *

Charles Westby has gone! Time seems to have stopped at those last two days he was at Interlachen—at that walk which you, and he, and your brother took up the Harder mountains for a farewell look on the meadow level of Unterseen. You are silent, but your brother's spirits are high, and he pledges Westby to such another Swiss tour on his return from India; and then he falls to lightly bantering Westby's hopes and ambitions, predicting this and that legal honour, and the crowning honour, the House of Lords. These light words touch you seriously, and you echo them again, but from the depth of your heart and hope, whence they spring like convictions; so you take comfort in the future. "'One day, who knows? I shall be better worthy of him, then,'" and your old spirits remount, and you are yourself again; but your words are heartfelt though spoken in a light tone.

The whole party rest awhile to look upon the view below, tiny Unterseen and Interlachen in their green meadows half-islanded by the two lakes Thun and Brienz, the opposite distance shut in with granite masses, surfaced with black desolation, or dark green pine, the stepping-stones to the mighty range of Oberland Alps cresting the horizon with their snow-ridges against the cloudless blue. But there is too much inner feeling for you to care for landscape views. And now down hill by zig-zag path, your accustomed laughing challenge is given to your brother and Westby. "Who'll be down first?" It is a rare thing to descend, alpenstock in hand, touching lightly on each broken rock step, governing speed with the pole; it is positive fascination to you now, wearied as you are with much thought. You are a short way a-head, the path winds in the descent, a smooth bank of grass meets the path below, descending by that grass would save half the distance.

"Don't go on the grass for Heaven's sake," shouts your brother from above. But it's too late to stop. It's delicious gliding down, resting on the alpenstock! The grass stealthily shelves up against the path, and in the speed of your descent turns your course, never mind! you will meet the path again at a lower turn, and be down ever so much before your companions. Good God! there is no path below you, nothing but this steep bank of grass, and the valley hundreds of feet below; you strive to stop, to catch at the grass, but the grass is quite short and burnt to the slipperiness of ice. You strive and strive, you would scream for help, but your voice is lost in your frantic efforts to clutch at something; the friction burns through your leather gloves, your head whirls with these desperate efforts. You *have* stopped at last! it is the valley which is rushing up to you!

Little by little you struggle back to consciousness. Where are you? Is it some terrible dream? That fearful valley!—you see it lying rigidly still below you. You are caught in some young pine-stems grown to a foot above the ground. An arm clasps your waist, it is Westby's; his other hand holds to one of the pine-stems which has served to break your fall. The shelving grass suddenly ends at those pine stems, and, from that point to the valley below, there is nothing but precipitous rock. Charles Westby, who was a-head of your brother, saw that those pine stems were your only salvation, and he saw, too, in the direction you were gliding, that you would shoot past them to certain death; he threw his life into your dangerous path, and just succeeded in turning your course at the last moment. You and Charles Westby were hanging over that rocky gulf, it might have been minutes or hours for what you knew of time. Ah, Lilian, what did you say to Charles Westby, then? "Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh;" and the feeble pine-stems might have given way before help came, and there would be an end of life and feeling on the rocks below. The peasants with iron *crampions* on their shoes, make shift to carry you up to sure ground, and then you faint in your brother's arms. More or less of insensibility to the end of the day, and a night of fitful dreams, the valley rushing up to you with fearful speed, and your sleep broken with cries to Karlo Magno to save you. Sounder sleep towards morning, and you arose refreshed; a few bruises and scratches were the sole physical harm you had received from the accident; but you were still utterly unnerved.

It troubled you most that you could only recollect detached portions of the events of yesterday; some things were very clear, then came complete blanks; and as you sat on the sofa trying to puzzle matters out Westby entered the room.

"I am come to say farewell to Miss Temple."

"Lilian, Lilian! not Miss Temple," you replied.

"Be it Lilian, then,—*playmate* Lilian," he answered with emphasis on the word playmate.

"Oh, Karlo Magno! I hope they have thanked you for me—papa and mamma, and Fred,—how can I ever say what I feel? Your valuable life almost lost for my wilful careless folly."

But gently turning aside your eager words of gratitude, Charles Westby continues in a low voice, "My time is short, and I have something very particular to say. I feel, Lilian, it had been better I had left here long ago."

"Why, why, Karlo Magno?" You tremble with a vague fear.

"My dear girl, in the midst of that chance of life and death, you said that you loved me."

"What, Mr. Westby!" Every vein in your body seems to burn.

"You remember your own words, Lilian."

"That I loved you! You repeat his words mechanically, and are silent awhile. Great marvel and shame that your own lips should unwittingly have revealed the secret of your heart. Yet what matter? If he did love you, that shame would have been lost in bewildering joy, that in any manner he had learnt the truth. Then, by degrees, a cold assurance steals through you that Charles Westby does not reciprocate your love, and gradually you are frozen into self-possession.

"On my honour, Mr. Westby, I cannot remember having made such a confession. My head is in a strange state; I have only a very partial remembrance of the events of yesterday. I well remember my feeling of deep gratitude and admiration for your noble conduct."

"I assure you," replied Westby, growing very confused.

"It is not wonderful that I should have talked wildly and lost my head on such an occasion. I know, Mr. Westby, that you will not hold me to any random words."

And you do govern your features so well, Lilian, that you deceive him into a belief that you had merely uttered empty words, but it is terrible torture to see how infinitely relieved he is. Then he turns the idea of his marriage into a joking impossibility, talking in a brotherly confidential tone of the labour and struggle in store for him. Ay, but it does touch you to the depths of your soul to sit by with a false smile on your countenance, and see that in his heart he only holds you fit for the sunshine and ease of life—you, who for one loving word from him would have rendered back love and endurance, and devotion to the end of existence. Your brother discovers you downcast with dim eyes.

"What's the matter, my pet?"

"Nothing, Fred."

"Not grim Charles Westby, you little goose?"

"Nonsense! just as if he would care for a butterfly."

"But I do believe *it is* that fellow Charles!"

"You are a regular plague, Fred!" And you burst into tears in your brother's arms.

(To be continued.)

REPRESENTATIVE MEN.

Political Philosophers.

MACHIAVELLI: MONTESQUIEU: DE TOCQUEVILLE.

If there are people who really doubt whether the world gets on, one would like to know what they make of such a fact as the appearance and growth of Political Philosophy in human history. There may be some plausibility in the argument that scientific discoveries in the material world may leave men pretty much as they were, intellectually and morally; but when we see that the interests of men in society have so changed and expanded as to enable wise thinkers to discern the principles of politics, and the natural laws which operate upon society as upon individuals, we can no longer doubt that society has reached a point of enlightenment which, on the one hand, is new, and which, on the other, must certainly lead on to further knowledge of the means of liberty and security which, again, must further improve the character of nations, and of the individuals composing them. Any fact which exhibits a new intellectual and moral step taken by any society, and that step rendered secure by its being associated with ascertained principles, is evidence of an actual advance in wisdom and virtue; and therefore the fact that political philosophy has appeared in the world like something new in modern times, and that we have, in political philosophers, a new order of sages, is an evidence of human progress which the veriest cynic must find it hard to get rid of.

It is true, Plato lived a long time ago, and Aristotle was quoted against him for a good many centuries: but any reference to either shows how essentially different political science is from the dreams of metaphysicians, and the corrections of those dreams by a sagacious and practical thinker who could avoid the errors of his time, but had no materials for creating a science prematurely. Plato's pictures of what, in his view, society ought to be are interesting and full of suggestion; and so are Aristotle's wise corrections of fallacies, and discussions of the reasons, and the right and wrong of government: but as there was no notion in those days of such progress as society has made, nothing that could be written could be anything more than a preparation for a real political philosophy: and those who wrote on the subject did so in the course of treating of moral topics, without any conception of a time to come when the principles and modes of government would spread out into a great province of study, in which every man would have an interest, and from which a new and separate order of wise men would issue forth.

The fact is, that till there was a middle class in society in a sufficient number and variety of nations to afford plenty of material for observation and reasoning, there could be nothing like a science of politics. Almost everywhere the rulers had only to take care of themselves, and do the best they could with the privileged orders by whom they were hustled on every side, and the labouring class, far down under their feet. In the few cases of republics which professed self-government, there was no idea of looking beyond the frontier, in which party conflicts were always going on. In those ages, and for long after, there could be no representative men in the province of political research. The order is a modern one, and as yet they and their works are hardly known to those whom they most concern.

It is customary to consider Machiavelli as the first prominent specimen of the class; and even at this day the reputation of the whole order may be seriously injured by the name of Machiavelli having become the current term for extreme political vileness. It is always mischievous, all round, to use any man's name in such a way, because it becomes the slang of the ignorant, and satisfies hasty thinkers with sound instead of sense. There is thus injustice to the individual, and bad discipline to everybody else. In our own day there is talk about Malthusian notions, and a popular conception of Mr. Malthus as unlike as can well be to what Mr. Malthus was and taught; and it would be difficult to exaggerate the mischief done to the last and present generation by this piece of ignorance. The same practice has gone on for more than three centuries in regard to Machiavelli —perhaps with more warrant of truth, but with not less mischief to multitudes who have fancied themselves wise and virtuous in condemning and scorning a philosopher of whom they really knew nothing but the name. It is not our business here to discuss the real meaning of the disputed parts of his writings, on which critical readers

have differed widely. We have only to glance at the position and character of the man who is commonly regarded as the first specimen of the new order of Political Philosophers.

Machiavelli was born in 1469, of an old and noble Florentine family, whose destiny and character determined those of Nicolo, before he was born. Thirteen of them had been governors, and fifty-three had been heads of monastic establishments: they had been banished from Florence, in the adverse turns of politics among the Italian States; and they had witnessed every conceivable play of bad passions in government and war. Nicolo came forward into life and office with these notions of mankind in his head; he had to deal with some of the worst men, in an age when political accomplishment was supposed to mean sharp practice covered by smooth manners. It is remarkable that in his writings should be found some of the highest views in politics, and some of the most benevolent aspirations that have ever been penned; while it is far from strange that, in writing for the Borgias on the art of ruling in their age, he should have recommended as good policy, or allowed as a necessity, kinds and degrees of bad faith which are as revolting to us now in theory, and when we observe them anywhere in operation, as the old practices of crucifying disobedient slaves, and making slaves of prisoners of war. Machiavelli went on five missions to France, with his mind full of the apprehension that France would swamp the liberties of Tuscany. He was three months in close consultation with Cæsar Borgia; and his letters show that it was a case of diamond cut diamond. Two of the acutest men of their age were day and night trying to circumvent each other; and this was the sort of statesmanship which was going on everywhere, from his youth up. It is no small proof of his sagacity that he discerned how far preferable was honest good government to anything he saw. He said that governing by Law was as much better than governing by Force, as men were better than beasts. He believed that the first object, in his time, was to secure stability,—be the government what it might: but not the less did he declare in his writings that the best stability was in the attachment of the people to their prince; the next, that of custom, under an established dynasty; and far below these, the maintenance of a government by the strong hand. He said, in playful conversation, that if he had taught princes how to control their people, he had also done his best to encourage the people not to let their princes oppress them too far. He was disgusted at the practice of employing mercenaries in the conflicts of the Italian States, by which the advantage was given to anybody who had a long purse: and he strove to put an end to the evil doings of a hired soldiery, brought from over the frontier, by raising a militia, and fostering in them a patriotic spirit. All the while, he was thinking. He studied politics in history, and read Livy as no man before him had done, and made Tacitus his model in his book of "The Prince." When his time of disgrace and suffering arrived,—as it arrived sooner or later to every statesman in those days, he showed, in his correspondence, what was then the common notion of political service. He tells of his being imprisoned and put to the torture; and of the annoyance of hearing the screams of other tortured prisoners; and of his banishment to a country residence, where the dread of an ignominious poverty haunted him. These reverses befel him through the accession of the Medicis to the government of Tuscany; yet he hoped that they would give him office, and wrote his work, "The Prince," to remind them of his experience of fifteen years, and of his mastery of the philosophy of politics. He tells, in one of these letters, how he spends his day:—two hours in the wood in the morning, overlooking the woodmen, and bargaining, and hearing complaints about the sale of wood. Then he goes to the fountain, where the birds congregate, and reads some favourite poet, and dreams some poem of his own. Then he goes to the rural inn, and gossips till dinner-time, with passing travellers, of whom he makes a study. The family dinner is a frugal one, furnished by his little farm: and after it he goes again to the inn, and plays a game (not now understood) with the landlord and neighbours,—not without incessant disputes. Evening having come, he goes home, puts off his coarse rural disguise, dresses like a gentleman, and enters his library as a saloon in which he is to meet the best company. There he spends four hours in the most refined society in the world, forgets all his troubles, ceases to fear poverty or death, and utilises the discourse of departed sages, by making it a part of his own mind. In short, he wrote his political speculations and descriptions there; and used his works to recommend himself to the Medicis for employment. "The Prince" was not intended for publication, but for the private use of Lorenzo de Medici, to whom he offered it as the only tribute he had to give, while others presented jewels, horses, and precious stuffs. Some of the counsels it contains are golden; but their influence is spoiled by their association with other sections full of craft and of cynicism.

He employed and amused himself also in literature; but, when Lorenzo de Medici died, he was summoned to counsel again, and entrusted with various reforms and preparations for war. He discharged several missions to neighbouring states, and played the spy on the Emperor's movements on the other side of the mountains. He was subject to a stomach complaint, and at this time (1527) treated it himself, destroying himself by a mistake about his medicine. His age was fifty-eight. He died poor, and no special honours seem to have been paid to his memory till Earl Cowper, in 1787, obtained the erection of a monument in Florence to the first of the new order of great men—the Political Philosophers.

We must remember that the time had not come for a scientific or logical treatment of his subject, any more than for basing a theory of government on ethical principles. It was a great thing that Machiavelli caught and noted fine glimpses of noble truths, and that he was capable of far-reaching speculation, however desultory and partial. A political philosopher he was in a chaotic state of affairs, and if his political morality was postponed to considerations which would be in-

tolerable to us now, we must not judge him as if he had lived among responsible sovereigns and a free people.

The world was in a very different state when Montesquieu opened a new period (if, indeed, it was not the first period) of Political Philosophy. There was not much freedom existing anywhere so as to afford a study of various institutions, and his merit was not that of discovering principles from a wide range of facts. The time for that process had not arrived. But Montesquieu was the first to show mankind that the phenomena of political life, like all other phenomena, are subject to invariable laws. This is the great truth which brings after it all other political truth and wisdom. When it is fully understood everywhere, it will deprive self-willed tyrants of their hope and confidence, and it will create hope and confidence in the hearts and minds of nations. Up to Montesquieu's time, one or another politician had expressed some idea of society making progress ; but no one could give a reason for the notion ; and there was incessant dispute about the fact. When the philosopher had shown that after some things had happened others could not but happen, and from these others again, and that nothing had ever been known to happen otherwise than through some necessary conditions, people regarded the political world in quite a new light. Nations were no longer at the mercy of despots, if any desire of freedom was alive in them ; and any people might obtain freedom by seeking it in a sensible way. The same truth taught them how to learn the sensible way, and to satisfy themselves as to their own qualifications for conducting a good system. But the nation to which Montesquieu belonged did not understand him, and a century after his birth they were throwing away blessings which they were not yet wise enough to enjoy. Their own philosopher could have taught them that ; but he was, perhaps, the only great Frenchman whom his countrymen have failed to be proud of.

He was born in 1689. It will strike the reader that precisely a hundred years later is the date of the political code of principles which won all good hearts to the first French revolution, and which wise statesmen and philosophers still regard as the noblest political creed yet professed in the world. This is quite true. Montesquieu's countrymen did make such a proclamation a century after his death : but they were unfit for acting up to it, and they have never proved themselves worthy of it to this day. But if their great philosopher has not done much for them, he has for other peoples, and for the understanding of the human race at large. He proved that politics are a science, and that political life is naturally progressive. His "Spirit of Laws" is considered one of the three or four books which have educated the mind of Europe, within a century and a half, to a higher point than all other intellectual influences whatever. One of the others is Smith's "Wealth of Nations," which illustrates the steady operation of the natural laws which Montesquieu first pointed out in the province of politics. Montesquieu could not apply those laws to the explanation of facts. He had not got far enough for that : but Adam Smith could do that in the economical department of politics ; and France has yielded political writers abundantly able to use the great truth that Montesquieu disclosed.

He was of an old and noble family whose estates were near Bordeaux, and who had filled offices in the magistracy and in the local parliament for many generations. Charles, the philosopher, had an extraordinary taste for jurisprudence, in his very childhood, and his father believed he would be a great magistrate, in one way or another. He read the classics, and all voyages and travels that he could get hold of ; but his pleasure in them was greatest when he could learn from them something about the laws of different lawgivers and nations. He was incessantly studying the contradictions, and discovering the objects of the obscurest laws, and preparing himself for a great position in the Bordeaux parliament first, and for a higher function afterwards. He filled some local political and judicial posts when he was between twenty and thirty : and when he was thirty two he took the world by surprise with his "Persian Letters." Some persons still prefer that work to any other of his ; but we have here to do with his "Spirit of Laws," which cost him fourteen years of thought and pains, after his "Persian Letters" had given him a great reputation.

The "Persian Letters" contained abundance of sarcasm on the hollow glories of the reign of Louis XIV., which had just closed, and plenty of satire on the social vices which such a reign encourages ; but they manifested also a faith in the triumph of reason and right, an admiration for popular liberty, and a hearty concern for the best interests of society which prepared the mind of the few thoughtful readers, among the multitude who devoured the book, for what at length followed. One result of its popularity was that it decided its author to retire from his judicial office, and devote himself to study and writing. He quizzed the booksellers who, he declared, went about pulling by the sleeve every likely man they met with the petition, "Do write some Persian Letters for us ;" but the popularity itself was no joke to him, as it altered the course of his life. He showed, in a noble discourse before the parliament of Bordeaux, what he conceived to be the functions of the Bar and the Bench ; and he was not satisfied with his own discharge of them. His eyes served him soill that he could neither write nor read notes with any facility. He could not take the trouble to correct his broad provincial dialect. He was of a rather lumbering habit of thought, though quick and gay in wit and humour ; and he was so shy that, as he said, the mere feeling that anybody was listening to him put to flight all his ideas, tied his tongue, jumbled his words, and clouded his faculties, so that the very subject he had to speak upon vanished from his mind's eye. If all this was true, he was certainly not made to be a judge, and was wise to sell the place, as such offices were a matter of purchase and sale in those days. He sought a seat in the Academy, on devoting himself to a student life ; but certain priests protested against the admission of a satirist who had jested

about the sacred things of the Church. He was indignant, and declared that he would seek elsewhere the repose and appreciation which were denied him in his own country; but he also, by means which are differently represented, propitiated both Cardinal and King; and he delivered his inaugural address in the Academy in January 1728. Everything seemed now prepared for his saying, and the world hearing, what he had to utter on political philosophy; but he chose to travel first, and see for himself the real condition of people and their rulers in most of the countries of Europe. He began with Germany, and proceeded to Italy, Switzerland, Holland, and England. He had met Lord Chesterfield at Venice, and again at the Hague; and they were great friends; so that it was no wonder that he came to England, nor that, when here, his relish of our political institutions induced him to stay two years. There are traces of his presence in London society at that time. He was a member of the Royal Society; Queen Caroline distinguished him, undeterred by his absent manners, and appreciating the grace of his wit, and perhaps the force of his satire, whenever he rallied his faculties for conversation. One story is that when an anecdote was pressed upon him which he did not believe, and the bore who urged it said that, if his fact were not true, he would make Montesquieu a present of his head, the philosopher replied, "I accept it: these little presents keep up the warmth of friendship."

Within this century it has become known that Montesquieu wrote, either before or during his travels, a short treatise which he got printed in Holland, on the impossibility of any universal monarchy in Europe. He suppressed it, however, apprehending that it might be dangerous to show why no power could henceforth subjugate the various populations of Europe. He published instead, in 1734, his "Considerations on the Causes of the Greatness and the Decline of the Romans," which answered the purpose of showing that their feat of universal empire could never be repeated.

The subject had been often treated; but there was more to the purpose in Montesquieu's single volume than in all the one-sided views and random eloquence of his predecessors. Yet it was but one branch of the subject he was meditating, the greatness of which weighed upon his heart. Sometimes, as he tells us, he believed he was getting on by strides,—so clear was the truth he had to illustrate; while, at other times, he felt as if he should never move another step, under the burden of so vast a meaning as his book was to bear. He was anxious to be as brief and as emphatic as he could, in order to win readers; and this seems to be the reason why his style is far inferior to his subject. He was as fond of Tacitus as Machiavelli was; and he tried to imitate his style, without parting with his own French epigrammatic mode of expression. The result is a kind and degree of affectation displeasing to English taste; but the point of view attained in the "Spirit of Laws," the wealth of significance which it bears, and the noble spirit which breathes through it shame a l objections about minor matters. It is a remarkable circumstance that his own judgment of his work varied with his mood of mind up to a certain point, and then became fixed. He asked his honest friend Helvetius to read his manuscript, and tell him what he thought of it. Helvetius objected to several things, and especially the main doctrine of the treatise. Indeed, he thought so ill of the work that he dared not, for some time, say what he thought,—that Montesquieu would lose reputation entirely by it; and he secretly consulted Saurin (author of "Spartacus"), who was exactly of his opinion.

It is amusing to read now the letter of Helvetius to Saurin, in which he says that they need not fear offending Montesquieu, who will answer their remonstrances with witticisms, and go his own way; that it is useless to hope to turn him out of the way of destruction; but that it is a duty to themselves to take care that, when the day of ruin overtakes him, he shall have no cause to blame his friends for want of warning. Montesquieu's reply to his critic was that he now perceived the work was in advance of his generation, and he must issue it according to his own views; and he had now come to the end of his vacillations about it. It was published in 1748; and within a year and a-half it had gone through twenty-two editions at Paris, and was translated into almost every European language. Men of literary curiosity relished it mightily. Horace Walpole, for instance, calls it "the best book that ever was written." Men of kindly sentiment enjoy its genial and hopeful spirit. But it required a philosopher to see its true significance, in discovering the relations of politics to science. It is easily criticised, for some of its views as well as its style; but its radical thought,—that political phenomena are subject to natural laws,—placed its author at once above all his predecessors in his province of study.

In seven years he was dead. He died of inflammatory fever, in thirteen days,—aware of his danger throughout, and with all his faculties in their natural vigour, as far as could be seen by his fencing with the Jesuits who came about him as he was dying. "You know," said one of them, in administering the viaticum, "how great God is." "Oh, yes," replied he, "and how small men are."

It is not difficult to account for Montesquieu's great work having been most valued in England and least in France. In spite of the dozens of editions demanded at Paris, the book failed to modify French thought; and political speakers and writers went on romancing the more, as the revolution drew on, about the first principles which they derived from imagination, or from a poetical view of the events of history. In England, the bent of the national mind was favourable to Montesquieu's method of studying the wide range of facts of social experience, in order to ascertain from them the laws which governed them, and which must govern the history yet to be enacted.

When the "Spirit of Laws" appeared, Edmund Burke was under twenty years old, but quite wise enough to enjoy and profit by it. We may fairly suppose that he did, not only because every student of politics read it, but also from the

character of Burke's first publication, — the "Vindication of Natural Society," which pretended to be written by Lord Bolingbroke. Burke was then only six-and-twenty; but he had made up his mind, which he never changed, against the *à priori* method in political philosophy, which he was to see reach such a height of mischievous absurdity in the French Revolution. It is true, we of another century may think that Burke carried his reverence for natural laws of society into superstition when he discouraged action, and admired passive waiting on the course of human affairs. It is true, we may see how unwelcome his incessant announcements of the results of his reasonings were in parliament, where the members were divided between poetical and sympathetic enthusiasm about the metaphysics and sentiment of French politics and the hard dry notions of practical politics which prevailed under an ignorant and wilful king and a Tory party at which the country would blush at this day. It is true, Burke left no great single work, general in its character, and thorough in its treatment of a province of philosophy; but yet he was a representative man in political philosophy. He united in himself the intuitive perception of general truths which some persons suppose to constitute a proof of first principles, with the clear and constant conviction that the search for first principles in politics is as mischievous as vain. While Montesquieu's countrymen were preaching away about social contracts and savage states of society, and natural social rights, and personifying abstractions of any sort that pleased their fancy, Burke,—the born-poet, the man of imagination, fancy, sympathy, which so abounded in him that he might have swamped the whole supply paraded by the French revolutionists,—this fervent speaker, who might have beaten all the metaphysicians and all the political discoverers with their own weapons, never ceased his exhortations to legislators and society to abide by facts, and to reason from known particular facts to the ascertainable general facts which we call laws. We cannot regard Burke as the founder of a school, or the discoverer of any new department of politics: but he was a teacher whose wisdom will drop into many minds of each generation for long years, perhaps centuries, to come. No one can travel in America without being struck with the veneration in which Burke's utterances are held there. The fact is singular, considering the metaphysical quality of American politics, from Burke's time to the present; but it shows what his sympathy with revolutionary France might have been if he had not been guarded by an early recognition of the true character of political philosophy,—derived, perhaps, in great measure, from Montesquieu. The prevalent character of political speculation in France at this day enhances the delight of the study of Burke, in whom we find all the ideality of the metaphysical school, together with the sound wisdom—the intense common sense—of the higher and humbler students who are thankful to learn from a wide range of events, rather than from a group of notions fetched from out of their own brains.

Those who are old enough to have seen how the House of Commons looked while Sir James Mackintosh was speaking, can bear witness that our legislature has no real and permanent antipathy to political philosophers. Too much of the conduct of our parliament looks like it; and it will be an undying tradition that the House emptied when Burke spoke, while it has never failed to rally to hear the coarsest libeller who will amuse it with personalities, provided he has sufficient smartness. Yet a metaphysician and a man of speculative genius may win homage, in spite of his strongest qualifications, if he can gratify his hearers with some others. They listened eagerly whenever Mackintosh spoke, though he was first known as a political philosopher. He does not, however, belong to my subject, for he was by no means a representative man in political philosophy. Neither can we assign that character to our benefactor, Mr. Hallam, substantial and invaluable as are his services. He has promoted political thought among us by enabling the present generation to understand the constitution under which they live. His statements instruct us; his reasonings enlighten us; and his inferences set us thinking: but his function has been only critical. He may, probably, have helped to make some future political philosopher; but he was not himself one of the supreme sages of the order.

As France has supplied a science of History to the nineteenth century, so she has perhaps supplied the purest example of a political philosopher. De Tocqueville answers more entirely to the description than any other man of our time; and not the less, if his function was rather to illustrate the operation of known laws than to make discoveries of new ones. Born into a position (like that of Machiavelli and of Montesquieu), favourable to observation without passion or prejudice, De Tocqueville looked out upon social life with a fine faculty of insight into its workings, and a kindly heart, sensitive to the present troubles and the future dangers of society. His life was distinguished accordingly by his emphatic warnings of the near relationship of democratic equality to subjugation under a despotism, while his cautions were rendered trustworthy by his hearty appreciation of the blessings of genuine freedom.

His misfortune was his French tendency to a logical treatment of an idealised theme. It was this which obstructed the effect of his "Democracy in America" upon the people of the United States. The Americans have no sort of objection to even an *à priori* handling of political doctrine (witness their own Declaration of Independence). However it may be with their responsible statesmen, the reading public there is certainly favourable to an idealising and metaphysical treatment of any subject,—and of politics among the rest; but De Tocqueville's procedure was rather too plain before their eyes. He saw few people, he did not go southwards beyond Washington, and conversed very little; and the remark was that his book might have been written in his own library, without the trouble of the voyage. He himself declared that he had wrought out his exposition from the scantiest supply of facts, just as Cuvier would have elaborated an entire unknown animal from the aspect of a tooth. It is true, there was too

much assumption of the infallible working of known laws, without doubt or distrust as to the intervention of anything unexpected; and the usefulness of his work among a people singularly in need of it has been restricted accordingly; but not the less has De Tocqueville been, for thirty years, up to the time of his lamented death in 1859, the representative political philosopher of the time. This philosophy was his pursuit, his engrossing interest, the proper field of his genius, and the natural channel for both his patriotism and his general benevolence. At the same time, it enhanced instead of mitigating the great grief of his life,—the suppression of liberty in his own country. His thorough understanding of the causes of the submission of France to the existing despotism aggravated his keen sense of the calamity; and his hopelessness of the course of affairs cast a deep shadow over the last years of his life.

He was descended from an old and noble family in Normandy. Louis XVIII. restored the title of Count to his father, and it is still borne by his elder brother; but Alexis never adopted it, having, as he said, no inclination to accept a distinction which had for ever lost the characteristic of honour which made titles worth having. He was ten years old when the First Empire closed at the battle of Waterloo. During the subsequent Bourbon reigns he was diligently prosecuting his education, and on reaching manhood ranged himself with the liberal party, clearly anticipating the downfal of the Bourbons. He regarded the accession of the Orleans family and policy as only a new stage in the revolution, because he saw that there was no preparation of the mind of the French people for withstanding the despotism which inevitably accompanies an immature growth of democracy. In 1831 he went to America, and in his work on "Democracy in America" he gave utterance, in a philosophical form, to his clear views of the prospects of his own and every other country in which the democratic principle has established itself unwatched and unchecked by political philosophy incorporated with practice. He was almost as much at home in England as in France, and his hopes found a resting-place in the sound quality and natural growth of English liberties. Such comfort as he experienced, as a political philosopher, during the last depressed years of his life, were derived from our country; and this should be at once an admonition and an encouragement to us to take heed to the lessons and the prophecies of the one political sage of our times.

It is plain to all eyes that the lesson is needed. Everybody is aware that the present condition of politics cannot last. In the absence of political parties marked by oppositions of principles, we are halting between two opinions in a way which can bring nothing but disaster. A democratic tendency is now universal, and cannot be arrested; and to ignore it in the freest country in the world is fatal folly. It is not to be expected, especially in England, that practical statesmen should be political philosophers. Ours are not, and do not pretend to be so. But they might look for guidance in the wisdom of those who are; and this is what no statesman of any party is at present doing. The existing and all recent parliaments have displayed an insensibility to the situation which De Tocqueville could have shown them, and which his works do show, to be very perilous; and the elements of discontent which are gathering outside of political expression are, as he would avouch, more dangerous than any mode of expression that they could find under the forms of the constitution. It is by bad faith and ignorant levity that they have been excluded: and it is only a question of time whether the enlarged franchises and reforms now for some time due shall be obtained with such safety and tranquillity as may still be possible, or be imperiously demanded by an exasperated popular will which shall overbear, more perilously than thirty years ago, the power of resistance rightfully belonging to the classes who ought to be the exemplars of the cultivated intelligence of the country. After all parties have agreed that there has been a great advance in the intelligence of the people, and that that intelligence is a sound title to a share in political counsel and action, it is rash in the extreme to delay the admission on false pretences, or by catching at accidents, at home and abroad. If De Tocqueville were among us now, there is no doubt what his opinion of our present parliament would be, and his writings ought, by this time, to have made our rulers wiser than they are. We may hope that the people of England will yet cause his name and fame to be honoured among us as they deserve. Harriet Martineau.

THE HARVEST MOUSE (MUS MESSORIUS OR MUS MINUTUS.)

Many persons would be surprised if they were told that a new quadruped had, within some few years past, been discovered in this island; and yet it is so. Mr. White of Selborne was the person to do this, and his researches were rewarded by his introducing to naturalists the harvest mouse, certainly the smallest four-footed animal we have. We will proceed to give some account of it, and it will be found from its manner of life that it is possessed of equal sagacity with the larger kinds.

We have stated that Mr. White was the first person to bring these animals into notice, although from the account he has published in his charming "Natural History of Selborne," he was evidently ignorant of many of their habits. We will endeavour to supply this deficiency, and the account may prove interesting to those who are little acquainted with the animal in question.

The length of the harvest mouse, including the tail, is four inches. Its colour a beautiful reddish yellow on the back and sides, the whole of the under parts being a pure white. The head is small, the nose sharp, the eyes large and prominent and jet black. The whiskers are numerous but weak, ears short, the fore-feet small, with four toes and a rudimentary thumb. The nails are long in proportion, and with them the animal firmly holds its food, and conveys it to his mouth. The hind feet are much longer and stronger, having five distinct toes, long and covered with fine hair to the nails. The tail is equal in length to the body, prehensile, thus greatly assisting them when climbing amongst the grass. Weight, two penny weights

and eighteen grains. All the movements of this little creature are agile and graceful. When seated on their hind legs they are capable of extending the body to a considerable angle like the kangaroos.

A nest, containing a female and three young ones, was taken in a hay-field in the month of June. The young were apparently about a month old. They were all placed in a cage, where the young ones grew rapidly, and in a short time could feed themselves, although the mother continued to suckle them. They were the most playful, as well as diminutive of all quadrupeds, being in constant motion during their hours of exercise, climbing about the wires of their cage, and holding by their prehensile tails, frequently hanging by one foot and the tail. They sometimes fed during the middle of the day, but more generally in the evening, at which time they are most active between the hours of nine and eleven, and perhaps most part of the night. In their gambols the eye can scarcely follow them, such is the rapidity of their motions, for they dart like lightning, scarcely appearing to touch the ground. Their cage

was six inches high from the bottom to the top wires, and it was a favourite exercise to leap from the bottom to the top, in the same manner as the leopards and tigers in confinement. This feat was done by all in succession, as if they were following their leader. When the height of the animal and the spring are taken into consideration, it may be considered enormous, being twelve times as high as itself. They are fond of canary seed, barley, bread or biscuit. They drink frequently, by lapping like a dog. In their state of freedom, the pearly dewdrops must be their beverage, as the fields where they were taken are dry, having no water of any kind.

The nest of this pretty little animal is made of grass, formed into a ball about the size of a cricket-ball, and is suspended on a plant about five inches from the ground, sometimes, as Mr. White informs us, on the head of a thistle. He also says that it is so compact and well placed, that it will roll across the table without being discomposed, though it contains eight little mice that are naked and blind. As the nest which he saw was perfectly full, Mr. White asks how could

the dam come to her young, so as to administer a teat to each? Perhaps she opens different places for that purpose, adjusting them again when the business is over; but she could not possibly be contained herself in the ball with her young, which, moreover, would be daily increasing in bulk. This wonderful procreant cradle, an elegant instance of the efforts of instinct, was found in a wheat-field, suspended in the head of a thistle. In winter, the little animal burrows deep into the ground, and makes a warm bed of grass. Edward Jesse.

TOWN TRANSIT—THE AIR LINE.

We have had propositions of various kinds to facilitate passenger traffic in our streets—railways on the street-level—railways below the streets—and railways over the house-tops. We have, moreover, the electric telegraph, supposed to dispense with both letters and persons in the way of communicating intelligence. But, strange to say, even the telegraph people themselves, in the dispatch of their own business, found that their public scheme of word-transit would not answer their private purpose. So they revived on a small scale the proposition of the engineer Vallance, for a tube to carry passengers between London and Brighton by means of air pressure, but substituting the natural pressure of air behind by an exhaust in front, instead of direct pressure by mechanism behind. "Better lead than drive," is an old proverb, and the air and the donkey are alike in this respect, for the air sets up a great resistance to being *forced* through a tube, but is very amenable to suction.

Coleridge, in the "Ancient Mariner," asks,

> Why drives on that ship so fast,
> Without or wave or wind?

And the answer given is—

> The air is cut away before,
> And closes from behind.

With all due submission to the poet, there was no marvel in this case; it was wind—and nothing but wind—caused by the air rushing to supply the vacuum.

The electric people laid down, from one office to another, a lead pipe some two inches in diameter, with an air-pump attached at the delivery end. The pipe passed downwards under the street, up again, and the open end curled over the office desk. A short cartridge-looking case with an opening at the side, to contain a roll of paper, being put into the pipe, and the pump set to work to exhaust in front of it, created sufficient vacuum to cause a rush of air and wind behind, and propel the cartridge like a bullet through a gun-barrel till it fell out on the desk where it was wanted.

To do this on a larger scale simply needed a larger pump or exhaust. But people did not contemplate a tube large enough for passengers, and so Mr. Clegg devised a method of driving a piston in a long pipe with a side slit to connect the piston with a train of carriages, closing it with a leathern valve and a coating of waxen salve. This was put in practice on a steep curving line of railway called the Dalkey, about a mile in length, joining the Dublin and Kingstown. A single carriage worked in this way brought passengers on to the line and took them to the top of a breezy hill by this kind of air-rope, which did not pay by itself, but served as an attraction to make the main line pay. The late Mr. Brunel was encouraged by this to make the South Devon line full of steeps and curves, and applied the system, but it failed at a great loss to the shareholders. It was again tried on the Croydon line, and again failed. The leakage at the long side-valve was fatal. Had the poet stood by the side of it, he would have found that the cutting the air away before did indeed cause a "rush," not merely behind, but sideways. It would have pulled in a truss of straw, had there been room, or a dog's leg, or a small child, or any moveable lying at hand, not too large or too heavy. It would have carried off every note in the Bank of England—both "stiff" and "flimsy"—and tried hard at the "blunt." But the pumps had to work so hard to keep down the leak that it would not pay, and so, one fine morning, the manager caused the whole of the pipes to be pulled up and the pumps to be pulled down, and there was an end of it.

It has been revived again by Mr. Rammell, under the name of the Pneumatic Dispatch. He has got together a company with men in it who have known something of business—the Marquis of Chandos and Captain Huish, so long on the North-Western Line, and a sample has been laid down at Battersea. But in this case the vehicles are put inside the tube, which is thirty inches in diameter, and so form the piston.

The tubes are of cast iron, and are laid with ascents and descents of one in twenty-two and one in twenty-five, and with very sharp curves. The exhaust is produced by a fan of large diameter. When nearly at the end the carriages are turned by the rails into a separate tube with atmospheric air in it, which is compressed by the momentum, and forms a buffer. Just at the time the carriages stop, they touch a trigger, which throws open the door at the end of the tube, and then the carriages run out into the open air.

Without at present entering into the cost of power, there is no doubt that the plan is effective, and effective under very unfavourable circumstances of trial, the friction being far greater than is needed, and the fit of the vehicle in the tube being far from so accurate as it might be. Moreover the test in a small tube is much more severe than in a large one.

The pressure obtained was about 40 lbs. to the square foot, and the area is about five square feet; the speed was about fifteen miles per hour.

With this arrangement transit over the house-tops becomes practicable. A tube of wrought iron plate to carry a carriage eight feet square, or sixty-four square feet of section, might be constructed, weighing about 12 cwt. per yard, run, at a cost of about 12,000*l.* per mile, and this tube might be glazed with small pieces of plate glass, so as to give ample light. A carriage carrying 50 passengers would weigh about 3 cwt. per foot run, or a total of 4½ tons. Thus 200

passengers on a train over a street of 120 feet wide, would only be 18 tons, or one-third the weight of a large locomotive and tender, and the power required to draw it on the level would only be about 250 lbs., or 4 lbs. per foot of area. At a maximum pressure of 40 lbs. per foot a train of 1200 passengers might be taken.

The advantages of such a system would be easy and sheltered, yet light, transit, with perfect ventilation and freedom from dust, smoke, or vapour. The disadvantages would be "such a getting up stairs." But this might be alleviated by mechanical lifts, performed by the same engines used to obtain the vacuums. Whether the houses would be strong enough to carry the load, and whether the owners would demand too much rent, are other questions. The question of noise does not raise a difficulty, for the movement might be almost noiseless. The safety would be absolute. There would neither be engines to explode or run into trains a-head, nor trains to get off the line.

It is a question of cost, but it would be difficult to make it cost so much as portions of the Blackwall line.

Anyhow, the air line is as much a practical thing as the telegraph over the house-tops, and only a question of cost and ownership.

And, if an underground line is a necessity, the iron tube air-worked is the only plan of wholesome transit.

W. Bridges Adams.

GUILBERT FITZ-RICHARD.

A.D. 1070.

A Song of a Saxon Gleeman.

"One alone amongst all the Conqueror's train claimed neither lands, nor gold, nor women: he was named Guilbert Fitz-Richard. He said that he had accompanied his lord into England, because such was his duty, and that he was not to be tempted by stolen property, but would return into Normandy to live on his own patrimony."

Augustin Thierry's "Norman Conquest."

I.

The Saxon folk were scatter'd like chaff before the wind,
With the good greenwood before them and Norman knights behind;
Their Leofrics and Edrics, with blue eyes and golden hair,
Were flying for dear life to couch with the wild beast in his lair.

II.

The Norman Jongleurs flouted them with gay songs to Norman lyres,
What time, as serfs, the Saxons tilled lands won by Saxon sires;
Their daughters dear were led away, as the Saxon annal saith,
By Norman squires, poor lemans fair, that wept and prayed for death.

III.

The stalwart sons of Saxon earls the Norman sold for slaves,
To his Lacys and De Bracys, Montmesnils and De Graves,
Those beggar knights of Normandie, whose fee was sword in hand,
Spread, since the fight of Hastings, like wolves throughout the land.

IV.

The wailing wife who wept her lord at the rout of Hastings slain,
Sword at her throat, was wedded to some churl of William's train,
Ennobled for a bowman's deed done at that bitter fight,
This churl knelt down a bowman and rose up a belted knight.

* * * *

V.

Now glory unto Guilbert, De Chesney's stout esquire,
Whose iron arm at Hastings was never known to tire,
Who loved his lord, and followed him for the love of chivalrie
To the good green fields of England from pleasant Normandie.

VI.

No spoiler he, no ravisher—upon his blade no blood,
Save that of Saxon foemen in honest fight that stood;
Our franklins honoured Guilbert, in our anger's hot despite,
So gentle after conquest, so valiant in the fight.

VII.

No Saxon mother could to him her suckling's slaughter trace,
By him no father tore his beard for a daughter's foul disgrace;
Quoth Guilbert, "Spoil I seek not, nor land, nor lady fair,—
The fight is done, the Norman's won, and home will I repair.

VIII.

"Oh! dearer far than English land, though fair its meads they be,
Are the hills, and heaths, and sunny slopes of distant Normandie,
And dearer is my sunburnt maid in a grey old Norman tower,
Than the daintiest dame of Sussex with her broad lands for a dower.

IX.

"I followed thee, De Chesney; my duty I have done;
Knight, give me back my fealty, and let me now be gone
To the land where first I drew my breath — that grey tower by the sea,
Where a maiden's weeping half the day in her weary watch for me."

X.

"What!" said the haughty Norman, "and dost thou look so low?
And wouldst thou yield to baser hands what well thou'st won, I trow?
Nay! in this land God gave us and our trusty Norman swords,
Dwell—see thy children's children these Saxon varlets' lords."

XI.

"Nay!" quoth the gentle Guilbert, "by Him that died on cross,
If I could gain all Sussex soil, I'd count it but a loss,
If far away from hope and home for life I so must be,
Far from that Norman maiden who pledged her troth to me."

XII.

God's blessing on thee, Guilbert, a fair wind speed thee home!
Skim like a sea-mew, Norman bark, across the yeasty foam;
And when the news to England comes that Guilbert's knell doth toll,
Each Saxon priest free mass shall sing for gentle Guilbert's soul!

W. B. B. Stevens.

HER MAJESTY'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATED ON THE PEAK OF TENERIFFE.

On her voyage home from China, Her Majesty's ship Fury touched at Teneriffe, and the captain with some of the officers determined to celebrate the Queen's birthday on the summit of the famous Peak, while at the same time the usual honours were being paid on board the ship. Accordingly a party, consisting of Captain Bedford Pim, Lieutenant Perceval, Lieutenant Godfrey, Royal Marines, Lieutenant Gordon Stuart, St. Helena Regiment, and T. E. Boileau, Esq., started from Santa Cruz at 11 a.m. on Wednesday, May 22nd, 1861, *en route* for Orotava, from whence the ascent of the Peak must be made.

Laguna, the capital of the island, was reached at 12·30, after which the aspect of the country gradually improved, until at Suazal, which is about half way, the valley of Orotava opened upon the view, displaying scenery the beauty of which it would be difficult to exaggerate. At Suazal it is the custom to rest the horses and take dinner, which is served in the old Spanish fashion; the party, however, by a great effort persuaded the cook to forego the usual bountiful allowance of garlic. From Santa Cruz to Suazal there is an excellent, broad, macadamised road, but from the latter place to Orotava it is nothing but up hill and down dale, with very sharp curves at the bottom, round which the coach is driven at ful gallop. The team, generally mules, require more attention than the coachman alone can give, and therefore a boy is employed to run alongside the animals, thrash them, clear them, and make himself generally useful. When the speed is considerable he seizes a trace, and contrives to keep pace with his charge until going slowly again. On the present occasion the lad unfortunately tripped, fell under the mules, was kicked by the near wheeler, and then the fore wheel passed over him. The coach was, of course, stopped as quickly as possible and the boy picked up; the poor fellow was severely injured; he was carried to the nearest house, where his wounds were bound up, after which the carriage pushed on, some of the party walking, so as to give him plenty of room. Finally he was lodged in the hospital, and a handsome subscription collected, the doctor asserting that the cure would be rapid and complete.*

* "The little boy is all right again, and, though still in bandages, has returned to his duties. He expresses much gratitude for the generous relief left for him in my hands But, from his way of taking the matter, I fear he will, or, at least, may be, killed outright the next time British officers go to Orotava, as he will certainly fling himself under the carriage wheels."—Letter from Mr. Consul Johnston, dated July 13, 1861.

La Puerto de Orotava was reached at 7·30, and very good accommodation obtained at the fonda or inn situated in the Plaza.

The town of Orotava, or "La Villa," is built some distance up the valley, while the port, or "El Puerto," is of course on the coast; from either place the ascent can be made, but the Puerto is generally chosen because an English gentleman (Mr. Goodall) residing there takes pleasure, in the kindest and most disinterested manner, in making all the arrangements necessary to insure the comfort and success of his countrymen.

At 10 in the evening the party were gratified by a full view of the magnificent Peak. The clouds had dispersed, leaving a brilliantly clear sky overhead, while the full moon illumined a scene scarcely to be surpassed.

The forenoon of the following day (23rd) was spent in necessary preparation, and at 3·45 p.m. the travellers left the Puerto, and almost immediately commenced ascending. The cavalcade had quite an imposing appearance, each horseman having a native in attendance, as also a man for each baggage mule, while a guide in his picturesque mantle headed the procession.

The baggage consisted of two barrels of water, corn for the horses, food, wine, fireworks, and warm clothing. Hard boiled eggs, fowls, and bread formed the staple of the eatables; coffee, wine, brandy, with champagne for the Queen's health, the drinkables; the fireworks were from China; the warm clothing consisted of coats, blankets, and wrappers to keep out the cuttingly cold wind.

The afternoon was warm, thermometer 84°; but very soon after leaving El Puerto the temperature cooled, and by 5·15 it was 68°, at which time the last village was passed. Nothing could be more rugged and toilsome than the road; in many places, after winding about for an hour, not more than a mile was gained. At 6·30 the ultima thule of cultivation was reached, and the party found themselves fairly enshrouded in the clouds, when a halt was called, and additional clothing put on, the temperature 58°, and heavy drizzle falling. A Spanish scarecrow loomed gigantically through the mist from the last patch of cultivation, and proved to be the last vestige of civilisation.

It was still light at 7·30 when the moon rose, the horses therefore were enabled to pick their way; but how they managed to keep their footing was a marvel, the track being of the very worst. At length, soon after 8, the glad tidings that half the journey had been accomplished was announced, temperature 42°. Hardly had this good news been imparted when the clouds and mist assumed a gauze-like fineness, through which the party soon penetrated, and a scene lay before them which called forth the involuntary admiration of every one, and caused the toil of the ascent to be forgotten in a moment. Below, to the northward, the clouds rolled along like hummocky ice-fields, while a magnificent lunar rainbow spanned that part of the heavens; above, the sky was cloudless, brilliant with stars and full moon; right in front was "the Peak" rearing upwards, its gigantic form so clear and well defined, that it

was difficult to believe it out of reach, while to the right and left lay immense blocks of rock in every conceivable form as far as the eye could reach.

After various rhapsodies had been indulged in, the horses again scrambled forward about half-a-mile, when the Estancia de la Sierra was reached, and an hour's rest and refreshment taken by man and beast—temperature $38\frac{1}{2}°$.

Several attempts were made to sketch the scene from this bivouac. The outline, indeed, of the noble peak was obtained, but the lunar rainbow, stratum of clouds, bright sky, wild and picturesque groups of men and horses round the fire, with the background of rugged rocks heaped into all sorts of fantastic shapes, proved too much for the artists, who were fain to carry off only an indelible impression on their minds.

About ten the cavalcade again proceeded and now found the road much better, leading over an extensive plain of pumice, which reaches quite to the base of the peak. This pumice has all the appearance of a light-coloured gravel, and is simply the congealed froth or foam of the volcano. It has probably been thrown down in a shower, and subsequently huge masses of slag have been sprinkled over it in every direction, the dark colour of which contrasts strongly with the reflected light of the pumice gravel upon which it rests.

Over these plains the horses made good progress, passing several patches of snow, and after resting a few minutes at the foot of the peak commenced

the ascent of that "mountain on top of a mountain." Scrambling, rolling and pitching, in a manner which rendered it difficult to keep the saddle, the party toiled upwards, and at length reached the "Estancia de los Ingleses" or resting-place of the English; much to the delight of the English, at least.

It was now eight minutes past midnight, and therefore the commencement of her Majesty's natal day, the announcement of which was received in a truly British manner, although the cheers in that rarified atmosphere were by no means so resounding as they would have been in the foggy climate of dear old England. The preparations were soon completed for the display of fireworks, which were pronounced "magnifico!" by the muleteers and guide. Fortunately the clouds cleared away, and the shoulder of the peak, illuminated by various coloured fires, was seen and admired by the people 10,000 feet below, and for many miles round. The inhabitants of the quiet valley of Orotava will therefore most probably remember the day of the month on which her Majesty the Queen of England was born. At 2·30 the horses were again mounted and urged upwards, and after a nervous and most uncomfortable ride reached Alta Vista at a quarter past three. This small level spot, beyond which neither horses nor mules can go, was the site of Professor Smythe's observatory, the walls of which are fast falling to decay; here every vestige of vegetation ceases, and the thermometer having reached freezing point, with

a fresh S.W. wind blowing, it proved but a bleak resting-place. Accordingly the horses were immediately sent down again to the Estancia de los Ingleses, while the party lost no time in completing the last 1000 feet of ascent. If the road was bad before, it was ten times worse now. Each one had to look out for himself, scrambling and jumping over sharply pointed blocks of slag of every conceivable size and shape, to the serious detriment of cuticle. At last, however, this gymnasium was cleared, as also some patches of hard snow, when the travellers found themselves at the foot of the cone, composed of ashes and scoriæ, which forms the true summit of Teneriffe. To climb this proved no easy job, its moveable surface being held so loosely together as to yield readily at each footstep; however, about half-way up, the pumice-gravel gave place to a more solid footing, and a little more patience and perseverance enabled the party to gain the top just before the sun rose. The daylight had been spreading upwards, and to the right and left, for some time previously to the advent of the great luminary, therefore every one was prepared for his appearance; but imagination fell far short of the reality, when the huge disc of a blood-red colour was observed to rise majestically from the ocean and assume the command of day. Turning round from the contemplation of this glorious scene, another scarcely less wonderful struck every one with astonishment; this was the shadow of the gigantic peak stretching away upwards of fifty miles, and partly eclipsing the isle of Gomera. This monster shadow, the largest in the world, was defined so clearly that one of the party waved his cap on the edge of the crater in the hope of seeing the action reflected, after the manner of the human figure on the summit of the Brocken, the loftiest of the Hartz mountains, but the closest scrutiny failed to detect any corresponding movement. It was a wonderful sight, standing on the highest pinnacle of the great peak, 12,200 feet above the sea, to look down upon the panorama of the eastern part of the island, bathed in the glow of the rising sun, while all to the westward, including the greater portion of the island of Gomera, was wrapped in the deepest gloom.

The summit of the peak is simply the edge of the wall, forming the crater, and is therefore very narrow, so much so, indeed, that only one person can stand on the extreme top at a time. The brim of the crater is not horizontal, like that of Fayal, but dips to the southward as much as 45°; all action has long ceased, and now hardly a wreath of escaping smoke is perceptible, although the entire surface is caked with sulphur, and many fine crystals are lying about. A strong S.W. wind blowing keenly, with a temperature below freezing, stagnated the blood of all the party, so long used to the warmth of the tropics, and compelled them to seek shelter under the lee of the summit-blocks, where, in a short time, circulation was restored; rather too quickly, indeed, as was proved by the captain's inexpressibles, the seat of which was completely burnt through. It appeared that all over the top, at less than two inches below the surface, the temperature was above boiling point, the bulb of a thermometer just placed in the ground caused the quicksilver to rise immediately to the top of the scale, and the tube would have been broken had it not been instantly removed. After this caution, every one, as may readily be imagined, moved about with extreme care, visions of boiled travellers rising vividly to the mind's eye.

The clouds which the party passed through on the ascent quite dispersed as the sun arose, leaving hill and valley, cultivated ground and barren ridge very distinct, so much so, that some one declared he could see the "Fury" in Santa Cruz Roads—quite possible, with the aid of a good glass. The view was lovely and most extensive, the visible horizon being 140 miles distant, Gomera, Herro and Palma plainly visible to the south and west, while to the north and east only the summit of Gran Canaria could be seen rising through the masses of clouds which obscured the low lands; these clouds in several places rested on the bosom of the ocean, and looked exactly like floes of rugged ice in the Arctic Regions.

Having thoroughly enjoyed the glorious prospect on every side, the party now prepared for the grand ceremonial of the day: the champagne bottles were produced, and the popping of the corks proved that the cold had not impaired the vigour of the wine, which was drunk with the heartiest good wishes for the health, welfare, and long life of the Sovereign Lady of England; the cheers, as mentioned before, were not so lusty as could have been wished, owing to the difficulty of respiration at such a height. The natives, who had also ascended to the summit, were not forgotten, receiving each a bumper of champagne, which they drank, shouting *La Reyna d'Inglaterra*; and as soon as their cups were drained to the bottom, asked for more. Whether the enthusiasm of the English was catching, or whether they approved of the flavour of the wine, who shall say? Having collected a few specimens from the extreme top, consisting principally of crystals of sulphur, the descent was commenced, and effected with considerable expedition as far as the bottom of the cone, when the snow was once more crossed, and the lava field gained. Diverging to the right, ten minutes' scramble brought the party to the mouth of the celebrated ice cave, into which every one descended by a neat wooden ladder. The cave was small, with three outlets, running apparently into the bowels of the earth; the bottom was covered with solid ice, so that it was impossible to ascertain the depth. From the roof many icicles depended, while some large conical masses of drift snow were piled up in a line with the entrance. The temperature was 33°, but the atmosphere felt much warmer, being completely sheltered from the wind. From this cave the Teneriffians obtain their summer supply of ice, which is said to be inexhaustible; most probably it is a frozen spring.

Starting from the ice cave, the party pushed on to Alta Vista, and in little more than an hour after leaving the summit reached the ruins of Professor Smythe's Observatory. Some dried-up bushes grew in its vicinity, otherwise all was bleak and drear; but about 100 feet below a few peak violets were gathered, and every foot of descent gained the aspect of vegetation improved, while at the commencement of the Pumice Plains shrubs

appeared, and gradually heaths, arbutus, and Portugal laurel closely approaching small trees in size. The plains were reached at half-past eight, and the horses again mounted, this time with joy and thankfulness, for every one was very tired. Pushing on for Orotava, the Estancia de la Sierra was gained at ten, and a short halt called while the muleteers dispatched the débris of the provisions. Having satisfactorily concluded their operations, a final start was made for La Villa, which, being in the direct road to Santa Cruz, is a much better place to call at on the return journey than El Puerto: the carriage, therefore, had been ordered to wait at La Villa.

As mentioned before, the track from El Puerto was bad indeed, but that to La Villa was execrable; it could only be compared to a rut, into which huge pieces of rock had been sprinkled promiscuously; the horses, however, with marvellous sagacity, picked out their way, and kept their legs, so that no accident occurred. It should be remarked that, in general, bits are not used for the horses, but a sharp iron band across the nose does duty instead; it is not nearly so good as a bit for picking up a stumbling horse, because it bends the head down instead of elevating it; but on the whole, it appears to punish less than the heavy torture iron usually forced into the mouths of Spanish horses.

For upwards of two hours the track was of the vilest, but in spite of a powerful sun, was patiently jogged over. At length the party were cheered by signs of cultivation and a better path, and in process of time—namely, nearly two p.m.,—dismounted at the door of the Fonda, in La Villa, thoroughly tired, having been 22 hours scrambling amongst rocks, up hill and down dale, on foot and on horse-back, alternately wetted by the clouds, dried and frozen by the cold, nearly boiled by sulphur cauldrons, and finally stiffened and scorched by fatigue and a broiling sun.

Ablutions and a change of apparel proved somewhat refreshing, and the carriage being ready, the last half of the journey was commenced at 2·30, in the hope of arriving on board by sunset.

The time from La Villa to Santa Cruz may be said to have been spent in constant excitement. The poor boy, whose accident has been recorded above, had been pronounced out of danger; the coachman, therefore, was in the highest spirits, which he kept up to boiling point at each stopping-place, while narrating the boy's safety. As may readily be imagined, he soon became utterly reckless, and drove at full gallop, and, as it would be hard to find better cattle, the carriage flew along, down hill and round the curves, on two wheels. It was all the same, on went the vehicle as if bewitched, keeping its equilibrium by a miracle. When the curves failed, a large rock or other obstacle on the road was selected to drive over, and it was no fault of the driver that all his passengers were not shot out from their seats on more occasions than one. The fellow also amused himself by pointing out a brother coachman who had capsized the English consul. This worthy, on being interrogated at one of the stoppages, narrated the story with the most charming frankness. It appears that the English consul had offended the rascal, who therefore determined to do him to death; seizing, therefore, a favourable opportunity, the unfortunate consul was trundled over a deep curve by his friend the driver, but, *malgré* the odds, escaped with only a few bruises. The carriage rattled through Laguna at a gallop. Jehu would not abate his speed one jot, but, on the contrary, amused himself by shaving a camel, or grazing a house at the corner of a street, or avoiding children at play by a hair's breadth. Taking all the circumstances of the case into consideration, it will not be wondered at that when the driver called out "Here we are!" every one responded "Gracios a Dios!"

Thus ended a very pleasant trip to the Peak of Teneriffe, the more gratifying because the object for which it was undertaken was successfully carried

Tene. iffe, seen from the Sea.

out. The party were, undoubtedly, the *highest* of her Majesty's subjects on her birthday, and from no place, whether in or out of her dominions, did heartier good wishes for health, happiness, and long life emanate than from the summit of the highest "Peak" in the world.

On board the Fury also the occasion was improved to demonstrate the affection and respect universally felt by Englishmen for their Queen. The ship was dressed in mast-head flags, and each man had something—not champagne, however,—with which to drink long life and happiness to her Majesty, while, at noon precisely, a royal salute was fired. The Spanish authorities had been informed that every honour would be paid on the Queen of England's birthday by the man-of-war in the roads; an officer, therefore, was sent off to inquire the exact programme, as his Excellency

the Governor desired to make an equal demonstration on shore. Accordingly, as soon as the first gun was fired, the batteries commenced, and again at sunset, when another royal salute was fired from the ship it was echoed, gun for gun, from the town. The sunset salute was fired by the particular desire of the loyal "Furies"—absence, it is said, makes the heart grow fonder, and the Fury had been absent five years from home.

The number of guns fired in the combined salutes of noon and sunset make up the exact number of years of her Majesty's age—forty-two; may she live, at least, as many years as symbolised by the combined Spanish and English salutes—eighty-four!

At 2 A.M., 26th, the Fury terminated her visit to Santa Cruz, which was, and will continue to be, *couleur de rose* to all connected with it. The last of the glorious Peak was seen more than one hundred miles off, and it finally disappeared with the setting sun. B. Pim, Captain R.N.

CAGLIOSTRO.

The subject of my paper is probably the man of the last century who has most engaged the attention of writers in every branch of literature. In our day Dumas, the unapproachable, has made him the hero of a famous romance, while Carlyle has written many winged words about him. Other authors of lesser calibre have tried their hand with him, and at the first blush it might be supposed that a subject less promising for novelty could hardly have been selected. There is one side of Cagliostro's polygonal life (if I may use the term), however, which has not yet been duly regarded. Of the countless books published about him no two agree on simple facts: his birth, his influence, and even his swindling have been variously described. In this short sketch, in a word, I purpose to tell the truth about the arch impostor whose clumsy juggling makes one feel ashamed of one's ancestors for letting themselves be deluded by such transparent frauds. Frederick Bülau, in his celebrated work "Geheime Geschichten und räthselhafte Menschen," has completely succeeded in analysing the life of the great Copth, and the following details derived from his work, though they may prove disappointing, can be relied on for their accuracy.

Joseph Balsamo was born at Palermo on June 8, 1743, his father being a bankrupt bookseller, with a more than strong suspicion of Judaism about him. At the age of thirteen the lad was sent to the monastery of the Brothers of Mercy at Cartagirone, where he gained the affections of the frater apothecary, from whom he apparently acquired the elementary ideas he possessed on the various branches of medicine, which served him in good stead at a later date. During the lad's stay with the pious fathers, he caused them considerable annoyance, one of his favourite tricks which scandalised them greatly being to substitute the names of brigands and light women for those of the male and feminine saints mentioned in the chapter of the martyrology he had to read during supper. The result was, that Joseph was turned out without a character. On his return to Palermo he appears to have lived by his wits, and he had considerable skill in fencing and drawing. The former accomplishment repeatedly got him into trouble, while the latter he employed to improve himself in forgery. One of the tricks he played is not without its humorous side: he obtained from a jeweller of the name of Murano sixty gold ounces, on a promise to help him in discovering an immense treasure buried in a cavern by the seashore; but when they reached it, the hapless jeweller was attacked by half-a-dozen demons, dressed all in red, who gave him a tremendous thrashing.

For this and similar matters,—which brought him into unpleasant collision with the police,—Balsamo thought it advisable to quit Palermo for a while, and he proceeded to Messina, where he formed the acquaintance of one Altolas—the sage Althotas of his own and Dumas' romances—a clever Spanish or Greek adventurer, who had already travelled over a great portion of the East, and was probably an adroit conjuror. It seems certain that Balsamo made several trips to the Archipelago, Asia Minor, and Egypt, with this Altolas, who initiated him in his various tricks. While wandering about in this way, Balsamo picked up that smattering of Eastern languages which he afterwards employed to dazzle his dupes. At Malta he lived on intimate terms with the Grand Master Pinto,—not, as he says in his Life, because he was a son of a princess of Trebizonde, but as one of the numerous adventurers who profited by the Grand Master's passion for alchymy. At any rate, Balsamo gained such credit with Pinto, that the latter gave him very strong letters of recommendation to Rome and Naples. At Rome especially, Baron de Bretteville, Envoy of the Maltese order to the Holy See, introduced him to the first houses: and at a later date Balsamo used to boast of the peculiar favour in which he stood with Pope Clement XIII. and Cardinal York. In 1770, he married a simple servant girl, Lorenza Feliciani, with whom he fell in love for her great beauty. It is probable that this marriage was only a speculation, and that he hoped to derive profit from his wife's exceeding loveliness. In fact, he never behaved as a severe husband, and most indulgently closed his eyes to any eccentricities on the part of the fair Lorenza, who, in gratitude, was always his most docile instrument.

At this time Balsamo lived by forging letters of credit with two accomplices, Agliata and Nicastro. The latter having denounced him, Balsamo fled with Agliata to Bergamo, where he gave himself out as an officer in the service of the King of Prussia, but the police would not believe him. Whereupon Agliata bolted, taking with him the entire wardrobe of his partners, whom he left in a state of perfect denudation. Balsamo and his wife, in order to get out of the scrape, were obliged to assume a pilgrim's dress, and announced that they were about to undertake a pilgrimage to St. James of Compostella. They next turned up in London, where Lorenza made plenty of money, defrauding a Quaker, among others, of one hundred guineas. As for Balsamo, it appears that during his first stay in London, he was convicted no less than ten times of swindling. The result was that he thought it better to be off to Paris, but the faculty of that city refused him permission

to practise as a physician. Lorenza having left him, he found means to punish her by imprisoning her for several months at Sainte Pélagie. He then made a trip through the Netherlands and Germany, and suddenly reappeared at Palermo with the name of the Marquis de Pellegrini. The vindictive jeweller recognised and had him arrested; but Lorenza contrived to form the acquaintance of an influential prince, who procured her husband's liberation by thrashing the prosecutor's lawyer as a warning example. Being in a state of terrible impecuniosity when liberated, he pledged articles belonging to his sister, and the poor woman was obliged to pay eleven gold *onzas* to redeem them, as Göthe tells us in his "Travels in Italy."

Balsamo then proceeded to Spain, where he travelled in a Prussian uniform, and assumed the name of Dr. Tischio. He made a living by selling a water of beauty, converting hemp into silk, making gold of mercury, melting small diamonds to produce larger stones, but chiefly by predicting lucky numbers in the lottery—a secret he would not have failed to benefit by himself, if he had been completely convinced of its efficiency.

Returning once more to London, he was received there into a Freemasons' Lodge, and from that moment dates the power he exercised so long, and the noise he made in Europe. Henceforth he only moved in the highest circles, leading the life of a prince, and cleverly giving his intrigues a new and more brilliant character. He managed to obtain an extraordinary influence over minds, especially of women and men of weak character. His portrait and that of Lorenza were worn on fans, rings, and medallions, and busts of him in marble and plaster were sold, bearing the inscription *Divo Cagliostro*, which was the only name he thenceforth acknowledged.

Even the worthy Dutchmen yielded, like everybody else, to the torrent. At the Hague all the masonic lodges rivalled each other in the brilliancy of the reception they gave Cagliostro, and in that town he was even compelled to open a ladies' lodge. He invented a new masonic system, which he declared to be Egyptian, and incessantly propagated it, though he did not succeed in having it completely adopted till October, 1784, on the establishment of the grand mother-lodge, "for the triumph of truth," at Lyons. It was said that he obtained the first idea of the system when in London, from a MS. by one George Copston, but he referred it to Enoch and Elijah, from whom the Egyptian high-priests had it. At the outset he only gave himself out as the Messenger of Elijah, or the Great Copth, but at a later date he promoted himself to the rank of Grand Kofi. He then asserted that he was the produce of the loves of an angel with a woman, and was sent into the world to lead the faithful to a higher degree of perfection by a physical and moral regeneration.

It is permissible to say that Cagliostro's partizans adored him; they passed hours kneeling at his feet, and believed that the slightest contact with him sufficed to sanctify them. In the lodges, when that passage in the Psalms was chanted, *Memento, Domine, David et omnis mansuetudinis ejus*, the name of Cagliostro was substituted for that of David. Generally he retained a great part of the organisation and distinctive signs of the ordinary freemasonry, and merely augmented the number of degrees. He also opened lodges for all creeds, especially for the Jews, whom he declared the most honest people on earth. Moreover, he affected religion, combated atheism, and would not permit the saints to be turned into ridicule; hence many persons took him for an agent of the Jesuits, whose monogram he placed everywhere, recommending it to the respect of the faithful. But this affectation was entirely superficial.

On leaving the Hague, Cagliostro spent some time in Venice, and then returned to northern Europe. At Berlin he attracted no sympathy, although he announced to the Prussians that Alexander the Great was still living in Egypt as chief of a band of warrior-Magi, who had gained all his victories for Frederick II. The Prussians, as it appears, would not listen to him, so from Berlin he proceeded to Mittau. In this capital of Courland he operated with considerable success, and for a long time had many fervent and pious adherents belonging to the highest classes. Among these was Eliza von der Recke, who presently recovered her senses and published a very curious book against him. On this new scene Cagliostro pretended that he had been sent by his chiefs to recover, by his magical operations, treasures and documents relating to freemasonry, which had been buried for centuries in the domain of Wilzen. History does not tell us if his efforts were crowned with success.

From Mittau Cagliostro proceeded to St. Petersburg, where he tried to pass as a Spanish colonel, but the ambassador of that country protested against this assumption. Dr. Hugensohn, physician to the empress, also displayed such a determined scepticism, that Cagliostro found it useless to remain in St. Petersburg any longer. He therefore went through Warsaw to Frankfort, and thence to Strasburg, and the brilliant reception offered him in the two latter cities amply requited him for the coldness of the North. He started for Paris in the company of Cardinal de Rohan, but returned to Strasburg in 1781. The physicians who, like the priests, were ever his determined foes, opposed him so zealously that he thought it better to start at full speed for Naples, under the excuse that he was summoned by a dying friend. In November, 1782, he arrived at Bordeaux, as he said, on the invitation of the Minister de Vergenes, and remained in France till he was implicated in the famous trial about the Queen's necklace. It is not at all probable that he took the slightest part in Madame de Lamotte's swindling, for he had at his disposal very different means to plunder the Cardinal, and was the man to defend his protector sooner than let him be fleeced by others. It is believed, indeed, that Madame de Lamotte merely implicated him on the trial, because, when the affair became blown, he advised the Cardinal to tell the truth. In this investigation nothing affecting Cagliostro came out, except that on the day when the Cardinal was arrested he had invited the latter to sup in the company of Henri IV., Voltaire, and Rousseau. There was evidently some imposture in this, but it had no connection with the necklace affair. Still, from the beginning of the trial, he was

placed in the Bastille, after he had refused the means of flight offered him, and the sentence, passed on May 8, 1786, condemned him to be banished from France. During the trial his adherents sent to Parliament an apology for him, splendidly printed and adorned with the portrait of Cagliostro—a memoir, in drawing up which Espremenil himself had a share, and which was presented to the judges by men of the highest rank. It states, "That Cagliostro is the son of a Grand Master of Malta; that he was mysteriously educated at Mecca and Medina; after journeys undertaken in his earliest youth, he was initiated in the secret sciences of the East in the Pyramids of Egypt; his instructor, the sage Althotas, to whom he owed all he knew, was a Christian and Knight of Malta, but was accustomed to wear and make his pupil wear the Mussulman costume; that on reaching the full maturity of his intellect and genius Cagliostro began traversing Europe as a physician and prophet; endowed with the power of raising the dead and exorcising spirits, he had everywhere shown himself the 'friend of humanity,' a title which public gratitude had justly conferred on him." It makes one ashamed of humanity to think that there were men, not more than eighty years back, who believed in such absurdities.

When Cagliostro was restored to liberty, his adherents illuminated their houses, and celebrated his acquittal by magnificent fêtes. A number of distinguished men accompanied him to St. Dénis: and when he embarked at Boulogne, thousands of persons lined the shore, and asked his blessing.

He went across to England, and at once published a pamphlet, in which he accused the governor of the Bastille, the Marquis de Launay, and the Chevalier Chenon, of having robbed him of his most valuable articles. Fortunately for them, these gentlemen were enabled to prove in the most positive manner the falsehood of this accusation. Cagliostro also produced a Manifesto to the French Nation, dated February 20, 1786, in which he produced, under the form of prophecies, the very natural wishes of a man who has just left the Bastille; for instance, the destruction of that state prison, and the abolition of *lettres de cachet*. The publication of this Manifesto furnished him at a later date with an excuse for addressing the National Assembly from Rome, and asking permission to return to France, in consideration of the signal services he had rendered to the cause of liberty.

It appears that during his stay in London, after his escape from the Bastille, he formed a connection with a fanatic of a very different stamp—Lord George Gordon, with whom "Barnaby Rudge" has made us all so thoroughly acquainted. It is a curious fact, when we remember Cagliostro's liking for Judaism, that Lord Gordon became a Hebrew in his later years. At the same period, Cagliostro also entered into relations with the Theological Society of the Swedenborgians. *Per contrà*, he found a rude adversary in Morand, the editor of the "Courrier de l'Europe," who so pursued him with his biting sarcasms, while proving the truth of his statements, that the great Kofi could not prolong his stay in England. In Germany he had lost all credit, through the frankness with which Eliza von der Recke revealed Cagliostro's nullity and her own weakness; and also, it must be conceded, through the false charge brought against him at Berlin, of being an agent of the Jesuits.

One illusion is, in truth, more easily destroyed by another illusion, than by the simple truth. Still Cagliostro succeeded in establishing a mother-lodge of Freemasons for Switzerland at Basle; but at Biel, the local authorities took umbrage at his performances, and his wife was obliged to declare on oath, in the presence of the magistrates, that her husband had always lived as an honest man and good Catholic; and the information collected by the authorities was, consequently, false. At Turin, the Sardinian government ordered him to leave the kingdom immediately: Joseph II. had him driven out of Roveredo, and that prince also had him expelled from Trent, where he had contrived to gain the good will of the archbishop by affecting a deep penitence and going frequently to mass. He proceeded thence to Rome, where his adventurous career was destined to end. His possible object was to employ, in his fashion, certain letters of recommendation given him by the archbishop, or he may have merely yielded to the entreaties of his wife, who wished to see her parents again. He lived there at first in great seclusion: but presently, impelled by necessity, as he declared, he crept into the Masonic body "for the meeting of sincere brethren," and tried to propagate there the ideas of Egyptian Freemasonry. He must have felt, however, that the ground trembled under his feet, for he drew up an address to all the Roman lodges, urging them to liberate him, in the event of his being arrested, and, if necessary, to force the prison. Still it does not appear that he destroyed any of his papers, for an immense quantity was found at his lodgings. Betrayed by one of his adepts, he was arrested and taken to the Castle of St. Angelo, on November 27, 1789.

The Roman Inquisition carried on his trial with a patience and moderation that was not to be expected from such a tribunal, and gave it a laudable publicity. But, in conformity with its instructions, it paid less attention to Cagliostro's trickery and schemes, than to his religious opinions. He at length confessed his irreligious principles and heresies: whereupon he was condemned to death. In 1791, Pius VI. commuted that sentence to imprisonment for life, and if he evinced a sincere repentance, the ecclesiastical penalties and censure would be remitted. Lorenza was shut up in a convent. It has been asserted that Cagliostro tried one day to strangle his confessor, in order to escape in his gown, and that in 1797, on the approach of the French troops, he was found dead in his cell, a victim to the Inquisition: but these reports seem to be false. His time had passed by: besides, he never had any great political importance, and even what he had was of no value, since politics had passed from the hands of intriguers into those of revolutionists and violent men.

Cagliostro's person is described by some as repulsive, and even disgusting, while others judge it more favourably. He was of short stature, and

of a brownish tint, as became a Sicilian; but at a later date he became very stout, without counting that he squinted. But, for all that, he had a splendid head, which might have served an artist as a model to represent the poet under the power of inspiration. His language was not free from the idioms of the Sicilian dialect: his tone, his features, and his manners were those of a pompous, presumptuous, and troublesome charlatan, and usually people ended by recognising him as such. It is said that his conversation in private circles was rather agreeable. His wife declared that the speeches he pronounced, sword in hand, were a gallimaufry of high-sounding and ridiculous tirades. But it is possible that she could not understand him; and besides, she found a way of purifying herself, when the crash came, by blackening her husband as much as she could.

The financial resources he had at his disposal, or really employed, were at various periods so extraordinary, that it is impossible to discover how he procured the money. When he travelled, his suite was always composed of six Berlines, each drawn by four horses. Following the usual tactics of medical charlatans, he sent in no bill to his patients, and claimed no fees from them: he merely accepted from their gratitude presents, or loans. It is said that he spared neither trouble nor care with his patients: and if some cases may be mentioned in which he was not successful, it is indubitable that he performed a great number of extraordinary cures. He distributed all his medicaments *gratis*, and he only demanded a small fee for his pills, through a chemist in his service. His pretended Egyptian wine was a powerfully spiced and stimulating beverage; while lettuce, and other plants of the same nature, were the components of his "refreshing powder." He also employed *arum maculatum*, a very poisonous material, and large doses of sugar of lead for external use.*

LASCELLES WRAXALL.

A RUN FOR LIFE.—A RAILROAD ADVENTURE.

MY business frequently leads me out of town, and as time is an object to me, I have got into a habit of travelling by the night mail trains.

Usually, I arrange myself for sleep immediately on entering the carriage, and long practice at dozing under difficulties permits me to calculate with tolerable certainty upon a good night's rest on my journey; but, occasionally, the presence of a more than commonly agreeable companion will tempt me from my custom and lead to a night vigil spent in pleasant talk. These indulgences are however rare, for I cannot afford to incur the weariness which follows on want of sleep very often, and I have therefore grown discriminating in my choice of the man or conversation which I count worthy to have the honour of my wakefulness. On the last occasion when I thus yielded to the temptation the circumstances were somewhat peculiar, and the story to which I listened so strange, that I propose to repeat it here for the reader's benefit. In doing this I can scarcely hope the narrative will make the same impression upon him it did on me, since I cannot surround it with the actual incidents of the night in question which lent it peculiar fascination; still I believe, that even without the accompaniments of darkness and possible danger, it will prove to possess considerable interest of its own:

I took my seat one wild wet and wretched evening during this late winter, in a first-class carriage of the mail train leaving a London terminus for the north. No other passenger besides myself occupied the compartment, and I was soon wrapped up comfortably warm and meditating a snooze, when the train started.

The whistle sounded, the blurred images of the station lights began to move slowly past the windows, and we were fairly off.

In a few minutes I was sound asleep, and an hour or two of perfect forgetfulness must have ensued, when I was suddenly wakened by a shock which sent me flying, a confused mass of humanity and wrappers, into the arms of an opposite passenger whom I then saw for the first time, and who had probably entered the carriage at one of the intermediate stations from town without disturbing my slumbers. For a few moments the violence of the blow, together with the confusion of ideas consequent on being newly wakened out of a sound sleep, left me in a very nervous condition; but on presently observing that the train had come to a standstill, I became somewhat calmer, and listened with tolerable composure to the quieting assurances of my companion.

"It is a mere nothing," he remarked, "probably a break down of some goods' train before us. Suppose we get out and hear all about it."

We left the carriage, and soon discovered the cause of the mishap, which was but slight. Just as my new friend supposed; a luggage-engine had broken down on the line, and had sent back her guard to warn us of the fact. Our driver had seen the signals, but had not been able quite to pull up before reaching the luggage vans, hence we had run into the hindmost of them at a speed of from three to four miles an hour. Slow as this rate appears, it was sufficient to pitch me, as I have described, right into my neighbour's arms, and in my half-sleeping state seriously to alarm me. Half an hour's delay put everything straight again; the goods' engine was patched up, and we resumed our seats, glad enough that matters were no worse, and not at all sorry to escape from the damp and bitter air outside.

This slight contretemps led the way naturally to a general conversation on accidents, in the course of which I found that Mr. Berkeley (for such I learnt was my companion's name), was well acquainted with railway matters, in which he appeared to have had considerable experience. I had been not a little surprised at the violence of the shock which was communicated to our train by a collision at so low a speed as four miles an hour, and on my expressing this feeling he said:

"You are quite right, no one would believe until he has actually felt it how apparently tremendous a blow can be given by a train moving so slowly, and I am quite sure it would be impossible

* Those who wish to know more of this arch impostor can consult "Compendio della Vita e delle gesto di Giuseppe Balsamo, denominato el Conte Cagliostro" (Rome, 1791); Göthe's "Reisen in Italien;" and the "Memoirs of Baron Henry Von Gleichen" (Leipzig, 1847).

to convey the least idea of the effects produced by collisions at high rates of speed."

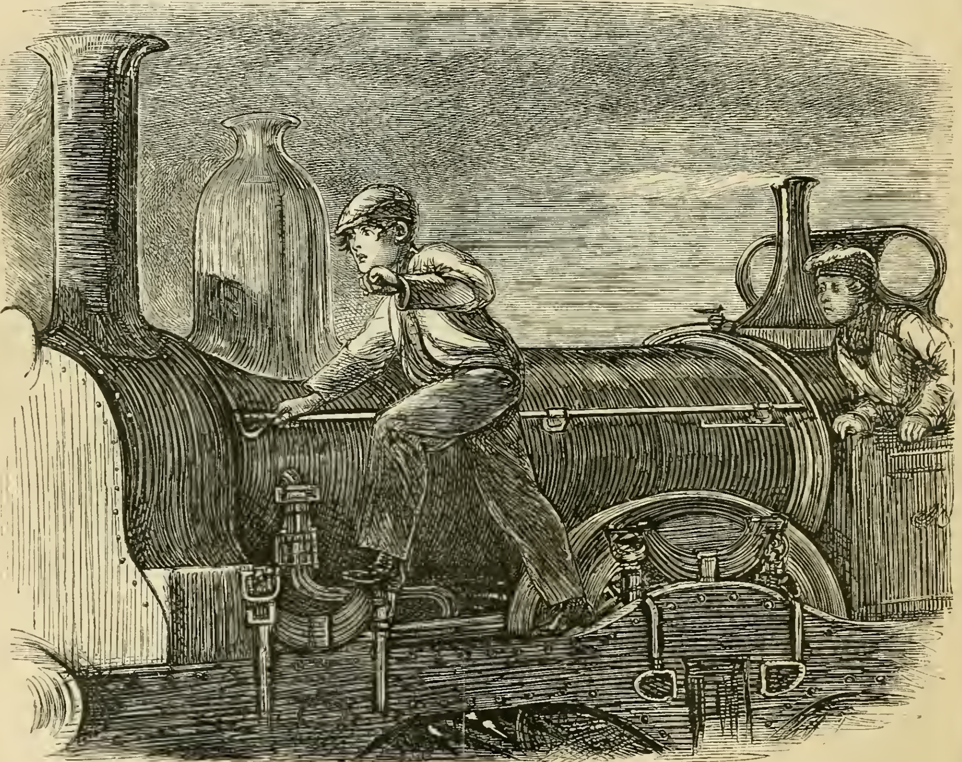
I inquired had he ever been in any accident of the kind, and he replied:

"Once; but the disaster was of a somewhat unusual character; if you feel indisposed to renew your nap perhaps you might like to hear the story."

Further sleep was out of the question and I begged him to proceed, when he forthwith told me the following facts.

"I must premise then," he began, "that though now a tolerably prosperous and well-to-do person, I did not always occupy my present position. At this moment I am one of the directors of the railway on which we are travelling, but I commenced life considerably lower down the social ladder. My father was an extremely clever and capable artizan, who possessed besides ability, considerable prudence and no small share of ambition.

"With such qualities it was only natural that he should rise in life; and he did so. Before I was sixteen years of age he held a lucrative and responsible position in the locomotive department on one of the great north country lines, and had he lived I think he might have made himself a name in the world. I was his only son, and he gave me a good education, deeply tinged with a mechanical colouring, in the hope that I should improve on his success. In this hope, if he were alive, he would not, perhaps, be altogether disappointed; but, although I have no reason to complain of want of present prosperity and social



position, it is none the less true that the spare hours and holidays of my school life were spent chiefly among workshops, mechanics, and engine-drivers. In those young days I had a passion for the locomotive, and my boyish ambition was to become a master of all the mysteries and duties connected therewith. Thus I was for ever loafing about the engine-house and getting an occasional trip with good-natured drivers more ready to please an inquiring youngster than careful to obey the company's regulations. In this way I early gained a tolerably complete insight into the management of the locomotive, and being a shrewd self confident lad, soon acquired a profound belief in my capacity for discharging all the duties of a driver. I had, besides, an inseparable companion named Mark Hibberd, whose father followed the calling I thought I should so much adorn, and who delighted equally with me in pottering about among the engines and men, or riding short distances whenever the opportunity occurred. The elder Hibberd was an extremely daring and clever driver, a first-rate workman; but unfortunately like too many of our very best artizans, given to occasional fits of drunkenness. This peculiarity had got him into trouble once or twice before the time of which I am speaking, but as on each occasion his escapades had been productive of no actual harm, and he was in other respects a very valuable man, he was retained but cautioned. Mark was quite as great a proficient as myself in knowledge of the craft, and the dearest wish of both was to

have our abilities properly recognised among the workmen who were our companions. In all our little enterprises and adventures Mark, however, was the leader, he inherited his father's skill and courage, and soon acquired even among the men a good reputation for steady pluck and shrewdness. Such were young Hibberd and myself at about the age of fifteen; but in order that you may clearly understand the whole of my story it will be necessary for me now to explain the situation and peculiarities of our station and the neighbouring line. Coulston is a large town on the —— railway, standing mid-way between Allonby, which is ten miles below, and Castleton, which is ten miles above it.

"Attached to the station are the locomotive works already mentioned, and a very large engine-house. In the latter, the number of engines was generally considerable, and this was our favourite haunt where we lurked at all hours, hoping for the chance of a run with some complaisant comrade down to Allonby, whence we trusted to the chapter of accidents and 'Shanks his mare,' for a return journey. The engine-house stood at a distance of about 200 yards below Coulston station, with which it was connected by a siding joining the main line, in a manner with which everyone is familiar.

"Allonby was a small place where few trains stopped, while our town was large and of rising importance. The nearest down station of any size was Lichester, about forty miles distant. It happened one dark but clear November evening, that Mark Hibberd and I were lounging about our favourite engine-house chatting to one and another of the drivers who were busy oiling and cleaning their respective locomotives. Old Hibberd's 'Firefly,' was there with steam up, an order having come during the afternoon that Mark's father was to be in readiness to take a 'special' down to Lichester at eight o'clock precisely. Hibberd himself was not there, though it was then half-past seven, and Mark said casually, in answer to a question from old Bob Jacobs, his fireman, that he hoped his father was not 'on the lush,' but he had been down to the Railway Arms again that afternoon for the first time during the last three months.

"We were standing on the footplate as we talked, and steam having been up some time and the water in the boiler somewhat low, I said to Jacobs, 'Bob, you'll have to run her down to the crossing and back a time or two to fill up the boiler,' it being necessary, I must tell you, to put an engine in motion before the pumps which feed her with water can work.

"'Right you are, Mas'r Charley,' said Bob; 'but do you and Mas'r Mark take her down to the points and back agin while I light my lamps and fill my oil can.'

"Here was one of the little chances we delighted in. It wanted exactly twenty minutes to eight when Mark turned on steam, and we glided slowly out of the engine-house, leaving old Jacobs trimming the 'Firefly's' lamps. We had run backwards and forwards over the hundred yards of rails between the crossing and the house when Mark's evil genius prompted him to exclaim:

"'I say, Charley, let's run over the points and down the line for half-a-mile or so; we can be back easy by eight o'clock.'

"No sooner said than done. When we reached the points I dropped off and opened the switches, thus shunting the engine on to the up-line, upon which we proposed to indulge ourselves in some two or three minutes' galop, and then return.

"Now in acting thus, you must understand that we did nothing whatever involving any danger from ordinary sources, and were in all human probability perfectly safe from mishap.

"The next train was an up express, not due at Coulston till 8·20, but which did not stop at Allonby. Nothing could possibly follow us from behind for we were on the *up* line of rails, and as we should be back again before eight o'clock, there was of course no danger to be apprehended from the coming train. Hibberd, on our return, had only to ship his lamps and start on the down line for Lichester.

"Our programme, however, was deranged in a way we little expected. Prudent if bold, we did not allow the delights of our galop to detain us too long, and it wanted some minutes to eight when we passed the crossing on our way back to the engine-house; we had slackened speed on approaching the points, and were travelling slowly and quietly when Mark shouted to me, 'Put down the break, Charley, here's the big "Swallow" coming out at a lick, and no mistake!' In a moment we had stopped and reversed the 'Firefly,' and began to move slowly a-head down the up-line again, greatly wondering what it all might mean, but not in the least alarmed for our safety, since we had only to allow the 'Swallow' gradually to overtake us, and when she saw us (which, as we had no lamps was not so easy) both engines might return together. Meanwhile the giant behind us came on at such a rapidly increasing speed that we were unwillingly obliged to travel faster as well. We shouted and tried to attract attention from her driver, but in vain, and we presently began to think that something must be wrong. At length Mark whispered, 'Charley, you may take my word for it that's the governor, and he's mad drunk. Like enough he's got on the first engine that came to hand, and don't know at this moment if he's on the up or down line or what he's doing—he's the very devil after he's been drinking.' Here was a pleasant situation.

"It was just on the stroke of eight o'clock; in another ten minutes at farthest the up express would pass Allonby on its way to Coulston; before us therefore was the certainty of collision, and behind us an engine already running at a great rate which increased with every minute, and driven by a man mad drunk—what was to be done? It was a case in which moments are precious, and decision must be the work of a second of time.

"'Let us run for Allonby,' said Mark, at once, with his hand upon the regulator. 'Keep the whistle open all the way, and trust in Providence they'll hear it and have time and sense to shunt us on to the "down" before the express runs through.'

"I was for less vigorous measures. Something assured me that Mark was right, and that the engine behind us was driven by Hibberd in a state of intoxication; but I fancied that however drunk he might be, he would yet not be so utterly insane as to persist in rushing against certain destruction, provided we could make him understand his danger; so I proposed that we should slacken and let him overtake us, then climb upon the 'Swallow,' and by persuasion or force induce him to return. All this and much more passed between us in far fewer seconds than I take minutes to tell it you; in fact, the whole affair was a succession of such rapid action following upon decisions so swift that I find it impossible to give you the faintest idea of the startling suddenness with which the circumstances crowded on each other. For a moment Mark—thinking doubtless more of his father than himself—approved of my suggestion, and we slackened speed. By this time both engines were running at a perfectly frightful velocity, and the 'Swallow' almost instantly overhauled us. No sooner did her buffers touch ours than Mark flung himself upon his father's engine. I watched him clamber along the boiler till I lost the outline of his figure in the darkness. A minute of unspeakable suspense followed, during which the 'Swallow' held on her rapid speed. I now did all I could to impede her progress. I shut off steam and screwed my breaks down till they were one sheet of flame, but still the hinder engine drove me forward. At length, after what seemed a whole hour to me, I heard above the din of the open whistle a succession of yells, mingled with hoarse curses. I closed the handle a moment to listen, and soon felt certain that a fearful struggle was going on between Hibberd and his son. I caught at the 'Swallow,' pulled myself on to her, and climbed as fast as I could towards the footplate. Half-way along the boiler I met Mark returning reckless.

"'On to your engine,' he screamed, 'and run for Allonby.'

"This was enough for me; it was no time to ask or answer questions, and another second or two saw us both upon the 'Firefly'—breaks up, whistle open, and all steam on. We drew quickly away from our companion; but the few minutes of delay had frightfully diminished our chances of safety.

"It was so dark that I could not clearly see Mark's face, but I knew from the disturbed appearance of his clothes there had been a tussle, and I said simply, 'Well, Mark?' While speaking, I opened the fire-door, and as the red gleam burst out I started in renewed horror, for his whole face, neck, and hands were covered with blood.

"'It's my own, Charley,' he whispered; and even while he spoke, with the certainty of an awful death before him, the noble fellow's eyes filled as he added, 'God help my poor father! he's seen his last drunken spree this night.'

"In hurried words he told me that on reaching the foot-plate of the engine he found Hibberd alone, and raging drunk: that he had made an effort to reverse the 'Swallow's' gear, and in order to do so put his hand upon the starting lever. This fairly maddened Hibberd, who flew upon him before he could accomplish his object and commenced the brief but deadly struggle I had heard. Mark was powerless in his father's strong hands, and escaped almost by a miracle from being dashed off on to the line by a blow which felled him. In the fall his head was cut open against some of the iron work, and he was forced to return as I have described without gaining his end. But no kind of danger made the brave lad blench, and his eyes darkened and his teeth set as, with hand upon the whistle, he strained forward for a glimpse of Allonby signals. As for me, I grew sick; I took out my watch for what I feared was the last time, glanced at the hands, and then sat down upon the tool-box, covered my face, and wept bitter tears as I thought of the father at home who was so proud of me, and the mother whom I loved so dearly. A touch of Mark's roused me. I looked at the dial again, but could not read the figures: he took the watch from my hand, and his voice was quite steady as he said:

"'Another two minutes for us, Charley, and there are Allonby signals.'

"We had been travelling only eight minutes since we first knew our danger, but what an age it seemed! I remember he was handing me back the watch when his hand touched mine, and I felt him start as if shot. The next instant he clasped me tight by the wrist, and whispered in my ear, 'The red lamps! It's all over. God save my poor father.' Again, though he spoke out strong and clear, 'Hold tight to me, Charley, and when I say the word, jump for your life.' We stood a moment poising ourselves upon the oscillating engine, then he shouted 'Now!' and sprang. I was nervous, my foot slipped, and I fell along the foot-plate of the engine. In an instant there was a horrible grinding crash, a dazzling flash of light before my eyes, a huge heave upwards and onwards, then blackness of darkness and insensibility.

"Six weeks afterwards I was sufficiently recovered from fever—brought on by my injuries and the excitement of that night—to hear the sequel of the story. Beyond a broken leg and rib I had escaped unhurt. Violent inflammation, accompanied by delirium, had, however, greatly retarded my convalescence.

"Hibberd and Mark were both dead. The former was greatly cut about, but the latter exhibited no visible injury beyond a comparatively trifling wound in the head. serious it is true, but not sufficient to have caused his death. He died from internal hœmorrhage, and none but myself knew that the scalp wound had been the work of the lad's own father. Concerning the great accident to the night express on the —— line at Allonby station in 184—, I daresay you remember the newspaper accounts: to-night I have tried to give you a true and faithful history of the causes which produced that disaster, and of which a necessarily vague and incorrect version passed current with the public."

And so ended the story of my travelling companion. D. P.

LILIAN'S PERPLEXITIES

A TALE IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III. THE IDOL TOPPLES.

RUMBLING alone in the *rotonde*, the landscape hidden in a white fog of dust, there was no occupation for Charles Westby but thought. And at the outset it was satisfactory enough for him to think, because conscience told him he had acted well. In a moment of peril an avowal of love had escaped from a young girl's lips. It had caused great embarrassment to him,—love and marriage were so wholly out of his province that he had never once so much as thought of love in his intercourse with Lilian. There ought to be no equivocation in the matter; it was right she should know at once, and clearly, the state of his feelings and position. Nothing could be more annoying than that she should continue to cherish any absurd ideas. As soon as possible, though with a trepidation he could scarcely conceal, he had resolutely addressed her on the subject. The result had proved the wisdom of his course,—it had appeared from her own confession that she must have talked quite unconsciously on the mountain, and she had, moreover, positively appealed to him not to hold her to her random words; and so there was a good ending to a ridiculous affair.

Not a bit of it! The legal mind then came into action, and he must needs doubt and question which of Lilian's two contradictory declarations was the right one. The more he sifted the matter the more his opinion turned to a belief that words uttered at a period of danger were more likely to be true than words which maidenly modesty would speak in a quiet interview,—cold words, which his own manner might have evoked. Ay, even the slightest evidence must be brought to bear on this important question. Had not Fred Temple told him that Lilian, starting in her fitful sleep after the accident, had constantly called to Karlo

Magno to save her? Surely this went to prove a strong animus in the affair. Thus, after duly weighing the whole matter, Charles Westby came to the conclusion that Lilian Temple had really loved him. And then it came to pass that pride grew mightily flattered with the idea, and toyed with it all the way till the diligence stopped at Berne.

A grand sunset ended the day. Ah, me! many were the diners at the Faucon, and they hurried up from the scarcely finished table-d'hôte—stout diners and all—martyrs to the picturesque, scorners of indigestion, and so out on the church terrace, to see the mantle wrought in a glorious hue, which the departing sun had cast upon the mountain-tops. But Charles Westby only cared to seek out the rosy Jungfrau, and use it as a landmark to Interlachen and the human interest that it held.

Charles Westby was getting stupid!

Stars burnt with double fire, over the *banquette*, that night long in the ride to Basle; and the sun, beginning to stir beneath the horizon, felt its way with long pink rays thrust upwards into the darkness, and then slowly climbed the heavens on glowing red cloud-steps. It was neither Law nor Equity which closed these sights from Charles Westby's eyes.

"*Est-il possible?*" he exclaimed, thrusting his face into the little glass of a little room in the great hotel at Basle. Dust of a day and night journey was on his face, he was absurdly like a miller. Then head and face were plunged into the little basin, the little towel was half rubbed away with energy, and he brushed his hair double-handed till his strong arms began to glow.

"*Est-il possible?*" and the looking-glass showed dashes of grey among the dark hair, and his face, homely English at best, was hacked about with work and thought, and parchment-coloured, notwithstanding all the clear Swiss air.

"*Est-il possible?*" this outward man against the best men she has seen in London!

Then duty began to look mean in contrast with blue eyes and golden hair. Alas! for the foolish pass to which wise and solid men are brought. Old ambition grew pale before this new fascination. Why not space and time for enjoyment of the heart? Why constant labour with the chance of scanty laurels for thin grey hair? *Cui bono*, these after riches? Can we play Romeo with crowsfeet, and wrinkles, and a wig? So in that upper chamber Charles Westby ground his teeth at destiny, and, gazing fixedly on the swift green Rhine below, fell into strange new musings touching the affairs of life.

Fiddlesticks! destiny puts us into the groove, and for all our bluster we must stick there. Habit and association soon brought back Charles Westby's alacrity for his accustomed work, and Lilian's image was blurred by professional thoughts that held his mind; besides, he was of the energetic order, looking forward not back, and thus he came to a sort of grim settlement of the matter. Long before he would be rich enough to marry, Lilian Temple would have married, and had a family grown up perhaps; he might never chance to meet her again, but that little Swiss tour would remain the romantic idea of his life. All men, densely practical men even, who in the end marry their cooks, have had some sort of romance in the course of their lives of which the world never dreams, and oftentimes have held some token of the fact to their dying day. Well, back in London, Charles Westby, in process of disgorging his travelling coat pocket, found the handkerchief Lilian had dropped during the accident. It was torn, and parts lost, but the initials L. T. were preserved. He carefully folded it up in a piece of brief paper, endorsed with the year and date of the event, and tying the packet with red tape, placed it in his desk, beneath a mass of law papers.

* * * * *

"Well, Newton, and what are you to get for your money?" inquired Charles Westby.

"Ten per cent!"

"Too much! you'll get nothing."

Newton (George Newton, Esquire, of Burford House) was an old friend of Westby, and the young squire of his late father's parish. Their friendship dated from Westby's bird's-nesting period, and it had held on, notwithstanding the divergence in their modes of life, and notwithstanding the soft bits of Newton's character, which regularly provoked Westby's chaff. Newton always made a point of seeking out Westby in his occasional visits to London, and of being attentive in game presents and the like to Westby's mother in the country.

"You are always against anything but three per cents, Westby."

"I tell you what, Newton. Nature gifted you with all the organs necessary to a country gentleman, but she never intended you to dabble in joint-stock bank shares."

"Bosh!"

"We can't be good at everything. Be content with what nature's done; she's made you a good rider across country, a decent shot, a sufficient lawyer to convict a poacher;—by the bye, were you lucky with the pheasants this season?"

"First rate! Come and have a touch at them."

"I only wish I could, old fellow."

"But I say, Westby, it's as safe as the bank, that ten per cent."

"If that's your fixed opinion, Mr. George Newton, permit me to remark that I am happily too busy for fruitless conversation——"

"I'm off then! Mind you, seven for dinner at the club."

"Say half-past; they are bothering me so to get this business finished. Good bye!" And Westby doubled himself to his work again.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Newton, lingering in the room. "Where did you get that engraving from?"

"What engraving?" replied Westby, greatly bored. "I thought you'd gone!"

"This engraving of a girl—the Honourable Mary Blackburn."

"Wretched man! to bother me about stupid prints. I bought a lot of them cheap years ago."

"I wonder if I can get one in the Burlington Arcade?"

"George Newton, if you stop another moment in this room, I'll postpone the dinner to nine o'clock!"

* * * * *

Punctually at half-past seven, Westby rendered himself at the club, but it was past eight before Newton made his appearance.

"Pitch into me well for keeping you waiting, Charles."

"I'll do that to the dinner!" grumbled Westby. "But how on earth is it you lazy men are never exact?"

"Lazy, indeed! I've been half over London since I saw you."

"What for?"

"To get a copy of that engraving."

"Bless my soul! I wish I'd given you mine, I should have gained half an hour by the gift."

"They were all sold out——"

"George Newton, take notice I've had no luncheon, and help the soup."

"I saw a girl the very image of that engraving yesterday."

"Did you? Impulsive youth! How good this sherry is!"

"Somehow I can't get that face out of my head, Westby."

"The subject is beginning to be a bore, George. Their *tartare* sauce is always capital here."

"You'll promise to give me that engraving, old boy?"

"Bless the man! I thought I'd promised it five minutes ago—what's her name?"

"I could not find out, but I know something of the people she was with."

"After all, what's in a name? Here, I'll devote a bumper of this pleasant Moselle to the happiness of George Newton and the fair unknown!"

* * * * *

"What shall we do, Westby? It's too late for 'half-price!' Will you have a quiet cigar in the smoking-room? I know you have given up billiards."

"Let's drift down the Strand to my chambers, and have a rude pipe and some self-made coffee."

* * * * *

Westby lighted his lamp, and addressed himself to the coffee-pot. Newton eagerly took down the engraving from the dark corner of the room in which it had hung, and cleaned the glass with some blotting-paper.

"Tell us what she's like," said Westby, very busy at reviving the fire. "Large dark eyes, and chesnut hair, and that sort of thing?"

"Just the contrary, light hair and complexion, blue eyes."

"And the features?"

"Hang it! I'm so bad at description—I should call it one of your tantalising faces."

Westby started up, and gazed earnestly on the engraving, holding it to the full light of the lamp.

"What's her name?"

"I told you I could not find out."

"Not, not——?" muttered Westby, and he suddenly held his voice.

"Who were you going to say?"

"You can't have that engraving, Newton; I did not recollect at the time which you had asked for."

"Why, I should prize it so much; I'll give you any large engraving you would like to have."

"I don't want engravings!"

"But, I say, old fellow, you did promise it me."

"There, then, take it! take it!" replied Westby, ramming a great wedge of tobacco into his pipe.

George Newton was very fluent—he was always very fluent after goodly "'34"—nor did he speak as he was wont of horses and dogs, but with great confidence of his plans of life; in fact, he did all the talking, while Westby hid his face in big clouds of smoke.

"By Jove, Westby! I'm sick of this bachelor-sort of life; and, by Jove! I've been wanting a nice girl to look after that big house of mine—I get done right and left. I fancy I could make a woman comfortable. I should not mind a couple of months or so of London during the season. Confound it! my tin is worth any woman's while."

And, ringing changes on these ideas, Newton rattled away, till he ended the chime by inquiring,—

"Why, on earth, Westby had not married all this time?"

"Because I can't!" growled Westby, behind his cloud. "It's past two, Newton, and I must turn you out."

Newton carefully placed the portrait under his great-coat.

"Thank you again, old boy!"

But Westby made no reply beyond a grasp of the hand; and standing on the landing he lighted Newton to the door. Bang went the door, and Westby returned to his room with a shiver that caused him to stir the fire violently.

"Confound the fellow!" he muttered, "that engraving is the very image of Lilian. Fool and ass! it's been hanging here all this time, and I never chanced to look at it! Ten to one, but Lilian is the girl he's been struck with; blockhead as he is, with his money he's like enough to marry her."

And Westby filled his pipe again, and puffed more smoke clouds, and the romantic idea surged up from the depths of his heart, and moved to and fro with old teeth-grinding at destiny. Nevertheless, next morning by eight o'clock, Westby was hard and fast, with undivided mind, on that knotty conveyancing matter which strewed his table with dusty parchments.

CHAPTER IV. "AS MAD AS A MARCH HARE."

"One second, Salisbury!" said Charles Westby, in his proper turn at the pigeon-hole, Waterloo station.

It was a quarter to eight on a dismally cold, damp, foggy, early March morning.

The passengers in Westby's carriage consisted of a good-natured burly person of the agricultural cattle-dealing type, armed against the raw morning with a "pocket-pistol," a surly person of the type

aforesaid, a woman with a parti-coloured face, the result of cold and sorrow, and a lean, hungry man with long pale face, restive eyes, and a nose acutely accented with cold.

Whistle! puff! puff! The fog was transparent to the distance of about fifty yards either side of the windows, discovering a limited roof-view of Lambeth, damp through to the rafters. But, clear of London, the fog changed to cold, white mist, which the sun gradually broke into masses of pearl light, and the east wind blew away in wreaths that caught awhile in hedgerows and low woodlands, till at last sun and east wind together made the whole landscape clear and bright to the horizon.

During the latter part of February one topic had warmed London through and through—the smash of the Anglian Bank. Such mercantile depravity! Why, the very thought of it circulated the blood to the tips of your fingers; consequently, no matter afforded conversation more comfortable for a cold morning.

Conversation commenced thus: good-natured agriculturist to surly ditto:

"Zalisbury Market?"

"Hum!"

"Know Jack Sprot?"

"Hum!"

"Done up!"

"Hum!"

"That bank did it!"

"Hum!"

"Beg your pardon!" exclaimed the lean man, breaking into the conversation; "depositor or shareholder?"

"Depositor, I think."

"Shareholder!" grunted the surly man.

"So he is!" cried the lean man, consulting a list in a newspaper. 'James Sprot, farmer.' Not one shall escape!" he added, his eyes gleaming fiercely.

"Oh, Smithers! it's carnal to talk so," sobbed the woman.

"I say not one shall escape!" retorted the lean man, savage with his wife's rebuke. "Look'ee here, gentlemen, last week I'd a snug little shop doing a brisk trade in coals."

"And the green line!" cried the woman.

"And milk!" added the man, his eyes growing still fiercer.

"Wood and eggs!" sobbed the woman.

"I'd put in a new shop-front!"

"And Smithers used to preach at the Duck Chapel, and they'd come to me, this 'ooman' and that 'ooman,' it was so blessed to hear the pure gospel, and one would buy an egg, and another a 'ha'porth' of milk—it all helped."

And the woman's voice sunk in a flood of tears.

"Have a drop of 'summut,' mother," said the good-natured agriculturist passing the "pocket-pistol."

"I'd have them all punished, I would, directors and shareholders and all!" thundered the lean man, after taking the "pistol" from his wife, and indulging in a long sip.

"And what did you lose by the bank?" inquired Westby.

"Oh, sir! all our credit," said the woman, gradually reviving.

"But your balance?"

"It was our credit we cared for!" exclaimed the man, bridling up.

"Why, sir, what with that shop-front and all, they'd been accommodating us a little. I will speak out, Smithers!"

"I feared you'd lost a deal of money," said the good-natured agriculturist, laughing.

"So I have, sir!" retorted the lean man, firing up. "Credit is money—every child knows that."

And the lean man, being touched to the quick, proved with that fervid eloquence which had excited the Duck congregation, that credit, and not capital, was the true basis of mercantile transactions.

"Jack Sprot," grunted the surly man to his neighbour, "you don't chance to know his whereabouts, do you?"

"No, I don't," was the dry reply, "and if I did I should not tell."

"Oh! it's no consequence, only I knows a party as wants to pay him a rather heavy balance on a corn account—that's all."

* * * * *

"Any luggage?" inquired the porter of the surly man at the Salisbury station.

"No!"

Then why did the surly man hang about so while Westby was engaging his fly?

"Ouze 'ouse at Wishford?" inquired the flyman, turning round on his box. "I'ze zard a' yearing."

"Mrs. Wilson's."

A gleam of satisfaction lighted up the surly man's face.

"Confound that fellow!" muttered Westby; "there's a queer mosaic look in his face, and his wanting to know the whereabouts of that man Sprot—it's rather suspicious."

* * * * *

The district of Salisbury Plain is on this wise—bleak down, intersected with valleys; bleak down, but not barren, corn-land here and there on the highest ground; green valleys, with trout-streams and water-meadows, and in these valleys a succession of villages where dwell the tillers of the bleak down, the shepherds, and their masters, the owners of the many thousand sheep which feed on the steep down slopes.

Westby's route lay along one of these valleys through Wilton. The day was so gloriously sunny that it needed the east wind to record the season of the year. To the left of the turnpike-road, somewhat less than two miles distant, lay the high down line of Salisbury race-course, and on a lower road running parallel with the turnpike, with a goodly cultivation between the two roads, was a straggling line of cottages—George Herbert's Bemerton, and Quidhampton—with simmering smoke amid the leafless trees, and sparkling water-gleams from the winding river and the water-meadows in the rear. Then on, beneath the shadow of Wilton Park wall, and skirting the town of Wilton, into the open valley again, with a glimpse of the white Byzantine tower of Wilton church across the water-meadows, and so along the valley with a trout-stream hard by the road,

fascinating to fishermen's eyes, and Grovely Woods crowning the high down ridge to the left, and on the right, Salisbury Plain proper, shelving from the high land gently to the road.

Westby arrived at his destination.

"No, Mrs. Wilson was not at home."

"And Mr. Newton?"

"Out with the harriers," replied the man, to Westby's anxious inquiry.

"Where did they meet?"

"Druid's Head, sir."

"Is there anything at home that I can ride?"

"Only old Ironsides, sir; but Mr. Newton says he wouldn't ride him for a hundred pounds."

"Hum," muttered Westby, "my ride's worth more than that. Tell the groom to clap on the saddle. I know the old horse has got some stuff in him yet. By the bye, I expect somebody will be calling presently to see Mr. Newton on particular business; you will say that Mr. Newton is certain to return here directly after the hunting is over. I shall save time if I go round to the stables and get on the downs by the back way. Send me out a mouthful of bread and cheese."

* * * * *

Up a steep chalk cut from the valley, on to the high ground—it made the old horse blow again! and then a vast surface spreading out for miles in the bright sunshine, a perfectly open country without hedge or ditch, undulated by the deluge waters of pre-Adamite time, covered with turf, and here and there ploughed land, and young corn-crops of emerald green, and dull green patches of swedes, and thinly scattered plantations of dark fir. But overhead! the crowning glory of the land,—a grand hemisphere of sky closing to a low horizon marked by down lines of exquisite curve, or darkly fringed by far distant trees,—masses of dazzling white cloud grandly marching across the bright ether—those cumuli which walk upon the wings of the wind.

I do not say that it is a land for poets to sing, but it is a clean, wholesome land, delicious to London eyes,—a land for drawing a long breath deep down into the lungs,—a glorious draught free from carbon sediment, opening the senses to that feeling of abundant health which pervades every object far and near.

But I cry a truce to all elaborate descriptions of this scene. Your horse begins to feel the fascinating turf, the curb tightens insensibly in the hand, and you are off into a glorious canter long before you have had time for a minute view.

Nevertheless Westby had to pursue a very conservative policy with regard to the old horse.

"Stand still, old gentleman, can't you? Allow me to look for the hounds." Westby's eyes sweep over the country. "There they are!—they're 'drawing' those swedes by the Druid's Head." The huntsman's horse is knee-deep in that green sea which swallows up the hounds. Straining your eyes hard, you can just perceive glancing tips of white which hurry to and fro. Ah! there's that furthest man waving his cap, the huntsman gallops up, the white tips suddenly converge, and dash on to the turf in an indefinite white mass. It's too far to hear couplet and chorus. "Steady, old man, steady!" The keen east wind is pouring new life into the old horse. "They're coming right to us!" What a pretty sight! hounds and horsemen growing nearer life-size every moment, speckling the turf dips with excitement. "Whoa, boy, whoa!" The old horse frets against the curb. "Ah! they've lost *her* in that furze!" Westby will be up with them in a minute or two. It's too far to distinguish faces, but that's George Newton, by his big black horse. Strange he should be so far in the rear!

"Hold hard, sir, pray!" shouts the huntsman to Westby, who was making straight for his friend.

Westby, in his eagerness to reach Newton, did not perceive that he had almost ridden over the hunted hare.

Whir! whir! whir! go a large covey from the furze.

By Jove! that lady's horse, the chesnut, has bolted. No! how well she rides!

Hark! the hounds are singing to their work again.

"I'll take the fidgets out of you!" cries Westby, giving the old horse his head.

Away they go! down the turf slope, across the Devizes road, up the turf on the other side, right ahead. Newton well up this time—Westby pushing along the old horse at his best speed, in hopes of overtaking his friend.

The east wind rattles against the face, and whips up a tremendous glow, and cuts tears out of the eyes.

"Very pretty!" exclaims Westby, as the lady with the spirited chesnut skims a line of hurdles. "At it, old man!" and he rams his heels, for lack of spurs, into the old horse. "Over! All right!" The old horse recollects his work. But, alas! it won't do—a deal of fuss and pulling for the first three minutes, and then the old horse begins to sing a hollow tune.

"It's no use my scampering on at this rate," thinks Westby, "I shall knock all the wind out of the old fellow;" so he pulls up the old horse into a walk, and watches with disgust the whole "field" sweep away.

By dint of some clever short cuts, and thanks to divers checks and doublings, Westby managed to keep pretty well in sight, but "puss" did not cry "enough" till she had got, with many a twist and turn, to Stonehenge.

In among the old grey stones, as Westby trots up, were steaming horses, and men with hot, contented faces, and eager panting hounds, clustered round the master, who held gallant "puss," worthy of her fate, in "his red right hand."

"Here, Gaylass! Gaylass! Beauty!"

"There's George Newton!" through the interval in the stones, on the other side of the circle. Westby urges forward his horse—he curbs him in the next moment—there's a lady at Newton's side. One glance, as she half turns her face—Lilian Temple!

But the old horse was minded to push on, and the reins had fallen loose in Westby's hands.

"Who'd have thought of seeing you?" exclaimed Newton.

"Karlo Magno!" broke involuntarily from Lilian's lips.

Ah! the east wind and long gallop had steeped

her fair face in rosy tints, and ruffled her golden hair beneath the shadow of the dark felt hat. The reins hung loose in her small gauntlet wax gloved hands. The chesnut did not want the curb.

"Lilian! an old friend of mine, Mr. Westby," exclaimed Newton.

"An old friend of mine too, George."

How that word "George" stung Westby.

"He's known me ever since I was a bit of a child," continued Lilian.

"That's strange enough!" and a slight shadow passed over Newton's glowing face.

"I want a word with you, Newton: Miss Temple will excuse us for a minute." Westby turned his horse aside, and Newton followed him.

"I'm engaged to her, Westby—"

"I congratulate you;" but the words grated in Westby's throat.

"I'm very sorry at such a time to break upon you with bad news. Why on earth haven't you answered our letters?"

"That cursed bank, hey?"

"I never found out where you were till last night. We've written continually to your house."

"I've been staying at Mrs. Wilson's for the last few days," replied Newton.

"Secker could not come himself, but he begged me to come, as an old friend;—the truth is, you must leave the country immediately."

Newton's hot face grew very pale.

"They'll be down upon you for every penny you possess—you are known to be one of the richest shareholders on the list."

"I can't go now, Charles."

"You must either go or be ruined! Why, I'm all but certain there's a fellow on your track now; below in the valley there—"

"But that girl! that girl!" murmured Newton, looking back on Lilian. "Did you see how she rides, Westby? Such a light hand. By Jove, my man can hardly handle the chesnut. I'll risk it!"

"Don't be a fool!" exclaimed Westby, losing patience.

"Curse that infernal sanctimonious scoundrel, with his ten per cent."

"We haven't time for regrets now, George."

Newton reflected for a moment.

"Westby, we'll go straight to Brighton, to her father's, be married there, and then go to the continent. What do you think?"

"It is for you to think," replied Westby, gravely.

"I know she'd do it. No, no! I could not in honour marry a girl with my affairs in such a state. There, I'll take her back to Mrs. Wilson's and be off."

"It is not safe for you to return to Mrs. Wilson's."

"But, Westby, I can't say good-bye to her here," replied Newton, piteously; "do help me, for heaven's sake."

Westby considered what could be done for the best.

"You know my mother's cottage at Shrewton: go straight there, it will throw them off your scent. I'm sure Mrs. Wilson will manage to take Miss Temple over this evening to see you; you can then make your way to Devizes and get the railway."

"Thank you, old boy."

Newton rode up to Lilian—they turned their horses towards the "Druid's Head."

Westby, as he followed, kept muttering Newton's words: "He can't marry with his affairs in such a state." There was a strange conflict at work in his heart.

Near the "Druid's Head" the lovers waited for Westby to come up.

"I leave this lady in your charge, Westby," said Newton, in a broken voice, and after pressing Lilian's hand to his lips, he put his horse into a canter. The chesnut would have followed, but Lilian reined him in with some difficulty, and then, shading her eyes against the golden distance, she watched her lover's dark receding figure.

"Which is our way?"

"Right for that 'folly' yonder."

They rode along the ups and downs of the turf in silence. A solitary horseman came up with them; it was the surly agriculturist of the morning mounted on the strangest of old screws. He glared curiously at Westby.

"Seen the 'ounds?"

"No more hunting to-day; there's no scent," replied Westby, with emphasis.

"Oh, *haint* there!" replied the man, grinning as he rode on.

Down the chalk cut again into the valley, which was filled with warm light and lengthened shadows. The water meadows, green enamel in the afternoon sun, inlaid with glittering bars of gold—and so on to Mrs. Wilson's house.

* * * * *

"George Newton ruined!"—and Lilian locked the door of her room, and was alone. Then for the first time she beheld in clearest definition her real motives for accepting George Newton. Love, alas! in the slenderest proportion—pique at Westby's low estimation of her character and rejection of her love—that one thought tinctured all her conduct, rendering her utterly careless as to whom she married, provided the wooer possessed the disposition and means which might ensure a pleasant worldly existence. Had she not learnt from Westby's words that she was unfit for any condition higher than that? So she had allowed George Newton to love her, which was all he asked—perhaps she had even preferred him to most men she had met—and she was to have the use and enjoyment of his wealth in return.

I repeat, she beheld all this now for the first time; her actions had been spontaneous and the motives indefinite: it was only the thought of poverty which forced her to make an exact estimate of her love for George Newton.

So Lilian had her punishment for giving her hand without her heart. A feeling of pique to rest upon in a life of straitened means and struggle! Riches and poverty, it was a strange contrast. Many a time in those Swiss excursions she had walked silently at Westby's side, picturing in her foolish mind the idea of poverty as his wife; she had striven to realise all the hardships that need

be endured, and her affections had always deepened towards him with these thoughts. But George Newton poor, it was a desperate struggle with duty, and tears, and remorse.

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"I have left her in her room, poor girl," said Mrs. Wilson to Westby, as she entered the library. "I can afford her no comfort."

"She does love him, then," muttered Westby to himself.

"Lilian has told me about the arrangement for seeing George. Now, only to think he should have been so foolish as to meddle with that wretched bank."

"Foolish fellow! there was no stopping him; —but tell me about this love affair of his, I met the Temples in Switzerland last autumn."

"Well, I happened to fall in with them at Paris: we were staying at the same hotel, and I became very intimate; they made me remain at their house in London for a few days on our return from the continent. George Newton saw Lilian at the theatre, and was immensely struck with her; he found that I was staying with the family, and he made me introduce him—in the shortest possible time he made her an offer, and was accepted. Before this occurred Lilian had promised to stay a short time with me while my son was away; I would not forego the promise—the result is that George Newton has insisted upon taking up his abode here, he says it's such a bore to get across the hill at night. I find you're an old friend of the Temples."

"I used to be very intimate with Frederick Temple; I suppose he's in India by this time; he was intending to get down to Marseilles soon after I left Interlachen."

"Poor George! it will be a sad blow to him to leave the country—I never saw a man more deeply in love."

"But he'll have to go for all that," replied Westby.

* * * * *

Westby and Lilian did not meet till it was nearly time to start for the night ride to bid adieu to her lover. She entered the room veiled for warmth against the night air. Mrs. Wilson who had been conversing with Westby, arose to prepare herself for the journey. Lilian would evidently have accompanied Mrs. Wilson out of the room, had that lady not begged her to stay in order that Mr. Westby might explain some particulars about Newton's affairs.

"I suppose we must try to get to the down road," said Mrs. Wilson.

"It would be less risk for Newton," replied Westby; "I have been talking to the coachman, he thinks he can manage it."

There was a dead silence when Mrs. Wilson had left the room. Lilian drew back her veil, her face was very pale and her eyes red with crying.

"Have you heard from your brother lately?"

"Yes, he's quite well, he had joined his regiment at Meerut.—Dear Fred, I wish he were here now," and Lilian broke into tears. "I've no one to speak to, to advise me—"

"Mrs. Wilson!"

"She's Mr. Newton's friend!"

"Well then—"

"This interview, this interview, it's terrible."

"This bank affair is indeed a sad misfortune."

"I can't go—dare not go," she covered her face with her hands.

"But you promised—"

"Oh, Karlo Magno, despise me, tell me I'm heartless—wicked—I never ought to have accepted George Newton—I've learnt that now—but things were so different when he made me an offer."

Westby trembled with strange sensation at her words.

There was a terrible pause.

Oh, what power was in Westby's hands! what temptation in his burning heart!—he felt he held Newton's fate—but the man was his friend, had fairly wooed and won the girl, in the hour of misfortune had left her in his charge; nevertheless he recollected that day at Interlachen, when he might have called Lilian his own, and now there was one last opportunity thrust in his very fingers—one firm grasp.

"Ah, Lilian!—"

She started at his voice, and stood up, gazing earnestly on him with her tearful eyes. Words of folly, and far worse than folly, were on his lips, but this movement of hers arrested their utterance.

"Karlo Magno! listen to me," she spoke in a low firm voice. "You are Fred's oldest friend. Chance, I know not, it may be God's ordering, has placed you near me now. You know my brother well, you *do* know him because your nature is true and good as his." Westby shuddered, and instinctively shrank back. "I want to speak to you as I should have spoken to him, it would strengthen and comfort me to hear your answer, knowing that that answer would be his. George Newton was introduced to us by Mrs. Wilson; he sought the introduction, he was greatly struck with me, she said. Well, in a short time he made me an offer. I was urged by my father and mother, by all, to accept him; his wealth and position, good nature, good heart, were strongly insisted on—I did accept him! Mind, I take the full burden of that act on myself. I loved him, as hundreds love, who marry in a good position. I do honestly believe as a rich man I could have made him a good wife—but ruined! there are all sorts of hardships, need of deepest love to endure them, and this, alas!—folly! I feel all this is idle talk; while I speak, I know Fred's answer, yet I should like to hear some one pronounce the words. Am I still bound to George Newton?"

Called upon to be a counsellor, confided in as a father confessor, stung to the quick by a sense of his utter unworthiness for such a position, shamed at his own base weakness—yes, and the very words which he ought to speak placed in his mouth by the strength of her who was asking support of him—worst of all, to have to play the impostor, assuming a moral authority to which he had forfeited all claim—

"Am I bound, Karlo Magno?" she thought in his silence he was wisely pondering her words.

"You are bound, Lilian," he replied, affecting as much decision as lay in his power.

"Enough," she replied with great calmness. "I can go and see him now. Karlo Magno! you have helped me to do what is right—I must have failed but for you."

Ah! the bitter mockery of her words, to wear the star of honour on a heart conscious of shame.

Westby sought to change the current of the conversation.

"You talk about being ruined," said he. "I hope things are not as bad as that!"

"Mr. Newton told me so!"

"Well, I've every hope when Newton gets away that we shall be able to make some compromise, so that after all his loss may not be very serious."

"Why did he try me in that manner?" exclaimed Lilian vehemently; "it was cruel, very cruel."

"Pardon me, it was only honourable to state the worst."

"Well, well, he might have had my answer at once, this afternoon as we rode along—the words of assurance were on my lips, but he stopped me, he would hear nothing till I had thought the matter over—he left me, and then came thought and horrid doubt."

"Lilian, he acted well!"

"Not ruined! Oh! thank God for that. Why then this is but a temporary affair, he may come back shortly."

"He may! Nay, Lilian, I promise that he shall," exclaimed Westby, earnestly. "I assure you, on my honour, that I will work for him in this business, as I would work for a brother, to set him right."

Work was Westby's ointment for remorse.

"Karlo Magno, you are my good genius—you always appear at the right moment—"

"Nonsense, Lilian."

But she would clasp his hand, and her face bore the same expression he remembered so well that evening at Brienz. He had not begun to love then, and he had *ceased* to love now—his foolish, morbid love was utterly quenched in a deep sense of shame. She was no other to him now than Fred Temple's sister, engaged to his oldest friend—fairy Lilian, if you will, the playmate of early years.

And he in her eyes still bore that same greatness which had fascinated her heart in Switzerland—a being too great and grand for her poor trivial nature—an idol to be admired, or rather worshipped at the heart's shrine. Ah, Lilian, Lilian, our finest idols are only made of clay!

"Not ruined!" exclaimed Lilian to Mrs. Wilson, as that lady entered the room. "Not ruined! Mr. Westby tells me so. Mr. Newton will doubtless get over this misfortune without great loss."

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"If you please, ma'am," said the butler, entering the room, "there's a man at the door inquiring for Mr. Newton. He wants to see him on particular business."

"Detain him in conversation as long as you can," replied Mrs. Wilson. "I know I can trust to your discretion, Simmons: mind, not a word in the house that we are gone. We will go through the French window in the library, instead of going out at the hall, and then by the garden to the stable-yard."

Mrs. Wilson's brougham was ready at the stable door—the man was at the horse's head.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said the man to Westby, "you'll want a thick coat on the downs."

"All right; jump up!" cried Westby, catching off the horsecloth, and throwing it over his shoulders.

The horse felt the cold wind, plunged, kicked, and then went a head.

"Frost, sir!" said the man.

"Is it?" rejoined Westby. He felt burning hot.

The wide sky was thick with stars at their brightest in the frosty air; the clear open plain was filled with a low undertone of light.

Pretty work for the "whip"—two wheels in a cart-rut all the way up-hill, and the other two wheels wherever they could manage to pitch, the horse remarkably fresh.

"Look out!" cried Westby, "that dip ahead!"

The man turned the horse, the brougham swerved to one side with a violent jerk, but at the speed they were going was caught up by a rise in the ground. All safe. Swish! swish! swish! they were driving right through a field of swedes. One deepish drop, and they got safe on to the Devizes road.

"Which way, sir?"

"Left."

You could see the white chalk line of the road right ahead in the dim light.

"I can hardly hold him, sir."

"Give him his head then!"

Up and down the sharp dippy hills in the chalk road, the frosty wind fanning Westby's cheeks.

"Turn on to the turf now—to the left. That's the track! We must leave that plantation to the right."

"Now then, foolish!" The horse started and swerved at a white mass in front. "Whohooo! it's only a sheep," cried the man, flicking at it with his whip. Crish! crish! crish! went the wheels against the frosted furrows. "Whoa! they've been ploughing it up here. Back! back! That's right! Now away to the left! We shall get to the road directly."

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"Any breath left, ladies?" said Westby, as he opened the door.

"Let me hope the best for the springs," replied Mrs. Wilson, goodhumouredly. "I trust we shall be allowed to go home in peace by the road."

"Lilian," said a voice behind. It was George Newton: he led her into the house.

THE HARVEST.

The way in which the prospect of any modern harvest is regarded in this country is a striking evidence of the change which a few years have wrought in our civilisation. At a time within my recollection, when the population of the three kingdoms was only two-thirds what it is now, when the general mind was narrower, and the interests of classes were locked up under protective laws, the question of the harvest was a mere bore in

anticipation to the greater part of society. The mention of it in the King's speech was considered a mere form, like the assurance we hear repeated every winter, that we are in a state of amity with foreign powers. The farmers' complaints really were constant. If the harvest was bad, they pointed to the ruin caused by rain, or drought; saying nothing of the compensation they derived from the artificial high prices under the sliding-scale: and if the harvest was plentiful, they groaned over the low price of corn. So, the farmers' complaints went for nothing with society generally. When bread was dear, the middle classes felt the misfortune; and so, above all, did the artisan classes. The rural labourers were fed from the rates, and were kept so low always that the character of the harvest made little difference to them. Scarcely a year passed without applications to parliament about agricultural distress, so that the evil seemed to be a necessary and interminable one; and people turned from it in hopelessness. They did not seek to know beforehand what the harvest was likely to be in any year; and when the point was settled, they had nothing to say to it but to lament or rejoice over dear or cheap bread, without looking further than their own account-book and baker's shop. The wide range of ideas which millions of minds now run over when the mention of the coming or past harvest occurs, was not then opened to the many. It is not very many years ago (I think it was shortly before the repeal of the corn laws), that I heard a clergyman, kind-hearted and active-minded, and the son of a bishop, say with a smile of complacency, that he was not troubled by the menace of a ruined harvest.

"We hear the same thing every few years," he observed; "and you know there always *is* a harvest."

"Yes,—for *you*," I replied.

I took leave to tell him that his remark was unbecoming a clergyman; for the moral condition of the people is the clergyman's first business: and if he did not know, he ought to have known, that a bad harvest meant increase of crime, as well as infliction of misery. In later times, when I have observed the general understanding established throughout the nation, in regard to the common interest in a good harvest, and the precise bearings of the fact, the self-satisfied composure of that well-meaning clergyman (which he mistook for piety) has recurred to me, with undiminished surprise that within twenty years such insensibility should have prevailed on such a subject.

The last and present year furnish a capital test of our improved knowledge and sense, as well as our improved circumstances. If ever there was a dreary year for farmers it was 1860; and it followed a sufficiently trying one in 1859. Yet we hear nothing of the grumbling of the farmers. They are no longer thought bores, or worse, as a class favoured by the laws and the aristocracy, and yet never contented. The invidious favour is gone; and with it everything that was unmanly in the character of the order. Their business is no longer a lottery, as the corn laws and our agricultural ignorance made it till fifteen years ago. Farmers have now to seek their fortunes as other men of business do,—by relying on their own sense, knowledge, and industry; and they have already arrived at being able largely to control or counteract the caprices of the weather, which were their plea formerly for taxing all bread-eaters, to save bread-growers from loss. I do not know how it strikes less old-fashioned people, but I own that nothing has been more impressive to me during these two remarkable years, than the dignified bearing of the farmers of the country. They have had serious losses to bear; and something worse than other classes have to endure in sustaining losses. A merchant is subject to bad debts and unfortunate issues to speculations: but the loss comes, as it were, in a lump. A certain portion of his property is gone; and his expectations are mortified. The farmer has to endure the protracted trial of seeing his property go; and his mortifications, in a bad year, are drawn out from day to day, till the seasons have run their round. What the trial is can hardly be conceived by dwellers in towns, to whom the result comes in the dear loaf, and the beef and mutton at 10*d.* or 1*s.* the lb. Where I sit, and look abroad over a rural scene, it is much easier to sympathise with the farmer. There are the fields into which no seed could be got last autumn before the frosts came. In yonder homesteads and cottages, the labourers sat round the fire for weeks after Christmas, till the women were heartily tired of their being always in the way: but they had nothing to do out of doors; and the farmers saw all their possessions locked up, as it were, from their natural uses. For a few weeks in February and March everybody was busy, and the proprietors of land and stock more hopeful. They would have no autumn sown crops; but they must make the most of the spring; and the hard and prolonged frost had benefited the soil, and must have destroyed much vermin. If the spring grasses did but turn out well, it might be a fair year yet. But then came the drought. In our part of the island it rained only three or four times between Easter and July. Day after day the farmer looked in vain for the growth of his grass. It did not seem to grow at all. April, May, and even June passed on, and the hill sides showed no tinge of the vivid green which signals the herds and flocks to the upland pastures. Buying and buying, all through the spring, to feed the beasts who ought to be grazing,—each week hoping for rain and green grass, and none coming, — this is a trial of patience. The cereals came up thin and straggling, and withered more and more under the drought: and the grass in the hayfields was thinly in flower, while the undergrowth remained stationary. At last, when all resources for feeding the cattle were about exhausted, the rain came. Everybody cheered up. The cereal crops might yet make up for lost time, or quality might compensate for quantity: and as for the hay,—it must be in part seeded grass, and in part too short; but there would be a crop by waiting three weeks for it. But it so happened that the rain, having once arrived, scarcely stopped; and it was so heavy as to be very mischievous. Where light and poor hay crops were got in at

the usual time, there has been excellent grazing since. It is quite a spectacle,—the sleek enjoyment of the kine in their pasture of vivid green, when the rains intermit so as to let them graze. But the whole chapter of the hay is dismal. Even where the mowing machine was used, the grass lay soaking and drying alternately for weeks. In the bright morning the haymakers trooped out, and worked till noon, when the clouds hurried up and spoiled all. Or, after a rainy morning, and a bright clearing at noon, all hands would go to work for as long as they could see ; but before sunset they were driven home by wet, which lasted all night and for days afterwards. In half a dozen fields and meadows I have seen parties of labourers at work for weeks, at four or five shillings a day each, in this useless way. I have seen no small quantity, cut and made at this cost, choking up the channel of the brook, or swimming in the flood. I have seen it turning brown and grey on the ground, and then almost black, till it seemed hardly worth carrying ; and, finally, I saw on Sunday a party of haymakers sent into the field after church,—a thing never done but in extremity,—and, after working for a couple of hours, driven away by the pitiless rain. All this time the oats and potatoes have been a great anxiety to the farmer. The promise of both was very fine ; but the grain is prostrated under the rain and strong winds, and the root has rotted. Now, these things must be admitted to be as trying to human patience as can well be. If the farmer had been told on New Year's-day that his loss in the year would amount to so much, he might bear it as the manufacturer puts up with a sudden depreciation in the value of his stock, and the merchant with a bad debt : but the long and varying suspense, and the singular aspect of spitefulness in the weather of such years as the two last, certainly constitute a peculiar trial to the farmer. As far as I can learn, our countrymen bear it with true British manliness. We used to hear of agriculture "coming to Parliament whining for protection." Now that protection is over, we hear no more about whining. Every order of producers is now above it.

As for society generally, it has come to understand the bearings of a good or a bad harvest. Of a good harvest I need say nothing ; for it speaks for itself. A bad one, we now know, means, in the first place, the throwing away of several millions of money. We generally spend twenty millions in the purchase of grain and flour. We do not grudge it, though it is an unproductive expenditure. We do not grudge it because we cannot (or we suppose we cannot) grow enough at home for our consumption ; and of course we must in the first place be fed. But we feel differently when we have to spend another ten or twelve millions in buying as much grain as we have seen rotting or failing in our own fields. The failure of last year's harvest has cost us in actual money twenty millions more than the average expenditure : and every man of intelligence now, clergy or lay, understands what this means. Instead of simpering and averring that "there always is a harvest," the most exclusive members of society know that this tremendous loss of capital restricts expenditure through all ranks, sets everybody economising, slackens manufacture, diminishes earnings, and affects the money market injuriously by carrying away our gold to foreign countries : for we must have the grain and flour, whether the countries which produce it can or cannot take any of our products in exchange. If they do not want our goods, we must pay in gold. In short, put it in any way you like, the badness of last year's harvest caused us a dead loss of twenty millions direct ; besides inflicting a variety of inconveniences and troubles.

The special trial of this year has been the uncertainty. Last autumn, and the frosts of midwinter, taught us that we could not have a harvest above the average : but whether an average, or how much less, has been a question almost to the last moment. It will even now take some weeks to satisfy us of our precise position ; but we are certain that, on the whole, we are not unfortunate, and that at last we have left behind us the mischiefs of the bad harvest of 1860. We should still have felt them if we had had a second such harvest, because the protracted competition with other nations in the grain market would have made foreign wheat and flour very costly to us. Now that we shall want to buy little more than our regular quantity, we and the French shall not be bidding against each other, constantly enhancing the price of food to each other.

I never remember the reports of the crops being more various than they have been since the spring equinox. Up to that time, all the news from all quarters was equally bad. A very small proportion of our farmers had, by a thorough and systematic use of agricultural machinery, got their harvest cleared away, and their seed in, in spite of the malice of the weather ; and where this was best done, the wheats stood the winter best. The less advanced practitioners made nothing of their land at all, and could only hope for an early and favourable spring.

It would be difficult to say what the spring was, for the whole season has been singularly various in different parts of our islands. In parts of Scotland my description of our drought and rains would be testified to as a fair account of the spring and summer ; while in other places the spring has been wet and the summer dry, or each has been both. On the whole, by what I can gather from the sum of agricultural reports, the wheat crop is decidedly below an average, but a considerable portion of it of remarkably fine quality. The unfitness of last year's barley for malting purposes was an evil of wide operation. This year, the quality is supposed to be very fine.

Some people tell us that oats are now about the best crop ; but the real character of the whole oat crop is never known much before the end of September ; and there is certainly a good deal so laid and broken as to be scarcely susceptible of cutting,—yellow, matted, and almost mouldy near the ground. The fate of the potato came upon us almost like a surprise,—so fine was the promise up to July. It is a great misfortune ; but we shall feel almost as if we deserved it till we have either discovered the nature of the disease, or left off running the risks of potato-growing for some years till we can begin afresh, with new sets on a

renewed soil. Till we obtain either the knowledge or a pause in the growing we may expect an annual disappointment: for we do at least know that there is some cause which appears to be permanent.

We hear other roots ill spoken of this year. That mangold should fail is a serious misfortune to cattle and their owners. The failure is certainly not universal, though by all accounts it must be very wide spread. I know of some which grew rather patchy after the drought, but has had no drawback since, and promises to be fine. Two causes are assigned for such failure as there is. The seed from last year's crop was not properly ripened, and very improperly mixed with the weeds which flourished so rankly; and a new maggot has been feasting itself in the inside of the leafstalks, destroying the plant in the most insidious way. Carrots have failed from bad seed: and turnips, which up to a late date promised well, come out badly from examination,—the roots having run to "fingers and toes," as the country folk say. Beans are bad; peas fine. So say the majority of reporters; but there is scarcely any assertion about any crop which is not matched with a precisely opposite account from some part of the country. The only general statement which can be relied on is that, on the whole, light lands and their produce have done well, and clay lands and their crops less well than on the average.

Our fortune is therefore moderately good only, in regard to the produce of the country this year. The year has, however, done much to improve our prospect in time to come.

First, we have got a Drainage Bill, which, if made the most of, will effect much towards that Arterial Drainage which is now the chief want of British agriculture. The bill went so quietly through parliament that it may be doubted whether there is as yet any due appreciation of the powers which it gives. Under it, the energetic portion of the proprietors of any district needing drainage can effect their object by application to the Enclosure Commissioners, through whose intervention they can obtain a private Act of Parliament in an inexpensive, ready, and secure manner. No obstructive neighbour need now be allowed to spoil land, and ruin health, and fill the churchyard, by forbidding the waters to pass his property. We cannot expect to have everything on the first asking; and this bill does not give us a systematic emendation of our watercourses, from their spring-heads in the hills to their outfall into the sea: but it enables private enterprise to improve large areas by effectual drainage; and it removes the antique and vexatious impediments by which the welfare of the many, living above and below, has been sacrificed to the selfishness or ignorance of some one proprietor, or some clique of gentry, strong in will, who would not listen to reason. It will not now be the fault of the law if we suffer hereafter as we have suffered till now from floods in critical seasons, and bogged land all the year round, for want of efficient watercourses. We ought to see, for years to come, a great straightening, and clearing, and deepening of the channels of our streams, —a great strengthening of the banks,—a great substitution of steam for water-mills, and consequent abolition of weirs,—each spoiling more land than any mill can be worth.

This Drainage Act is one great gain of this year. Another is the prodigious extension of the use of agricultural machinery. There is nothing like bad weather for convincing husbandmen of the benefit of machinery which saves time. The lesson of last November, with its brief seeding-time, has shown its effects in the wide adoption of almost every kind of new and approved implement. One appears, to be stared at, here and there in the most old-fashioned corners of the island; while, in the neighbourhood of the great manufacturing towns, some costly instrument is seen on its journey to a field, hired by a party of allotment-holders, to mow, or reap, or plough, or sow quickly for them, at their joint expense.

The phenomena of rural labour are becoming more remarkable every year. The faster the use of machinery spreads, the more deficient does labour become. We hear suggestions of letting soldiers be employed in harvest-labour, and the few able-bodied inmates of workhouses. We hear with satisfaction of emigrants returning from America, since the civil war there began. The Irish who come over for haymaking and harvest are fewer and fewer; and if any of them are found begging, it is because they have come to a district where their work is better done by modern methods. When we obtain the system of returns of agricultural statistics, which cannot be much longer withheld by the prejudices of the less instructed class of farmers, there will presently be no spare labour anywhere, because it will be evenly distributed; and the total amount is already insufficient for our needs, —great as is the amount of work saved by machinery. Where agriculture is most advanced labour is most readily absorbed, and best paid.

The failure of the mangold this year has directed attention towards a mistake which has been admirably exposed in France, where the error has been greater than with us. While growing desperate under the ravages of insects, we have been destroying their natural enemies, the small birds. Several agricultural societies in France have been petitioning the legislature to protect the small birds which the peasantry destroy for food,—causing the devastation of whole acres of grain and roots for the sake of half-a-dozen bird-pies. Our cottagers do not feed on robins and sparrows; but too many people kill the small birds because they destroy sprouting vegetables, and help themselves to the food of the poultry. Then we hear dismal tales of the wireworm, and the maggot which has been so fatal to the mangold this year. The discussion about the wireworm, and various aphides, and the grub of the cockchafer bids fair to preserve the races of small birds in this country, and to restore them in France. It promises, moreover, to restrict the meddling of game-preservers within due bounds. They have destroyed owls, weasels, and polecats in such numbers as to have increased the rats and mice beyond all endurable bounds,—injuring hedges and ditches, and ravaging crops till the mischief is seen, in bad seasons, in its full enormity.

In France, the deficient crops are avowedly owing, to no small extent, to the unchecked

ravages of insect plagues; and in England, the gamekeepers are shown how they are ruining their neighbours' crops and fences without saving their eggs, young birds, and leverets, which fall a prey to rats more than they would to weasels and hawks, and owls, if these latter were allowed to make war on the rats and mice.

We have, when all is said, to be thankful for a tolerable harvest which will preclude hardship, though we cannot consider it a rich one, fit to elate the spirits of the nation. We may congratulate ourselves on having made some progress towards obtaining future harvests, more ample amidst the chances and changes of weather than our fathers won from the most golden summers. We have surmounted the misfortunes of last year better than we could have expected; and its adversity has taught us to make ourselves more secure for the future. If the year between this harvest and the next is to be a season of national trial, it will not be from failure of the nation's bread.

From the Mountain.

A PHASE OF THE PAPER QUESTION.

THE RAG MERCHANT IN BRITTANY.

There live amongst the mountains of Bretagne a peculiar sort of tradespeople, called by the natives "Pillavers." The pillaver is a nomadic rag-merchant, leading in every respect the life of a gipsy, except that he does not, like him, drag his family with him, but leaves them in some cave in the mountains to await his return from his trips through the country, where he purchases quantities of rags to re-sell them to the paper manufacturers. He goes from farm to farm, cottage to cottage, and hut to hut, where he announces his arrival by the lugubrious cry—"Pillaver! Pillaver!" His favourite haunts are the most wretched and poor huts, where he is sure to find his commodity. He is a sort of notorious hobgoblin, who knocks at the doors of the unhappy, and reminds them of their poverty. He is, therefore, hated and possibly shunned, while in rich families his call is considered an insult, and his knock is usually answered by "Be off! there are no rags here for you."

"Very well," rejoins the pillaver, in an ominously ironical tone, "I will come by-and-by," and moves on to a near cottage to find what he seeks.

But even in the huts where a few rags are sold to him he is received with contempt and abhorrence, and is seldom allowed to advance as far as the fire-place. The rags are brought to him to the threshold, where the bargain is made. His honesty is so distrusted that even the poorest of the poor fear his thieving craft; he is—as the song goes—without church and religion.

We will cite, in illustration, a few stanzas of the popular song about the pillaver:—

There he goes, goes the pillaver, like the Wandering Jew. He finds in the country neither relations nor friends, and at his approach the doors are closed, for the pillaver is a man without faith.

On Sundays and holidays he is always on the road; he never hears mass nor service. He prays not at the grave of his parents; he confesses not to his priest, and thus it is said in the lowland, the pillaver has neither creed nor parish.

Go on, poor pillaver, the road is hard under your feet, but Jesus does not judge after the manner of men; and if you are honest and a good Christian, you will be rewarded for your pain and toil, and awake in glory.

You see the dirty rags on the back of your nag? Well, the water of the river will soon cleanse them, and the hammers of the paper-mill will soon bruise them, and paper will be made out of them more white than the finest linen.

Thus it will go with you, poor pillaver. When once you have laid your rag-covered body into some grave, your soul will fly away clean and white, and the angels will carry it into Paradise.

T. M.

THE CINQUE PORTS AND THE BREDENSTONE AT DOVER.

Our ever youthful Premier has recently given éclat to an ancient ceremony which has been revived for the nonce out of the records of one of our most ancient and loyal institutions,—we allude to his inauguration as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports and Constable of the Castle of Dover.

At the grand banquet given on that occasion in the "Maison Dieu," Lord Palmerston expressed his conviction that "nothing tends to distinguish a man more than a respect for traditions, where the latter are harmless in their character, and do not interfere with social progress." We may therefore be pardoned for carrying back our readers over a short retrospect of the past history of the Cinque Ports and the high dignity of their Lord Warden.

The Cinque Ports were originally five only, as their name implies,—Sandwich, Dover, Hythe, Romney, in Kent, and Hastings, in Sussex; and it is curious to note that when at a later period the two "ancient towns" of Winchilsea and Rye were added to their number, no change was made in their collective designation—they were the "Cinque Ports" still.

Attempts have been made by enthusiastic antiquaries to carry back the foundation of the Cinque Ports to Anglo Saxon times; but although it is probably true, as stated by Jeake,* that "the five ports were enfranchised in the time of Edward the Confessor" (for the fact stands recited in the first charter which they received from Edward I.), yet the organisation of the Cinque Ports as a body politic, such as it has existed during the last 800 years, is plainly to be traced to the policy of William the Conqueror in securing for England easy and constant communication with the continent, together with immunity from foreign attack; and the permanence of the Norman name of the seven towns collectively seems to warrant the same inference, in spite of the fact that all and each of the towns included under the collective name enjoyed some special privileges even before the Conquest.

It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader how, after the battle of Hastings, the southern and eastern coasts of Kent formed that portion of his newly acquired kingdom which William was most anxious to secure; how he made it his first object to reduce that tract of seaboard even before he

* "Magna et Antiqua Charta Quinque Portuum." Folio edition. 1728. With a comment by Mr. Jeake, long an inhabitant of one of the ports in question.

marched on London; or how he exacted from Harold, even during the lifetime of Edward, a solemn pledge that he would surrender into his hands the castle and keep of Dover,—no doubt as being the centre of all military action in respect of the opposite coasts.

"To enable his government to wield the resources of this maritime district with the greater vigour and promptitude," says a writer on the Cinque Ports, "William severed it wholly from the civil and military administration of the counties of Kent and Sussex, erecting it into a kind of palatine jurisdiction under a *gardien* or *warden*, who had the seat of his administration at the castle of Dover, and exercised over the whole district the combined civil, military, and naval authority; thus uniting in his own hands all the various functions which (to use the terms most intelligible to modern readers) we may describe as those of a Sheriff of a County at large, a Custos Rotulorum, a Lord-lieutenant, and an Admiral of the Coast."

It is well known that from the conquest to the reign of Henry VIII. the country at large had no navy, the maritime defence of the kingdom being all along entrusted to the "good men and true" of the Cinque Ports, who were bound jointly to fit out, at their own cost, such armaments as were wanted from time to time. Such being the case (the army and navy not being as yet separate services), the Warden of the Cinque Ports held really, to some extent, the modern post of Minister or Secretary at War; and formed part of the executive of the nation; and, accordingly, it is still a prescriptive rule that no one but a privy councillor is capable of being nominated to that office. In the reign of Edward I. the Ports, we find, were ordered to supply jointly a fleet of fifty-seven sail, fully equipped for fifteen days' service; but in the reign of Edward III. the respective quota was assigned to each port and its members, or tributary towns; and English history teems with similar examples. The gradual rise of the British navy and its permanent organisation have, of course, rendered obsolete the naval services of the ancient palatinate of the Cinque Ports, and indeed, even if such had not been the case, the same result would have followed from the great physical changes which have come over the ports and harbours by the change of the coast line; even "New" Romney and Sandwich—the latter once well known to history as the "port of London"—being now both separated from the sea by a mile or two of alluvial deposit, to say nothing of Winchilsea, which is now remarkable for little but its ecclesiastical antiquities.

Another proof of the Norman origin of the Cinque Ports is to be found in the use of the terms "Jurats" and "Barons," in lieu of the analogous Saxon names of "Aldermen" and "freemen," so familiar to English ears, and so redolent of English liberties. In former days, under the Norman and Plantagenet kings, and indeed to a much later date, the civil and municipal rulers of the Ports used to meet and transact their business in a Parliament of their own, the framework of which still remains in the "Brotherhood" and "Guestling," which is convened from time to time for purposes of internal regulation. It was assembled during the present century in 1811, and again in 1828, and more recently on two occasions, and according to present arrangement it is ordered to be convened once, at least, in every seven years. When the Brotherhood is convened, the barons and combarons still meet in the parish church at New Romney to elect a speaker with the ancient solemnities, which are celebrated with a scrupulous adherence to ancient precedent, that, pleasing as it may be to the lover of old associations, can scarcely fail to raise a smile on the lips of those who care as little as most men in the middle of the nineteenth century care for shadows whose substance has departed. It is remarkable that to the present day the members returned to parliament by the boroughs of Hastings, Dover, Hythe, and Sandwich, are still termed "Barons" of the Cinque Ports, and that they still claim to exercise, in virtue of the original grant, the honorary office of holders of the canopy over the head of the sovereign at every successive coronation. Their claim as of right to dine, as they dined in olden days, on the right hand of the sovereign at the dinner in Westminster Hall was most ruthlessly and cruelly ignored at the coronation of George IV., when the barons, to maintain and assert their right, refused to give place, or withdraw, and stood (we are told), all the time till the banquet was over, for which act, no doubt, they were subsequently rewarded by the thanks of their grateful combarons, of whose privileges we may literally term them the *upright* representatives.

The jurisdiction of the Cinque Ports, which now extends from Seaford in Sussex to Birchington near Margate, originally embraced a large portion of the Essex coast, and also employed a deputy or bailiff at Great Yarmouth; but they have lately been shorn of these outlying portions of their jurisdiction. The Ports, we should add (except Hythe and Winchilsea), had each several detached "members" assigned to them, as tributaries—not unlike the συντελεῖς πόλεις of early Greek antiquity. Thus, to Hastings were attached Pevensey, Seaford, and part of Bexhill and St. Leonards, together with Beaksbourne near Canterbury, and Granch near Rochester; to Rye was tacked on Tenterden; to Romney, Denge Marsh, Lydd, and Orlestone; to Dover, the towns of Folkestone, Faversham, and Margate, and the parishes of St. Peter, Birchington, and Ringwold; to Sandwich, the towns of Fordwich, Deal, and Ramsgate, and the villages of Walmer, Sarr, and Brightlingsea: but some of the most distant "members" were pruned off some fifty years ago, on account of the many practical difficulties which arose in the administration of justice, and other inconveniences. It is by the several surviving "members" of these Ports that the bailiffs and jurats are sent to the court of the Guestling abovementioned, the court of the Brotherhood being restricted to the mayors of the Five Ports and two "ancient towns," together with a certain number of jurats, thus forming a sort of Upper House.

As may naturally be expected, the list of the Lords Warden of the Cinque Ports includes several names well known in history, including more than one member of the royal family. Since

the office was held by James, Duke of York, afterwards James II. (who, by the way, was married at Dover Castle to Mary of Modena), it has been held by Lord Sydney, Prince George of Denmark, the Earl of Dorset, the Duke of Ormonde, Sydney Earl of Leicester, D'Arcy Earl of Holdernesse, Lord North, William Pitt, the Earl of Liverpool, the Duke of Wellington, and the Marquis of Dalhousie.

It does not appear from the existing records that any of the Lords Warden have been formally installed with a public solemnity since the Duke of Dorset, who was thus inaugurated, in 1765, at the "Bredenstone." Even of this installation there is no authentic record in the public documents of the authorities of the Cinque Ports; and we understand that for the entire programme of the ceremonies performed at the admission of Lord Palmerston, recourse was had to an old newspaper of the day which had recorded the affair with the minuteness of a reporter of our own time. Even "Sylvanus Urban" has placed upon record no outline of the proceedings among his Domestic Occurrences in the "Gentleman's Magazine." As our readers are already familiar with the procession and its accompanying solemnities, we will only ask them to walk leisurely up the western heights of Dover to nearly the top of the "Drop Redoubt," where they will see worked into the wall of the newly-constructed barracks part of the ancient "Bredenstone," of which they have heard so much of late.

This "Bredenstone," or "Kissingstone"—or "Devil's Drop," as it is vulgarly styled by tradition among the inhabitants of Dover—was certainly standing on the western heights in the middle of last century, as it is not only mentioned in his "History of Dover Castle" by Darell, chaplain to Queen Elizabeth (the original of which is in the Herald's College in Doctors' Commons), but a cut of it, as it appeared in 1760, is to be seen in the edition of Darell published at that date. As to the name, the story is, that the good people of Dover thought it was too big a mass to have been made by the hands of man, and therefore somewhat hastily concluded that it must have been the work of the Prince of Darkness.

The masonry of which it is composed is of hard reddish concrete, flint, Kentish rag, and Roman fluted tiles; it was laid upon a platform of flint-work of the same date, and, to judge from its site and from other points, it must have formed the lower portion of a second Roman Pharos, or light-house, corresponding to the well-known Pharos still standing within the walls of the castle on the opposite hill, which is nearly coeval with the Christian era. Such, at all events, is the opinion of a well-known local antiquary, Mr. Knocker, the present worthy town-clerk of Dover, who tells us, in a lecture which he delivered some three years ago, that there is a tradition that a third Pharos of a similar shape and material once stood on the heights above Boulogne. At all events, it is an authenticated fact that this Bredenstone for many centuries was the spot at which the Lords Wardens were installed into their office—the last instance of its use on record, we believe, being just ninety-six years ago. In the year 1808, when the present Drop redoubt was formed, the general in command of the engineers, being more of a soldier than a scholar, and there probably being at hand no local antiquary to rescue it from destruction, and the military authorities, unable to pick it to pieces with axes, tumbled it over on the ground and buried it *in situ*, where it was found a few weeks since. It now forms a portion of the barrack wall, and we hope that ere long a brass plate will be let into the solid masonry, to tell of its past history and of its present and future use—for we suppose that even Lords Warden have no patent of immortality; and, though we trust that it may be a distant day, yet the day must come in due course when the Bredenstone will witness a repetition of the solemnity of the 28th of August, 1861.

Edward Walford.

CADER IDRIS—THE CHAIR OF IDRIS.

I am an old bachelor now, the object of an interest—not, perhaps, wholly unselfish—to my nephews and nieces. Be it so. They will not have long to wait. The one bright thread in the darksome web of my life was snapped, rudely snapped, many a weary year ago, and I am only sorry when a new spring-time comes round and finds me still among the living.

In the autumn of 1829 I was staying in one of the wildest and most secluded districts of Wales, not, as now, a grey-haired, broken man, but young, happy, and rich in friends, in prospects, and, above all, in that elastic spirit of hopefulness that forms the best heritage of those who begin the world. Talglyn Hall, one of those moss-grown stone mansions whose weather-beaten masonry look old enough to be coeval with the eternal hills that overshadow them, was the place of my temporary abode. The Hall—the name of which I have slightly altered—was the ancestral residence of a Welsh gentleman whom I shall call Griffith. I was his friend and guest; indeed we were distantly related, and I was to have been the husband of his youngest daughter. Dear, lost Ellen! with what painful distinctness, after all these years, does her gentle image rise before me, in all the bloom of that youthful beauty on which the hand of Time was never to be laid. I often fancy that she stands beside me as I sit in my elbow-chair, brooding over the past, over the golden sands that ran out so early, and in a strain of faintly audible music, or in the sigh of the summer wind, I fondly dream that I hear the voice of Ellen. Forgive me, reader! I will wander from the point no more, but briefly tell how I won and lost her.

Rambling through Wales during the summer of the preceding year, sketching and fishing, and seeking all the benefit which the pure air and exercise could confer on a constitution somewhat impaired by study and hard work at the bar, a singular whim possessed me. This was no other than to seek out some remote connections of my mother's, who were known to dwell peaceably on their hereditary acres somewhere in the Principality, but between whom and my immediate relatives no intercourse had taken place for at

least a generation. I was shut up by stress of rain in a wretched little inn at Tryssidloes, unable to climb mountains, fish, or take sketches, when a letter arrived from the sister to whom I had written for information. At the point where the four closely-written pages—for postage was, in those times, a costly item—were traversed by what feminine correspondents called "crossings," I found the following sentence :—"The name of the family you ask about is Griffith, people with a long pedigree, of course, being Welsh, and I believe with a grand old house and a good property. They live at Talglyn Hall, at the foot of Cader Idris, so if you go that way you can look them up. It was the father of the present squire who quarrelled with grandpapa, fifty years ago, and mamma says he behaved most *shamefully*, but she has forgotten in what manner. They are, you know, our second-cousins," &c.

On such slight events, to all appearance, do our fortunes depend, that this trivial letter may be truly said to have coloured my whole future life.

I have often tried to speculate on what that life might have been, had my sister delayed writing but a single day more, in which case I should have been gone from the neighbourhood before the arrival of her letter. However, the letter came ; the information it gave reached me at a critical moment, just as I was about to start with post-horses for a more civilised place. It so happened, too, that I was within a few miles of Cader Idris. I could see the blue peak of the steep mountain, looming gigantic through the rain, even from the little window of the inn parlour in which I had been for three days a prisoner. Talglyn Hall must, therefore, be of easy access. I countermanded the post-chaise : I wrote a note, couched in that diplomatic style on which young men plume themselves, and I sent it by a messenger to "Squire Griffith's." Before the long summer day was spent, Mr. Griffith answered the note in person. I found him a capital specimen of the Welsh gentleman—spirited, hospitable, and rather choleric and imperious. But the brighter side of his character was the one most prominent, and that it was which was presented to me. He

greeted me with a frank manliness that put my diplomacy to the rout, and insisted on bearing me off straightway to the Hall. I was his cousin, he said, and quite a near relation in a Cambrian point of view, and I *must* be his guest, in spite of the silly misunderstanding of half a century back. No, no; blood was thicker than water, and he should feel himself insulted if any kinsman came within ten miles of his roof-tree without harbouring there. Thus it occurred that I became a visitor at Talglyn Hall.

Mr. Griffith, a widower, had five children to cheer his hearth, and of these three were daughters. The two eldest were handsome enough, but Ellen, their younger sister, then scarcely seventeen, was as beautiful and winning as a fairy. No wonder that I admired her. Admired is a cold, pale phrase. She was born to be loved, and I loved her with a deep, strong love over which time has never gained the mastery. I do not wish to linger on that happy period of alternate hope and fear, of broken words eked out by glances, and all the petulant changes of passion. Suffice it that my love was returned at last, and that before my long visit was at an end Ellen had plighted me her simple troth. I went honestly to Mr. Griffith, and told him all. He was not displeased. He appeared, in fact, hardly to be surprised. Lovers, indeed, are generally very transparent in their wily stratagems for hoodwinking the world, and even the most guileless household is speedily aware of the progress of an attachment. But Mr. Griffith, though not averse to receiving me as a son-in-law, was not willing that his daughter should marry at seventeen, and was besides desirous that time should test whether we, the principal parties in the case, really knew our own minds. We both thought this decision very tyrannical and absurd. I am sure that it was right, and kind, and wise. For a year Ellen and I separated. I was to work heartily at the bar, as before; the Griffiths were to travel, to visit watering-places and cities, and to vary their usual retired mode of life, in order that Ellen might see something of the world before she irrevocably fixed her fate in it. And, if all went well, and we young people continued of the same opinion, after the lapse of a twelvemonth, why then—

Then! How cruel seemed the suspense and the banishment; how certain that our sentiments would be unchanged a year hence, fifty years hence, my younger readers may ask their own hearts. We obeyed. I not only obtained some credit as a rising junior at the bar, where I already possessed a certain footing—more due, I dare say, to circumstance than merit—but I won the consent and approbation of all my relatives to the match. I was not dependent on them or on my profession for support, but Squire Griffith was a great stickler for such matters, and he was not easy until I had induced my mother to write him a letter solemnly abjuring the feud between their parents—the reason of which had been, I believe, a dispute at long whist—and consenting formally to the marriage. And now the weary waiting was over, the year was out, and I was at Talglyn Hall again to claim my bride. All went smilingly with us. Ellen had the old loving look in her dear blue eyes; she had been courted and flattered, but no one had been able to win away her heart from me, and the Squire admitted that never had a probation turned out more satisfactory than ours. All the family were kind, warm-hearted people; they welcomed me cordially among them; they were willing to hail me as a brother, though they *did* grudge a little at times that I should rob them of the light of their home, the darling of them all, for Ellen was both. She had been very pretty a year before, but had now expanded like a flower, and was as sweet a type of the more fragile order of womanhood as ever existed. I was surprised to see how much she had developed in so short a time, but she loved me none the less for the greater experience of life which she had gained in the past year. Our wedding-day was fixed; the preparations were nearly completed, and my sisters, who were to be bridesmaids jointly with Ellen's sisters, were shortly expected at Talglyn. And now but a few days intervened between me and the crowning happiness of my life—that happiness which was never to be.

I have painted nothing as yet but a picture of hope and happiness, a sunny sea and white-sailed pleasure-barks gaily gliding over the soft summer waves. Now comes the blacker sketch of wreck and storm. Ellen had one fault, if fault be not too harsh a word, one flaw in her nature. She had a pretty waywardness, an impatience of contradiction that never degenerated into peevishness, never became imperious, but which in one endowed with a less sweet temper would infallibly have done so. As it was, it rather took the form of a half playful defiance, so winning, so full of grace, that you could scarcely have the heart to wish it away. But there *were* times when Ellen's petulant caprice became a source of terror to those who loved her best. I have known her persist in maintaining her seat on a plunging, kicking horse, full of vice and mettle, and which exerted every sinew and every artifice to hurl from the saddle its slender but unconquerable rider. Equally, I have seen her run, mocking our cowardice, along the trunk of a fallen tree that bridged a cataract, slippery though that tree was with the washing of ceaseless spray, and perched at a fearful height above the ragged rocks and the dark pool below. And in a mountain excursion, no one, not even her daredevil young brothers, ventured so close to the most dangerous precipices as Ellen did, laughing the while. Yet she was no Amazon, but when the whim was over, showed all a girl's timidity in face of peril; it was contradiction that nettled her to rashness. One evening, after a happy day spent partly on the hills and partly in boating on the little lake, the conversation turned, somehow, on the superstitions of Wales. One legend called forth another, and none of her relatives had such a store of these weird tales as Ellen, or told them so charmingly and simply. At last she related a particular story which I have but too much reason to remember, which has burnt into my brain like a fiery brand, the story of the Lady of Cader Idris. The legend has reference to the Welsh proverb, so old, that it is

by some considered anterior to even Merlin, that "he who spends a night in the chair or Cader Idris will be found mad, dead, or a poet." Tradition relates that Merlin sat there, and that Taliesin also went through the dread ordeal that touched his lips with the fire of prophecy.

"You know," broke in young Herbert Griffith, "the gap cut in the live rock, on the high peak where the cairn is, just above the cliff? It looks like the throne of some queer old king. I showed it to you when we went shooting dotterils. Beg your pardon, Ellen!"

Ellen went on to relate how, long ago, in the thirteenth century, the lady of the manor, a beautiful and wilful heiress, called by her vassals the Lady of Cader Idris, had resolved to undergo this terrible trial in the hopes of becoming imbued with the spirit of poetry. How, being a lady of rare courage and headstrong will, she had persisted in her resolve, in spite of the entreaties of her kindred, the prayers of her tenants, and the authority of her confessor. How she had gone up alone to the haunted hill-top, where, as legends tell, spectres keep a world-long watch over buried treasure, and had faced storm, and darkness, and all the terrors of the visible and the viewless. Finally, how she had been found in the morning, stark and dead, seated in the rocky throne on blue Idris, with her long dark hair floating over the stones as she sate in an attitude that mocked life, and with an expression of awful fear stamped on her open eyes and fair pale face. The tradition added that, on account of her rebellion against the priest's commands, the pitiless church had denied her poor body Christian burial, and that she had been laid, in silence and stealth, by the hands of sorrowing kinsmen, under a cairn of loose pebbles on the hill-top.

Then Ellen went to her harp, and sang us first the wild Welsh ditty that some bard had composed in elder days, and then the polished verses which Mrs. Hemans had penned on the same theme. Nor was it till the last notes of the harp and the sweet voice had long died away that we recovered from the impression of the weird and mournful tale, and began to question its authenticity and to challenge its probability. I remember we all took part, in a sportive way, against Ellen and the legend. Our wish was, no doubt, to tease, harmlessly, the darling and spoiled child of the household, and also perhaps to atone to ourselves for having been for a time more completely under the spell of romance than we cared to acknowledge. But to start a discussion is like rolling a stone down-hill. It starts gently, sliding down grassy banks and springing daintily from mound to mound, then leaps with huge bounds, gaining force every instant, till it thunders from crag to crag, and crashes into the valley below. Our controversy grew warm and lively, almost bitter. Ellen was piqued and ruffled. She had told us one of her favourite tales, one which she had loved and dwelt upon, and which was grown to be almost a part of herself, and we had listened—and laughed. She had not the experience that riper years impart, and which would have made her suspect that our derision was in a measure defensive and over-strained, and she was vexed, and showed it. She was quite angry with her jeering brothers, but I came in for the full weight of her indignation.

"Why was I incredulous? Did I think woman's nature so frivolous and cowardly that nothing brave or self-devoted could be looked for from a woman?"

To this I replied, with provoking gravity, "That I thought the story a pretty one, but that it was as improbable as the adventures of King Arthur and his knights, and that I never saw or heard of any female capable of confronting so much risk and discomfort." Finally, I declared the "Lady of Cader Idris" a pure invention of some crack-brained harper. Ellen's scornful eyes flashed, and she tossed her golden ringlets as she turned away. All might have gone well had not some mischievous fiend whispered to me to improve my victory. So I did. I waxed very witty and satirical, and the company applauded, all but the squire, who was asleep, and Ellen, who stamped her little foot angrily on the floor, exclaiming:

"I will show you that a woman dares do more than you fancy. I will go through this ordeal, that you believe impossible. We shall see who is right, you or I."

And she left the room at once. When she came back, half an hour later, she was quite calm and unruffled: she joined in the conversation as usual, and spoke pleasantly of the projects for pike fishing in the Llyn, for a late pic-nic to some celebrated point of view, and a ride to the county town. But there was a feverish restlessness in her air, and she broke off rapidly from talking on one subject to diverge to another. She sat down, when asked, to harp or piano, but she played but a few bars, and then rose again, saying she could not remember a tune. This change of manner caused me some concern, and I went up to her, and said in a low tone:

"Ellen, are you ill?"

"Ill? No," she answered, in an abstracted manner, and moved away.

"You are not offended with me?" I began. "I did not mean—"

"No, I am not offended," she answered, with some constraint, and then began to take the keenest interest in the artificial flies Herbert was tying.

We exchanged no other word until every one had retired to rest, and it came to my turn to wish her "Good night," as usual. She took my hand between her own little white fingers, and for a moment gazed in my face with a strange look that has haunted me ever since—that will haunt me to my dying hour. Sorrow, reproach, affection, and an under-current of firm but hidden determination, were blended in that glance,—the *last* that I ever received from those fond blue eyes that I had hoped would be a sunshine in my home from youth till age. And her lips murmured the old trivial phrase, "Good night," as if it had a new meaning. She turned away.

"Ellen!" said I, springing after her, "one moment, Ellen!"

She did not seem to hear. She glided from me, and was gone. One moment I stood irresolute.

False pride made me ashamed of my anxiety. Even then, after the loss of one precious moment, I should have followed, but the Squire called to me, candle in hand, from his study door, to say something about to-morrow's pike-fishing, and the opportunity was lost—for ever! What might not then have been the magic power of one word of real kindness and contrition?—it might have altered the whole current of an existence.

That has been one long and unavailing regret. But the word remained unspoken. I went to my chamber, a quaint room in one of the wings, close to the gray turret where, beneath its conical roof of slate, the alarm bell hung. I slowly undressed, often drawing aside the curtains, often peering forth through the Elizabethan casement of diamond panes, many of which were darkened by the heavy growth of the rank ivy without. All was ghostly still in the garden below, where the stiff hedges of clipped holly, the terraces fringed with box-trees and hornbeam, and the broad, old-fashioned walks were white with moonshine. An owl was hooting in the wood, and the mastiff in the court-yard bayed mournfully from time to time, and rattled his chain. The moon was high and bright, but black clouds were sailing across the sky; and as I looked, a sudden glow lit up the horizon, as if a trap-door had been opened above some fiery gulf, then vanished as quickly. "There will be a storm to-night," I muttered, as I turned from the window for the last time. I was very ill-satisfied with myself, and, as often happens, I perversely chose to justify my own conduct by blaming poor Ellen. "She had no right to be so positive and so petulant," I said to myself. It augured ill for our future happiness that she should resent idle words so deeply. But in the morning I would speak to her, reason with her—in the morning? We are blind, blind!

My prediction that there would be a storm that night was fulfilled to the letter. A storm there was. I was awakened by a peal of thunder that sounded in my sleeping ears as if the trumpet of the archangel were calling sinners to judgment. Crash upon crash, roar upon roar, till the vault of Heaven was full of the giant sound, and the strong stone mansion rocked like a living creature in fear. The blaze of the lightning, broad and bright, flooded the whole sky with an incessant lurid red, and between the stunning bursts of the thunder might be heard the howl of the wind and the hurtling of the hail and rain. An awful night. A night for shipwreck and ruin, and death of travellers on lonely moorland roads, and toppling down of gray steeples that had mocked at the gales of centuries. A grim, wild night. Presently the thunder died away, all but a sullen growl afar off, and the flashes ceased, and rain and wind went on lashing and tearing at the casement.

I fell asleep, and a strange dream I had. I dreamt of the high peak of Idris, with its storm-lashed terrace of mossy stone, the cairn of loose pebbles, and the rocky chair, deep cut in the very brow of the horrid cliff, with a yawning precipice below. And the chair was not empty. No. It had a tenant, and that tenant bore a female shape. I could see the white robe fluttering through the blackness of night, and the loosened hair, and the hand that was pressed to the eyes, as if to shut out some ghastly sight of things unspeakable, while its fellow grasped the rocky rim of the throne. Then the thunder bellowed over head, and the lightning flashed in fiery forks and hissing zigzags, ringing the hill-top with a flaming diadem, blazing, red and menacing, through the abyss below, and illuminating with a dreadful light that solitary form, alone amid the wrath of the elements. The tempest broke in its might upon the peak of Idris; hail, rain, wind, swept the mountain as with a besom, and the pale form in the fantastic chair endured them all. Strange, unearthly shrieks were blended with the howl of the wind; wild and dismal pageants trooped by amid the driving mists and sheets of blinding rain; and by one last glare of the lightning I saw the figure remove the hand that hid its face. The face of a young girl—of Ellen!—but so ghastly with terror, so full of agony and nameless horror, that I awoke, trembling and unnerved, with great heat-drops on my forehead, such as excessive bodily pain might have called forth. The storm still raged, but more feebly. Yes, it was subsiding now. I sank back again, but this time into a heavy, dreamless slumber. I woke in the golden, brilliant morning: the sky was blue, the birds were singing gaily, and the verdure of the country seemed fresher and fairer than before the storm. My spirits rose as I dressed; I was in the best of tempers, and I made a resolution that I would not chide Ellen for her wilful conduct of the preceding evening, but would be very considerate and kind, and would even say I was sorry to have hurt her feelings by a careless word. I went down to the breakfast-room. The Squire was there, with his two elder daughters and his eldest son, while young Herbert came in with his fishing-rod a moment later. But no Ellen. The old butler brought in the urn, after we had exchanged a few remarks, and then, for the first time, Ellen's absence was commented upon.

"She is not usually the lazy one," said her father. "Owen, send up Miss Ellen's maid to let her know we are waiting breakfast."

The man went. We chatted on. But Owen came back with a blank look to say, that the maid had found the door locked, and that she had knocked repeatedly, but without getting an answer.

This astonished us all.

"She must be ill!" cried Charlotte, the eldest sister, hastily leaving the room.

Soon she, too, came back, to say that she had called aloud at the door, but that Ellen would not reply a word.

"Perhaps she has gone out;" said Herbert. "The window in the oratory that opens out of her room leads right on to the terrace by the greenhouse, and then there are steps to the garden."

"Nonsense," said the Squire, knitting his brows, "that door has been locked these fifty years, and the key lost, too. I'll go myself. I'm afraid she is ill."

We all went up in a body. Two or three of the servants were on the landing place.

"I am afraid, sir," said the lady's maid, half crying," something's amiss. We can't hear a sound. It's all as still as death."

Something painful shot across all our minds as we heard this speech.

We neared the door, the Squire tapped.

"Ellen! Ellen, love! answer, my darling; are you ill?"

No reply.

Mr. Griffith set his strong shoulder against the door, and by a violent effort, dashed it in. We entered. The room was tenantless,—empty.

"She *has* gone out, after all!" cried Herbert, running to the old oratory, and pointing to the long disused door, now wide open.

"Miss Ellen must have gone out last night," stammered one of the women, "for the bed has not been touched."

Last night! In the storm! Impossible. Yet on tracking farther we found on the terrace a bow of riband, drenched and heavy with moisture. It had evidently been dropped by its owner, and all recognised it as Ellen's—on the previous night, before the rain began.

"She must be mad, my poor, poor child," groaned the Squire, "or is she playing us a trick? No, she never could have the heart to trifle with us in such a way."

Suddenly a horrid thought flashed across my mind. My dream! the dispute of the previous night—the strange resolve latent in Ellen's face as she took leave of me—all these came crowding back.

"I know where she is;" I cried aloud. "I know it but too well. She is on the mountain, on Cader Idris, dead or mad by this, and I am the accursed cause."

"My poor fellow, your anxiety makes you talk wildly," said the Squire. "Cader Idris, how can she be there? Impossible!"

"She *is* there," cried I, in an accent of agonized conviction that none could resist, "she spoke of going through the ordeal of the rock-chair last evening; and I, fool that I was, have slept while she was perishing in the tempest. Follow me, and waste no time. For Heaven's dear love be quick, and bring restoratives, if in mercy it be not too late!"

My vehemence bore down all opposition. In less than five minutes we were hurrying to the foot of the mountain. But I outstripped them all. My heart was on fire, and my feet were gifted with unusual speed. Up, among the slippery shale and loose stones, up by bush and crag, by rock and watercourse, and by tracks only trodden by the goat, and I stand panting on the terrace, a few feet of peak above, a yawning precipice below. My dream was too terribly realised. There, in the rock-hewn chair, in her muslin dress and mantle of gay plaid, both of them drenched and stained with rain and earth, lay Ellen, cold and dead. Her long fair hair half-hid her pale face, and her little hands were tightly clasped together. I clasped her to my breast; I called wildly on her name; I parted the dank hair that hid her face, and on it I saw imprinted the same agony of fear, the same dark horror, as in my fatal dream. But she was dead, my dear, dear Ellen. And I think my heart must have broken then, as I saw her, for ever. Since that day the world has been a prison to me. JOHN HARWOOD.

A "MEDIUM" IN 1772:

BEING "AN AUTHENTIC, CANDID, AND CIRCUMSTANTIAL NARRATIVE OF THE ASTONISHING TRANSACTIONS AT STOCKWELL, IN THE COUNTY OF SURREY, ON THE 6TH AND 7TH DAYS OF JANUARY, 1772, CONTAINING A SERIES OF THE MOST SURPRISING AND UNACCOUNTABLE EVENTS THAT EVER HAPPENED; WHICH CONTINUED, FROM FIRST TO LAST, UPWARDS OF TWENTY HOURS, AND AT DIFFERENT PLACES. PUBLISHED WITH THE CONSENT OF THE FAMILY, AND OTHER PARTIES CONCERNED."*

Does any one remember the "Stockwell Ghost?" The world was less scientific and more gullible, perhaps, ninety years ago, than it is at present; but yet certain "surprising and unaccountable events" which it records in these days seem so suggestive of Stockwell redivivus that I have hunted up the story; from pages damp, good reader, not with the delightful dampness of your uncut serial, but with the damp of years,—all covered with yellow blotches.

The "astonishing transactions" were as follows:

On Twelfth-Day, 1772, a certain Mrs. Golding was in the parlour of her house at Stockwell when she heard a noise of falling glass and china in the kitchen, and her maid, who had been in her service but a few days, came to tell her that the stone plates were falling from the shelf.

Mrs. Golding went out, and immediately noises began to be heard all over the house; a clock fell down and was shattered, a lantern tumbled from the staircase and smashed itself, and an earthen pan started in pieces, and its contents were scattered about the floor. The noise attracted several persons to the spot, one of whom, a carpenter, gave in his opinion that the foundations of the house were giving way. Mrs. Golding ran into a neighbour's house and fainted. When she came to herself, being still weak and faint, a surgeon was desired to bleed her, which he did—rather a questionable remedy for weakness—and the blood, in a congealed state, sprang from the basin to the floor, the basin breaking to pieces. A bottle of rum, at the same time, made shipwreck of itself. In the mean time the bystanders, for fear of the catastrophe foretold by the carpenter, were busily engaged in removing Mrs. Golding's effects to the house in which she herself had taken refuge. It soon became evident, however, that some agent, more mysterious and horrible than a yielding foundation, was at work. A pier-glass wrenched itself from the arms of the man who carried it and fell, smashing itself. It was pushed under a sideboard, and immediately a scene of destruction began above it. Glasses, jars, cups, and bottles danced over each other and into each other in a furious manner, many of them springing to the ground in fragments. Some one being asked to take a glass of wine or spirits, both the indicated bottles flew in pieces before they could be

* Title of an octavo tract, "printed for J. Marks, bookseller, in St. Martin's Lane, 1772."

touched. Mrs. Golding's surprise and fear became intolerable. Seeing that wherever she and her maid went, these strange, destructive circumstances followed them, it could not be expected that the neighbours would receive such certain loss into their houses; and what was to become of her? It is to be remarked that though the servant of the unhappy lady was the only person who expressed no terror, yet she was constantly walking about, and could not be persuaded to sit still.

Mrs. Golding next took refuge in the house of her niece, a Mrs. Pain, sending her own servant back to see what went on at the house which was *not* falling. During the absence of the servant—Ann Robinson—all was quiet, but soon after her return to her mistress a fresh scene began. First a whole row of pewter plates fell from a shelf to the floor, rolled about a little while, then settled, and as soon as they were quiet, turned over. Being replaced, they repeated the performance, after which a second row perpetrated the same feat. An egg, which stood on one of the shelves, flew off across the kitchen, struck a cat on its head, and then broke to pieces. A pestle and mortar next jumped from the high chimney-piece, followed by the candlesticks and all the "brasses," till nothing remained on the shelf. Mrs. Pain and her servant then put the glasses and china on the floor, thinking to save something; but the spirits laughed at such a precaution, and a tumbler immediately jumped up about two feet, and was broken. Another followed the example; then a china bowl, and a tumbler, with rum and water in it, jumped about ten feet, and was shattered. Next, a mustard pot flew out of a closet in pieces, and a single cup that had been left on the table jumped up, flew across the kitchen, ringing like a bell, and dashed itself to pieces against the dresser. Then the table itself began to dance. It did not use its claws after the fashion of quadrupeds, as some tables do in these days to climb upon sofas, &c.—perhaps it had no claws—but it put itself into sundry unnatural positions before it could be induced to lie quiet. A ham then raised itself from its hook, and fell to the ground. Some time afterwards another one performed the same feat, and a flitch of bacon brought up the rear.

Several of Mrs. Pain's family were reduced to such a state of terror that they could not stay in the house; but Mrs. Golding's servant, Ann Robinson, was perfectly composed, and continued walking backwards and forwards in a ghostly manner, entreating her mistress not to be alarmed, as these things could not be helped. This curious way of viewing the matter, added to the fact that whenever Ann Robinson was absent the manifestations ceased, caused her to be looked upon with mingled dread and suspicion; but, since she was never seen near any of the falling objects, it was evident that if she had anything to do with the transactions, her power must be supernatural.

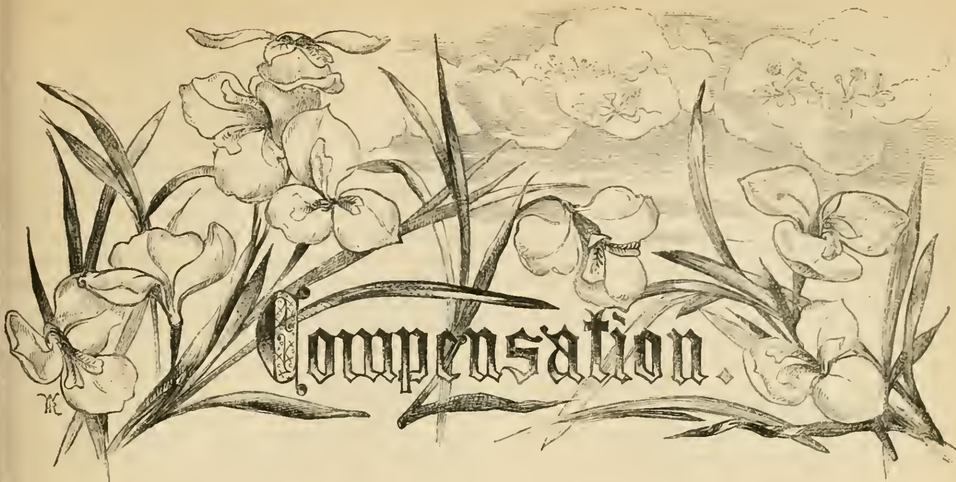
The noises and destruction, however, continued at intervals during the night, till there was not more than a cup and saucer or two remaining to the unfortunate Mrs. Pain. About five o'clock in the morning, Mrs. Golding declared that she could remain in that house no longer, and went over, desiring her maid to follow, to the house of a Mr. Fowler.

As usual, nothing happened there until the appearance of Ann Robinson, on which, however, the unaccountable disturbances began again; and the maid, going privately to Mr. Fowler, warned him not to let her mistress remain there, as wherever she was, the same things would follow. Mr. Fowler then, fearing greater loss, requested Mrs. Golding to leave his house; first begging her to consider whether she had not been guilty of some atrocious crime, for which Providence was determined to pursue her on this side the grave.

Mrs. Golding replied that her conscience was clear, and she would not stay in his, or any other person's house any longer, but would go back to her own. Mr. Pain went with her, Ann Robinson, of course, being of the party. As soon as they arrived, a pail of water began to boil, like a pot on the fire; a box of candles fell down from a shelf, and a table began to move, and fell down. Mr. Pain then sent Ann Robinson for his wife; during her absence nothing happened, and on her return she was immediately discharged. And there ended the disturbances. Some few, pertinacious and disagreeable persons, ventured to suggest that Ann Robinson might be able to explain the affair in a natural manner, but they were hissed down. If she had anything at all to do with it, then she must have had means at her command of which ordinary mortals know nothing. It was decided that the animation of inanimate crockery, furniture, &c., could not possibly have been effected by human means.

For the satisfaction of such, for instance, as the narrative probably and sneeringly alludes to as being "so ready to discover natural causes for everything," it may be added that some years after the astonishing transactions, and when the Stockwell Ghost had begun to fade and be no more heard of, this same Ann Robinson made a private confession to a gentleman capable of enjoying a practical joke even when it bordered—as this certainly did—on downright wickedness. She put long horsehairs to some of the crockery, and wires under others; on pulling or touching these of course the moveables fell. When she saw the effect of her first feats she was tempted to exercise her dexterity beyond the original purpose for mere amusement. She loosened the hams and bacon, attaching them by the skins, which soon gave way; and she threw a chemical powder into the pail of water as she passed, after which it bubbled. She managed to throw down several articles with her own hands, and when the victims turned and saw them broken or in motion, they attributed it to unseen agency. In short, the only magic was the dexterity of the supposed witch, and—a very large feature in the case—the alarm of the spectators, whose terror at the time, and their conversations afterwards, magnified many of the circumstances and invented others, and who were too full of their own dread of supernatural agency to be capable of examining anything, or even of a moderate degree of observation.

Louis Sand.



"Have you daisies in Tasmania?"—English Letter.

No, dear—on neither lawn nor hill,
Nor in our forest mazes,
Dwell those child-lovèd flowers of home
Your bright-eyed English daisies.

I used to wish my babes could play
About your grass-plot mossy,
With king-cups strewn upon their hair,
As golden and as glossy :—

Or sit beneath your trellised bower
Where the roses bloomed so early,
Weaving long strings of daisy chains,
Gold-boss'd, pink-tipp'd, and pearly.

I vainly craved that they should feel
Your fond and warm caressing,
And share the love that thro' long years
To me brought priceless blessing.

Oft have I counted o'er my lost,
With tears of wistful sorrow;
And, full as oft, new happiness
Brought smiles upon the morrow.

Now, 'tis my Faith, for one denied,
Another boon is given;
If we have fewer stars on Earth
We have a brighter Heaven.

For daisies we have lilies* sweet,
And, for the city's riot,
The silence of untrodden hills,
Folded in sunny quiet.

Near one (now long-left) sea-side home,
I lovingly remember
The glorious wealth of lily-blooms
In summer-crown'd December.

And still, their perfume (like the mists
Of fragrant incense, stealing
Around a wizard's mirror'd scene,
Distance, or death revealing)

Shows softly to my memory, how
One summer-eve, we rambled
Along the beach, and o'er the cliffs,
And how the children scrambled!

And where we sat upon the rocks,
While the drowsy air was bringing
Adown the shady inland slopes
The she-oat's plaintive singing.

The blue, bird-dotted sea, asleep,
Murmur'd its dream-thoughts inly;
And on its ever-heaving breast
Cloud-shadows lay serenely.

Three sister-islets in the bay
With lichens many-tinted
(Like painter's palette freshly set),
In sunset splendour glinted.

Five silv'ry lights were on the sea,
'Twixt shore and islets floating :—
"An argosy from fairy land!—
Titania, out a boating!

"The white sails flap, and furl away—
The prows are like old galleys—
"All imaged in the glassy deep
That softly round them dallies."

Ah! see—while we with idle dreams
People the scene entrancing,
Five pelicans are rising, where
The mullet-shoal is glancing!

With grey and silver plumes up-borne,
And well-provisioned pouches,
Our stately neighbours wing their way
Off, to their beach laid couches.

"Now, children—home! The sun has set,
The evening breeze is chilly :—
Alas! I fear you have not left
A single summer-lily!

They laugh, and point :—I cannot miss
(So bountiful the treasures)
The many handsful that have gone
To yield the evening's pleasures.

* One of the most universal Tasmanian flowers is the native lily (*Diplarrhena Morea*). It especially frequents poor sandy soils, where the great tussocks of its long reedy leaves, and, in early summer, the abundance of its Iris-shaped, fragrant, silvery-white blossoms form a distinct feature in the monotonous bush landscape.

Still, constellated thickly, gleam
The lilies, sweet and shining :—
Still, tho' of some bereft, our lives
Have blessings past divining !

No ! we've no "daisies-pied" to pluck,
No cowslips, to make wine of !
We see not e'en the blessed stars
Our childhood loved the shine of.

I yearn for distant dear ones here,
For old-world art and beauty :—
But guardians twain still cheer my heart,
God's love—and Woman's duty.

That, sheddeth mercies o'er our path,
How far beyond deserving !
This, bindeth with content, the thoughts
Too prone to errant swerving.

Be sure, for every bliss denied,
Some other good is given.
If we have not your stars of Earth,
We have a sunnier Heaven !

L. A. M.

AN ARTIST'S RAMBLE ALONG THE LINE OF THE PICTS' WALL.

PART V.

In the evening we returned to the Shaw's, which we reached just as the bell commenced ringing for supper. At six the next morning we joined a party of early-risers, and descended to the bed of the Irthing, which here pursues its course between walls of lofty crag, beautifully interspersed with foliage, where, in my earlier acquaintance with the place, there was a large heronry, but the herons have taken flight, and now only an occasional straggler is to be seen. We drank a draught of the Spa water, whose virtues attract numerous visitors to Gilsland, although, I believe, as many resort thither for the enjoyment of pleasant relaxation, social intercourse, and a fine atmosphere and beautiful scenery. We found our draught a leetle flavoured with sulphuretted hydrogen, but potable enough. I was told that, after awhile, the drinker acquires a taste for it, and tea made with this water is much esteemed by the initiated. I was not unmindful that it was at Gilsland that Scott first met with his wife, then the beautiful Miss Charpentier, and the spot where he put the "momentous question" is said to have become a favourite resort of fair spinsters in their rambles with the Gilsland beaux. The very stone even on which Miss Charpentier sat on the interesting occasion is identified ; it is called the "Popping Stone," and many fragments are chipped from it, as amulets propitious to Hymen, for, like the stone on which St. Thomas of Canterbury received the crown of martyrdom, its virtue exists with equal potency in the smallest fraction as in the whole mass. When I inquired the way to this hallowed spot, I was told that the etiquette of the place did not admit of a gentleman undertaking to guide thither one of his own sex, but that I might be sure of finding some fair one haunting the confines of the Gilsland "Caaba," like an unquiet spirit ; which proved true,—for crossing the stream by stepping-stones in the direction of Wardrew, near to which I knew was the goal of my pilgrimage, I fell in with a young lady, as predicted, taking her way

In maiden meditation fancy free,

who, on my modest representation, willingly undertook the office of guide ; and, truly, Miss Charpentier could hardly have listened to the poet's vows in a fairer or more secluded scene. The large stone which constituted her resting-place is chequered by the shadows of a mountain-ash that grows on the brink of the clear swift stream, whose course narrows here between steep embowered banks, where the cooing voice of the cushat-dove mingles with the murmur of the waters, as, gliding over many a rocky ledge, they flow in music that the fairies in their moonlit revels might not disdain to dance to. Leaving the quiet scene with an aspiration that it might hear many repetitions of the whispered "Yes!" to be succeeded by as many happy marriages, I hastened on my return to the hotel, the more especially as the breakfast-bell seemed in its importunate clang to be enumerating the various materials of tea, coffee, ham—broiled in rashers, and cold on the sideboard, blushing beside the mighty round of beef—trout, kippered salmon, eggs, muffins, toast, bread, white and brown, and creamy butter, moor honey, marmalade, &c. &c., which go to make a substantial north-country breakfast. I therefore offered a hasty arm to my fair guide, who engaged to take a chair next me at the table, in order that we might carry on the staid and edifying conversation upon which we had entered, and which was now rendered incoherent by the sacred rage of hunger. Having partaken of these restoratives with a zeal and perseverance that might have proved not unworthy even of a holier cause, half-an-hour was devoted to a pleasant saunter in the garden, after which, accompanied by Captain B——, honorary master of ceremonies, and Mr. Tom C——, the Yorick of our party, we took an upland stroll to see the muircock rise on the wide waste of heather which stretches away to the confines of Bewcastle.

On the edge of the moor our notice was directed to a stone bearing the inscription DR. MOUTH ; inquiring the meaning of which, I was informed by Mr. Tom C——, that the virtues of the Gilsland waters were discovered, some century ago, by a certain Dr. Mouth, who made the place his residence, and, dying there, ordered his remains to be interred on the moor, and a stone simply inscribed with his name set up to mark the grave. This satisfactory explanation given, we proceeded a few steps—and, lo ! another Dr. Mouth.

"What!" I said, "was your eccentric doctor buried in two places, then ?"

"His son," said C——, "Dr. Mouth, Junior, who succeeded to his father's practice, and evinced an hereditary taste in respect of the mode of his burial."

I was warned by the corner of H——'s eye, but too late, as he enunciated the words "Drainmouth," with solemn emphasis on the word "drain."

"Sold again !" shouted the Captain and Mr. Tom C——, with great hilarity ; and it was only when they had sobered down into ordinary deco-

rum that I learned the cost of my bargain—being the forfeiture of a bottle of wine at dinner. A number of "sales," I was told, were effected during the season, and the article was always offered to new-comers, who, in three cases out of four, readily "bid" for it, and thus found occasion for paying their footing. A circuitous ramble brought us to a small ancient-looking house with a steep thatched roof at the foot of the hill on which the hotel stands. This is the Mumps Ha' of "Guy Mannering." Scott's description tallies with it precisely :

> The alehouse, for it was no better, was situated in the bottom of a deep dell, through which trilled a small rivulet. It was shaded by a large ash tree, &c.

The buxom but treacherous Meg, the landlady of Scott's story, is drawn from one Margaret Carrick, whose gravestone, the inscription nearly obliterated, being headed Mumps Hall, I found lying face downwards in the churchyard of Upper Denton, near Burdoswald.

Returning to the Shaws we wiled away the time till dinner at quoits, being not a little entertained by the apparition of a meek old man who played the Northumbrian pipes to the good old tunes of "Fenwick o' Bywell," "Kittle her Chin with a Barley Straw," "Caller Fair," "Wylam awa'," "Penton loaning," &c. &c., attended by a dog, who, squatted on his haunches, howled a dismal accompaniment. Next morning, my companion and I resumed our pilgrimage, getting a hearty cheer from the company of the hotel who were assembled at the door to bid us good speed. Descending the hill, our conversation ran upon Scott and his association with the scene we had just left, and whose masterly touches have given an additional charm to its natural beauties. Besides the passages in "Guy Mannering," there is much in the story of "St. Ronan's Well," that has evidently been inspired by Gilsland recollections. It was in the prime of youth and at the dawn of his poetical career when he first became acquainted with the place, and he may well have

The Popping Stone.

The Piper.

looked back to it as the scene of some of his happiest hours. Here were penned the verses

TO A LADY WITH FLOWERS FROM THE ROMAN WALL.

> Take these flowers, which, purple waving,
> On the ruined rampart grew,
> Where, the sons of freedom braving,
> Rome's imperial standards flew.
>
> Warriors from the breach of danger
> Pluck no longer laurels there,
> But they yield the passing stranger
> Wild-flower wreaths for beauties' hair.

Tracing the line of the wall by slight indications we arrived at Hare Hill, where its highest existing fragment appears, standing nine feet ten inches in height ; but, deprived of its facing-stones, it might, to the inexperienced eye, appear rather a mass of crag than a piece of human workmanship. The wall now stretches away towards the river Eden, visible only by ridges in the soil, which indicate its course till we reach the rivulet called Burtholme Beck, where a portion appears, about seven feet high, embowered by hazels and dwarf oaks. At Wall Fell indications of a double barrier or outwork are observable. Crossing the hill at the farmhouse of Dove Cote, the foundations of the wall and fosse are seen, and at Walltown some indications of a camp are likewise visible. Along this part of the line the abundant spoils of the wall are to be observed in the farm buildings and cottages. At Sandysike farmhouse a barn is composed entirely of Roman stones marked with the diamond broaching, and in the garden wall there are several sculptured stones ; one of these, a Roman eagle, nestles among the foliage of a pear-tree trained over the wall ; and another, bearing the wheel of the swift avenging Nemesis, threatens the sensual tenant of a pigstye with the penalties of the carnificial knife and the purgatorial lustration of the smoke-rack. Castlesteads, which contests with Cambeck Fort the claim to represent the Petriana of the Notitia, like Caervoran, lies to the south both of the wall and the vallum. Its site is now almost obliterated. Several altars and sculptured stones have been found, and are preserved at Walton House, the garden belonging to which usurps the site of the station. Coins of Julia, the second wife of Severus, Bassianus, com-

monly known as Caracalla, and of his brother, Geta, have been turned up by the spade. About four miles hence, on the rocky banks which overhang the river Gelt, at Helbeck Scar, some inscriptions, popularly known as the Written Rocks, are visible—probably the record of the Roman quarryman—but they are barely intelligible, as I am informed, for I have not seen them myself. Crossing the Cambeck Water, we reached Hurtleton (the Town of Strife), where, in the nook of a field, called Chapel Field, are the remains of a mile-castle, and further on, within a quarter of a mile of Old Wall, the site of another appeared. To the west of Bleatarn the land subsides into a considerable morass, to avoid which the vallum takes a wide sweep. Half a mile south from Bleatarn is the site of a camp called Watch Cross, which was conceived by Horsley to be one of the stations on the line of the wall. If it be so, it corresponds, in point of succession, with Aballaba, which was garrisoned by a *numerus*, or troop, of Moors under a prefect. But the identity of this station is doubtful. The paucity of inscriptions leaves the means of identifying the succession of camps on this side of Amboglanna very much an exercise of vague conjecture. Whether a stationary camp on the line of the wall, or a mere summer encampment, Watch Cross, which is said by Horsley to have been the least station on the line, no longer presents to the eye a feature by which its site can be recognised. From Bleatarn the course of the barrier is difficult to trace by Wall Head, Walby, and Wall Foot (the names, however, furnish points of guidance), to Tarraby, from which village to Stanwix (Stone Wicks) a road runs upon the foundations of the wall.

From Stanwix we look back over a considerable portion of our preceding route, to where the Nine Nicks of Thirlwall bite the horizon with their acute fang-like peaks. To the south and south-west the eye wandered with pleasure over the grounds of Rickerby, and the rich course of the Eden passing the ancient towers of Carlisle, the Cumbrian mountains rising in the distance blue and sharply defined. The church and churchyard of Stanwix are planted on the site of the station. In pulling down the old church a fine figure of Victory, now at Newcastle, was found. On Castle Bank, the north bank of the Eden, opposite Stanwix, the foundations of the wall are distinguishable; but from this point we lose all traces of it until its track is again discerned just beyond the suburbs of Carlisle, where it becomes faintly discernible. At Carlisle—the *Luguvallum* of the Romans—we took up our old familiar quarters, under the hospitable sign of the Bush. A morning was well spent in viewing the castle and cathedral. The keep of the former is a good specimen of a Norman stronghold, the surrounding walls include a space of a mile in compass. In one of the cells of the keep, the wall bears testimony to the calamity of many a high-spirited gentleman who, in the '15 and the '45, found here a brief sojourn before ascending the scaffold, in coats of arms, devices, and other inscriptions. From the keep a fine and extensive prospect commands the fertile course of the Eden, and the Solway Firth, with a wide stretch of Scottish land, Criffel and the chain of Scotch hills extending to the west as far as the eye can reach. To the east the cultivated lands subside into barren wastes that reach the feet of the rugged Northumbrian crags. Southward, the plains of Cumberland stretch to Penrith, where they are bounded by Crossfel and Skiddaw. The cathedral, commenced in the time of William Rufus, contains, besides the heavy but impressive features of the Norman style, a series ending in the decorated style, of which the east window is a very fine and perhaps unmatched example. We now turned our backs on "merry Carlisle," and proceeded to the village of Kirk Andrews, where the vallum again makes its appearance, and a heap of stones in the churchyard are conceived to be the remains of a mile castle. In a garden of the village an altar, found at Kirksteads, a mile south of the wall, is preserved. The inscription it bears is as follows:—

L(VCIVS) IVNIVS VIC-
TORINVS ET(?)
C(AIVS) AELIANVS LEG(ATI)
AVG(VSTALES) LEG(IONIS) VI VIC(TRICIS)
P(IÆ) F(IDELIS) OB RES TRANS
VALLVM PRO-
SPERE GESTAS.

From the village the wall follows the river by a north-west course, through a field called Long Wall, the vallum running in a line with the road. A quantity of stones in Beaumont churchyard, which the wall reaches, seems to mark the site of some building which stood here apart from the wall itself; and it is surmised of greater magnitude than a mile castle. A little west of Monk Hill, the vallum crosses the turnpike road, travelling on the north side of it to Burgh on the Sands, where there are traces of another station, within which are the church and the churchyard, the latter having yielded to the sexton's spade numerous fragments of urns, lachrymatories, and a few inscribed stones, but none of them affording any reference to the cohort by which the station was garrisoned. The church is built so as to adapt it to the purpose of refuge and defence in border strife. The walls of the tower are seven feet thick, the only entrance being from the interior of the church, and that is secured by a massive iron door. The basement of the tower contains a vaulted chamber, lighted by three narrow slits in the wall. A spiral stair of stone leads to two upper chambers. In case of need the cattle might be driven into the basement or the body of the church itself, and the upper chambers have afforded a strong refuge to the fugitive inhabitants of the place. Many Roman stones appear in the masonry of the church. Near to Burgh is the site of the castle of Sir Hugh de Morville, one of the murderers of Thomas of Canterbury. The field adjoining bears the significant cognomen of "Hangman Tree," and a neighbouring inclosure is distinguished by the no less suggestive name of "Spill Blood Holm."

It was at Burgh on the Sands that Edward the First—"the hammer of the Scottish nation,"—was checked in his northern campaign, with only the Solway between him and the objects of his

long and deadly hatred, and in the words of Lord Hailes, "in sight of the country which he had devoted to destruction." His last orders, Froissart tells us, were that the flesh should be boiled from his bones, and that these, encased in leather, were to be borne in the career of vengeance which engaged his last meditations, and which he bound his son and successor, by oath, to prosecute.* A monument, of modern date, marks the spot where the "ruthless king" yielded up his stern and resolute spirit. Between Burgh and Dykesfield, the works are perceived only by the faintest traces of the wall—not one stone remains upon another above ground. The ploughman only in driving his furrow succeeds in revealing the buried mystery; but even in instances where the wall has been fairly uprooted, Dr. Bruce, like a keen hunter, takes the lead and guides us onward by what he pithily names the "Trail of the Wall," and which consists of small fragments of stone by which the ground is thickly strewn.

On the way between Burgh and Dykesfield, an eminence called Watch Hill, was found when the contiguous land was drained, to be so full of stones that it was not considered necessary to carry the trenches over it. These stones are most likely the remains of a watch tower which gave name to the site. At Dykesfield, probably so named from the works, a small altar was found, and where the wall descends towards Burgh Marsh, quantities of stone, together with ashes and coal appear, and from these indications, together with some difference between this tract and the surrounding soil, it is surmised that here had been a small station. From Dykesfield even the "trail" is lost. Here the vallum ends, and for the further course of the wall, the ploughman is our only guide. By his testimony it would appear that the wall has been carried by the southern margin of the marsh, which fills up the space between Dykesfield and the Solway, making a wide sweep to Drumburgh, where tokens of a small camp are evident; and this, if Watch Cross be thrown out, would make the sixteenth station upon the line of the wall, and thus correspond with the *Axolodunum* of the Notitia, which was garrisoned by the first cohort of the Spaniards. The ramparts and ditch of this station are both well defined. To the south of the ramparts is a circular well, lined with Roman masonry, which is still in use. Near to the station a fine example of the fortified manor house is found to be built of Roman stones. It has undergone extensive modifications about the time of Henry the Eighth. Between Port Carlisle and Bowness, some considerable portions of the wall were remaining in Brand's time. One portion he found to be about eight feet high. Hodgson, speaking of a fragment visible quite recently, says:

"It is six feet high, its rugged and weathered core, still hard as a rock, is thickly bearded with sloe thorn and hazel, and mantled below with ivy and honeysuckle."

But though thus adorned by nature, and interesting as a final vestige of the mighty wall, neither the interest belonging to it, nor its intrinsic strength have availed to rescue it from the hand of wilful and uncalled-for destruction.

Bowness may be the site of the *Tunnocelum*, or the *Gabrosentum* of the Notitia, according as Watch Cross or Drumburgh be taken for the sixteenth station on the line of wall. Only very slight traces of the ramparts of the station can with difficulty be discerned near the church. The neighbourhood does not produce stone, and the wall and station, as in other instances, have furnished material for the construction of the church and the greater part of the town.

Here we took our leave of the wall, as I do of the reader, if indeed I have found one to accompany me throughout this itinerary. But in the trust that I may have so far succeeded, I venture to advise him, instead of wasting a summer month at Ramsgate or Brighthelmstone, to take a berth in one of the General Steam Navigation Company's fine vessels for the Tyne; let him put this slight record of a wall-pilgrimage in his pocket, to serve as a portable guide from station to station, and see for himself much that, writing within a limited space, I could but touch upon. In so doing, I venture to promise him, if he be a good pedestrian, a walk of unusual interest, enhanced by the observation of fine and varied scenery; and I undertake to say he will find matter for amusement, and even instruction, in the manners and dialect of the people with whom he will make acquaintance as he jogs on his way, or when he takes his rest, Good fare, I promise him. When wending through the wild and unfrequented parts of his journey, he will not fail to find matter for reflection, while he bethinks him of the powerful material genius of the people by whom these regions were once thickly populated, and he will be ready to say, with Scott, in the words which he puts into the mouth of his hero in "Guy Mannering," "What a people! whose labours, even at this extremity of their empire, comprehended such space, and were executed upon a scale of such grandeur. In future ages, when the science of war shall have changed, how few traces will exist of the labours of Vauban or Coehorn, while this wonderful people's remains will even then continue to interest and astonish posterity! Their fortifications, their aqueducts, their theatres, their fountains, all their public works, bear the grave, solid, and majestic character of their language, while our modern labours, like our modern tongues, seem but constructed out of their fragments."

J. W. Archer.

* This vindictive order was not complied with, for, in 1774, the tomb of Edward I was opened, and the body discovered in all the pomp of buried majesty.

RAMPARTED WARSHIPS AND SMOOTH BORE GUNS.

The "Times" tells us of the great success of Mr. Jones's angulated target. This system of ship defence was propounded in Once a Week before Mr. Jones laid it before the Admiralty, and was in the hands of the Editor before the date of Mr. Jones's patent. Well, there is now verified by actual experiment what most people must have known before—that a shot will glance from an inclined surface, where it would pierce through a vertical surface, or if it does not glance, there will

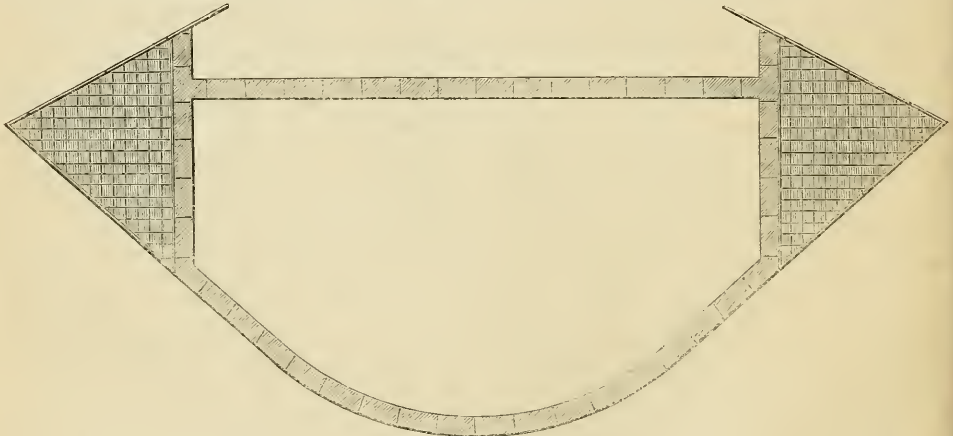
be better resistance. And now the question is, how best to apply armour defences to ships' sides. Firstly, we have the plate, and secondly, the inclined position—but it must be attached to something firm and solid, that will absorb the concussion, and, if the shot passes through the plate, will prevent it from reaching the vessel's side.

The best plan is to make the armour and its support a separate structure from the vessel, *i. e.*, a solid-built rampart surrounding the sides of the vessel, and attached thereto, with floating power, to help to carry the armour.

Supposing the sides of the vessel to be vertical, a mass of solid fir balks should be trenailed together in a triangular section, one side to be covered with plate-iron, and attached to the vessel's side. The two other sides, the upper one forming an angle with the horizon, and the lower side immersed in the water, should be covered with armour plates, the apex at about the water's edge being formed of armour plate rolled to an angle. The upper portion of the armour plate to be carried partially over the deck, forming a kind of penthouse. Through these plates the guns are to pass in a closed port, formed by a ball muzzle to the gun, working in a socket. The ramparts will thus have eight feet of timber behind the armour plates at the level of the deck, and it would be scarcely possible to damage the hull of the vessel by any amount of existing shot, while their bearing on the water will steady the vessel under a heavy armament. The ramparts are to be built in sections, so that any part can be removed in case of damage, and replaced.

The hull of the vessel should be formed of two skins of plates, two to three feet apart, connected by stay bolts three to four feet apart, and filled in with solid elastic bitumen, Seyssel Asphalte, or similar material. The diagram shows a midship section of the principle of structure.

The objection to be raised here is, that the immersed section is considerably increased. True, but we have a really shot-proof vessel capable of carrying a heavy battery on her deck, of great



Hull—two skins of iron stayed together and filled with bitumen. Ramparts of iron plates lined with solid timber attached to the vertical sides of the hull.

strength of build, and not liable to strain rivets, or to leak. To make her perfect, the plates should all be solidly welded together, and not riveted; and to make up for increased resistance by greater immersed section, is simply a question of increased length and increased power, which the increased strength will bear. No stern propeller would shake this hull to pieces.

After all that has been said of the damaging power of the Armstrong and Whitworth guns against armour plates, it has been stated that the most mischievous weapon is the service 64-pounder of 8-inch smooth bore. There are obvious reasons for this result, and one chief reason probably is, the friction of the rifles which diminish the velocity of the shot.

Sir Charles Napier, of Scinde, was accustomed to say that the smooth bores had not been given a fair chance. There is little doubt of this, and the time will come when the children of a future generation will ask why soldiers were called riflemen, and the answer will be, because the guns were contrived with one defect to compensate for another.

We have not yet seen the ultimatum of great guns, and shall be glad of Sir William Armstrong's next instalment as a contribution towards what will be. In heavy guns, with the gunners thoroughly protected, and in the highest speed, will be found inevitable victory—always supposing the crew and gunners to be of our own webfooted race.

W. Bridges Adams.

PASQUIN AND MARFORIO.

Pasquin and Marforio are probably not so old, by some hundreds of years, as Mr. Punch, who began life as a popular actor in very early Roman times, but their first literary efforts preceded his by nearly five centuries. They continue to exercise their moral and political censorship in Rome to this day; their names are as universally known as those of their illustrious brother of London; but whilst his works are in everybody's hands, theirs have, for the most part, succumbed to the arts of suppression practised by the Papal government, and little of them has been left to the world except

their fame. The authoı of the "Curiosities of Literature," who has devoted two or three pages to their history, has quoted only seven of Pasquin's epigrams, six of which are taken from a very rare work, published at Basle, so long ago as the year 1544, with this title—"Pasquillorum Tomi Duo." No later collection having been attempted until the present year, great was the eagerness with which we sat down to devour M. Lafon's book ;* but that was quickly done, for the choicest part of M. Lafon's book consists only of a score or two of epigrams, some of which we shall translate, with one or two pasquinades taken from other sources ; after a few words of our own about their reputed authors.

Their history, after much sifting, has come at last to be substantially as follows :

There lived in Rome, in the fourteenth century, one Pasquin, a tailor, who had much custom and kept many journeymen. Both master and men allowed themselves great freedom of speech in censuring their superiors, of every degree, up to the cardinals and the pope himself. The disdain with which the members of the Papal court looked down on men of their condition secured to these railers an impunity of which persons of higher mark began, ere long, to take advantage. Whatever strokes of satire could not be avowed by the real authors, except at the cost of their lives, were fathered upon Pasquin and his saucy varlets, and, as common fame is never critical in such cases, the people gave their ready aid to a subterfuge which fell in with their humour. Hence it became an established custom to attribute to Maestro Pasquino all the wicked wit that was discharged anonymously upon the dignitaries of church and state.

After the tailor's death his name and functions were imposed by popular acclaim on an ancient statue, which had been recently exhumed, and erected at the angle of the Orsini Palace, where it still remains. It is much mutilated, but is the ruin of a very fine work, and was greatly admired by Bernini. Count Maffei believed that it represents Ajax defending Menelaus. The statue of Marforio, in the courtyard of the Capitolian Museum, represents a recumbent river-god, and its name is a corruption of that of the place where it was found —*Martis Forum*. Marforio is the friend and confidant of Pasquin, and generally plays second fiddle to him in their joint performances, the one starting topics and the other despatching them ; but occasionally these rôles are reversed. It was not through any sudden freak of the people that the heritage of the sharp-tongued tailor devolved on his marble representative. The thing came to pass in the most natural way in the world. The statue having been set up in one of the most frequented thoroughfares of Rome, the municipal authorities began to use its pedestal for posting up their notices and by-laws ; the clergy and the court, following this example, placarded it with their banns, their bulls, and indulgences ; and this suggested to the malcontents the idea of making it "a vehicle for the keenest satire in a land of the most uncontrolled despotism." The intense bitterness of feeling which has rankled for five centuries in the hearts of the Romans may be measured not only by the virulence, but by the daring pertinacity with which they caused the stones of their city to cry out against their tyrants. There remained no hope of mercy for the man who was detected, by night, in the act of furtively affixing a paper to the marble, and yet the peril was incessantly braved. In the reign of the Borgias, a Venetian, who had translated a Greek epigram on the Pope and his son, was strangled, and every one who was suspected of a similar crime was thrown into the Tiber with a stone about his neck. Under Pius V., who was canonised, offenders of this kind were hanged, and their bodies were burned by the Inquisition. This was the fate, among others, of Aonius Palearius, the Latin poet, who indeed had added to his literary crimes the still deeper guilt of rejecting the cross, that is to say, the letter T, from his Christian name AnTonius.

In the pontificate of Sixtus V., who had begun life as a barefooted herdboy, Pasquin was seen wearing a dirty shirt, and the following dialogue took place between Marforio and him :

Marforio. "How slovenly you are grown, Pasquin ; what a dirty shirt you have on ! You are as black as a collier."

Pasquin. "That is because my washerwoman has been made a duchess."

The washerwoman was the Pope's sister. Apropos of this pasquinade, Brantôme relates "an admirable action" of his Holiness. The Pope was so enraged that he issued a proclamation offering a reward of ten thousand crowns for the name of the man who had insulted himself and his sister, and promising, besides, that if the offender would reveal himself, his life should be spared, and the reward should be paid to him. The unfortunate wit fell into the trap, presented himself to Sixtus, and received the ten thousand crowns on the spot.

"I have made thee a promise," said his Holiness, "and I will keep it ; not for my life would I break faith with thee ; but there is another thing I have not promised thee, and which I will yet fulfil—that is, that the hand which has written so ill shall be cut off, that thou mayest remember never again to write such scandalous words."

"Many great personages," observes Brantôme, "would not have so strictly kept their word in so scandalous and injurious a matter ; and for that he did so, it behoves us to praise this great Pope."

All other means of suppression having proved unavailing, Clement VIII. thought to silence the pasquinaders by destroying their mouth-piece, and Pasquin was condemned by a commission, composed of Cardinals, to be broken in pieces and thrown into the Tiber. Fortunately, however, before the sentence was executed, Clement's nephews consulted Tasso, who dissuaded them from having recourse to so puerile an expedient. "If you throw Pasquin into the river," said the poet, "he will turn all its mud into swarms of frogs that will never cease croaking night and day."

The first epigram in M. Lafon's collection is addressed to Paul II., and plays upon the double meaning of the word *beatus*—saintly—blest in a worldly sense.

* Pasquin et Marforio, Histoire Satirique des Papes, traduite et publiée pour la première fois par Mary Lafon. Paris, Dentu, 1861.

Quum sit filia, Paule, sit tibi aurum
Quantum Pontifices habere raros
Vidit Roma prius, pater vocari
Sanctus non potes, ac potes beatus.

"Thou hast a daughter, and golden store
Greater than Pontiff e'er had before.
Scarce art thou holy therefore ; rather,
Paul, let us title thee blessed Father."

Papal simony is branded in the persons of Alexander VI., Julius II. and many more :

Vendit Alexander claves, altaria, Christum ;
Emerat ille prius, vendere jure potest.

Keys, altars, Christ are sold by Borgia ; well,
What he has bought he has a right to sell.

Fraude capit totum mercator Julius orbem ;
Vendit enim cœlos, non habet iste tamen.

World-cheating chapman Julius gets his price
For what he has no right to, Paradise.

Pasquin was a great writer of epitaphs ; he never let a Pope be laid in his tomb without speaking out his mind about the departed. Whose fault was it that he had not a good word to bestow on any one of them ? This is the tribute he pays to the memory of Clement VII. :—

Nutrix Roma fuit, genetrix Florentia : flevit
Nec tua te nutrix, nec tua te genetrix.
Mors tua lætitiam tulit omnibus, unica mœret
Quæ te regnavit principe, dira fames.

Florence, thy mother, Rome, thy nurse, have shed
No tear for thee. Clement, that thou art dead
Gives joy to all. One mourner hast thou solely—
Famine, the partner of thy reign unholy.

Dr. Curti, Clement's physician, is extolled in an epigram for having physicked a bad pope to death, and cured the state. Again, among a long string of Scriptural texts applied more pointedly than reverently to sundry public characters, this one is allotted to Curti for having rid the earth of an incarnation of all wickedness, "Behold the lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world !" The epitaph on Clement VII. is mildness itself in comparison with that on Paul IV. (Carafa) :—

Hic Carapha jacet superis invisus et imis :
Styx animam, tellus putre cadaver habet.
Invidit pacem terris, et vota precesque,
Impius et clerum perdidit et populum.
Hostibus infensis supplex, infidus amicis.
Scire cupis paucis cætera ? Papa fuit.

Carafa's soul, of God and man the foe,
Is with the damned ; his carcase rots below.
Clergy and lay undone, could he have barred
Our secret prayers, his joy had been unmarred.
Judas and craven without heart or hope,
To sum all in one word, he was a Pope.

Paul IV. revived the dormant powers of the Inquisition, and made it so violent that when he died in 1599, the people broke into the prisons of the Holy Office, and rescued four hundred victims, sacked the palace of the inquisitors, burned their books and papers, pulled down the statue of the deceased Pope, and dragged the head about the streets. It was with the greatest difficulty that the corpse itself was saved from their fury. Such was the execration in which Carafa's memory was held amongst them, that for a long time they would not suffer the street hawkers to cry *bicchieri e caraffe* (glasses and carafes).

The three following epigrams are addressed to Paul III. (Farnese).

Nescio si verum est jam te faciente per urbem
Quod sal vendatur carius omnis ait.
O bene consultum, nil hoc perfectius uno :
Jam fœtes, æquum est sit tibi cura salis.

All curse the grievous price of salt,
And murmur, Paul, it is thy fault.
I blame thee not of salt for thinking,
All rotten as thou art and stinking.

Ut canerent data multa olim sunt vatibus æra :
Ut taceam quantum tu mihi, Paule, dabis ?

Poets, 'tis known, in days of old,
To make them sing, were given gold ;
But how much will you give *me*, Paul,
To stop my singing once for all ?

Pasquin would accept a cardinal's hat as the price of his silence—

Tandem, maxime Pontifex, galerum
Pasquillo tribuas tuo roganti.
Si sensu sine sum, rude atque marmor,
Complures quoque episcopos videmus
Ipso me mage saxeos creari.

Grant, Holy Father, to thy Pasquin,
The hat for which he has long been asking.
I'm but a block of stone ; what matter !
'Twill make no difference to the hatter.
Far duller blocks, all must acknowledge,
Are plenteous in the Sacred College.

The argument with which Pasquin supports his pretensions on this occasion appears to have had its grain of truth. Cornelio Masso, a cordelier, went to the court of Paul III. to solicit the cardinal's hat. The Pope told him one day he had been given to understand that he, Masso, was a bastard. The latter, nothing daunted, replied, "Your Holiness has made cardinals of so many asses that you may well make one mule a cardinal."

The following pasquinade appeared during the occupation of Rome by the French in 1810 :—

Marforio.—Is it true, Pasquin, that all the French are robbers ?

Pasquin.—Not all of them, but a good part—(*Buona parte*).

Early in the present pontificate, when the Pope returned to Rome after an excursion to Bologna and Loretto, Pasquin's statue displayed these three lines :—

Pio nono
Justo e buono
Mastaï.

Mastaï was the Pope's name before his election. He was Count Cardinal Mastaï-Feretti. Hence the pun which gave point to the inscription, its sense being—"Pius IX., you are just and good, but you halt on the way *(ma stai).*"

On a subsequent occasion of the same kind Pasquin exhibited a placard containing only these three figures : 610. Six hundred and ten, or in Italian, *sei cento dieci*, what could that mean ? Everybody hastened to Marforio for the solution of the enigma, and found it in the words *Sei un zero*, "Thou art a cypher." Name the figures separately and you have 6=*sei*, 1=*un*, 0=*zero*. Now *sei* is a word of double meaning ; it may stand either for "six" or "thou art," and thus 610 may signify "Thou art a cypher." How superior after all, to the sly hits of Transalpine jokers, are the witticisms which move us in these northern latitudes !

Walter K. Kelly.

LILIAN'S PERPLEXITIES.

A TALE IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER V. PROPPED UP.

It is a serious matter when the water-bottle does not dilute the feverish consequences of the night's excitement, and soda water absolveth not on the morrow. Westby lay that night in a horsehair shirt of remorse, and made great and audible confession in his small attic the next morning.

"I'm an ass and a knave!" this was the burden of the confession, amid the splish-splash of the cold water, and the work of razor and brushes.

Westby felt a grim satisfaction in emphasising this declaration, in laying it down as a strong proposition that needed no argument for its support.

"What the deuce is the matter with me? I know I can't support a wife. I should be the veriest fool in the world to entangle myself in a hopeless engagement—and then, that I should be on the point of taking a wretched advantage of Newton's misfortune! Good God; if that girl had not been ten thousand times better and truer than I was! Curse it! what an infernal cut! sticking-plaister! and I was so deuced grand in my notions of honour and all that—pshaw! it won't stick. Mighty useful thing, this conscience of mine! I'm a wretched, beggarly fellow!"

Ay, there was comfort even in heaping up all sorts of contemptuous expressions, in degrading himself in the contemplation of high principle, in thorough self-bullying. At last, being very humble and contrite, he began to find consolation in forming resolutions for work and labour on behalf of Newton and his affairs.

And Lilian Temple—this was her confession, contained in a letter to her brother:

"I know, Fred, it was very naughty of me not to write to you all this time—only adding a line to mamma's letter to tell you of my engagement.

I assure you it was not laziness; the real truth is, I was not quite happy in my mind about accepting Mr. Newton, and I felt a little afraid of writing to you. You know I told you all about Charles Westby: I shall tell you everything now. You recollect I agreed with what you said as to the folly of letting that matter rest in my mind. Well, I did manage to dismiss my foolish fancy of love, but I never could get over a sense of pique at the low appreciation he manifested for my character,—that I was without power or strength to endure the serious labour of the world. Somehow, I kept dwelling on that, very foolishly, no doubt, and at last I grew to think, with his age and experience, he might have read my character aright: I had never been tried,—I might, after all, have been deceiving myself with vain ideas of excellence.

"I cannot plead that I acted without full knowledge with regard to Mr. Newton. I saw clearly from the first what his character was—no pretension to a highly cultivated intellect, no great strength of purpose, but a good heart. He made me an offer very shortly after his introduction to us: I talked the matter over with papa and mamma; they decidedly liked him, and urged very strongly his wealth and good position. I did accept him! I know you will blame me; I'm ready enough to blame myself; but the offer was made very suddenly, and I did honestly believe I could really love him as time went on. I am sure no lover could ever be more devoted in his attentions; he invariably deferred his opinion to mine; day by day I grew more convinced of the absolute power I possessed over him. I might well be flattered,—I was flattered and proud, when my spirits were at the full, but in certain times of depression and doubt, when I wanted support, why I found he was leaning on me. You recollect, Fred, that day at Brighton, when the horses were so fresh, and I would insist on taking the reins out of your hands at the straight piece of road. I felt so proud of driving, they went so splendidly, but when something startled them in the hedge, and for all my hard pulling they kept getting ahead, and you, to punish me, would not take back the reins, why I felt a little frightened then, though I knew well enough you were at my side and would seize the reins at any moment of real danger; but with Mr. Newton, I foresaw whatever course the events of life might take, the responsibility and direction of everything would rest with me. I was downcast and dismayed when I thought upon this.

"Then came that sad bank failure. He told me he was ruined, poor fellow! Ah, Fred! for some three hours in my room I had a hard fight of it. It was such a terrible shock. In opulence I had felt we might live very happily, but in a life of struggle—how? I told you when we used to talk about Charles Westby, that I believed I could work, strive upwards, dare and do anything, following in the footsteps of a man I admired and looked up to, but to take the lead oneself, to have to encourage, to animate another.—There! I dare say Karlo Magno was right after all. I do not in any way possess this power of endurance. I know I prayed earnestly for strength; I thought of what you would say, but it was all of no avail; the more I thought upon it, the more terrible the pledge I was called upon to make. Thank God! Karlo Magno was near me at this great time; he spoke to me as I know you would have spoken, and then I went to George Newton, and promised to hold by him in adversity."

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CHAPTER VI. ON A PEDESTAL AGAIN.

Charles Westby had worked hard in George Newton's affairs, and he had worked to such good purpose that that gentleman was enabled to return to England with safety after about four months' absence. The arrangements to effect this had not been made without heavy pecuniary sacrifice, but owing, by good luck, to a railway which was proposed to pass through a large portion of Newton's property, there was every reason to believe that the purchase-money of the land would very nearly make up the loss on the bank transaction.

It was probable that if Newton had been content to remain abroad for a longer term a better bargain might have been made with the creditors, but Newton begged and prayed of Westby to forward matters, at any cost, so as to allow him to return to England. Concessions had therefore been made which, in a business point of view, were unduly adverse to Newton. Westby's view of the affair was this: "Newton may, perhaps, lose some additional thousands, but he will the more surely secure the girl he loves." Westby, too, was strongly actuated by his own feelings; he felt he could never entirely forgive himself until he saw Lilian married to Newton. The fierce temptation of that night's interview had left its smouldering remorse at Westby's heart. Perhaps this feeling unduly blinded him to other considerations; for instance, Lilian had confessed to him the nature and quality of her love for Newton. Was it altogether satisfactory that she should marry under such circumstances? But, in answer to this, he could never break from his mind the recollection of Lilian as a child; and, as far as he could judge, the old impulsiveness of her nature was unchanged—at one moment attracted by the novelty of his own grim countenance, at another dazzled by the advantages of Newton's offer. And then he knew that Newton was such a good fellow, possessing such an excellent heart, that any woman might be fortunate in his love. Beyond all this, Lilian had pledged herself to Newton, and when he thought of this pledge he forgot all else but his own remorse at the idea that he should have been on the point of inducing her to break that pledge; and just with the same feeling with which he despised himself, did he contemplate the idea of Lilian breaking her engagement.

It was the greatest satisfaction to Westby, when, after a hard day's work at final arrangements, he was enabled to send a telegram to Newton, at Boulogne, stating that he might safely return to England; for, beyond his feeling of gratification at bringing the lovers together again, he felt relieved at the idea of Newton's affairs being wound up, his assiduity on their behalf having seriously interfered with his professional labours.

"Well, come," thought Westby, as he paid the clerk at the telegraph office, "there is an end to Newton, for this night at least. If I am only left at peace I shall be able to see the end of that brief by sticking to it hard all night."

But, alas! when Westby entered his chambers, there, before his incredulous eyes, stood Newton.

"If you are merely a spirit, I don't mind," exclaimed Westby, annoyed; "but in the flesh you have no business here."

"Your last letter—" muttered Newton, apologetically.

"Positively stated that you were not to return till sent for," rejoined Westby. "Nevertheless," and his voice somewhat softened, "you are partly absolved by circumstances, inasmuch as a message advising your return is now seeking for you at Boulogne."

"How can I ever repay all your kindness?" exclaimed Newton, clasping Westby's hands.

"Don't interrupt the judge," cried Westby, with affected solemnity. "Recollect you only stand entirely absolved on one condition, that you condense everything you have to say into five minutes. Here, look at that," and Westby pointed to a bundle of papers. "I've got to stuff every bit of it into my head before I go to bed."

"I know you have been working so hard for me; you're the best, the dearest fellow that ever lived."

"Let me warn you, Newton, not to waste your five minutes with adjectives. Come, now, how did you get on in France? Anything to match your pet Southdowns there?"

"Hang the sheep, Westby! I know you always hate to be thanked, but I will say what I feel."

So Westby was forced to listen to the outpourings of Newton's gratitude.

"It's a kindness to send you away, old boy," said Westby, when the five minutes had expired. "I know where you are off to."

"I shan't be expected, shall I?"

"Well, to say truth, you won't—for a letter which I posted this afternoon to the young lady mentions to-morrow as the earliest period for your appearance—it will be all the greater surprise."

Newton having departed, Westby buried himself in his large chair with the documents before him and his favourite pipe in his mouth. With all his efforts he felt a tendency to wander away from the subject on hand; Newton would come struggling into his mind, and Lilian, and the meeting of the lovers; but gradually as he warmed to his work, as he mastered the facts of the case, and drew his inferences, weaving them into possible arguments, his mind became perfectly absorbed. Though the generality of readers may wonder at it, I affirm that Westby experienced intense satisfaction in this severe mental application; the intricacies of the case began to clear away; bit by bit his own arguments grew side by side with the anticipated arguments of his adversary. Ah me, the joy of antagonism, and its power to evoke the energies! In all probability, two or three other men were at the very same time in adjacent chambers at work on the same subject; men of talent equally absorbed — absorbed just as poets are absorbed in the effort of creation—tasting, too, as poets taste, the joy of creative power in new points to be raised in argument.

Thus time sped on unheeded by Westby.

There was a tap at his door; he mechanically cried "Come in!" but being so preoccupied, he was scarcely conscious that anybody had entered until he felt a hand on his shoulder; he roused himself, and looking round saw Newton pale and agitated.

"You must forgive me for troubling you at this time of night, but I saw a light in your room—that old housekeeper of yours who never seems to go to bed let me in. I could not rest, Westby, till I had told you about it. The engagement's off."

"Broken off?—impossible!"

"Broken utterly."

"By whom?" asked Westby.

"Mutually; but I must tell you that we are both pledged to silence regarding the reasons."

Westby was lost in astonishment.

"I did not come to make a confidant of you in this unfortunate affair," continued Newton. "I came, old boy, to grasp you by the hand, and tell you again—for I did not say it half enough when I saw you first—how truly sensible I am of all your efforts on my behalf. You have stuck to me, Westby, and I feel that more than I can say after what has taken place. You will forgive me for bothering you."

Westby shook Newton's hand, and he felt how it trembled.

"You have had a personal interview with Miss Temple?"

"Yes. I will tell you as much as I may of the circumstances. When I left here I drove straight to their house. I found to my surprise that they had a party. I was a good deal put out by this, wishing to see Lilian quietly, and I was of course anxious to make as little talk as possible about my return to England. I was dying to see her, but somehow I had not pluck to enter the house. I stood some time behind the crowd who were looking at the people getting out of the carriages. You know I'm very stupid about these things—my travelling dress, too, and how to explain to the men at the door who I was, for, as plague would have it, the servants seemed to have been all changed. Well, I screwed up my courage at last, and knocked at the door. There, I forgive those infernal fellows now, how the deuce should they have understood my story? but at the time I would have given anything for leave to send one of them to ground. At last I got hold of Lilian's maid, and then I learnt the rights of the affair. They had got private theatricals. Miss Temple was to play the chief part, the girl told me; she had just finished dressing her mistress and the play had already begun; should she go and say I had arrived? I told her not to utter a word of my being in the house till the play was over, and in the mean time to put me in a room where I could remain undisturbed by the guests. After some difficulty, I found refuge in Mr. Temple's dressing-room and special sanctum. One of the bills of the performance lay on the table.

I could hear the laughter and applause from the drawing-room. I listened till I could stand it no longer,—all looking at Lilian, and I, who fancied I had the best right to see her, absent. I stole down-stairs, and got into the drawing-room behind the company, hiding myself among the servants, but I could see the stage perfectly.

"By Jove, Westby, how she did act! There, it was not acting—she felt it all; I hated to see her, and yet she did look so out and out lovely. It was some French story, as far as I could make out: she was engaged to a man she did not like, and yet to suit her purpose she could smile, and laugh, and cajole. I kept saying to myself, 'It is acting, it's only acting,' and I heard the people talking in front, 'It's nature, perfect nature, not acting.' And they were right, Westby!

"I was sickened by all the laughter and applause; there was laughter and giggle, too, where I was, though in an undertone, particularly towards the end of the play. I could not but listen.

"'The fun is,' said a servant girl before me—of course they were in utter ignorance of my presence—'the fun is, she is really in love with the very man she don't like in the play. I'm sure of it.'

"'Well, he is always here, for one thing,' said another.

"I can tell you, Westby, a child might have knocked me down."

"There, there," cried Westby with disgust. "I want to hear no more of it. I can see it all. I can tell you the fellow's name—Frank Scott! I had heard some rumours, but like an ass I disbelieved them. Pshaw! I know the whole story as well as if you had given it me word for word—it's the story of a heartless flirt."

"No, no! Westby," cried Newton, vehemently. "I never meant to tell you about Scott, it will only mislead you. She is not in love with him!"

"I don't understand you, Newton."

"I can only tell you I believed it as strongly as you do now—I taxed her with it—"

"And of course she denied it," interrupted Westby. "Credat Judæus! Forgive me if I'm rather sceptical, it was not to be expected that she should confess to you the name of her new lover."

"Look you here, Westby, I only regret that it is not in my power to tell you all the facts about our last interview—she is not in love with Scott, I'm certain of that—but enough of the whole affair. It is so very painful to me that I dare not dwell on it, and just because it is so painful, and just because I feel so utterly desolate, I've come to shake your old fist and have a bit of comfort in seeing a friend who has been staunch and true throughout."

"Thank God," murmured Westby, "I can give you my hand on it." Then in a louder tone, "These misfortunes cure themselves, Newton. You are well rid of her—bear that in mind! But Fred Temple," and Westby's voice dropped, "what would he say to this? his sister a wretched jilt! You never knew Temple, Newton. I can tell you this affair would have wounded him to the quick. I know he would never have forgiven her. Good God! to think Lilian should have acted thus." Westby was silent for a while, then he suddenly drew his hand from Newton's grasp. "How dare I throw stones? Newton, I'll hide nothing from you—I'm a beggarly humbug. I was once madly in love with this girl—madly, madly, I can tell you. I could speak and think rightly enough till I was tried in the fire, but then I was as weak—as weak as the meanest wretch living. I talk of despising her indeed! That night, Newton, before she came to bid you adieu—and, mark you, she asked me as her brother's friend for my advice—there, it was rising in my soul to take advantage of your misfortune, and so win her from you; but she knew what her duty was then, if she has forgotten it now, and she told me what it was, putting the very words into my mouth, while I was struggling with my wretched thought, and so she saved me from being in very fact a scoundrel and a knave. You may cut me to-morrow, Newton, but I'm glad I've told you. I could not hold it back after what has taken place."

There was a painful silence.

Westby's words of self-accusation had burst from his lips with vehement fluency, but when he began to speak again it was with the utmost hesitation and uncertainty.

"You are my very oldest friend, Newton, and I would not for worlds have you despise me. I have accused myself, therefore I have a right to say something in my own extenuation. That wretched night cured my wicked stupid love. I swear to you, Newton, that I have done all that lay in my power to serve your interests, both with the Temples and with regard to that bank business. Do tell me you believe this."

"I do believe it, you dear old boy, from the bottom of my heart!" and Newton took Westby's hand in his.

"I wish that there was a pledge of assurance deeper than words," exclaimed Westby.

"Why, your labour in that bank affair speaks for itself," urged Newton, "and I may tell you thus much of our interview—Lilian Temple swore to me that your influence had held her for so long true to me."

Newton emphasised all this with a hearty shake of the hand.

"Good night, old fellow," said he, taking up his hat. "I shall come and breakfast with you, mind that—eight o'clock, hey?"

"I can say later, if you like."

"No, no; at eight o'clock I'm your man," and Newton left the room.

Westby understood the motive of Newton's proposal to come to breakfast. "He really does forgive me! Pshaw! I shouldn't wonder, after all, if this is not some foolish lovers' misunderstanding, which a few judicious words may set straight. I'll see Lilian to-morrow; she taught me aright once—I'll try if I can't teach her aright in return."

CHAPTER VII. REAL ACTING.

But we must now give the other side of Newton's story:—

"Rouge!" exclaimed Lilian, "please—no."

"Before the lights, miss, you'll be as white as a ghost," expostulated Mr. Williams, the eminent perruquier.

"As little as possible, then."

"Madam!" exclaimed Mr. Williams, in a deprecatory tone, for even the fairest could not be allowed to dictate to him. Was he not an artist, working on nature's grandest handiwork, adapting it to the necessities of art? I defy you to be five minutes in the company of Mr. Williams without discovering that he was an artist, because he always took care you should learn the fact by word of mouth. So Lilian seated herself in a chair before the dressing-table, which was covered with the materials of Mr. Williams' art, and surrendered herself unconditionally into his hands. And very hot, puffy, steamy hands were the hands of Mr. Williams.

"I flatter myself, miss, I know your part as well as you do."

"Better, perhaps," replied Lilian, smiling. "Oh, where's my book? I'm never comfortable without it. Run, Jane, and see if I left it on my dressing-table."

"I don't mean, miss, word for word, but I mean the exigencies of the part," explained Mr. Williams. "If I can't conceive them somehow, I can't paint nohow. I lay in the groundwork of the passions with my colours, and then the features have only got to develope 'em at the right moment. Features, miss!" exclaimed Mr. Williams, warming with his subject, "why I've painted peoples' faces right out, so that their own fathers didn't know 'em."

"You will be more merciful to me, won't you, Mr. Williams?"

"Heaven forbid it in your case, madam," exclaimed Mr. Williams, gallantly. "I'm merely raising the natural tone of colour up to the strength of the lights, with the slightest touch to give force to the leading motives. I don't wish to boast," continued Mr. Williams, anxious, as much as possible, to improve the occasion, for it was very seldom he enjoyed the opportunity for so much "dialogue." "I don't wish to boast, but if I state that I've got all the passions cut and dried at my finger's end, I state a fact. Why, you can get love and hate, and joy and sorrow, out of a twist of the brush—all human natur in a bit of camel's hair! I've studied the dodge from the old masters in the National Gallery, I have. Sometimes I asks myself what acting is, and I asks other people, too. There's my friend, Samuels, he's in a large way in the costume line —I asks him sometimes.

"'Vel, Mishter Villiams,' says he, 'I vill tell you vot acting ish. It ish the very best gold lace, and the very best shilk velvet, and plenty of 'em, it ish—try to play Mishter Shakespere vithout 'em, that's all!'

"'No, no, Mr. Samuels,' says I, 'you know what acting is well enough, and so do the actors, only they won't tell—two-thirds of it's paint!' Didn't they have me down at Her Majesty's every night 'Traviata' was on. They couldn't have done the last scene if I hadn't been there. Why, I'll undertake to paint any man, woman, or child, into a galloping consumption—nature itself, in five minutes—that I will. You've only got to hit the cough; I'll manage the face. They didn't call me on, though, when the curtain was down, not they. I ought to have had half the bouquets —that I ought; but I never have had my rights, and I never shall have my rights, the world's a sight too selfish for that."

The further enunciation of Mr. Williams' theory of dramatic art, as developed from his own particular point of view, was interrupted by Miss Temple's maid bringing her mistress the play-book, and a note—Westby's note.

Lilian knew the handwriting, she opened the envelope with eager hands, and glanced hastily over the note.

Oh! why had fate thrown Westby persistently in her path ever since George Newton had left England? Westby was perpetually coming to their house to give information on Newton's affairs—to assure her that things were going on favourably, that Newton would soon be able to return.

Oh, horrible trial! constantly in the company of the man she must forget, noting with reluctant eyes all the loveable points of his character, admiring, to think that it should be a crime to admire, what was noble and good! It was her duty to forget this present fascination, and think of her lover absent in France. And then to hear Westby's praises of Newton, Westby insisting on his right to speak, having known Newton from a boy; it drove her half mad to listen. Once or twice it had been on her lips to make a desperate confession in defiance of all consequences; but fear was mingled with her other feelings towards Westby. There was a cold sternness in his manner which awed her. She fancied that he doubted her constancy towards Newton, and that he was doing all in his power to keep Newton before her mind. She felt that if she broke her engagement, Westby would never forgive her, nay that he would utterly despise her. She had indeed arrived at a sound conclusion, but strive all she could, her feelings were constantly rebelling against it—her reason was convinced, but her heart remained unreconciled, perpetually compelling her to a re-argument of the subject.

Thoughts too hard for constant thinking! She eagerly sought relief in every amusement which the London season afforded. She had found the most absorbing excitement in the preparations for the play, rehearsals, dresses, &c. She had positively dreaded to think that after the night of performance the power of this anodyne would be at an end.

And now Westby's note thrust her once more into her agony of doubt.

Whilst Lilian was looking at the note, Mr. Williams had retired to contemplate the effect of his work from a distance.

"Let me see, there's what the French call 'finesse' in your part, Miss—we must give force to the smiles," and he turned to the table for a pencil.

Lilian tore up the note and flung the pieces from her.

"Why how your countenance do change, Miss! I declare I scarcely know my own work. Pray smile, or I shan't know what I'm about. Thank you, the slightest touch is sufficient," and Mr. Williams again retired to take a survey of his work. "There, now!" he exclaimed proudly,

"I'll warrant when you go on, one half the people will cry, 'perfect,' and t'other half will say, 'it's almost a pity you hadn't had just a leetle rouge'"

"Now then, Williams," cried a voice at the door, "are you ready for me? We're late as it is, and I'm 'discovered,' recollect."

"Come in, cousin Frank," said Lilian.

Mr. Frank Scott entered ready for the stage, save and except his face. Mr. Scott was stage-manager, he was consequently the focus upon which the shortcomings of everybody and everything were concentrated during the half hour previous to the rising of the curtain.

"That ass, Vernon, can't find his boots," exclaimed Scott, taking his seat before the dressing-table, "and he's boring me to death."

Then his eye fell on Lilian.

"Your dress, *ma foi, c'est parfaite:* but your hair, Lilian, that's where it is, after all."

Nevertheless Scott's first impression was correct, the merit lay in the dress—it was the design of an artist friend, and Lilian had paid him with a dozen smiles, and a lock of her pale gold hair. Lilian's faults shall not be hidden, but I pledge myself the price of the design was an honest payment. Lilian, summoning courage, had asked this friend how she should dress.

"Give me a lock of your hair, and I'll tell you."

"By all means," said Lilian, and she drew off her net, and in a moment a great golden wave fell over her shoulders.

"That's very pretty!" exclaimed the artist, with artistic enthusiasm. "I'll get a pair of scissors!" And he drew back the surface hair, rippling through his fingers, and selected a buried lock.

"Snip!"

Mind you, he was no hairdresser, sated with all manner of hair, yet his hands quivered not, and naught was added to the speed of his pulse. To his honour be it said, he had numbered fourscore years, and he had painted charming faces with delicate taste all his artist life.

The lock of hair was pinned to the artist's easel.

"Now, young lady, my colours will lead the eye up to that hair—just try the experiment with your next new dress. Fifty years ago, I should have thought of it twice before I had given you the secret of breaking hearts."

"But, Lilian, do smile!" exclaimed Scott. "You spoil yourself. Trembling, too! Come, come, it won't do for you to be afraid."

"I'm sure I shall break down, Frank. I wish I had never undertaken the part. I always wanted you to let Margaret Vernon do it."

"Absurd girl! You knew every word this morning. Bless me, Williams! I'm not going to play a wild Indian — gently with that red stuff!"

Mr. Williams said nothing, but he was wounded in the depths of his soul.

"As you're here, Lilian, do let's run over the last bit of that scene. I threaten to send De Launay to the Bastile with the *lettre de cachet,* unless you prove to me that you don't love him. You do that part capitally!—I mean just afterwards, when I come from my hiding-place. Confound you, Williams!—don't shove that nasty brush into my mouth."

"If you would only keep your face still for half a minute!" pleaded Mr. Williams, mournfully.

"Hollo, there's Vernon!" cried Scott. "I say, we want the fag-end of that crack scene of yours."

"Mind, Scott, I don't go on the stage till I get my boots," replied Vernon, with stolid resolution.

"They'll turn up, I'll warrant! Here, you're on the right,—pray don't forget that, or you'll spoil my entrance. Now then, 'Is this the village girl?' that's the cue."

"'Is this the village girl?'" mumbled Vernon.

"Go on, Lilian!"

"I beg your pardon, Frank. 'Yes, Monsieur De Launay, the village girl has learnt the manners of the court. Faith in love! who dreams of finding that at Versailles?'"

"Pray go on, Vernon!"

"'Marie, this is some joke.'"

"Joke's not the word."

"I'll bet you it is!" rejoined Vernon, sullenly.

"The word's jest, Mr. Vernon," said Lilian, referring to her book.

"'He will be lost,'" prompted Scott. "We shall never finish at this rate."

"'He will be lost! Merciful Heaven! How shall I save him?'"

"That's right, Lilian! Clasp your hands with despair. (De Launay perceives a ring on Marie's hand.) Now, do get on, Vernon."

"Have you got those boots, Samuels?" inquired Vernon of a Mosaic person who had just entered the room. "Then don't stand star-gazing there! Go and look till you find them!" and Vernon spoke with immense emphasis.

"'Ha! that ring!' Do finish it, Vernon!" cried Scott.

"'Ha! that ring!'" mumbled Vernon.

"Bless me! you really must look in the direction of her hands, or you won't be able to see the ring."

"'Ha! that ring! A gift! Whose? Tell me,'" grumbled Vernon.

"'The gift of the Chevalier De Barras.'"

"'False girl!'" muttered Vernon, hurriedly.

"Pray remember the points, Vernon. You must pause before you say 'False girl!' and look thunderstruck—it's a splendid bit of business for you!"

"The boots ish found!" cried a Mosaic voice, exultingly.

"'Lost? Lost!'" prompted Scott.

"I'd better put them on at once," said Vernon, making for the door.

"Bless the man! Pray finish the scene."

"Very well, then. 'Lost, lost, false girl—farewell for ever!'"

"'Not false! Henri, hear me!'"

"That's right, Lilian! Put in lots of despair—try to grasp his hand—can't you wait one moment, Vernon?—there, that's capital! When you've got your boots on, ring up for the orchestra. I wonder if that confounded fellow—what's his name—Markham's friend—who plays

the cornet, has got back from his Richmond dinner ?—mind, we won't wait for him."

And Vernon, released at last, flew with ardour to his boots.

"Now for it, Lilian ! The bookcase will do for the window. Here, Williams, take the book and prompt !"

"'Saved, saved ! but, alas, how saved ?'"

"Clasp your hands over your face, Lilian. 'Madam, I have the honour to place this document in your hands.'"

In default of a "property" letter, Scott caught up the envelope of Westby's note.

"You must almost snatch it from me—that's right ! Now tear it up passionately."

But Lilian thrust the envelope into her bosom.

"'Behold my generosity !'" said Scott, continuing the dialogue. "'Monsieur De Launay was a rival, but I forgive him. He was a rival, but you, Marie,—you have cured him of his love, ha! ha ! The noble-minded De Launay, that mirror of chivalry ! think you he will care for the woman who has been false to her word?' By Jove, Lilian, you never did the bye-play as well as this !"

"Fust-rate," said Mr. Williams, critically, but inwardly he awarded half the praise to himself and the paint.

"Edge up closer to the chair and table, Lilian, —that's it ! 'Ha ! ha ! beauty to win De Launay back ! and he only cares for honour and truth. You will live in his mind, Marie, as the vain coquette —the false one that trifles with the heart. And think of it, Marie, he will turn from you thus, when you cross his path.'"

"Where's Scott ?—they want him !" cried an excited "super" rushing into the room.

"Here am I, Fred,—coming directly. It could not be better, Lilian ; that cry when you fell into the chair. It will bring down the curtain splendidly !" And Scott hurried from the room.

There was a voice of lamentation in the passage —the voice of Vernon—a voice of sympathy also, —the voice of the Mosaic person.

"They're a size too small !"

"'Pon my vord, dey sall stretch."

"I'm like a cat in walnuts. Oh ! and that cursed corn."

"Never mind, Vernon, use is second nature," cried Scott. "You won't feel it when the curtain's up."

Mr. Williams was left in the room with Lilian and her maid. Lilian's head still rested on the table, clasped in her hands.

"Fust-rate !" again exclaimed Mr. Williams, lost in admiration at the effect his handiwork had produced.

"Frank," murmured Lilian, "I can't go through with it—it will kill me." There were tears in her eyes.

"Bless me, Miss," said Mr. Williams, "you needn't feel the part like that: it's all on the outside, like my paint."

"No, no, pray tell them I can't do it," sobbed Lilian.

"But the curtain's risen," expostulated Mr. Williams, "you will be on in a few minutes, you are only a little nervous," and he addressed some confidential words to the lady's-maid, who left the room.

"Why, Miss, I've seen many a great actor," continued Mr. Williams in a consolatory tone, "times upon times, shake like an aspen, and then go on and carry the house by storm."

"Miss Temple ! Wanted directly," cried a voice in the passage.

"Just drink that, Miss," said Mr. Williams, evincing quite a paternal feeling after the manner of the stage.

"It's salvolatile," said the maid. "I'm sure it will do you good."

"Miss Temple !" shouted the voice.

"I'm coming !" cried Lilian, rising with effort from the chair, "where's my handkerchief, Jane ? Do I look as if I'd been crying ?"

"One moment, and I'll touch off the tears," said Mr. Williams. "So, so, your face is perfect !"

"The stage is waiting for Miss Temple !" and a frantic "super" dashed into the room.

(To be continued.)

IRELAND AND HER QUEEN.

"Punch" has seldom given us a prettier picture of the times than when he showed us the greeting of the Queen to Ireland,—that engaging damsel, comely and neat, and possessed of a noble pig. While everybody liked that sketch, it went right to the heart of old people who could not forget, if they were to live to the age of Methusaleh, the wringing pain caused by the idea of Ireland at the beginning of the century. I am not going over the story from that time to this. Its leading events are not likely to be forgotten by any who have ever cared about the subject at all. All that I desire is that we should just catch a glimpse of the aspect of that strange country at three or four periods since the Union, in order to see the course of the transformation, and learn the natural lesson from it.

In deriving lessons from events, people, it is true, commonly learn, or fancy they learn, just what they knew before ; in the same way that people usually see what they are looking for, and always fail to perceive what they had no conception of : but there is one hint so very broadly conveyed in the recent history of Ireland that it must stand second in everybody's view, whatever favourite notion may come first. When, in an election among a crowd of candidates, one candidate has everybody's second vote, while the first votes are scattered, that candidate heads the poll; and in the same way, the second lesson that we all learn from Ireland being the same, however we may differ about the first,—that is *the* lesson. It is noble enough to hold the very highest place in any scheme of political study. It is—a warning against political despair.

There has never been a time since any organised polity existed when such a lesson was not needed. There is always some country or other where matters are in such a bad state that it is difficult to see how they can ever be set right ; and at present it is difficult for political students who have any benevolence in them to keep up their spirits about half-a-dozen countries

in Europe,—to say nothing of the gross ravages of civil war, in far eastern and western quarters, —in China and in America. But, after being in the Queen's train in Ireland last month, it becomes more possible than before to hope good things for even Naples and Sicily, — for even Russia and Poland. The lesson for just-minded rulers and for a patriotic people is, "Never say die!"

We need not expect the lesson to be made use of much beyond our own country, because the state of the case is not understood where Ireland is most prated about. Austrians, French, Russians, and Americans, assumed that Ireland was still, and always had been, cruelly oppressed; and that the word oppression comprehended all the mischief, and was the key to the whole difficulty. They can hardly go on thinking so any more now; but, up to this time, ninety-nine out of a hundred American and European sympathisers have had no other association with Ireland. The Irish, having a passion for liberty, were cruelly oppressed:—that was the case in brief. If it had been so, the task of the rulers of Ireland would have been comparatively easy: but the points of the case were nearly the reverse of those stated. The Irish people are not supremely fond of freedom; and they might, at any time within this century, have had much more political liberty and privilege than they ever realised.

The present generation may imagine something of the misery and turbulence of fifty years since when, in the chronicles and memoirs of the time, they come upon the occasional wish that the Green Isle was submerged seven feet in the green sea. The reason why all governments, and all thoughtful men, were at their wits' end what to do was, that Irish human nature was unique, and, as far as appeared, unmanageable. If the people had been really lovers of freedom, they would have been lovers of law. The most practically free nation is always a law-abiding nation. But the Irish have a constitutional tendency to illegality which is embarrassing beyond measure to any kind of government; and the more from its being accompanied by a passion for meddlesome law-making in favour of classes. The same government had to rule the English, who stand by the laws as their own work and their own precious possession, and therefore give little trouble when legislation is once accomplished; and the Scotch, who can argue, and expatiate like so many special pleaders on points which they treat as texts from a talismanic book; and the Irish, who have had but too much reason to protest against disqualifying laws, but who also were exceedingly prone to commit treason, murder, and arson, while clamouring for new laws to settle every social transaction between man and man. Amidst all the mouthing of their orators about liberty, the Irish people had no sort of notion of political ethics. They meant, when singing their liberty songs, or giving three or nine groans for tyrants, that they wanted each to have his bit of ground for his own, and to send a member to a Dublin parliament to make Ireland somehow great and glorious, and do something for *him*. It was not that the peasantry (and there was scarcely anything that could be called a middle class) were clownish, ignorant, and without political imagination, like the English rural labourer of sixty years since. The people, young and old, were brisk and sharp, fond of education, and full of notions of native kings and chiefs, and laws about land: but they thought of laws only as a privilege, and not at all as involving any duty. So they either pined or clamoured, according as they were or were not allowed public speech, and talked big about law and liberty while they were murdering landlords and agents, and houghing cattle, and burning homesteads, and smuggling, and taking even more pleasure in defying the laws they lived under than in clamouring for more.

From this state of things it necessarily followed that all the world, but a handful of sensible Englishmen, took for granted that the woes of Ireland were due to political causes; whereas the most radical mischiefs were social and economical. How this came to pass I need not now inquire: it is enough that it was the fact even in those dark political days when Pitt and his successors found it impossible to fulfil the promise about Catholic emancipation under which the Union had been agreed upon. Shocking and shameful as were the political disabilities of sixty years ago, they were of less importance than the social mischiefs which caused prevalent poverty and occasional famine, with the crimes which belong to them. A well-fed people, encouraged in industry, could have certainly obtained political equality in a short time; whereas no amount of political liberty could have released the soil from the burden of a crowded population which it could not feed. Under such circumstances, Ireland might well be the nightmare of successive cabinets, the dread of every parliament, and the cause of heartache to every kindly-hearted man.

We did not travel much in Ireland in those days. It was a terrible thing to encounter the beggars: the inns, horses and carriages were not very tempting. There were no roads to some of the finest districts of scenery; and the aspect of decay was too dreary to be encountered without stringent reasons. Except in a few ports there seemed to be no trade: the sea was left unfished (as it is too much at this day), and the great mansions were crumbling into ruin, as their lands lapsed into waste.

What the traveller did not see, when any artist or eccentric hunter of scenery ventured to the wild glories of the North and West, was worse than anything that met his eye, even though his car was mobbed by a crowd of half-naked and hungering women and children. There were tithe-proctors in ditches having their ears cut off: there were cabins on the moors where peasants met after midnight, not daring to refuse the summons thither, and where it was appointed by lot who should shoot an obnoxious agent, or the landlord himself, and who should batter out the brains of an interloping tenant, or cut out the horses' tongues, or hough the cows. There was the slavery of the men on whom the lot fell, or who dared not refuse the commission; and of the neighbours who saw the deed done, and dared give neither notice beforehand, nor information afterwards. There were Protestant clergymen sitting in their glebe

houses, rendered idle and poor by every sort of obstruction, and wretched by popular dislike: and there were Catholic priests who knew, in virtue of their office, how political disappointment was made use of to sink their flocks deeper into crime. There were hedge-schools, where tattered boys were eagerly learning arithmetic and land surveying, that they might enter into the competition for land and land offices, which was their only notion of getting a living. There were hollow places under the turf of the moors, betrayed only by a thread of blue smoke, where illicit stills were at work, and dogs were in training to carry bladders full of whisky through the beat of the exciseman in the night. There were hovels without number, where parents were compelled to give their children the potatoes which they had promised as rent. The little ones could not starve to-day, whether or not they were to have a roof over their heads to-morrow. There were wastes on the mountain, and wild sands by the sea where men stealthily collected in the dusk or at daybreak for drill, with pike or fork or scythe, when firearms could not be got; and frantic was the joy, or desperate the rage, according to the report of scouts or prophets, as to the approach of the French, or the putting off of the invasion. There was emigration in those times, though we are too apt to forget it. Not only did Irish mowers, reapers, and hop-pickers invade our agricultural counties in the season in numbers (the like of which will never be seen again), but several thousands of the peasantry yearly found their way to the United States or the British Colonies. In America they were very welcome, in the early days of railways and canals. The new comers, it is true, died off fast, of drink, miasma, and needless discomfort; but the lowest of them valued education for their children; and, as education is universal in the free States, the next generation were well worth having; but the characteristic of the Irish in America was found to be, as it is now, their intolerance, and preference of despotic to free government. John Mitchel is a true representative of his countrymen in America in his aspiration after "a goodly plantation, stocked with fat negroes." As the emigrants dispersed over the world, they spread everywhere the notion that their people were made slaves of by England, and that all their woes were owing to political causes. At this moment a sound is ringing in my ears, one of the most painful I ever heard,—the passionate, peevish cry of the widow of Theobald Wolfe Tone,—an aged lady living at Philadelphia, who poured out her Irish politics to me, exclaiming, on behalf of her country, "Let her alone! Don't touch her at all! Only let her alone!" It was not a case for reasoning. The Catholics were then emancipated; and the Whig government was entering on its course of beneficent rule; but the widow of the rebel of 1798 had no patience to hear of good news for Ireland if it came through English hands.

I shall ever believe that to Thomas Drummond, more than to any other human agency, is the regeneration of Ireland due. An undemonstrative Scotchman, he seemed animated as by a new soul when he had warmed in his Irish office; and it might well be so; for he had set before him the object of saving Ireland, whatever became of himself. Ireland was saved, and he perished under the burden of the work. To those who knew him before he crossed the Channel, it is very moving to see his statue at Dublin,—with the face full of the well-remembered intellectual sensibility, but so thin and worn! In dying, he declared that he died for Ireland; and it is true. Those who know him by nothing else remember him by his saying—so simple to him that he could not conceive how it became so celebrated,—that "Property has its duties as well as its rights:" and it will be fully recognised hereafter that he inaugurated the rule of indulgence which alone could have saved Ireland,—so deeply sunk as she was. The rule of the Whig government, worked by Mr. Drummond, and exemplified by the high officials who did the demonstrative part, was the turning point of the fate of Ireland.

There was a new phase, but not a much more promising one to superficial observers, when O'Connell, having obtained Catholic emancipation, found himself unable (supposing him willing) to withdraw from his function of Agitator. I have never been able to think well of O'Connell, more or less. Men of all politics desired to like and admire him, if possible: but I, for one, never could see that he answered to any sort of test of sound character, political or moral. He had his retribution for his sins in the tribulation of his later years, every one of which plunged him deeper in the embarrassments of false promises, timid collusion, and public pledges which he could never redeem. Nobody now supposes that latterly he believed Repeal possible, or in any way desirable; yet he had not courage to avow the truth: and his humiliation extended even to sanctioning each man's dream as to the results of Repeal. He obtained the support of the Irish peasantry by permitting them to believe that "Repale" meant the possession of land by each man in fee simple. A glimpse of Ireland at that time, twenty years ago, shows us an altered scene, but one as full of peril as ever, except that plans of regeneration were maturing at the Castle at Dublin.

There had been abundant proof within a few years that the loyalty of the Irish was to persons more than to institutions. It had astonished us all in 1820 that George IV., who would not grant Catholic emancipation, and had been no benefactor to Ireland, was received there with an enthusiasm which seemed perfectly senseless. We might have learned more than we did from the fact that the mere presence of the king could so work upon the people. Nearly twenty years later, the people were hero-worshipping again; and their heroes were changing the aspect of Ireland for the time. Father Mathew had obtained a hold on the popular imagination in one way, as O'Connell had in another. In Ireland we then saw the distilleries shut up, and the spirit-merchants turning to other occupations. We saw the temperance medals on tens of thousands of necks and breasts; and where they were worn, the children were getting clothed, and the cabins furnished, and the parents rising out of debt and difficulty. But it was really worship, and therefore dangerous. Father Mathew,

like O'Connell, let the popular imagination run wild, for the sake of influence, and the aims to which influence was directed. The people believed, and they were not contradicted, that Father Mathew healed the sick, and had raised at least one from the dead. He afforded thus the material of a Temperance host, which O'Connell drilled as an army. Those were the critical days when an indulgent policy was happily adopted, instead of a coercive one; and when the right choice was made between giving Ireland opportunity to be a convert, and calling her to account as a rebel. She was allowed to hold her monster meetings, where an army of sober peasantry marched before O'Connell, really believing him to be the destined king of Ireland, while their mothers and wives wept rapturous tears, in full faith that there was now to be no more poverty for anybody; no more evictions from field or cabin; no lack of potatoes ever again; but plenty, and glory, and liberty for every man to do as he liked, under King Dan—his own chosen prince. That mob-prince, meantime, carried a heavy heart within him. He was as a man half-way up a precipice, where he finds no path nor footing. His uncertainty and fear became very obvious, and they carried him to his grave. His influence was much lessened before he died, and so was Father Mathew's. There was nothing to sustain the hero-worship in either case; and the chief practical result was the evidence that the way to govern the Irish was through the loyalty of the popular heart, and not by making them arbiters of their own political rights. Even O'Connell, to whom they were loyal so long, failed because he could not give them the bribes which he annexed to political claims; and no agitator since his time has succeeded at all. When Smith O'Brien was in the height of his hopeful delusions, Irishmen who knew their countrymen said he and his comrades must fail: no political Protestant could ever lead discontented Catholics on to a successful rebellion. The reason was, that the people wanted a hero to worship first, whatever notion of rights might come afterwards; and no political Protestant can be an idol in a priest-ridden Catholic country.

How far it might have been different if O'Connell had lived, there is no saying; but Irish history took a new turn when his vigour and influence declined, and began a new chapter after his death. There was the national system of education—a blessing which Ireland (and the whole empire, as interested in Ireland) owes primarily to Lord Derby. Half a million of the children of successive generations have been civilised and enlightened by that institution; and the Irish passion for education has happily counteracted the influence of the priesthood so far as to secure the signal success of the scheme. The Bishop of Oxford saw with delight, the other day, what those schools really are, in regard to the intelligence, and free, happy, and orderly bearing of the children, and the good understanding which exists among households of teachers of differing religious faiths. But, to estimate the full benefit, one should see what these schools do in the remoter parts of the country, where the priest is kept in order, and the rebel is laughed at, and the incendiary is restrained, and all wildness turned into reason, by the mere enlightenment of the children as they grow up. Bigots on both sides have made great difficulty; but the system survives and flourishes, and the period of Irish delusion from ignorance is evidently closed.

Of the famine, I will say only that it left the country covered with refuges for the helplessly poor. The workhouses were not mere roofs for the shelter of the destitute, nor abodes of shame, as they are elsewhere. There was no disgrace in the destitution caused by such a calamity as the famine and its consequent pestilence; and the workhouses operated in somewhat the same way as the schools. They were an interesting feature to the traveller who went to see what Ireland was like when the hungry were fed again, and the dead were buried. There the people learned to wear whole clothes; there habits of cleanliness and neatness were formed; there boys were trained in agricultural and girls in domestic arts; and the multitude of orphans left by the fever found a not unkindly parent in the State. The system could not have worked, however, without another great change. While the land lay waste under the burden of debt, and its owners could not live on it, and Irish capital was deposited in the imperial funds at low interest, while the country was perishing for want of it, there could be no actual poor-rate which could support the lowest class. The famine had proved the absence of a middle class at all in proportion to those above and below, as it had exhibited the mischievous lack of roads to connect one community with another. Everything wanted consolidation with other things—one class of society with another—one locality with another—trade with agriculture—labour with capital; and while the disintegration existed, even the feeding and clothing the destitute from the public purse could not go on. The remedy was applied when the land was released. There never was a more conspicuous instance of success in social administration than that of the Encumbered Estates Act. When it had come into full operation, it was really worth while to go to Ireland. It is true the country was studded all over with gable-ends where cabin-roofs had fallen in, and nettles and briars grew over the cold hearth-stones. It is true the churchyards were very full, and the villages very empty, in the dreariest districts. One's heart was rent with the cry of parting, when groups of emigrants mounted the public cars. The priests hung about the shores or the lanes, as idle as the Protestant parson had ever been, and far more miserable. Their flocks were dispersed; their living was gone; and their neighbours had betaken themselves to a land where they were pretty sure to turn heretics. These incidents were mournful enough; and there were complaints that more and more cattle were grazing where cabins and potato-grounds contained inhabitants before. But there was an abundant set-off against all melancholy incidents. The beggars had diminished yet more than in proportion to the decrease of population. The men in the fields were earning double wages, and working better accordingly. The labourer who, at sixpence a-day, had lain down on his back as soon as the

agent was out of sight, now, at a shilling a-day, took no such rest till his work was done. Boys took the stranger to see a curiosity with much pride; and, when in presence of the marvel, told him that the plant was called a turnip. The women and girls, who had supported the men after the dislocation of industry from the famine, were still sewing away, morning, noon, and night, on their door-sills, at the embroidery sent them from Scotland, as well as from Belfast; and 400,000 of them were earning between 80,000*l.* and 90,000*l.* per week. The rural families all over the country showed the effects in their faces of better diet than they had known in the days of the dear old potato; and in their spirits they testified to a new experience of hope and comfort having fairly set in.

There were still occasional agrarian murders; and strangers formed their opinion of the priests accordingly, as cognisant of the whole mind of the Catholic peasantry; but by that time the explanation was ready that the power of the priests was no longer what it had been: in fact, the men did not, as a general rule, go to confession, if the women did; and if the women were not told secrets, the priests did not know them. On dark hillsides, and in wide wastes, everything was brightening. Prostrate fences were set up again; mansions were rebuilt; weedy fallows were manured and tilled, and stock was turned in upon the neglected pastures. There was certainly a plague of ragwort and loosestrife over the land; and the stench of steeping flax showed that wasteful old methods were still in use; but a Scotch farmer here and there was waging war against unthrift of every kind; and flax-dressing by machinery was making its way.

The best thing was that the Scotch and Englishmen were so few, though the released estates were daily taken in hand by new owners. The Irish capital in the imperial funds was flowing back, and spreading fertility like a stream in India which has gone astray, and is led back to irrigate a desert, and make it blossom as the rose.

It was at that time that the Queen made her first visit to Ireland. Smith O'Brien, Meagher, and Mitchel, were undergoing their exile, and were supposed to have many sympathisers at home. The royal authority had been insulted and defied by the existing generation; and there had been reckless people, at home and abroad, to assure the credulous Irish that the famine and the pestilence had been somehow the work of England. Every gift from England had been haughtily despised as a mere instalment of a right. Every scheme of relief had been clamoured against; and all that insolence could say and do through an ignorant Catholic hierarchy had been tried by the priests, and imitated by the people within their influence. No wonder the Queen was nervous on landing. She who, like her brave race, is absolutely dauntless on all emergencies, and when she comprehends the elements of the case, was fluttered by the uncertainty as to her footing in Ireland; and her first steps on Irish soil were somewhat unsteady; her glance was anxious, and her countenance full of solicitude. But it was all right. The people had once more an idol. Reverence and love greeted her whichever way she turned. None of us will ever forget her departure. She was worshipped as she went to the pier, and as she stepped on board her yacht; and cheers broke forth again and again as she stood on deck while the vessel moved off. When the distance increased, the sudden sense crossed her of the contrast between her feelings in arriving and departing, and she ran along the deck, and up the paddle-box where her husband was standing, and threw out her handkerchief to the wind. Never was there such a roar of delight, among her many greetings from her subjects, as went up when the act was seen from the far distance. The Irish and their Queen felt that they must and should meet again.

They have now met again. In the eight years that have intervened the progress of the country in all ways has been very great. Some complain of the diminution of numbers since the census of 1851; but there has been a due increase of people, though they are living far away. They are prosperous in the colonies; and, as for those in the United States, they are coming back now that their new, and not their old, country is the scene of civil war and social hardship. We hear of sixty embarking by one ship, and of hundreds converging towards the ports, to get back to their families at home, instead of following the fashion of bringing them out. There is plenty of work and wage for them in the old country; and they will find affairs wearing a new face. The workhouses half empty or more, and a demand for labourers from the remnant there; the towns showing new markets and shops, and improved public buildings; the ports full of shipping; the tillage expanded by a million of acres in ten years, and the live stock by five millions of money; the wretched cabins gone by thousands and replaced by decent dwellings; the people ashamed of rags, and accustomed to a varied diet; the constabulary lessened in number, the military barracks standing empty, the prisons not half full, and the judges of assize putting on white gloves instead of the black cap; these are the features which will surprise the returned emigrants, and make them ask whether this is indeed Old Ireland.

The Queen landed this time with gravity and amidst silence; but it was because her subjects sympathised with her personal griefs, betokened by the deep mourning which she wore. When they discovered how pleased she was to meet them they gave her the heartiest of greetings; and the enthusiasm knew no bounds while she remained in sight. It is said that she contemplates having a residence among the beautiful scenery of the west—and we shall all desire that she may. If she had twenty palaces elsewhere, it would still be wise to have another in Ireland. Her mere presence and sympathy are a sufficient ruling power in the stage which Ireland has reached. She smiles upon the comely Ireland in her state of buxom health and comfort; and comely Ireland modestly clasps the royal hand, and looks into the Queen's kindly face. Such a meeting every year or nearly would cheer the hearts of both.

What the historical commentators and political critics of France and Austria, and Russia and America, think of this meeting, I do not know;

and none of us will care. They have lost a topic for declamation; but Europe and America seem likely to yield others. If they want a type of the rebel and the beggar, they must henceforth look elsewhere than to Ireland.

From the Mountain.

THE NEW ZEALAND DIFFICULTY.

It seems as if we were never to solve the problem of justice to New Zealand. Based upon a wrong principle originated by the missionary body, and by their influence brought to bear upon the Colonial Office, we have been endeavouring to accomplish an impossibility—to inhabit, cultivate, and reclaim a country in which the native race are to be left a distinct people, and to live under British rule, and yet remain upon amicable terms with the original race who are free from such rule.

The first missionaries, finding the Maori a docile, intelligent people, ready to embrace Christianity, give up their land for a fair price, and trade with the new-comers, rejoiced in the fact that they had discovered a spot far removed from opposing influence, where they could experiment at will, preach, convert, and govern to their hearts' content—a model-farm from which at given periods clothed and Scripture-quoting natives could be sent home to excite sympathy and draw subscriptions at Exeter Hall, &c.

Into this hot-bed of missionary handiwork the intrusion of such a body as that of the Joint-Stock Company of New Zealand emigrants was looked upon with horror. Deputations of churchmen hastened to the Colonial Office, denouncing the colonists as invaders and exterminators. Unfortunately, the company had acted without government sanction, concluding that when their good intentions became known they would readily obtain the government charter; and this, no doubt, would have been the case had not the opposite interest been so strong at the moment. A governor was hastily appointed, and Captain Hobson, R.N., chosen to fill the responsible office. Subsequent to his arrival, a meeting of the natives inhabiting that portion now known as Auckland was convened, a treaty drawn up and presented to them for signature, the purport of this treaty being that these men, as representatives of the whole body of natives, ceded the sovereignty of their country to the British crown, with the sole right of land-purchase. To this latter clause the chiefs objected, insisting upon their right to sell to the highest bidder. After much discussion, an alteration was granted, verbally, *but not inserted* in the document, which was duly signed. It is this treaty which has been most improperly styled the Magna Charta of New Zealand—a treaty which, at the outset, involved a breach of faith.

The first effect of this document was to render null and void all purchases effected by the "Joint-Stock" Company, whose agent, Colonel Wakefield, had already founded the provinces of Wellington and Nelson, comprising the country bordering Cook's Straits. Feeling the instability of the company acting as it did, independently of government sanction, Colonel Wakefield took every means in his power to investigate the native claims, and obtained a large tract of country at a price which, though in the eyes of the present generation a mere absurdity, was at the time, and in accordance with the nature of the inhabitants, deemed equivalent. When intelligence of this reached the North, agents were immediately despatched to obtain the signatures of the local chiefs; nor was this done openly, but so secretly, that it only came to the ears of Colonel Wakefield by accident, a chief telling him "his Queen had sent him a blanket for making his marks on paper."

Many of the missionaries were good and praiseworthy men, who acted in accordance with their noble calling; but there were others, and unfortunately the majority, who, forming a party, have in our opinion been the most determined opponents the emigrant has had to deal with, and who, while appropriating large tracts themselves, did everything to prevent the same privilege being extended to experienced men who came out prepared to make the colony their home, and transplant a veritable offshoot from their dear old land.

The cause of each subsequent disturbance that has agitated the colony may be traced to this foundation. Tribal rights have never been clearly defined: difficult they are, no doubt; but the first act of the existing government should have been to elucidate this, and establish a rule which should be incontrovertible.

During the governorship of Colonel Gore Brown, a certain league was permitted to expand itself, since known as the King's movement, at the time consisting of such opposing ingredients, and presenting no apparent dissatisfaction to government, that it was even hoped it might lead to the elevation of the social interests and native progression. But although such an opinion was held by the clerical, and consequently the government party, the very reverse was feared and expressed by the colonists, who saw in the league germs of future trouble and anarchy.

The two elements upon which the partisans of the league hung were these: the assertion of their rights to be ruled by a king of their own nation, who should, they said, reign conjointly with Queen Victoria, and the prevention of land-sales. Taking a retrospective view of the progress and history of the colony, it certainly appears a most suicidal act upon the part of government not to have crushed such a power in the bud, yet so it has been. The Maories were petted and pampered as a wronged people, and allowed to play at having king. The result has verified the prophecies of the colonists, who have been lately most unjustly charged by members of the Church party, with fostering the very movement they alone condemned; it has been asserted that they desire the extermination of the native race, than which nothing could be more opposite to their feelings and even self-interest. It is the colonist who would gladly throw down the barrier, kept up by the clergy, and treat the Maori as a brother-subject of a glorious constitution, and this is what the Protection Society so vehemently oppose. The Maori would then be absorbed in the flood of emigra-

tions; his nation would become an historical relic; his language a dead-letter. The whole policy of keeping them a distinct people would be rendered vain, and the incalculable labour and expense the missionaries had been at, by translating the Scriptures, unnecessary. So, according to the Missionaries, the Maori must have separate laws, language, and rights.

The renewal of hostilities has, we think, been made too much of; not that we would anticipate any lasting good from the peace so hastily patched up before the recall of Colonel Gore Brown, and re-appointment of Sir George Grey. We are not at peace, and never shall be until a thorough revision of the system of government takes place.

Sir George Grey's former governorship was highly popular, and he has been fixed upon as the only man likely to quell the disputes; time only can prove whether the reappointment is judicious or not: he understands the Maori character, as well as their language, songs, and legends; but he must adopt a different policy from that he followed formerly. He is returning to reap the harvest he assisted to sow, and it remains to be seen whether he will have the power to gather the sheafs into the garner and destroy the weeds of disunion and disaffection for ever. Isabella E. Aylmer.

THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.

Who was the Lass of Richmond Hill, and who composed the song and the words of it? This is a question which has been often asked, and not very satisfactorily answered, although many versions have been given, especially by some of the old inhabitants of Richmond. Amongst others, a certain pretty Miss Smith, who lived on Richmond Hill, and was a writer of poetry, was thought to be the *Lass*, and for this reason. Having one day made some purchases at a shop in Richmond, she was asked where they should be sent. She gave her name and address, but added, "I am better known as the 'Lass of Richmond Hill,'" an answer probably arising from a little poetic vanity.

The following anecdote, related by Sir Jonah Barrington in his "Personal Sketches," is amusing enough; but it must be added that what he tells us is not always to be depended on. If it were so, he has cleared up the difficulty as to the identity of the Lass of Richmond Hill.

He informs us that on the trial of Roger O'Connor, on a charge of robbing a mail-coach, a distinguished Irish barrister was engaged, Mr. Leonard McNally, author of a work on the "Law of Evidence," and also of the song of "The Lass of Richmond Hill." He was a great poetaster, and having fallen in love with a Miss Janson, the daughter of a very rich attorney of Bedford Row, London, he wrote on her the celebrated song of "The Lass of Richmond Hill," her father having a house in that place. The young lady could not withstand this, and returned his flame. She was absolutely beautiful, but quite a slattern in her person. She likewise had a turn for versifying, and was therefore altogether well adapted to her lame lover, particularly as she never could spare time from her poetry to wash her hands, a circumstance in which McNally was sympathetic. The father, however, notwithstanding all this, refused his consent; and consequently McNally took advantage of his dramatic knowledge, by adopting the precedent of Barnaby Brittle, and bribed a barber to lather old Janson's eyes as well as his chin, and with something rather sharper than Windsor soap. Slipping out of the room whilst her father was getting rid of the lather and the smart, this Sappho, and her limping Phaon (for McNally was lame) escaped, and were united in the holy bands of matrimony the same day. She continued making, and McNally correcting verses, till they were called out of this world. This curious couple conducted themselves both generally, and towards each other, extremely well after their union. Old Janson partly forgave them, and made some settlement on their children.

We regret that only a portion of this anecdote is true. Mr. Janson certainly had a house at Richmond, and Mr. McNally married his daughter, but the rest of the story may be considered as the result of the propensity of Sir Jonah Barrington to substitute fiction for truth—a second Sir Nathaniel Wraxall.

The fact is that Mr. Upton wrote the song of "The Lass of Richmond Hill," and the music of it was composed by Mr. Hook, the father of Theodore Hook, although it was for a long time popularly ascribed to George the Fourth, then Prince of Wales, who was a fine musician. Mr. Upton composed many other songs for the convivial entertainments at Vauxhall Gardens, where they were sung by Incledon: they are probably familiar to most of our readers.

Edward Jesse.

THE COCKHORSE REGIMENT.

When the Thirty Years War was finally brought to a termination by the treaty of peace of Westphalia, which was concluded at Nüremburg in 1560, the civic authorities of that place ordered in commemoration public rejoicings of various kinds,—banquets, balls, fireworks, &c. But among all these public diversions, none was more distinguished for singularity and originality, and perhaps childish simplicity, than the procession of lads and boys on sticks or cockhorses. Thus mounted they rode, regularly divided into companies, through the streets, and halted before the hotel of the Red-Horse, where was staying the Imperial Commissioner Octavius Piccolomini, Duc d'Amali. The duke was so pleased with the novel cavalcade that he requested a repetition of the same procession at an early day of the following week, which they performed in much larger numbers. On arriving before his hotel, the duke distributed amongst them small square silver medals (of the value of about 5*d.* each) which he had in the interval caused to be struck. The coin represented on the obverse, a boy on a hobby-horse with whip in hand, and the year 1560 was inscribed in the centre, while the reverse represented the double eagle and armorial bearings of Austria, with the inscription: "*Vivat Ferdinandus III. Rom. Imp. vivat!*" M.

THE ANGEL AND THE INFANT.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF JEAN REBOULLÉ, OF NISMES.)

AN angel over a cradle stood ;
His visage shone with a radiant gleam ;
And he seem'd on his own fair form to brood
In the mirror pure of a crystal stream.

" Oh, come to my home, sweet babe so fair ! "
He murmur'd ; " Come, come with me now !
Ah, we shall be happy together there ;
The earth is unworthy of such as thou.

" Its gladness is never without alloy ;
Some pang from its best delights will rise ;
A wail still rings through its shouts of joy,
And all its pleasures are clogg'd with sighs.

" O'er every feast is the fear of doom ;
No sky so clear and serene, but may
Be blacken'd and riven with storm and gloom
Before the dawn of another day.

" On that pure brow shall the trouble pass
Of hopes deceived, and of haunting fears ?
Shall those blue eyes be bedimm'd, alas !
By the bitter rain of regretful tears ?

" No, no ! dear babe, through the fields of space
Thou wilt fly with me to a brighter sphere ;
God will not exact, in His boundless grace,
The days that else thou hadst linger'd here.

"No soil of sorrow, no taint of sin,
From thy sojourn here on thy robes shall rest,
The smiles that usher'd thy young life in
Shall follow thee home to yon region blest.

"On thy forehead no cloud shall a shadow fling,
Nor the darkness there of the grave forecast;
Of so unspotted and pure a thing
The loveliest morning is still its last."

And, slowly unfolding his wings snow-white,
The angel ceased, and aloft he fled
To the blest abodes of eternal light.
Alas! poor mother! Thy boy is dead!

THEODORE MARTIN.

RAILWAY RISKS.

HORSE FEET AND ROAD—ENGINE FEET AND RAILS.

SOME years back, a man of a studious habit of mind looked in at the door of a veterinary establishment where a horse was undergoing a curious process called "firing," that is, the application of heat along the course of the tendons leading to the feet. Desirous of learning what it was for, he applied to a bullet-headed man in a sleeved waistcoat, who had just made a speech indicative of considerable humanity to horses, by way of reproof to a subordinate, "Is that the way to treat an oss, ye hass you?"

Thus delivered of his indignation, he turned to his questioner. "Ye see, sir, as how an oss in his natteral state can gallop over the turf for ever and ever, and never hurt hisself, and doesn't want no shoes neither. But ven the poor hannimal is put on to these here Lon'on roads, and, wus still, these here pavements, it stands to reason that if he hadn't no shoes he'd soon wear off his hoofs; and then with a load of iron, at a sharp trot, don't his poor feet come down like sledge-hammers, neither? If it wasn't for his natteral springs in his legs and feet, Lor' bless ye he'd be clean done up in a month. But, anyhow, his springs gets vored out and dummied like, ven he's been two or three years on the stones, and he hasn't no more feelin' in his feet than that fellow I've been a blowin' up, has in his head. So ven an oss gets so, he's groggy like, and doesn't know how to put one foot properly before the other, and he'd pretty soon be goin' down to prayers. So then they sets to, to fire his legs, and that brings back his feelin' like, and he's more safe again."

"In short, they re-harden and temper his leg-springs?"

"Eggzackerly, sir! But not to say as how they are ever so good as new, ven he'd only turf to gallop over, and not granite."

Time passed, and our student one day rested at a level crossing by the side of a railway, while train after train passed at high speed.

"Whence arises this thunderous sound, and whence this semi-earthquake?" were the reflections of our student.

Alternate contact and non-contact between the wheels and the rails, multiplied in effect by the speed, and resulting in heavy blows. There was no other solution. The wheels did not roll—they jumped. Rolling would be a continuous pressure only: jumping caused percussion; percussion caused noise.

"What caused the jumping?" was his next thought. Impediments by irregularity of the rails, and sledging movement instead of rolling movement of the wheels.

What, then, was the remedy? First to make the rails smooth and even, and bed them continuously in non-deflecting timber, and then to make the wheels like a horse's foot: to apply elastic resilience as near as possible to the rail.

And so the student became an inventor. Friends advised him not to pursue so unremunerative a path, but it was a "labour of love," and so he persevered. "Eureka!" he exclaimed one day, after calculations and experiments without end, which resulted in a system of rail thoroughly new, and which was universally scoffed at. "Eureka!" he exclaimed a second time, when he produced a wheel to match the rail, and which he called a "horse-foot wheel."

The mechanism was achieved and material difficulty surmounted, but the engineering of men's minds was a far less easy matter. The inventor could not get listened to. He could not, like the Ancient Mariner, find

The man that must hear me.

So he tried an assemblage of many men, and wrote a paper which was read or sung before the British Association, which then held their sederunt in Glasgow; and then it was laid on the table, or under the table, and men knew it no more.

Still the inventor had faith in himself, and worked on. He became a peripatetic besieger of men about railways, who, like the Roman Centurion, had power to say "Go, and he goeth;" but none of them said to the inventor, "Come!"

But one day he fell in with a man in railway authority with whom he had formerly had a long dispute. He showed him drawings of both wheel and rail. After examination of both, the authority said, "I like the wheel; but the rail will not do at all: it will break down in a week."

"I am certain to the contrary," said the inventor.

"Well, then, I will try both! and more, I will try anything you say will do, simply because you say it, if not involving much expense."

Some time elapsed before the work could be put in hand. The rail excited mirth amongst the officials. A fortnight was the utmost that prediction would allow for its durability; but days, weeks, and months passed, and it became a marvel to all concerned. For three years the small sample was under trial, and then the engineer of a neighbouring line was induced to try it also. A third engineer laid down two miles; and a fourth promised.

For six years it has now been under trial; it is demonstrably stronger than an equal quantity of materials otherwise disposed. The rail is safer, and free from damage: it is not exposed to the same amount of mischievous vibration, and it is not compounded of loose jolting parts. Moreover, it is actually 25 per cent. lower in cost and in maintenance. Public authorities approve it; but the humour of the thing is, that they who should use it profess to be afraid to use any-

thing "which is not in general use." Experience has tested it, and experiment is easy—but inertia is easier.

The wheel—the horse-foot wheel—was shown one day in model to another railway authority, who, if he reads this, may remember the circumstance. He thought it very remarkable, and proposed to have it constructed at ——. The inventor declined, alleging that they could not make it at that establishment.

"Why not?" said the honest and gentlemanly magnate.

"I will not explain why," said the inventor, "but they cannot do it. Give me authority to get it done, and it shall be done!" But he went on his way without the order.

A fortnight after he again saw the magnate.

"Well, I have shown your wheel to ——, and he is going to make some."

"I am obliged to you for your interest," replied the inventor, "but again I tell you that he cannot—or, if you prefer the phrase, will not—make them."

A month after that the magnate again saw the inventor, and informed him that the experiment had been unsuccessful.

But meanwhile a successful experiment was making on another line, where there was a will to succeed.

The public generally is not aware that the railway tyres next preferred to steel are of the iron called Low Moor, the highest priced of all iron. Staffordshire tyres are regarded with contempt, being only two-thirds the price of Low Moor. The horse-foot wheels of the inventor were purposely applied with Staffordshire tyres, and were put in competition with Low Moor tyres running in the same train, and applied in the ordinary manner. The result has been, that the Staffordshire lasted twice the time of the Low Moor. Costing two-thirds of the money, the durability was doubled.

And this was attained with greater absolute safety. The Low Moor tyres were pierced with holes to attach them to the wheels. The Staffordshire had no holes. The Low Moor were strained on hot. The Staffordshire were applied cold. The Low Moor were in tension. The Staffordshire were in a state of rest. The Low Moor sledged on the rails or curves, and produced torsion of the axles. The Staffordshire rolled with less sledging, and having no tension it was impossible they should break even in frost. They were elastic, like a horse's foot.

A neighbour line took heart of grace and applied these spring-tyred wheels to a locomotive engine, with what are called four coupled wheels. These also were Staffordshire tyres, and on driving-wheels the test was harder. For nine months these wheels worked on sharp curves and heavy gradients, till the boiler (being an old engine) became too old for safety.

An accident happened on a line, and it came out in evidence that the leading-wheel tyres of the engine were regularly worn down in two months, so that the flanges became too thin for safety, and the wheel-tyres had to be reduced in diameter about an inch to get up new flanges.

The inventor applied to the engineer to try his horse-foot tyres on the leading wheels of a similar engine working over the same sharp curves and steep gradients. The result proved that the horse-foot had four times the durability of the ordinary wheels.

"How is this to be accounted for?" asked the engineer.

Very simply. The flanges wear by a shearing action against the rails. A pair of shears will not cut metal unless the axis be perfectly firm. The ordinary wheel has the tyre firm, and it is shorn. The horse-foot wheel having an elastic tyre, it yields, and slips aside and will not shear.

An opportunity occurred on a distant line, also of sharp curves and steep gradients, where the tyres were rapidly worn out. Horse-foot tyres were applied to an engine with six wheels by an engineer who believed in the theory. In due time a report came to the following effect to the inventor:—

"Your tyres are going on quite satisfactorily. I had them made of common Staffordshire iron, and put under a six-wheeled coupled engine. They have now done a year's work, and through last winter's frost with heavy trains, and though this line is all heavy gradients, with the sand constantly in use to prevent slips, yet the wear has been very slight. I am so satisfied with them that I shall apply them to every new locomotive."

So the theory of our inventor was demonstrated in practice on three lines with the same results—inferior priced iron doing the work of the most costly—an iron of tough fibre not involving the risk of breakage belonging to the harder irons.

Thus, a rail and wheel exist in the principles of which safety nearly absolute and cost greatly reduced are found at the same time. So our inventor reasonably thought their use should extend.

On application to another engineer, pointing out the theory and fact, the inventor got the following reply: "It is all very true, but I am placed in a position of responsibility, and must protect myself. If an accident happens on my line by a wheel breaking, the jury, prompted by the plaintiff's solicitor, will ask whether I have paid the highest price and used a wheel in common use. If I answer in the affirmative, I am held harmless; but if I have obtained any wheels at a cheaper rate, or used a new system, I shall be condemned for using new-fangled plans, having more regard to the pockets of the shareholders than the public safety."

This is the dead-lock against railway improvement and railway safety.

Conversing with an intelligent gentleman in an official government position, the inventor remarked: "The companies are penny wise and pound foolish. They have a horror of small experiments, and yet notoriously rush into experiments on a large scale on sudden emergencies without any previous trial, under the pressure of public opinion. Were the companies to place at our disposal 10,000*l.* a-year for the purpose of verifying essential improvements by experiment, they would probably save an annual million and avoid a large amount of mechanical accidents."

This would be better than for whole bodies of directors and officers than to pass their lives under a system of indefinite responsibility. At this very time the system of permanent-way in common use in England with a reversible rail in cast-iron chairs with wood keys is disapproved by government officers, and were it now proposed as a new system would not be admitted. In case of an accident from a broken rail, the first question is, "Has it been reversed?"

Logical Sequence.—The primary source of all wear and tear on railways lies in the contact of the wheel and rail. If the wheel-tyre, of an inferior material, can be made to attain three-fold durability, *ergo*, the same effect must take place with the rails. This system, therefore, should have the effect of prolonging the life of the rail to its originally intended duration, twenty years, by reducing the destructive power of a thirty-five ton engine down to twenty tons or less; at the same time rendering derailment much more difficult, while materially lessening the total cost.

W. Bridges Adams.

THE CHANNEL FLEET IN THE CLYDE.

No event, that I recollect, ever occasioned so much excitement in this locality as the late arrival of a division of the channel fleet in the Clyde. As a proof of this, I may mention it is estimated that thirty thousand persons visited the fleet on Saturday week, and as many on the Monday following, when the squadron had been reinforced by another detachment of four ninety-gun ships, which arrived on Sunday. I left the Broomielaw on Saturday morning, 31st August, and on the way down by steamer, we passed a singular-looking machine full of passengers, which had stopped at Bowling to take in an additional cargo, and we had subsequently to wait for this at Greenock, as it was first on the list for seeing the show. As soon as she arrived at the quay, I and many others went on board. We naturally expected she would have put off for the fleet immediately—but no; the Glasgow railway train had not yet arrived, and we must wait for another reinforcement of passengers from it. The morning had been showery, but the rain had now ceased. It was a still *grey* day, such as we often see about the "fall of the year." I had plenty of time to look about me, and, although I had seen it more than a hundred times before, I never saw the scenery more exquisitely beautiful. Except when occasioned by the splash of a steamer, there was not a ripple on the waters, which had all the appearance of an immense lake; surrounded on one side by the mountains of Argyleshire ("Argyle's Bowling Green") and, more immediately opposite Greenock, by the hills above Helensburgh. There were few yachts in sight, but, besides a large man-of-war, a receiving ship, the bay was studded with craft of various kinds and sizes, chiefly merchantmen and a few steamers. We had not at this time a complete view of the channel fleet, which rode majestically off the "tail of the Bank;" not in any formal order, but here and there, as it were, promiscuously, with a moderate distance betwixt each vessel. Their names, and the order in which they lay, were the Revenge, 91 guns, Rear-Admiral Smart, which ship lay nearest to the "tail of the Bank;" Centurion, 80 guns, Captain H. D. Rogers, C.B.; Conqueror, 101 guns, Capt. E. S. Sotheby, C.B.; and Donegal, 101 guns, Capt. Sherard Osborne.

It was known beforehand that the Donegal, Capt. S. Osborne, was to be our destination. On rounding the "Tail of the Bank" we had a full view of the noble squadron. The ships were all so symmetrically proportioned that at first sight they appeared smaller than I had expected. It was only as we neared them, and compared them with other vessels that their immense size was distinguished. We were all packed close in our old "ark," like herrings in a barrel, and I have no doubt afforded much amusement to the jolly young tars who crowded the sides of the Donegal, or had climbed up the rigging, to see the visitors. It was a work of time to get such a multitude as we numbered on board the Donegal, and it was *beautiful* to see the care and attention with which the sailors appointed for the purpose assisted all of us, particularly the females of our party, in springing from the boat to make our way up the steep acclivity of the paddle-box. As one of the "old school," I have always been an enemy to the modern innovation of Turkish drawers in female attire—but when I saw young ladies of eighteen skipping up the sides of the ship with the agility and *nonchalance* of middies, I could see that, after all, there might be some use in this unfeminine habiliment.

On getting on deck I was struck with the beautiful order in which everything seemed to be arranged. The deck itself—240 feet long, and 55 feet broad—was like the flooring of a magnificent ball-room. There were few officers on deck, but there *were* a few of the juniors. Amongst them I could remark more than one type of that fine, oval, nut-brown, English countenance which Vandyke has immortalised on canvas. The men were chiefly fine young fellows, from eighteen to twenty-five apparently. I could perceive very few veterans amongst them.

The crowd of my fellow passengers soon broke up into small groups, admiring what they saw, and getting information from the sailors—who were most communicative—about the "ferlies." On putting a question or two to one of the crew—a fine young man of eighteen or twenty—about the working of the Armstrong guns, of which there were three on board, he not only replied very distinctly, but attached himself to me, and took me through the different parts of the ship, all of which he explained as well as "Tom Brown," or any other Oxonian professor of "muscular Christianity" could have done for the life of him. And yet I have reason to think that this fine young fellow was only a common sailor! On going through the lower deck we found part of the crew at dinner. I did not linger here, as I might have been deemed intrusive; but I could see there was a pleasant look of wholesome plenty all around. The day was rather warm, but these dining compartments were well ventilated. Apicius himself could not have desired a more salubrious room for his condiments.

I soon afterwards left my young friend, greatly delighted with all I had seen—a feeling which I may venture to say was shared by all the visitants of the fleet.

The local papers of this day (6th September) state that "yesterday afternoon six of the war ships sailed from the Tail of the Bank, and proceeded to sea." It is added, "The spectacle of so many large ships, and all so near each other, spreading their ample wings to invite the breeze, and passing onwards so majestically under a press of canvas, was highly impressive, as well as the skill and dexterity evinced by those employed in handling the vessels when staying." Geron.

WITHIN TWENTY MILES OF LONDON IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

A desire to take rubbings of some ancient brasses led me a few days since to the quaint little church of ———, in Surrey, where I found so much that was interesting in the edifice itself, its curiously sculptured monuments, and the information freely given by the pleasant old clerk, that evening drew on before my task was half completed.

Unwilling to leave the neighbourhood without fully accomplishing the errand that led me into it, I made my way to a clean little hostelry where a comfortable bed was promised; and to wile away an hour or two, turned into the tap-room to fraternise with the good folks there, who were sleepily boosing over a roaring wood fire.

My entrance caused a little sensation, which might have been flattering to my vanity—(I have my share)—had not my nearest neighbour loudly whispered his impression that I was a packman, in which opinion the general company seemed instantly to coincide, for I was greeted with civil inquiries as to how I found business. With equal civility I assured them that it was *tolerable*, and knowing the Englishman to be a thirsty animal, who, while he would undoubtedly turn up his nose at the bread and salt of the Oriental, may be easily propitiated with malt liquor, ordered in some ale, which immediately put us on an amicable footing, and secured me the seat of honour in the chimney corner, where I underwent all the phases of hot, hotter, and intolerably hot, until I became as used to it as the rest of my new acquaintances.

Through the tobacco mist which floated round us, I surveyed the villagers as curiously, if less openly, as they had inspected me. Opposite, with his knees in constant danger of singeing, sat a blacksmith—old, ugly, and smutty as his great forefather, Vulcan. Next to him, a punch-like drayman, from the little brewery close by, which was apparently built on the model of my sister's doll-house. By his side lounged a tall, round-shouldered sawyer, the only one of the party who seemed interested in the newspaper, which he was spelling out in whispers to himself. There was also a shepherd redolent of haystack and cow-house, and three or four labourers from the adjacent farms, who had dropped in to enjoy an extra pint on the strength of its being Friday, or pay-night.

Conversation commenced with the weather, soaring to the moon, about which capricious lady a dispute arose, Bill contending that she changed her quarters at one o'clock; Jack standing out for another five minutes. An almanack proving both in the wrong, we fell back to earth and the *crops*, where I became hopelessly involved in *wheat*, *wuts*, *folium*, *roy grass*, and *turmuts*, receiving some excellent information, which shall be forwarded to my agricultural friends, as soon as it rises to the surface of my absorbing mind, in which it lies at the present moment too deeply embedded for extrication.

Our circle now received an addition, in the person of a middle-aged, hard-featured dame, who had been to "shop," and called with true feminine thoughtfulness to take "her Jack" safe home along with her. Jack somewhat ungraciously grunted out a command to sit down and wait till he was ready, so the seat I rose to offer was accepted, and Mrs. Jack warmed her feet, and nodded across the room to the sawyer, who, she confidentially told me, was a sort of relation. A very dry sort he looked; but we were not yet sufficiently intimate to venture on further inquiries.

Labourer Bill took his pipe out of his mouth to ask after *Simpson*. Mrs. Jack shook her head at the question—"He just is bad, poor man! norful bad! I looked in as I came by, and it's sad to see him; no rest, his missus says, night nor day. Ah! there's something about that chap more nor most people thinks!"

"What does the doctor say to un?" asked the blacksmith.

"Well," she answered, "he don't say *much*, and he don't do un a *mortal* of good. He says better send un to a hospital; but what's the use on it? Depend upon it there's a *spell* on him, and we pretty well guess who's done it."

"Do you believe such a thing *possible*, ma'am?" I exclaimed, opening my eyes with astonishment.

"Lord, sir!" she cried, turning sharply round on me, 'ain't it in the Bible about sperits and sich like? Don't you never read it? I ain't scholard enough myself, and Jack's eyes is bad; but our gal, she just do read it off quite pretty."

Mrs. Jack was too much for *me*, so I subsided into my Turkish bath, and heard without further comment.

The sawyer had laid down his paper and was looking up with an evident desire to proceed with Simpson's case.

"Then you think that's what ails him, missus?'

"There ain't no doubt about it," was the prompt reply, "and I just do feel for him, for I knows what it is myself."

The blacksmith put the question I was dying to ask.

"Did *you* ever have a *spell?*"

"Ah! didn't I!" she answered, "when I was a gal about twenty, and bad enough I lay all through the summer. We knowed who did it well enough; she wer the mother of the young man as courted me then, and she didn't like as us two should come together. So, at last, mother up and sent for a *cunning man*, and worn't he a clever one for fits! I knows lots he cured about here; it's a pity such clever folk should ever die, ain't it? Well, when he come, he says, 'You mustn't let any one in while I'm here!' But mother she wer

frightened like, and forgot to fasten the back door, and I'm blest if that wicked old wretch didn't come right in, and up to my bedside! Then the cunning man said it wer no use, he couldn't do nothing agen she, I must be sent right away; so mother sent me up to my aunt's in London, and in three months I was as well and as fat as a pig!"

As no one seemed inclined to raise a murmur of doubt on the conclusion of Mrs. Jack's story, I did not presume to do so, but swallowed it in another glass of the ale.

One of the labouring men, a good-humoured six-foot fellow, now entered the lists.

"I went to a cunning woman once; when them ducks of mine was stolen; you remember 'em, Bill?"

Yes, Bill perfectly remembered them; one was white with a streak on the wing, and t'other two, &c., &c.

"Well," continued six feet, "she holds up her finger at me, and says she:—

"'Ducks!—a running stream!—a dark woman! Go home, and don't let anybody know what I've told you, and your luck'll turn!'"

"I thought this worn't much for a shilling; but sure enough they were found next day!"

"Ha!" said the sawyer, gravely, "that arn't nothing to what I've seen and known!"

"And me, too," cried the drayman, pushing the red cap off his red little face and staring fiercely round, "when I wer about fourteen I chased a thing without a head for more than a mile, and then it got away from me over a hedge!"

"Like enough," interrupted Sawdust. "I've seen worse nor that myself!"

"And 'tain't very long," continued the drayman, "since I had my horses bewitched. We wer a going up a hill and they tugged and tugged, and I whipped and swore, but all for nought; up that hill they *couldn't* get. By-and-by, marm comes out herself, out of her cottage close handy, and says she—"

"'Why don't ye *whip* your horses, master?'

"'You faggot,' says I. 'I wish I had the burning of you! Take yourself off, or I'll come and thrash you as long as I can see you!' An' I made one step at her, an' off she goes, an' away goes my horses like wild cats! 'Tworn't long before we got to our journey's end, I can tell you!"

Every one drew a long breath and took a long draught but Sawdust, who solemnly repeated the assurance that it worn't nothing to what *he'd* seen.

"Then," asked Mrs. Jack, briskly, "if you knows more than other people, why don't you up and tell us all about it?"

"Because," he prophetically replied, "there was some one there as would only laugh at it, and sperits worn't to be made game of like that!"

"Queer goings on there is in this world!" exclaimed Vulcan, rubbing his roasted knees. "Wife always sticks a rusty knife over the head of our *bed-settle*, and that keeps away nightmare and all them sort o' hobgobbles; so, perhaps, that's how it is I never see nothing myself—but *twice*."

Every one was breathless with awe, only Mrs. Jack summoning courage to utter an interrogative "Well?"

"Well," he repeated, gazing contemplatively up the wide chimney, "the first I see, I don't like to be too sure about, 'cos I went to bed pretty considerably *tight*, and can't be certain whether I wer asleep or awake; t'other time it wer a strange cat got in the room. Lord, how frightened I wer to be sure!"

Such a lame and impotent conclusion was disappointing, but the shepherd who had sat very quiet since this subject had been on the *tapis*, now told us that something rather strange had happened in his family that he'd tell us if we liked. Every one was agreeable to listen, Mrs. Jack assured him, so he cleared his throat and began:

"One of my brothers was Tom; he wer the youngest lad but one, and she was a gal, and died; so mother and father took to Tom most of all of us, and Tom wer very fond of *them*, and after he went to sea, every time he come home he bringed the old woman something.

"One of them times he buyed her a beautiful set of chaney tea things; real chaney they was, all complete and gilted over with gold most beautiful! Mother only used them on high days and holidays.

"Let's see, I think it was my *eldest* sister as had the two twins, ah! so it was; pretty babies they was too, as ever I see, and I was one of the godfathers, and after the christening we all went down to mother's to tea.

"Out comes the best chaney in course, and mother she makes the tea, and we was all a talking and laughing, merry enough, when all of a sudden the chaney teapot cracked from top to bottom! Then mother she slaps her hand on the table, and bustes out a crying, and says:

"There's something happened to my poor Tom, I know there is!' *and sure enough there was*, for he was drowned off Ingy, just about the time the chaney teapot cracked!"

"Well, that wor' a warning, sure*ly*," said Mrs. Jack, thoughtfully; "some people says there ain't nothing in warnings, but I knows there is. When my sister's husband died, I said to her:

"'There, don't fret, the worst's over!'

"'No,' she says, 'Mary, I know there's worse to come, for the poor dear's corpse is *that limp*, you might throw him anywhere; and just to see the trouble that dear cretur's gone through—my blessed!"

Mrs. Jack's reminiscences cast a shade over us all, and the clock striking ten caused a general move; Jack himself stood out for another half hour, but his better half declaring that she couldn't go home by herself, for it'd scare the wits out of her to cross the churchyard alone, he yielded the point; the drayman yawningly rolled away, and the labourers generously waited for each other, no one seeming anxious for a solitary walk.

With many a civil "Good night, master, and thank ye," they departed, and after vainly endeavouring to sift from Sawdust his extra expe-

riences, I transferred myself to my bed chamber, where I noted down this record of an ignorance and credulity quite unexpected, in this enlightened age. I can well imagine many throwing this article down with expressions of unbelief, yet I vouch for its being an *unexaggerated report;* and, let me ask, if these simple, very simple villagers are in verity more eccentric, than those men and women of higher education and greater intelligence, who are daily exhibiting themselves as converts to spiritualism,—a system concerning which and its mysteries we have already* expressed our opinion.

A cloud from the dark ages still rests over England, and it needs wiser heads than mine to point out a way to disperse it; but it will be well for all to remember that the superstition which may be held harmless while it takes no deeper hue than a foolish girl's desire to pry into her future, usurps a vile domination over the mind when it assumes a darker shape. LOUISA CROW.

SEPTEMBER THE THIRD.

(THE ANNIVERSARY OF CROMWELL'S DEATH, OF DUNBAR, AND OF WORCESTER.)

I.

WHEREAS the storm had died away, and thou,
Brave spirit, parting too, didst render vain
(So thought thy people) every strongest vow
And most assurèd prayer for thy domain:
If then, uprising over dim Whitehall,
And far beyond the blear and sunken day,
Thou didst attain some midway-hanging throne
To watch the striving nations rise and fall,
And see the seeds of thy most high essay
Ferment and quicken in their proper day,
Thyself forecasting all result full grown,

II.

Even now behold us where we battle still,
And toil, and—toiling—see not yet the end,
But barren wrangling, apathetic will,
With friend and foe commingled, foe and friend.
Strike one strong ray on our bewildered kind,
Meting sure limits for true men and good,
For wise men and for foolish, rich and poor:
Until we wonder, simpler grown, to find
State-knots resolved and Parliaments renewed:
And wake to lessons of the blessed Rood
Fairer, more beautiful, undreamed before.

III.

But—for wild winds, foul-striking, may drive on
Some plague of storm even to our northern gate—
If any, in the rack, with smile or frown,
Seeking occasions, question of our state,
Let none, word valiant, gage of battle scorn:
Let no mock union a mock fight foreclose:
But, always near, instruct us to be free,
As once † among the rows of Severn corn:
Or when with solemn face, on scattered foes
That reddened grassy Brockburn, God arose ‡
Beyond St. Abb and the grey German sea.

HORACE MOULE.

* See Vol. III. pp. 403 and 489.
† Worcester.
‡ Dunbar. As the Royalists fled from the field, the sun rose over St. Abb's Head: then Cromwell, falling on his knees on the ground, recited from the 68th Psalm, "Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered."

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ENGLISH GOLD MINE.

SIX years ago the gold fever was imported from Australia, and for a short space of time raged in England with unmitigated violence; a greater yellowness than usual tinged the City mind, and the conversation of City men; little else was talked about, but the discovery which had just been made—that if there was one mineral with which English soil was abundantly furnished, it was the precious metal in question. With that energy of enterprise which distinguishes our great nation, companies were immediately formed for extracting the gold from the ore, and our still more enterprising neighbours across the Atlantic found a splendid field for their peculiarly inventive genius, and sent us over machines to facilitate our endeavours by amalgamating the auriferous soil with quicksilver, after pulverising it first by the aid of steam-power.

At that particular period, I had just reached my twentieth year; but sitting in judgment over myself at this distance, I have come to the conclusion that, owing to my singular greenness and incapacity for business at the time, I was in reality much younger than my age. In spite of these unlucky characteristics, somebody who took a great interest in me (my father), had just established me in the city as an analytical chemist and mining engineer. Now if there was one thing in the world for which I was peculiarly, and I may even say, extraordinarily unfit, it was that very useful profession; but it is a well-known fact that the fondest parents are not always the most discriminating in the choice of professions for their sons.

So I had spent two years in a school of chemistry, attending lectures, and performing analyses, qualitative and quantitative, and various other chemical experiments, which I used to think very droll and amusing, in order to fit myself for my future career—and at length, thanks to my father's kindness, I found myself master of a laboratory which had been arranged in a manner regardless of expense, with water and gas laid on in every possible corner, and bottles, chemical stoves, and scales, &c., of a most ornamental brightness and perfection.

Here I waited for employment daily, and entertained my friends with sumptuous hospitality at

lunch and supper; here also I occasionally astonished my mother and sister, by dexterously turning yellow liquids into blue ones, and performing other marvels of science,—accomplishments which I have almost entirely forgotten (in my prospectus it was stated that assays of ore and analyses of minerals, &c., would be most carefully conducted, and all business of the kind attended to, with great steadiness and despatch); and pending the advent of work, the scene of my future operations was enlivened by athletic sports and every kind of jollification, which helped me to endure the anxiety of my parents, at seeing me start on the serious business of life, so young.

I must say, that thanks to the kindness of several friends of my family, employment came pretty rapidly: one in particular gave me a large order for analysing various specimens of soil from his estate. I conducted these experiments with proper earnestness, and he paid me for them with becoming gravity. I now thank him kindly for the same (it would have been undignified to do so then), and sincerely hope that he has found my scientific research beneficial to his land.

These timely helps kept the wolf from my laboratory-door for a while, and I began to think making money was easy work, and that the man who cannot earn his bread by the sweat of his brow does not deserve to eat it; when the gold contagion suddenly broke out, and committed great ravages. I caught it one rainy afternoon near the Exchange, and by the time I reached home, my brain and pulses were in a morbid state of excitement about the new discovery. My mother and sister instantly became affected; but my father, who was of a stout habit and robust temperament, and gifted with a very practical turn of mind, fortunately escaped, and devoted himself to our cure. Thanks to his very judicious nursing, I was the first to recover; indeed, next day I was punctual at my place of business, where I fenced and boxed with comparatively unimpaired vigour all the morning.

Time wore on, the gold fever raged worse and worse, and I waited impatiently for it to give me employment; at length it did so, in a few months from the period of its birth: somebody introduced me to somebody else, who introduced me to the chairman of the Victoria Gold and Copper Mine, situated near Moleville, in Blankshire, and which was apparently in a very bad way. Upwards of 6000*l.* had been spent in working for gold in the course of half a year (they had left off working it for copper, of course, ever since the existence of the more precious metal had been suspected); but although gold had been abundantly found in all the small experiments which two celebrated chemists had performed on samples collected from the mine, as soon as these same operations had been carried on on a large scale down at the spot, nothing beyond the merest traces of gold had been realised.

There was a mystery about this which was solved by the matter-of-fact instinct of my dear papa, in a way so very uncomplimentary to some person or persons unknown, that I really think it better not to say anything further on the subject.

The chairman of the Victoria Gold and Copper Mine was favourably impressed with me. A meeting of the Board of Directors was held forthwith, and it was solemnly and unanimously decided, that I should analyse a sample of the ore which had been just lately forwarded.

Here was a moment of delicious excitement! Perfect strangers, men of sense and experience, utterly unbiassed by any friendly motives towards my family, trusting me with an important trial, the result of which might affect the welfare of lots of people besides their own! Cheapside itself looked narrow when I walked out of that board-room.

The sample was most conscientiously analysed: crushed into fine powder, I recollect, triturated with quicksilver, in a small machine invented on purpose by Mr. Perkes, an American, (a gigantic specimen of which was rolling itself round and round in Blankshire at no little cost). The quicksilver was carefully and decorously distilled, and left a small residuum which was fused with litharge, and afterwards melted again in a beautiful little white thing called a cupel; and the result was a most surprising button of pure gold, sufficiently large in proportion to the matrix to justify the formation of the Victoria Gold and Copper Mine, and even to encourage the most sanguine hopes.

When I took the report of my analysis and the button, and exultingly laid them before the chairman, he was considerably less astonished than I expected him to be. This latter experiment had merely turned out as the others had done, and was therefore no novelty to him; and he could not conceive by what hitch in the machinery, by what imperfection of manipulation, everything had hitherto failed down at the mine. No more could I; but my good angel prompted me to hold my tongue, and look præternaturally wise; so much so that Mr. Chairman, who was fond of quotation, said:

> Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,

which was very much to the point.

"Ahem! Felix, indeed," said I, trying to look very happy.

At length Mr. Chairman asked me whether it would suit my convenience to go down to the mine, in the event of the Board requiring me to do so?

Now my good father had instructed me to repress all boyish enthusiasm at any proposition of this kind, and without implying the slightest falsehood, to give a strong impression that such a journey, just at that particular moment, would involve the most serious risk to my interests in the city; and, I believe, I acted this to perfection.

Two days after, I received a polite note, requesting my attendance at the Board of Committee on the following afternoon, if convenient. I wrote a hurried reply to say that I would manage to find time at twenty-three minutes past four, and immediately went home to prepare myself for the great event by a serious consultation with my family.

My mother was of opinion that my manners and appearance were such as to conciliate any board. My sister was of the same opinion as my mother.

My father moved that, with all due deference to maternal and fraternal pride, these characteristics were not of sufficient weight to make sober city men entrust me with a mission of such great responsibility.

It was necessary, he said, that in my interview with the directors next day, I should cram them with every possible technical term that had ever been invented for the purpose, and he advised me to read them up forthwith in a manual for mining engineers, as the facts of the case were so simple that they would fail to impress the gentlemen of the managing committee, unless properly dished up and garnished, and served with suitable pomp and solemnity.

Here were the facts of the case in their rude simplicity.

Firstly. If, after carefully selecting samples from the mine, and crushing some twenty tons of the same in the machine with quicksilver, and, in short, going through all the necessary operations (a thing I should feel very much embarrassed to do now), if, he said, I *did* find gold, such a result would be encouraging, but not at all conclusive. Who knows? One of the people employed might, by accident, drop his purse containing gold into the machinery, and fail to remember the circumstance after. Therefore, if I *did* find gold, my duty was to repeat the experiment over again till I *didn't*.

Secondly. If, on the other hand, I did *not* find gold, either in the quicksilver or the residue, the experiment would be *quite* conclusive, and my duty was to come back immediately and advise the board of direction to wind up the affairs of the company, and not waste any more money on such a fool's errand — and, as he was perfectly sure I should *not* find gold, why, I need not trouble myself any further about the matter.

I could not but see the force of these arguments, and acted accordingly. I presented myself at the board next day a perfect dictionary of scientific mining expletives, and spoke in a most encouraging way of the prospects of the mine; stating that, if it contained gold enough to pay, the Victoria Gold-mining Company would, if well managed, probably be a very successful venture; that if it did not, my business would be to find it out, and break the truth to them in a straightforward and business-like manner; adding that, *possibly*, the gentlemen, my predecessors, had not found gold, but, by excess of delicacy, had lacked the moral courage to tell them the real reason of their failure—namely, that perhaps there was no gold to find—and had thus allowed them to incur expense after expense. I hoped, however, that such was not really the case, and that a very few days would decide the matter, should we agree as to terms, &c.

This was merely the substance of my discourse, for, by a lucky inspiration, I managed to make it last a long time, and to squeeze "lodes," "gossans," "costeanings," and other impressive words into almost every sentence. It produced a very great effect on the directors, and even on myself; and after a few questions on their part, which I answered with great discretion (my father had foreseen everything), they retired to the adjoining room, where they laid their heads together for at least twenty minutes.

My excitement during this consultation was such as I had never felt before, and my efforts to appear unconcerned before the office-clerk were alone worth the remuneration I was to receive for my invaluable assistance.

At length the chairman came out to speak to me privately, and, after humming and hawing me into a state of distraction, he told me that they had severally come to the conclusion—first, that I was very young; secondly, that they had spent a great deal of money on the mine without having as yet attained any positive result.

These were facts I did not venture to contradict. He then said that if a guinea a-day for my salary, and half-a-guinea a-day for my expenses, would be sufficient to compensate for my time and trouble, the board would decide upon sending me down.

If a guinea a-day, indeed! I felt a wild impulse to embrace the whole board in the person of that venerable fat old fellow, but fortunately succeeded in restraining myself. I told him I would think of the matter, and return him an answer the following day; and, after bowing myself first into the office-clerk and then into the fire-place, I eventually succeeded in making an unconcerned exit.

I pass over my triumphant sensations and the family bliss, only chequered by anxiety lest the Victoria Gold and Copper Mine should come to grief before I got there. My answer to the board was, of course, favourable. I had soon completed all my little preparations, and on a splendid afternoon in August I found myself in the express train on the Great Western line, with the engineer of the mine, with whom I soon got on the very best of terms; a most sensible, lively, and gentlemanlike man, whose opinions on the gold question coincided so singularly with my father's, that I was naturally led to confide in him to a great extent, and found his advice as to my future conduct invaluable.

I will not attempt to describe the details of my journey, which were all delightful—the ride at early dawn through the most enchanting lanes to Moleville; the delightful acquaintance I made on the top of the stage-coach, which completely drove mining and gold out of my head, &c.—but come at once to my business.

We walked from Moleville to the mine through a series of beautiful miniature woods and valleys—a short cut which the engineer, who had a fine eye for the picturesque, particularly recommended—and suddenly the first mine which I, a mining engineer of some standing, had ever beheld, burst upon my view. A few outhouses and buildings, two gigantic water-wheels,—erected at immense expense by my friend the engineer, whose fine eye for the picturesque made him do things grandly,—a lot of red soil and broken granite lying about, and many skeletons of former crushing-machines which had reigned in turn till Mr. Perkes's victorious crusher had crushed them all into oblivion—such was the aspect that unrolled itself to my astonished eye. We made our way to a small out-

house of greater pretension than the rest, and I was there introduced to the captain of the mine—in other words, the head-miner—who was to be under my orders. After a few minutes' conversation, during which he treated me with a respectful deference I was not accustomed to meet with in grey-haired men, I was conducted to a brick building surmounted by a tall chimney, from which issued a rolling and thundering noise—the voice of Mr. Perkes's machine. Some five-and-twenty or thirty shaggy rough-looking men were about. These were the miners. Their appearance was not reassuring, and when the engineer left me alone with them, with a parting injunction that I was to make them feel I had an iron-will at once, I confess I felt myself uncomfortably young, and a little bit at a loss.

We proceeded to business at once, however; and as I met their first little symptoms of insubordination with one or two acts of summary justice (which I will spare the reader, but which, emanating from me, caused me unlimited astonishment), I soon established a proper authority over them, and we thenceforward got on together capitally.

I must now explain, in as brief and clear a manner as I can, the nature of the work I had to do, and the way I did it. I am afraid these scientific details will bore my reader to read, as they bore me to write them—and think that the best and shortest way is by transcribing a few extracts from my diary at the time.

But first it is necessary to state that, for three weeks previous to my arrival, Perkes's machine had been working indefatigably night and day; and on the very morning I got there, the last ton was going through the ordeal, and after disporting itself in the machine, impalpably pulverised with the mercury, was running off with the water in a kind of clear red mud, having of course left all its gold behind it. Now, three weeks of miners' wages, wear and tear of machinery, and unavoidable loss of mercury, must have cost a pretty considerable sum of money; I will not venture to say how much, as my information on such subjects is generally not to be relied upon; but if the reader possesses any of the practical turn which I lack, he will be able to form a tolerably correct estimate of the amount of gold necessary to cover these expenses, compensate for the original outlay, and pay a dividend.

"*August —th.*—Arrived at mine; rusticated W——, for shying his hat at me, and fined O—— and H—— half-a-crown a piece for grinning when I took a razor-strop out of my carpet-bag. When all the gossan was crushed, had machine stopped, and mercury drawn off and put into the still; luted cover of still on, and stamped luting secretly in two places with a crooked sixpence, to prevent mischief. Had the still put on the fire; left it under the charge of Hodge, who seems very much afraid of me, with particular directions not to inhale the fumes.

Bright idea—tested the red mud from the machine for gold—not a trace of it—all in the mercury. Went home to dinner. Ten o'clock; uneasy about Hodge; walked to the mine; beautiful night; Hodge nearly suffocated; stupid fool had shut the ventilator; blew him up; put Westmacott in his place; distillery going on well. Owen nearly pushed me into a mud-vat—perhaps accident. Home to bed.

"*August —th* (next day).—Hodge all right again; gave him some cavendish and half-a-crown. All the mercury distilled; took the cover off; scraped residuum carefully out; fused it—cupelled it. All the fellows in great excitement. Hodge dreadfully sick—cavendish and heat of the stove, I suppose; gave him some peppermint drops. Took the cupel out; cleared the smithy. General excitement interferes with regularity of business. Deuced excited myself. Cupel cooled; little button of gold; weighed it—value *one shilling and seven pence halfpenny*; regular shut-up for the Victoria."

It is unnecessary to quote any further from my diary; indeed I find, after a careful perusal, that I left it off just at this particular stage of the proceedings, and used it as a sketch-book. Such a result was unmistakably conclusive, and gave rise to no little commotion among the miners, some of whom thought proper to be very witty about the whole business. I immediately wrote to the board:

"Gentlemen,

"It's all up with the Victoria, and the works had better be stopped at once, as far as gold is concerned. I enclose you my report, and await your orders to return to town, as my remaining here any longer is of course an useless expense.

"I remain, &c."

The enclosed report stated that thirty tons of gossan had yielded so much gold (I forget the weight of the minute button), value 1*s.* 7½*d.*, and that the perfect efficiency of Perkes's machine had been proved by the complete absence of gold in the residue after it had passed through said machine: the inevitable conclusion from which was, that the mine contained no more than the infinitesimal quantity of gold which had been found to exist nearly everywhere.

My friend the engineer, who was returning to London that night, volunteered to be the bearer of this sad communication.

Two days after I received the answer, in which I expected to find unequivocal commendation of the rapid manner in which I had hit upon the truth, and the disinterested advice I had given them. To my great surprise, however, it was a very angry letter, complaining of the unbusiness-like way in which I had stated the bitter truth. A thing of such moment was not to be decided in that flippant manner, after so much money had been spent, and trouble incurred, for the last six months. They stated, moreover, that my duty was to remain as long as they pleased, and begged that I would henceforward be kind enough (!) to carry out several experiments which they would in course of due time suggest. Such was the subject of this peculiar epistle, on the back of which the chairman—no doubt with the kind intention of softening, in a measure, its asperity—had written a Greek quotation, which I have not yet been able to make out.

Well, of course I was content enough to remain in the land of clover, and so I made up my mind to stay. The "experiments" were suggested; I performed them, and very great recreation they afforded me: they consisted principally in super-

intending the manufacture of mud-pies on a very large scale, the manipulation of which was entrusted to the miners. Mud-pies had been a favourite accomplishment of my own, not very many years ago, and occasionally I could not resist the temptation of lending a hand to my shaggy friends, and messing myself from head to foot. The mercury which entered into their composition rendered them a great improvement on the unsophisticated mud-pies of infancy, and the subsequent little chemical tests instituted by the board lent additional interest; besides which, they cost a great deal of money.

My letters to the board contained very scientific reports of our proceedings, and were met by grave answers, accompanied by new suggestions.

Amongst other wonders, a large case was sent down from London, in which was the model of a machine, which, if successful, was to supersede Mr. Perkes's, as if Mr. Perkes's were to blame! One of the directors had invented it (he was a retired officer); I will not attempt to describe the marvellous piece of mechanism which had emanated from the depths of that military gentleman's consciousness; but merely state that it turned out to be a perfect Irish bull of a machine, and that to use it for its intended purpose was about as wise as attempting to go round the world in twenty-four hours, by ascending in a balloon and waiting till the earth had turned itself round, as I believe it usually does in that time. Nevertheless we set it to work, and it behaved splendidly; the nature of its fun was so broad as to tickle even the most uneducated intellects, as my men soon found out to their inexhaustible delight: in fact, it had some of the powerfully comic qualities which distinguish Mr. Robson.

The miners did not believe in the mine, and as they perceived that I did not either, they believed in me to a most flattering extent. Indeed, I soon got very much attached to the fellows, and used to tell them long stories about foreign lands, while they were distilling the pure mercury, or performing other innocent operations suggested by the board, and enlighten them on various subjects on which I felt their ignorance to be equal to, or greater, than my own. They reciprocated my anecdotes with long yarns which were full of interest. My letters home contained descriptions and sketches of them, and my mamma became interested in their spiritual welfare. Even now I entertain feelings of friendship towards two or three of them, who, surrounded by the halo of memory, seem primitive gentlemen worthy of King Arthur's Round Table; and should they have acquired the accomplishment of reading since we parted, and this happen to meet their eye, I hope they will remember that very jolly month of September and me.

Besides all this excitement, existence was full of charm for me between the hour of my leaving the mine and that of my returning to it next day. I was soon on terms of the most intimate friendship with many of the surrounding farmers and small gentry of the neighbourhood. It was a constant round of festivities either at their houses or my hotel, where I occasionally entertained them with an elegant hospitality which exalted our jovial good fellowship into the most sentimental affection towards the small hours of the night. How I rode, and wrestled, and boxed with them! and fell in love with their sisters, and sketched them, and sang Tyrolese melodies to them, an accomplishment imitated from Herr von Joël, and in which I had completely surpassed my model (if the opinion of these young ladies, who had never heard him, is to be accounted of any value). It was most uproarious fun, and morning, noon, and night I blessed the lucky stroke of Fortune which had made me mining engineer to a gold mine, without any gold, managed by gentlemen who obstinately persisted in ignoring the latter important fact, in spite of my honest endeavours to persuade them of it. I have only to hum a certain "jodel" chorus, and the whole scene returns to me, surrounded by that peculiar fascination which belongs to past pleasures—a phenomenon far more interesting to me than the most marvellous phenomena of science.

Thus the days wore on in golden peace and plenty: when towards the end of September I received a letter from London, announcing that the directors intended to come down to the mine in person, in the course of a few days, to satisfy themselves that I had carefully and conscientiously fulfilled the mission they had entrusted to me, and witness the absence of the gold with their own eyes.

Everything was prepared to receive them, and when the day arrived, there was a certain appearance of festivity about the mine which could not fail to produce a pleasing effect upon the expected visitors. The captain was got up in a surprising suit of clothes, which consisted principally in a yellow waistcoat, and some of the miners had washed their faces!

At about mid-day three open carriages made their appearance, and five gentlemen, whom I had already met in London (two of whom had brought wives, and daughters, and hampers, with them), got out of the vehicles with the air of men who had an important duty to perform.

I received them, I trust, in a manner becoming to the occasion, and we immediately proceeded to business. They inspected everything with the eye of a hawk. They too, since I had left them, had made themselves thoroughly proficient in those technical terms without which no science can ever rest on a solid basis; but occasionally applied them in rather a reckless manner, I must say. They took especial interest in the experiments their combined wisdom had dictated, and criticised them with a gravity which I am sorry to say some of my men thought fit to see from a humorous point of view. The military gentleman insisted upon seeing his machine at work, and asked me if I did not think it "rather a neat thing?" I gave him great satisfaction by telling him that it was very pretty, must have cost a great deal of money, and revolved on itself in a charmingly symmetrical manner.

The ladies of the party asked many questions, and interested themselves in everything with a prettiness, an inconsistency, a sudden running away from one thing to another which is peculiar to the sex, I suppose, on such occasions, and

which was perfectly bewildering to my shaggy friends.

About an hour was spent in this lively manner, and at last the directors came to conclusions that were favourable to Mr. Perkes's gold-crushing machine and to me, completely exonerating us both from any charge of inefficiency as far as *our* part of the work was concerned; the captain and the miners also came in for their share of approbation, and the latter were generously tipped.

The serious part of the day's business being now over, they invited me to partake of lunch with them. The hampers were unpacked, and delicious cold things were laid out on the grass, beneath the combined shadows of a wide-spreading chesnut tree and one of the huge water-wheels; everybody was in the best of tempers, and we soon got very happy indeed. There was a pastoral freshness about this way of settling gold mines which had an inexpressible charm. The total ruin of the Victoria, which had just been *de facto*

decided, did not in the slightest degree cloud the merriment of our little pic-nic; it had been tacitly brought about (the ruin, not the pic-nic), and was tacitly ignored.

As soon as the meal was over, the young ladies of the party took out their albums, and jotted down parts of the surrounding landscape with a rapidity at which Turner would have stood aghast. How they chatted and laughed, and how happy they were! The element of the *gushing* nature was in them, and a thimblefull of champagne had brought it out. I also had drunk champagne, a little too much perhaps, and gushed in unison. I complimented them on their performance with the brush in several languages, two of which I really knew, as my education had been continental; and praised the tender chocolate hue of their trees, and the deep ultramarine of their backgrounds, and even went so far as to suggest that a delicate check-pattern for their cows would be very appropriate. Papas and mammas looked on delighted. I also enlivened the foregathering with the loudest Tyrolese ditties those hills had ever echoed, and two sisters sang "Excelsior" to the

accompaniment of a guitar, which a mamma produced out of one of the carriages. Meanwhile, alas! my Knights of the Round Table were getting most desperately drunk in the smithy.

The shades of eve were falling fast by the time we left the mine; my new friends kindly offered me a lift to Moleville, and packed me up comfortably in an empty hamper at the back of one of the vehicles. As we drove off, the miners all came out of the smithy, hurraing with great uncertainty of voice, and waving their hats enthusiastically; in fact they waved everything about them. We made rather a pretty procession through the lovely Blankshire lanes, as the sun was setting and the trees were swerving overhead with a beautiful rushing noise; the ladies leaned back with their arms round each others' waists, and the gentlemen smiled and nodded majestically, like powerful gods in dalliance. As we lost sight of the mine I heard the men cheering me vociferously; and I swayed to and fro in my food-basket with a delightful reckless feeling that everything in life was jolly, especially business. The chairman informed me that "It was the hour when lovers' vows seem sweet in ev'ry whispered word," and another director told me that I was to return to London next day, and hold myself in readiness for something, which I did not catch on account of the chairman's quotation. I answered, "As in præsenti perfectum format in avi," and that I would hold myself in readiness for any mortal thing they could suggest.

When we arrived at Moleville, the ladies left us, and we men finished the evening together, I believe, at the hotel; indeed, the effect of the day's excitement and beautiful ride home on my peculiarly impressive temperament, made the rest of that evening a mystery to me, and I have no doubt to one or two gentlemen of the managing committee besides.

Next morning we all breakfasted together in the large room of the hotel. Some of the directors made their meal entirely off soda-water—half-a-dozen bottles at least. I think they had two or three headaches, for they complained of the relaxing nature of the climate. The ladies, however, were charmingly brisk and amiable, and I was getting wonderfully fond of the whole lot. But alas! the time for parting was at hand, and by the time I had finished *my* bottle of soda-water, I perceived that the carriages were at the door, which were to convey them all to a neighbouring watering-place. The parting was very affectionate on both sides; they all expressed themselves much delighted with me, and were profuse in their invitations and offers of hospitality, especially the military gentleman, who had invented that funny machine. The chairman told me to prepare a clever matter-of-fact report, in such a way that the shareholders should perceive that everything had been done that could have been done—no stone left unturned—no useless expense incurred, adding that he really took a paternal interest in me, and that possibly my prospects in life might in a measure depend on the way in which I should manage this important, and he might say, delicate business.

Everybody else said things to the same purpose, and as they drove away, after many shakings of hands and mutual good wishes, the chairman turned round on his box, and said: "Verbum sap.—my dear boy—Fare thee well!"

I felt very sad at their departure; we had all seemed to get on together so well, and understand each other so capitally; the only slight thing I *couldn't* quite understand was "verbum sap." and who "sap." was.

So I turned with a sigh towards the mine, where I had another parting scene to go through with my merrie men. When I got there, I found they all knew that I was leaving them, and had even scented out that their services would not be available much longer on that particular mine. All this made them very gloomy indeed, and I did my best to cheer them up by a little farewell speech, which made me feel very much inclined to shed tears. They had packed up my few chemicals in the trap which was to convey me to the stage-coach, and among them many little presents and tokens of remembrance. One gave me a tobacco pouch, another a short black pipe, which I determined not to use till age had made my constitution stronger. The captain presented me with a small Testament, and the smith with two little jars of cream for my mother; even Hodge, who was the poorest of the poor, pressed upon my acceptance a beautiful dead snake, which emitted a very powerful odour.

Several of them walked by the side of my trap for a little way, and when I finally shook hands with them, after a little go of whiskey all round, I thought what a jolly thing it would be to go off mining to Australia together, and meet with a lot of adventures—I to be the desperado captain of the gang.

At the hotel where the stage-coach stopped, I found several of my country friends, who had come to wish me good bye. I recollect inviting them all to my father's house in London, and shaking hands over and over again, and having several parting cups with them;—after which the stage-coach started, and I don't recollect whether I rode inside or out.

Next morning I was in London, under the paternal roof and amidst the maternal caresses. After I had given a minute account of my proceedings over the family breakfast table, during which his majesty my dear papa was often graciously moved to laughter, he expressed great satisfaction at my conduct (I omitted a few unimportant details, of course, such as our bacchic performances at the hotel, which I reserved for the entertainment of my own particular pals); my mother listened with affectionate gravity, and sometimes shook her head—but in the eyes of my sister, who had just recently attained the dignity of long petticoats and womanhood (after an attack of the measles, which had taken place during my absence) I was evidently a sort of hero, to be treated henceforward with a certain deference.

About a week was to elapse before the much-dreaded meeting of the shareholders; and my father and I set to work together on my report, which was to be a marvel of scientific clearness and precision. My sister was amanuensis, and my mother sat by to soften the little crudities; and

soon a very neat and concise little affair was arranged, and when I read it out loud in several tones of voice for the sake of practice, it met each time with the universal approbation of the family.

I sent it in next day, addressed to the chairman, feeling sure that it would increase the really paternal favour with which he regarded me; and this little responsibility being off my hands, and my family leaving London for the sea-side, I gave myself up entirely to my friends for the rest of the week.

At length, on the evening of the day which preceded the general meeting of the shareholders, I received a note from Mr. Chairman (who, it appeared, had just returned to town from a Somersetshire watering-place), saying that my report was too short and matter-of-fact, too drily scientific, and that another should be immediately written, which, besides the invaluable quality of truth, should possess a little of the elegance of fiction; that it was all very well to confine myself to mere technicalities in my private correspondence with him and his brother directors, to whom the arcana of science were no mystery, but that many of the gentlemen who would hear this report on the following day were not fitted by education to understand it; that, in short, I must know very well the sort of thing he meant, and he relied entirely upon my intelligence and goodwill.

Now that very evening I was going to a musical party, which I would not have missed on any consideration, and should have thought it very hard to give up such a classical treat, merely because nature had endowed Mr. Chairman with a poetical constitution; so I quietly popped the report into another envelope, and sent it back, with a polite message to the effect that I would be most happy to develope my theories by *vivâ voce* explanation the following day.

The musical party lasted all night, and I confess that the exciting effect of "Down among the Dead Men," and the "Holy Friar," and other compositions, had scarcely subsided by the time fixed for the meeting of the shareholders on the morrow. I was very punctual, however, and walked calmly into the board-room, where I indicated myself in a series of bows. Many were assembled there, and their faces were "ashen and sober as the leaves that are crispèd and sere," as I observed to the chairman. He was not at all in a mood, however, for that sort of thing, and seemed exceedingly stiff and formal; the muse had evidently quite forsaken him. I soon felt that the business of the day was no longer to be characterised by that idyllic tenderness I had found so pleasant down in Blankshire; the other directors looked very grave; the mild eyes of the military gentleman were filled with dismay. There were several gentlemen present whom I had never seen, but whom I recognised as shareholders by the length of their faces. The only face in which I saw anything like cordiality or facetiousness was that of my friend the engineer, whom I immediately greeted in the most impulsive manner.

Sheets of foolscap and blotting paper were ominously laid out on the table before each place.

Presently one of my predecessors in the chemical business of the mine, the eminent analytical chemist Mr. Ex, made his appearance, and to him I was introduced, but he chose to acknowledge my very respectful salutation with contemptuous indifference. I immediately made a mental estimate of his weight. Shortly after, Mr. Zed, my other eminent rival, walked in, and he did not acknowledge my respectful salutation at all. The caricatures I made of them both on my sheet of blotting paper were afterwards pronounced first-rate by my friend the engineer.

We sat down in stormy silence; I was at the right hand of the chairman, and supported the military gentleman on my other side. The other directors filled their respective places at the board, and the shareholders stood or sat all about the room.

The chairman opened the proceedings by a sort of general statement of things, which appeared to me rather confused. It comprised, however, a very plausible account of all that had been done before I was employed, and of all the money that had been spent, and how; and it took a very long time to deliver.

It enlarged on the zeal, cleverness, and inestimable services of my friend the engineer, who rose and acknowledged the compliment with a few smiling, gentlemanlike, and appropriate words; after which he made a kind of comprehensive bow all round, the elegance of which I have never seen surpassed, and then he left the room.

Mr. Chairman then expatiated on the admirable and necessarily expensive manner in which Messrs. Zed & Ex had fulfilled their parts; how, owing to circumstances which he thought it unnecessary to enter into then, their efforts had not met with the success they deserved; how, at length, they had decided upon availing themselves of my assistance in spite of my extreme youth; how he and the other directors, waiving all considerations of personal convenience, had gone down to the mine themselves, and at their own expense, to see that I had managed everything properly; how, in short, I had done everything they had suggested in the most careful and conscientious manner, and how they had been led thereby to the conclusions which would be found, not so much in my report, which I had thought fit to make exceedingly short and technical, as in the explanations which I had kindly volunteered to give *vivâ voce.*

He then read my report, which stated the nature of the experiments performed by me from first to last, and their complete failure, and ascribed the cause thereof to the fact that gold did not exist in the Victoria Gold and Copper Mines. I thought it sounded very nice, and that the chairman had a very impressive voice, and read it beautifully. I was especially struck with the dignity with which I had invested the mud-pie experiments by describing them scientifically.

When he had finished, nobody asked for a *vivâ voce* explanation of my eloquent little composition, which everybody appeared to understand perfectly well; but the chairman said that I was desirous of adding a few remarks, and

squeezed my hand under the table in a very friendly manner.

Now I must say that the latter part of Mr. Chairman's extempore oration, in which he had alluded to my services, did not exactly thrill me with feelings of unmixed delight; for he had allotted to me a very secondary part in the important discovery which had been made—namely, the absence of gold in the Victoria Gold Mine; and as I had piqued myself on being the originator of the said important discovery, I thought it very unpaternal in him not to give me credit for the same; added to which, the very unfraternal behaviour of my *confrères* Messrs. Zed & Ex towards me had excited legitimate feelings of resentment in my bosom.

So I reciprocated the pressure of the chairman's fingers, cleared my throat, and delivered the following memorable address:—

Gentlemen,—Accustomed as I am to public speaking—(which was perfectly true, for to public speaking I owe some of the sweetest naps I ever enjoyed)—I find it a matter of great difficulty to account for the unfortunate delusion under which all assembled here have been labouring for the last six months. I went down to the Victoria mine in August, and proved it, as per report, to contain no more gold than is to be found in traces everywhere, even in sea water. It took me two days to make this discovery, and I immediately begged the directors to allow me to return to London. They were anxious, however, that everything should be done which could be done, no stone left unturned, no useless expense spared which—(kicks under the table)—I mean no useless expense incurred, and insisted on my remaining at the mine: so I obeyed their orders, in spite of my own conviction; and I believe that literally every stone on that mine has not only been turned, but reduced into an impalpable state by the experiments which the directors suggested, experiments which ought to have drawn blood from any stone, gentlemen. There was one instrument in particular, invented by—(here the military gentleman's foot came down on mine with a crash)—an instrument, in short, which revolved on its axis for nearly a month, with a persistency that was quite pathetic; but in spite of its great merit, it was not exactly calculated to find a mineral which did not exist, and it failed to do so, probably owing to that very reason.

The only cause to which I can ascribe this extraordinary and, to me, monstrous deception, is a certain phenomenon over which I have puzzled in vain, gentlemen, and which Messrs. Zed and Ex may possibly be able to explain to you; I allude to the fact that gold was found to exist abundantly in the samples which were sent up to London for analysis.

Messrs. Zed and Ex have had much greater experience than I can boast; they were sent down to the mine repeatedly before I was employed; their remuneration was in proportion to the very high standing they occupy in the scientific world, as was also the unlimited confidence with which they managed to inspire the directors. Their numerous experiments, and the various quartz-crushing machines they have invented, and which are now lying all over the mine in a very rusty state, have cost you nearly 3000*l.*; and upon my honour, gentlemen, I can no more account for the positively ludicrous incompetency they have shown, *to say the least*, than I can for the wonderful simplicity of the directors, or the monstrous absurdity of the whole affair from beginning to end! . . . . .

At this particular point the faces of Messrs. Zed and Ex grew so like my caricature of them, that my gravity being disturbed, I completely lost the thread of my discourse, and was obliged to bring it to an abrupt termination.

The shareholders who had emphasised certain little passages towards the close of my harangue, by occasional "hear—hears," applauded with an energy that was flattering to nobody but me.

I cast an appealing look round the board, and the general expression of the faces which I saw there convinced me that I had somehow forfeited the regard of the directors, and made two very enthusiastic enemies of Messrs. Zed and Ex—in fact, that the place was getting rather hot for me; so I inquired of the chairman if he had any further questions to ask, and on his rather hurried reply in the negative, I pleaded important mining business to attend to, and left the room with a bow, which I tried to make as much like that of my friend the engineer, as possible.

A stormy discussion, audible in the street without, arose immediately after my departure, and I have no doubt the meeting was carried on after a very lively fashion, and that many remarks were elicited which were not of a very soothing nature to all parties concerned.

I, for my own part, felt tolerably happy, and did not experience any loss of appetite; I even sang with great brilliancy of execution at another musical party to which I was invited that evening.

On the morrow I was startled by receiving a very cold and concise letter from the board, stating that my services would be dispensed with for the future, and enclosing a cheque, for which it requested my acknowledgment. The chairman had written no apposite quotation from the Greek on the back of it, to temper the bitterness of my congé. But I found consolation in the cheque, and in the wonderful sensation of having blundered on to what appeared to me the right thing in this particular business, in spite of my inaptitude for business generally.

So I went down to the sea-side to recruit my health, and enjoy the approbation of my family. My father laughed very heartily at my description of the meeting of the shareholders, and told me that I had put my foot in it up to the arm-pits—which was his way of expressing that it was all right. My mother and sister were enthusiastic in their commendations—and I felt that my late experiences had fitted me morally to undergo the operation of *shaving*, in spite of all physical deficiency; and as that had been the object of my ambition for the last few months, I obtained the permission of my dear papa, and adopted the harmless habit forthwith.

It may be interesting to the reader to know that when I returned to town, the affairs of the Victoria Gold and Copper Mining Company had been wound up, and that the mine itself had entirely changed hands. At the present moment it is paying a handsome dividend, having been worked very successfully for copper, under another name.

Query: How did the gold get into the samples?

Moral: The mysteries of science are inscrutable to the uninitiated mind. G. du Maurier.

LILIAN'S PERPLEXITIES.

A TALE IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER VIII. WORSHIPPED THROUGH FEAR.

"I HOPE everybody's dressing for the burlesque !" exclaimed Scott, bustling into the green-room. "They're ready to begin the overture as soon as we send them word. "Come, I do think it went pretty well! What's that terrible critic out there saying ?"

"Why, Scott," replied the gentleman appealed to, who either was, or at least by universal consent was reputed to be a great judge, "I'm telling Miss Temple that she might command an engagement on her own terms."

"Oh yes," laughed Lilian, "you would like to get me on the real stage for the pleasure of cutting me into small bits with that dreadful pen of yours." Nevertheless, Lilian was delighted with the praise.

"Most sceptical of young ladies, I affirm that there's no one on the stage who could have evinced more delicate feeling, combined with power, in that end of the second act."

"I agree with you," said Scott; "yet it's very curious, Lilian, but you did that scene a great deal better when we rehearsed it just before going on —it was more spontaneous !"

Scott's words fell with a cold chill on Lilian, but the feeling passed off in the glow of excitement which surrounded her.

"Nobody is allowed in the green-room except on business !" exclaimed Scott, addressing a young gentleman who had mildly wandered in. "This information is tendered for the benefit of Mr. Vincent. The 'supers' are requested to expel the intruder at the point of the sword."

Two property swords and a dagger were instantly

pointed at the elaborate shirt-front of the hapless Vincent.

"Minions of a tyrant!" cried Vincent, laughing. "I am willing to risk my life for Miss Temple's sake—I've important intelligence for her."

"Pray, gentlemen, let him speak before he dies," pleaded Lilian.

The swords were dropped.

"I've come to save your dress from piracy—you must register the design instantly; half a dozen girls in my hearing have resolved to steal the idea for Mrs. Vernon's fancy dress ball."

"Many thanks for the information; but as the dress was specially designed for me, it can suit no one else, unless—yes, there's Margaret Vernon, who's got hair exactly like mine: it really will be too bad if she copies it."

"Don't accuse me, Lilian, of betraying your secret," said Scott. laughing. "I was sworn to secrecy when you told me between the acts."

"If the freedom of the green-room is not instantly presented to me," exclaimed Vincent, affecting an air of intimidation, "I shall seek an interview with Miss Vernon."

"Rash man!" cried the critic: "recollect it's in Miss Temple's discretion to order the 'supers' to cut you down."

The elaborate shirt-front was again menaced by the two swords and the dagger.

"Let him be pardoned, gentlemen," said Lilian, waving aside the swords, "on condition of his instantly procuring me a glass of water, for I'm dying of thirst."

"I fancy that's the state of us all," said Scott.

"It's our own fault then," observed the critic, "for there stands the champagne! By the way, Scott, when you do the play again, if I might venture to suggest, when Marie pours out the wine for the soldiers, she should stand at the back of the table facing the audience, and the soldiers should clink their glasses, stretching them towards her at the chorus of the song. In this way,—Miss Temple, please to take the glass."

"Oh, not champagne, thank you;—seltzer water, please, my head's whirling enough already."

"Now, gentlemen," continued the critic, "fill your glasses. This table will show what I mean. Lead the chorus, Miss Temple."

"Of light and shade
Life is made.
On the morrow,
Joy or sorrow.
With wine to drink,
Who cares to think?
Clink, clink, clink,—
Let the glasses clink, clink, clink."

"Bravo!" cried the critic, delighted at having found something to alter and amend. "You see, Scott, you get twice the effect this way, and it forms a sort of tableau with Miss Temple in the centre of the group when the curtain falls. With regard to the song, it's the old story of 'poeta nascitur.'"

"I prohibit any man from twisting a wretched pun out of non fit," cried Scott; "I know that fellow Vincent would have done it if I had not mercifully stopped him."

Vincent seized a wooden dagger, but was luckily disarmed before Scott had fallen a victim to his very justifiable ire.

Lilian's maid came to her, and whispered in her ear.

"Lilian!" exclaimed Scott, observing her as he turned from his mortal combat with Vincent, "you really do want something—you've gone through immense fatigue." He poured out a glass of champagne. "I insist on your drinking this before you change your dress; the excitement keeps you up now, but we must recollect the *deux temps* that have to be danced after the play."

"No, no, Frank, let me go; I must—"

"The dagger or the bowl," said Scott, playfully brandishing the weapon he had taken from Vincent.

Lilian in haste drank off the champagne—it tasted like water.

"Put my burnous over me, Jane," and Lilian, concealing her dress, hurried from the room to welcome her lover, George Newton.

"She is an out-and-out girl," exclaimed Vincent in tones of admiration to Scott.

"You're perfectly right, my friend."

"I'd venture a small bet, old boy," whispered Vincent, "that you're over head and ears—"

"What on earth's the use—she's engaged?"

"I can't fancy her caring for a man like Newton—I've met him here once or twice."

"She's stuck to him like a brick though; I know there were plenty of people who wanted her to give him up after that bank affair."

"It's deuced hard," remarked Vincent; "but some girls always get the reputation of being flirts just because they're rather jolly."

"The world is particularly hard upon jolly girls," replied Scott. "Why, I've already been pitched into, half a dozen times, for trying to get her to break with Newton. Hollo, Samuels! is everybody ready for 'Rumpelstiltskin?' Then ring for the orchestra: you'd better go in front, Vincent, to see the burlesque; I think you'll say it's very funny."

* * * * *

"Dear George!" cried Lilian as she entered the room—she thought he would have clasped her in his arms, but he turned from her with a slight gesture. She understood what he meant.

"But my lips, George, there's nothing there!" She snatched up a towel, and dipping it in the water-jug, rubbed her face. She saw he looked askance at her dress—the burnous had fallen from her shoulders.

"George, dear, I came the moment I heard you were here—they hadn't told me of it, indeed they hadn't, till this moment—I wouldn't even stop to change my dress—besides, George, I thought perhaps you'd like—"

"I would rather have seen you, Lilian, as I know you."

And this was a lover's warm greeting. It was a strange cold change: a few minutes before she had been surrounded by admirers, ministering to her vanity at every point.

"It's all off my face now; it is indeed, George—my cheeks are burning, it's only that."

He kissed her on her forehead.

"Why didn't you tell me about this play, Lilian?"

"As you were away, George—and as I thought you couldn't return in time to see it," stammered Lilian. "Well then, I was very wrong! You'll forgive me, George? Why, the very first hour of your return you can't refuse me anything."

This interview was so different from all that Lilian had imagined. She had thought that the demonstration of love would come from him; that she might passively receive the homage of his affection; but the initiative was cast upon her.

"I can see, George, you don't forgive me about the play."

"It's not exactly about the play, Lilian. Mind, I'm not one of those fellows who go beating about the bush—I can't stand that sort of thing. If I get hold of a story, it may be wrong or it may be right—but I speak it out, and there's the matter ended one way or the other. Now, Lilian, I've heard your cousin, Mr. Scott, is here constantly."

"Why, George, you're not jealous of cousin Frank!" exclaimed Lilian laughing. "You goose! who on earth put that idea in your head?"

"Well, Lilian," replied Newton, growing very red, "if there's no truth in it, there's no harm in my mentioning it, and then the thing's off my mind, but—"

"What still a doubt, George!" exclaimed Lilian, piqued. "Now, pray, who told you anything about Frank? Come now, I'm determined to have this kind friend's name. Frank Scott, indeed! I dare say you've been told that he's been riding a great deal lately with papa and me—that he frequently dines here, well, perhaps three times a week—that I'm very fond of dancing with him, for he valses beautifully. There, George, if you had come to me I would have told you all about him. I suppose nobody ever recollected to mention that papa used to be his guardian? Of course, they quite forgot that small fact. Now, who was it, George?"

"You dear, darling girl!" exclaimed Newton, entirely convinced by Lilian's frankness. Then he would have folded her in his arms—that embrace of rapturous meeting which was to crown his return to England—but she in her turn withdrew from him.

"Do forgive me, Lilian; you must forgive me."

"I declare I will know, George—a wicked mischief-making set."

"Lilian, it would be no good telling, it would only make a stupid affair worse. Now you do forgive me? Just consider, Lilian, I think I've grown half mad in wanting to see you again; that's why the stupid story bothered me so; I couldn't bear to think of any other person occupying your affection, ever so little. I'm afraid I shan't explain myself clearly, but you'll understand my meaning. I tell you honestly, Lilian, that you are all in all to me now. I fell in love with you at first through utter fascination, I was wild to possess your hand at any cost, even with half your heart. I would have stood anything from you then—you might have trampled on me—scorned me, and I should have held to you. When that unfortunate affair took place I was changed. I learnt what true love really means—for better for worse—what comfort there is in the sympathy of a heart which is wholly one's own. Why, Lilian, at first I should only have felt jealous if I had dreamt that you possessed a feeling for anybody else, yet I should have loved you just the same; but now, Lilian, I can be content with nothing less than your whole heart, every atom, all or none. I could not tell you all this in my letters, but now you see why I was so foolish and stupid about that story."

Lilian trembled as she listened.

"It's because I am so changed towards you, Lilian, that I want that old vow of yours again, just for the pleasure of hearing that what I value so deeply now has been mine all along—your hand on it, darling, that you did give me your whole heart."

He knelt at her chair, and with his greater strength took her hand in his. What was this he asked? An answer must be made at once. It fell to her to make it upon her instant judgment of right and wrong; no time for deliberation. Then she felt her utter weakness. Oh! for only five quiet minutes of Charles Westby's council and advice.

Newton watched her face, and saw the colour come and go, and the burning tears, and felt her trembling hand.

"No, no, Lilian," he exclaimed, with vehemence, "you shan't answer a word; I'm an utter fool with my cursed tongue. The question is an insult. Haven't I seen you tried by my adversity? Pray forgive me for asking this wretched question. Good God, I bring sadness instead of joy."

Lilian withdrew her hand from his.

"George, you never asked this question when you made me your offer—"

"No, no, Lilian, let us cease all this foolish talk. Why, I've positively prayed for this meeting; it was to be such happiness."

He would have clasped her in his arms, but she darted from him.

"I dare not let you believe a lie!—my heart can never be wholly yours!"

Newton was utterly unprepared for this reply, although the immediate context possibly indicates the reverse. His question arose from little else than a lover's capricious fancy, or perhaps a yet lingering doubt concerning Frank Scott.

"Lilian, what is this?—No, it's impossible!"

She was silent.

Then his resentment rose: "You did accept me, Lilian! Was that honest?"

"No, it was not honest; and God knows I have bitterly repented the act. But, George, you never asked me this question at the time."

"Pshaw! a wretched quibble!"

"No, no; you begged and prayed of me to be your wife. Did you make the slightest condition? Did you ask anything of me but my consent? I don't say this to justify myself. I did love you well enough to be your wife; far better than girls

I have known who married and made their husbands happy—but not with my whole heart, I never told you that. I have fought with the wretched feeling which besets me—trampled it down! But there it lies. I can't cast it forth. Oh, George, if you had never asked me for all, I could have been true and faithful, and loved you very much—"

"But this man, the scoundrel, who is at the bottom of all this?"

"I am alone to blame for this wretched folly. I *am* telling you the truth," she said, earnestly. "I am, indeed; there is no one to blame but myself. He love me? No, no! He despises me. I'm merely a weak, foolish girl in his eyes."

"Oh, Lilian," replied Newton, mournfully, "is this story true? When I am gone, will not this man come? Why, five minutes ago you assured me you did not care for your cousin!"

She fell on her knees before him.

"It's not Frank Scott! I shall die if you don't believe me. To think that you should look on me as a liar!" and the crimson deepened in her burning face.

As he gazed on her, beholding her beauty heightened to the full by the perfection of her dress, the blind fervour of his first love returned, kindled into fury at the thought of another carrying her away. With quickest impulse he clasped her in his arms.

"Lilian, you are mine! I've had your pledge, and I stand on that right. I appeal to your honour, Lilian. I swear to make you happy. You shall love me."

"If you had never asked that question, George, —but knowing all, you will hate me in calmer times."

She had shrunk from him, terrified at his vehemence.

Then, with revulsion of feeling and maddened with jealousy, he turned from her, and told her with all bitterness to marry this man she loved, or deceive him also, as best suited her fickle purpose. In his anger he would have left the room.

But her courage arose, and she held the door against him: and even then he felt that he had used words too hard in a man's mouth against a woman.

"George Newton, you *shall* hear the whole truth. I ask but one condition, that you repeat to no one what I am about to tell you. Promise me this."

"I give you my word, Lilian."

"In the first place, you taunt me with marrying this man. I solemnly assure you that this very act of mine which separates us, will separate me from him for ever; it will brand me in his eyes as a jilt and a flirt."

Her voice faltered at those last words. A strange inconsistency marked all she said—a readiness to heap the utmost blame upon herself, combined with a desire to palliate her conduct.

"I am all this," she continued in broken utterance. "He read my character long ago—shallow —fickle. Ah me! I had formed such grand notions of myself when I first met him, and saw the noble purpose and resolution of his existence —an existence so different from the foolish, careless life, I had always lived. Well, his character worked upon mine till I reverenced and loved him with all my heart, and I fancied I might do some fine thing and make myself worthy of his love. One day, I found out, no matter how, what he really thought of me; that mine was a nature which could never merit his esteem or love. I could never hope to be raised to him. I must rest content with the shallower life for which I was fit. I was deeply hurt at the thought of this—ay, desperately wounded and cast down—and then in angry pique I resolved to accept the part in life his words had indicated—shallow, shallow. George Newton, you have confessed what your feeling was when you made your offer—my stupid face had dazzled your eyes—you held out every inducement that your money could afford—pleasures, pleasures,—a life of sunshine—then when the thought of poverty and struggle rose before me for the first time, as we parted that afternoon on Salisbury Plain—I shrank back." She paused awhile, as if in doubt, and then with sudden fluency—"I said I would tell you the whole truth—I dare even tell you this man's name—Mr. Westby!

Newton started up. "Not Westby, Lilian! no, no," he exclaimed, with angry indignation. "For Heaven's sake, don't poison his name. Not Charles Westby!" He looked with sadness in her face. "Good God! is there no one left for me to believe in? My oldest friend! Why those cheats who robbed me of my money—but I knew Westby so well, times ago, when we were boys—

"Pray listen before you speak of him thus!" exclaimed Lilian, terribly pained by Newton's words. "God forbid you should dream of treachery in him. If he had fallen one iota in my estimation, the feeling I had for him would have died that instant. You recollect your offer to release me from my engagement?"

"But you didn't accept it!" interrupted Newton. "And then my love for you, real love, grew tenfold. I'd ten thousand times rather the match had been broken off then—

"Westby was with you at that time?" he exclaimed with agitation.

"And he told me," she answered quietly, "that I was bound in honour to you, whether for poverty or riches. I don't care for myself," she continued, with passionate earnestness. "I am wicked, and fickle, and deceitful; but you must think no harm of him. You must tell me you don't—he's been your best and truest friend! My heart has wavered through your absence—I confess it with shame—but when he has met me I have been awed into doing what is right. I heard him speak so strongly one day—I happened to be within hearing—in reprobation of a girl who had lightly broken off her engagement. I saw how utterly he despised her conduct—wicked conduct, he called it. Well, in the thought of that I have written those letters to you, half lies, which were not what I felt, till my face grew burning hot; but I fancied I was doing what I ought."

There was a painful pause.

"—Mr. Newton, do tell me you believe me in this. I know I have been very false; but yet when you put that question to me, 'My whole heart?' I told you the truth, concealing nothing. Pray, then, believe me about Mr. Westby. I shall have plenty to suffer without thinking that I have injured his character in your estimation,"

"I do believe you, Lilian; and I thank God, I can do it."

"Can you go and put your hand in his? I mean now, when you leave me."

"Miss Temple!"

"It is the last request I shall ever make you."

"I cannot promise," he replied. "Thus much, though," he added, as he regarded the sad expression of her face, "I will go directly to his chambers where I know he is up at work, and if I find that the power is in me to go in and shake his hand, I will do so. Farewell, Miss Temple."

If George Newton had only waited.

Oh! human heart, passing strange—the ebbing tide of feeling was on the turn. Remorse had started into existence. Who knows? in a few minutes more he might have won her, for he had shown that he was worthy to be loved. A moment's reflection told her how great was the request she had made. Westby was not wrong when he had asserted the goodness of George Newton's heart. In her admiration for that goodness (and *admiration* formed the condition of Lilian's love), she could have thrown herself in his arms; and he, could he have forgiven her? I make no assertion; but I fancy that the strength of his resentment would have been shaken by one kiss.

But George Newton was rolling off in a Hansom to Westby's chambers; and Lilian Temple lay sobbing on the sofa in her father's dressing-room.

* * * * * *

"Why, where's Mr. Newton, Lilian?" exclaimed Mrs. Temple, entering the room. "Jane told me he was here."

"He has been here, mama; but he has now gone—"

"Gone!"

Lilian made no reply.

"Not broken off, Lilian?—"

"I have broken it off," she replied with emphasis.

"I confess I can't understand you, Lilian. When Mr. Newton was supposed to be ruined—"

"Then, at least, mama," interrupted Lilian, "give me credit for something better than mercenary motives."

* * * * *

Lilian drew the envelope of Westby's note from her bosom, and holding it to the candle, let it gradually consume.

* * * * *

"Why, Lilian, not changed your dress yet!" exclaimed Frank Scott. "By-the-bye, Mrs. Vernon's been asking me about doing the play at her house."

"As far as I am concerned, Frank, I have determined never to play that part again—I hate it!"

CHAPTER IX. A NEW IDOL.

It was the end of the year, and the Temples were occupying their house at Brighton.

"I confess that I don't mind making people wait for me, but I hate waiting for them," remarked Lilian.

"Mrs. Vernon always contrives to be late," rejoined Frank Scott.

"I'll be bound it's Margaret Vernon's anxiety about her hair! I say, Frank, can you guess why Mrs. Vernon was so anxious to be my chaperon this evening?" inquired Lilian, archly.

"No; why?" replied Scott, impervious to any joke on the subject.

"Because" (and Lilian smiled) "a certain young lady is in love with a certain young gentleman—but I won't reveal secrets."

Then ensued a long silence, and Lilian and Scott fell respectively into reveries in face of a most delightful fire.

Let the circumstances of the case be duly stated. It was a cold December evening, and furthermore it was after dinner.

Poets may talk as they will of purling brooks, but I contend that there is not a more loving friend to sleep than a delicious flickering flame which woos the eyelids to the eye with its golden glare, and sings softly in the ear with the music of its chimney dance. And those mosses by purling streams, granted that they are very soft—but, then, there is rheumatism, with beetles, and such like denizens, in that bronzy green. Let us at once discard such damp idealism—depend upon it that an arm-chair, stuffed by a master-hand, where the arms are just high enough for the elbow to support the head without straining, outdistances all poetic moss.

As I take it, the inevitable end of after-dinner castle-building in the living coal is sleep. Lilian leant forward, her head resting on her hand, for fear of injury to her dainty head-dress. Her thoughts wandered fantastically. "*Comme il est beau*," she muttered to herself, glancing at Frank Scott, whose head was thrown back, resting on his bent arm, showing the fine profile of his face and a plumy whisker—light tan tint—the softness of floss silk—the crispness of bank notes. Alas, for the vanity of men! I'm half inclined to believe that Scott had thrown himself into a sort of artistic pose.

"No wonder girls fall in love with him," thought Lilian, "out of sheer admiration for his beauty, and envy me desperately."

Now the word beauty as applied to men always drove Lilian's thoughts to the wax busts in hairdressers' windows; the recumbent face of Scott seemed to grow before her eyes into wax, and a sort of dim, jumbling, incoherent inquiry arose as to the respective merits of men's faces, real or in wax, till the whole question was carried to dreamland for solution. Now, when the eyes of Lilian were fairly closed, the eyes of Scott opened wide. There was no doubt that it was going very ill with Scott: in a quiet state of mind sleep would have been inevitable. Poor foolish Scott! He would not have dared do it had Lilian been awake—he gazed upon her with eyes of tenderest admiration. Ah, me! there had hitherto been a

perfect diamond-cut-diamond life between them, and he was afraid to relinquish his old manner all at once, but every cutting thing he said smote him to the quick.

Then, on lightest tip-toe, he crept to the end of the room, and drawing from its concealment a beautiful bouquet, stole back, and deftly placed it on Lilian's lap.

"I'm quite ready! Is Mrs. Vernon come?" exclaimed Lilian, starting.

"Somebody's been asleep," observed Scott.

"Nonsense! only thinking with my eyes shut," replied Lilian, indignantly.

"I'm sure you've had a very fatiguing day, riding up and down those downs—I don't wonder at your being tired."

Scott said this as tenderly as he dared.

"Don't be absurd, Frank; you know I hate anybody to say I'm tired. What a lovely bouquet! Why, Frank—"

"The gift of Somnus."

"You are a dear kind boy! But I can't take it to the ball."

"Oh, Lilian!"

"At any other time I should have been only too pleased—but—"

"Fiddlesticks!"

"I'm serious, Frank. Twice this very day I have been congratulated upon being engaged to you."

"That don't annoy me."

"Nor me either. People always will talk nonsense. My only objection is that I do believe you really are getting quite stupid about me."

Scott had never dreamt of a direct attack. The masked battery which he had so cautiously erected was destroyed.

"Now, Frank, I warn you, once for all, not to fall in love with me."

"Well really, Lilian," stammered Scott, intending to disclaim the charge.

"Oh! it's no use your denying it—you used to be always chaffing me, and now you're grown so dreadfully polite—that's a fatal sign."

"Come now, Lilian," said Scott, suddenly changing his tactics. "Why am I to be specially singled out?"

"Because, Frank, as I treat you like an old playmate and a cousin, the world may think that my conduct arises from a deeper feeling. The world may think what it likes in this respect, but if you happen to mistake my conduct, and thereupon make me an offer—which, by the way, I should refuse—you will stand aggrieved before the world, and I shall be accused, for the second time, of trifling with a man's affections."

"Oh, Lilian!" cried Scott, with fervour, "recall those words—give me hope—refuse me at some future time, but not now."

"From this evening," continued Lilian, "I shall change my conduct towards you—you must be no longer Cousin Frank."

"No, no, Lilian, don't do that, let us be on the old terms. There, I'll swear if I ever chanced to make you an offer—not a soul shall know it. You'll take my word for that, Lilian, won't you?"

"It's all very well, Frank, but I won't have you so much as think of falling in love with me. I'm wretchedly fickle, I know I am; I haven't one atom of steady feeling."

"Who says this?"

"Oh, everybody, Frank."

"Not I, for one."

"I'm a flirt and a jilt; that's what I was told," exclaimed Lilian, bitterly.

"By whom?"

"Never mind!—it was by one who knew me very well."

"But I would not have stood it, Lilian," exclaimed Scott, indignantly.

"What could I say, Frank? I knew it was true!" the tears stood in her eyes.

"It was too bad, Lilian, whoever the person was."

"It was very hard to bear,—I shall never forget it to my dying day—to be told it, too, as I was told it."

"Some friend of Mr. Newton's, I suppose?"

"It was a friend of Mr. Newton's," replied Lilian guardedly, "but a friend of mine also." She burst into tears. "I only wish dear Fred were at home again; he understands me, and puts me right, and forgives me when I'm wrong. I tell you, Frank, I often thank God he received that wound at Delhi which is to send him home to us safe from that horrid India. Everybody looks upon me as a flirt, but he won't."

Then Frank Scott saw the path which might lead to victory.

"I tell you, Lilian, I've stuck up for you, and I've had a right to speak, for I've known you so long; and though I'm not acquainted with the exact why and wherefore of the engagement with Mr. Newton being broken off—I've always said it, yes, and frequently too—that I knew you were not to blame. Why wasn't he to bear something?—why in common justice was the whole weight to fall upon you?"

"It was very good of you, Frank, but you never can convince the world. I know well enough," she continued with bitterness, "that men talk to me for amusement, and dance with me because I dance well, but they only think of me as a flirt to while away the evening. *Mais, que voulez-vous?* I accept that condition; I must have excitement—it's half my life—and it's the only sort of life I'm fit for. I learnt that long ago! But it's very hateful to think about."

"You don't do yourself justice, Lilian. We'll forget all that question of my being in love. I say this honestly, that I believe, with all my soul, that you are good and true; and I'm certain there are many others of your friends who think so too, from what they know of your character."

"Good Cousin Frank!" and a smile lighted Lilian's countenance.

"That's right! let me be *Cousin* Frank again. And mind you, Lilian, I'll make it my business to fight out that absurd idea you've formed of your character. I declare I'm half provoked with you, and as for that unknown person, who on earth cares for such an opinion? Why, you are little more than a child now, Lilian—"

"Perhaps just in the eyes of the law," inter-

rupted Lilian, laughing; "by-the-bye, that is your profession."

"And you've not outgrown that wild spirit of yours," continued Scott, "and become glum and stupid, and that's why some people find fault with you."

"You really are a splendid advocate, Frank; positively you ought to do something at the bar."

"Well, perhaps some day," he replied, in deepened voice, "when I have an object in life, I shall buckle to."

Mrs. Vernon's carriage was announced.

Lilian hesitated for a moment looking at the bouquet.

"Never mind it, Lilian," said Scott, affecting utter unconcern; "your mother will be very pleased with it to grace the new vase."

"It's too good for that, Frank; rosebuds and violets in December! I shall take it to the ball."

And Frank Scott's heart beat violently.

* * * * *

One half page of moralising—and but one half page—for love of the reader.

Self-love the theme. Behold this girl, Lilian Temple, at the ball, more beautiful, everybody declared, than they had seen her for months; and truly so, for the hard sarcastic smile which had marred her countenance had become a smile of happiness. "Youth is youth, pleased with the enjoyment of the hour," would be the ready answer of the elderly moralist planted as a "wall-flower" amid the purgatory of a ball-room, having sipped his wine with immense gusto an hour before.

Yet it was far beyond the elderly moralist, amid the gay strains of the music and the whirl of the dance, to fathom the secret of Lilian's happiness;—flattery had caused it, and though she smiled while she listened to the words of Scott, none the less was she delighted, for those words had staunched the wounds which her self-love had sustained. She had dreamt of greatness and work and endurance; she had thought it possible to follow in the footsteps of Charles Westby—to live or die with him. Granted such like dreams may be utterly delusive; there may be no power of character to realise them; but we awake to our sense of mediocrity with a shudder; and tenfold more was it chill and bitter to Lilian when the very man whose character had created the hope in her soul, proclaimed that her own character was nothing worth.

Lilian Temple despised herself: she was in the power of anybody who could raise her in her own estimation. Frank Scott was clever enough to see how he might win her; but he did not know what an immense influence his few words had already given him over her.

Yet everybody could discover the fact except Frank Scott. She let him choose what dances he would on her tablet, she was at her brightest when he was at her side, but with his preconceived notion he fancied that all this was the retraction of her words about ceasing to treat him as a cousin.

Let Frank Scott, however, lose no time in making use of the advantage he has gained. Lilian, rising from her self-abasement, is too grateful for his esteem to reflect much on his character; but when she does think upon it, it will fail to satisfy her ideal. Frank Scott possessed talent and certain hundreds per annum, with certain other hundreds in reversion, and therefore he had lived an idle life, and done nothing. Delay was fatal to his chance of success.

Frank Scott was in the grandest spirits. He met all the *badinage* about being engaged to Lilian with broad denial, but with inward elation at his promised victory; and he danced away gallantly; and he chatted to his partners with the fluency which belonged to him; and he danced, too, with Margaret Vernon; but that young lady found not one touch of sentiment in all he uttered.

Lilian was also attacked upon her assumed engagement with her cousin. The charge was by no means a novel one, and up to this particular evening she had been able to rebut it with excellent spirit, more particularly as it had often been made from obvious motives by the mothers of fair daughters who considered Frank Scott a very eligible *parti*—but now her replies were utterly lifeless, brief denials, while love stood written in her eyes. Then that bouquet was a source of embarrassment; it attracted notice by its beauty and rarity; it led to an irresistible inference which Lilian's most subtle logic was unable to confute. "No, my dear," replied one affectionate friend, epigrammatically, and with many smiles, "December roses don't bloom out of cousinly love."

In very fact, Frank Scott was Fortune's favourite this evening—all things were ordered in his interest. Who should appear at this ball, by strangest chance, but Westby, looking bored and bothered at the whole affair,—so Lilian read his countenance, but read it wrong.

Then her thoughts reverted to their last meeting and all its bitterness—those hard words which he had spoken—the contempt he had evinced for her conduct—"fickle, wavering conduct," in rejecting George Newton. She had listened and endured it all without reply, very submissive, despising herself:—yes, but it had caused her infinite pain, for after all it was her love for him, which was the real cause of her error; but that was a fact which he could never know. Thus it was that the presence of Westby threw her feelings with still greater vehemence towards Frank Scott. Here was one at least who had upheld her character when she herself decried it—who had declared his faith in her goodness and her heart. Why, resting on this new strength, she need not shrink any longer from Charles Westby; she could meet his contempt without dismay, ay, and if so be, the contempt of the whole world.

She determined to go and speak to Westby on her cousin's arm. She told Scott that she wished to join her chaperon. He led her across the room. Her spirit rose into bold defiance. This was the man for whom she had been taunted at the time for giving up Newton: she had denied the accusation, and with truth, and now that denial would be a palpable lie in Westby's eyes. Let him think the worst of her. What matter? Frank

Scott believed in her truth. They came upon Westby as if by accident.

"How d'ye do, Mr. Westby?" said Lilian. She gave him her hand, but at the very moment she involuntarily drew closer to Frank Scott.

Her hand in Westby's hand was cold and inanimate; and though her heart beat violently she was perfectly self-possessed: Westby, on the contrary, appeared nervous and disconcerted.

"Who would have dreamt of seeing you here to-night?" continued Lilian. "We could never get you to our balls."

"You know balls are not much in my way," rejoined Westby, speaking with hesitation. "It's a wonder I'm at Brighton at all, but the Marners would make me come to them for a few days."

At that moment a claimant appeared for Lilian's hand in the coming valse, and carried her off.

* * * * *

"We are the only people dancing," observed Lilian to her partner.

"They'll begin again directly if we set them an example."

To the surprise of everybody the music suddenly stopped.

"What an absurdly short valse!" exclaimed Lilian. "What can it mean? Why did they stop the dance, Frank?" she inquired of her cousin, who had that moment crossed the room to where she was standing.

Scott made no reply to the question.

"Mrs. Vernon," said he, "has sent me to fetch you away; she is tired and wishes to leave."

"Nonsense! At this time of night? What a shame!"

"Well, you must come and speak to her. This gentleman will, I am sure, excuse you."

Scott took Lilian on his arm.

"Frank, this is perfectly absurd in a chaperon. Chaperons ought to possess iron constitutions. Why I've a dozen more dances on my list. They've begun my favourite galop. It's too bad! Mrs. Vernon may go if she likes, I shall crave protection of somebody else. Mrs. Cowper must pass our house. Why, this is the galop we were to dance together—I hate to miss a note of the music—you go and speak to Mrs. Vernon, and come back as quickly as possible."

They were then on the stair-case, and Lilian turned to go back to the drawing-room.

Scott took her hand—

"The truth is, Lilian, they've sent for us to go home."

He spoke very gravely.

"Go home! Why?"

She looked anxiously in her cousin's face.

"Frank, is there any news from India?"

"A telegram has just arrived—it's in the evening papers—Westby heard of it where he was dining—he went immediately to your house, and they asked him to come and fetch us away."

"Something has happened to Fred!" she exclaimed, in sudden terror, clinging to her cousin's arm. "Why, he was to have left Calcutta for England a week ago!"

Westby was standing at the foot of the stair-case, she saw there were tears in his eyes—tears in Westby's stern eyes!

The sound of the music and the tread of the dance were perfectly audible where they stood.

"You need not tell me," she said, calmly, "I know he is dead." Then with agonised revulsion, "Oh, that horrible music!" and she strove to close out the sound with her hands violently pressed to her ears.

In another moment the sound *had* ceased, her hands fell from her head—Scott supported her in his arms. "For heaven's sake, Westby," he whispered, "make them stop that infernal dance till we get out of the house."

* * * * *

Westby took a few turns up and down the solitary parade in face of the sea, a dirge sounded in the beating of the waves on the shingle—solemn music in unison with his thoughts. The ball-room had jarred him terribly, and to have to linger there in the midst of all the gaiety—but his heart had utterly failed him when he would have spoken to Lilian, and he was forced to confide the task to Scott. The telegram gave but scanty information about the death of Temple. "Captain Temple who had volunteered his services was mortally wounded—since dead." He had died nobly, that was clear—dying doubtless as he had lived, ever ready to face danger—true-hearted, and honest, and outspoken.

"Good God!" exclaimed Westby, "that this girl Lilian should be his sister!"

WHAT IS FLINT?

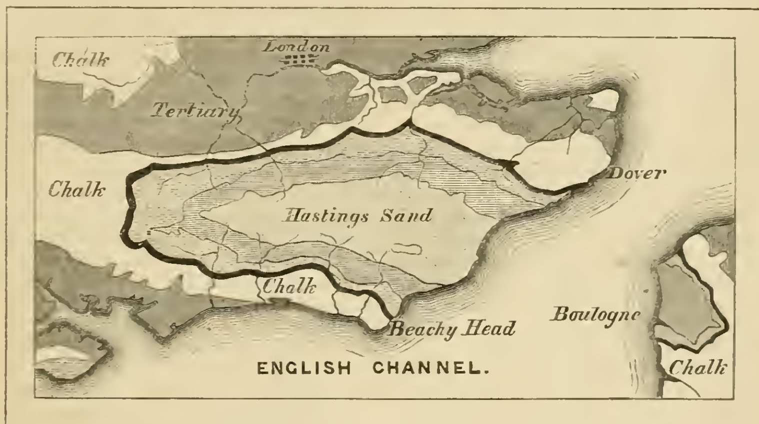
Every Londoner who aspires to the dignity of even the very tiniest of back gardens is sufficiently familiar with gravel, and must be a fastidious person indeed if he does not feel perfectly satisfied with the clean, bright-coloured material forming his well-rolled walks. On pleasant summer evenings, when the last geranium has been planted out, or the few refractory twigs trimmed into order, when no flaws can be seen on the smooth turf, and not a single intrusive weed is visible in the well-kept beds, we doubt not many a thoughtful horticulturist, with soul serenely free from the vexations of disorder and the miseries of blight, finds occupation for a few minutes' leisure during his last stroll in giving a fugitive thought to the pebbles which he crushes under foot, and in speculating on the questions, what they are, and whence they come. It may be that this process fails to lead him farther back in the genealogy of gravel than the pit at Clapham or at Hampstead; some few inquiring spirits there will be, however, innocent perhaps of all geological knowledge, but not content with so limited an excursion into the past, who will take the trouble to consult the oracles and study the text-books of masters in the stony science. If so, we fear they will return very little enlightened as to the original birthplace and condition of the materials which make up their garden paths. Such an inquirer would be told, 'tis true, what perhaps his own sharp eyes had already discovered, that gravel is the immediate offspring of the flint; but concerning the parent's parentage the tidings would be extremely

vague and inconclusive. He would find plenty of speculation, and much ingenious theorising, but no reliable answer to his questions. Neither bold surmise, nor fanciful theory, however, could prepare his mind to receive without astonishment the startling solution which science has recently offered to the geological enigma,—What is flint?

Without going so far as to say that the explanation to which we allude meets all the difficulties of the case, it still undoubtedly accounts for several puzzling phenomena connected with flint formation in a much more complete and satisfactory manner than any previously published theory; and is withal of so singular and interesting a character, that we confidently count on our readers' amusement, if not attention, while we state in a more detailed and popular form the substance of Dr. Wallich's researches and conclusions.

It seems, then, we have all been wrong; we have ransacked our brains, our experience, and our fancy to no purpose; we have fathered the flint on earth and sea, chemical action, elective affinity, and metamorphic agencies, never dreaming that the legitimate parent was an old familiar friend.

It is positively pleasant to anticipate the incredulous laughter with which many readers will probably receive our statement of the fact, that every flint in the chalk, and consequently every pebble in our garden walks, owes its origin to the long-continued labours of those great silex producers—the whales. Of course every well-regulated mind will ridicule the idea forthwith, and pooh-pooh the whole thing as absurd; and it certainly does seem at first sight presumptuous to claim for Jonah the honour of having been the first and only visitor to the genuine birthplace of London gravel, and to exalt that Hebrew gentleman's opportunities for investigation in this field of inquiry above those of such men as Lyell, Murchison, or Buckland; yet such is the conclusion towards which the latest dicta of science, uttered



Map of the Wealden Valley.—After Lyell.

in sober earnest, and supported by a great array of facts, seems likely to compel the student. When the laugh has subsided, perhaps curiosity enough may survive to insure us a hearing, while we attempt to unravel this mystery step by step. Its clear elucidation to the general reader must necessarily take us over extensive ground. Several collateral branches of inquiry will claim our attention, so that if we shall presently seem to wander into paths apparently far from parallel with our main line of investigation, let us bespeak a little patience till each of these devious excursions is shown to tend towards the true end of our discourse.

To begin, we must take a hasty glance at a portion of the chalk formation of England, where the flints from which our pebbles were manufactured most abound. There are few Londoners whose summer trip to the sea-side does not take them at least across the North Downs, and perhaps even as far as the South Downs of Brighton and its neighbourhood. These great chalk escarpments form two sides of an enormous basin, roughly elliptical in form, and including within its area the whole of Sussex, parts of Surrey, Kent, and Hampshire, a strip of the English Channel, and a small tract of country known as the Bas Boulonnais, in France.

The accompanying map exhibits the outlines of this ring of chalk, and will help to illustrate our exposition. Within its white margin lies a district comprising several strata, chiefly clays and sand, and known to the geologist under the general name of the Wealden Valley. A glance at the map, or an excursion over the ground, will make it abundantly clear that there was once a time when the space enclosed in this ellipsis was covered with the chalk which now fringes its borders only. At that period the gault and clays of the Weald were deeply buried beneath a thick white pall of carbonate of lime, and the whole lay fathoms down under a cold sea.

We explained in a former paper,* that recent discoveries have proved the cretaceous formation to be itself the result of the life, death, and accumulation of minute marine animals, similar in genera, though not in species, with the Foramini-

* Once a Week. No. 64, p. 333.

feræ forming a large portion of the floor of the Atlantic Ocean. Throughout the ages during which these Protozoa were slowly building up the white cliffs of Dover and the forelands of Beechy Head, some agency, at which we have hitherto done little more than guess, was busy at equal, or nearly equal intervals, laying down upon this living and snowy carpet those regular strata of isolated flint nodules which characterise the formation. The deposition of each layer was a work of considerable time, and their periodical appearance is not the least among the many puzzling difficulties which beset the question of their origin. We shall see presently how Dr. Wallich's theory meets this part of the problem; but for the present we must confine ourselves to a more minute exploration of the locality from which the London flint and gravel is derived.

When the primeval Foraminiferæ had completed their great work, and the heaped-up shells of countless generations had accumulated into a stratum nearly a thousand feet in thickness, a change took place over the whole district comprised within the limits of the Wealden Valley. A gradual upheaval of the sea-floor began, and the "white cliffs of Albion" rose into the daylight, to play another and more conspicuous part in the economy of nature and the history of the world.

This upward movement was not effected with perfect uniformity, for the central portion of the ellipsis on our map was lifted first, while the hills which hem the Wealden in did not emerge till later on. The country rose, in fact, somewhat in the form of an inverted basin, the spot where Hastings stands being, perhaps, the first point which showed above the level of the ocean.

So slow was the ascent, and so nearly were the rate of upheaval and the erosive power of water matched, that foot after foot of the chalk was washed away by the waves as fast as it appeared; and this went on until the stratum was cut completely through over the apex of the basin and the beds below exposed to a similar action. Through the uppermost of these, too, the sea ate its way till the lowest member of the Wealden group, the green sand, had been uncovered. Meanwhile the North and South Downs, as a matter of course, receded farther from each other in every direction, until the progress of denudation was stopped by the increased activity of the upheaving forces which finally lifted the whole country above the destructive action of the ocean. The process may be aptly illustrated by making a series of thin successive slices at any part in the surface of an orange, the rind of which will represent the chalk, while the pulp beneath stands for the underlying clays and sand. Each cut of the knife exposes more and more of the substrata, and widens the white ring of peel just in the same manner as the denuding sea extended the area enclosed within the Downs. Since this operation ceased no geological change of importance has occurred. Man has come on the scene, and the picturesque hills and valleys of Hastings, the gently curving combes of Brighton and of Lewes, and the bold chalk escarpments which surround them, remain to delight him with their varied beauty or instruct him of their wonderful origin. Glancing again at the map, we shall be naturally struck by the enormous amount of material which has thus been washed away. The original chalk covering, some hundreds of feet thick, has been removed from whole counties and carried everywhither by the tides, the currents, and the storms. But the influences which disinterred could not so effectually distribute the huge mass of flint they gradually washed out from its matrix; hence, though the milky water holding large quantities of chalk in suspension was free to flow to any distance with its burden, the heavier nodules remained more nearly in the immediate neighbourhood to be broken, rolled, and rounded on many a beach into the smooth red and yellow pebbles which we know so well. The Wealden Valley, then, is the great original gravel-pit whence our minor local deposits are derived—the actual home of every shattered and abraded flint in London.

It would be too long a story to tell of their dispersion thence over the field they now occupy, or of the means used for their removal, though this is in itself a geological romance well worthy of a special chapter. When the winds and waves had done their best, the great ice-fields and bergs of the glacial epoch took up the business of their transportation, nor did this wonderful carrier cease his labours till tens of millions of tons of flints were scattered broad-cast over half our southern and eastern counties.

Here we will pause for a moment before our subject leads us into other climates, and among fresh creations, to review what we have advanced, and consider what conditions have been established with which any hypothesis explanatory of flint formation must of necessity agree. We have traced the materials of our garden-paths back a tolerably long way in their history, and marked both the locality in which they were elaborated and the agencies that first dug them from their chalky bed. We have further seen that they were deposited in a sea still in its profounder depths and differing in none of its essential constituents from the waters washing our shores to-day. There is no evidence whatever that the cretaceous ocean was highly charged, as some have assumed, with silex in a state either of fine division or solution; nothing indicates the existence of a larger per centage of any mineral matter in the seas of that period than is found in modern salt water. The Foraminiferæ, we may be certain, needed the same element then they want now, and the theory of gradual accumulation from a fluid surcharged with siliceous particles must be pronounced untenable. The chief remaining condition to be met is the periodical nature of the deposit; and this is a stumbling-block over which almost every previous explanation hopelessly breaks its neck. We shall see presently how the cetacean hypothesis stands this crucial test, and we now approach the history and evidence in favour of Dr. Wallich's suggestions.

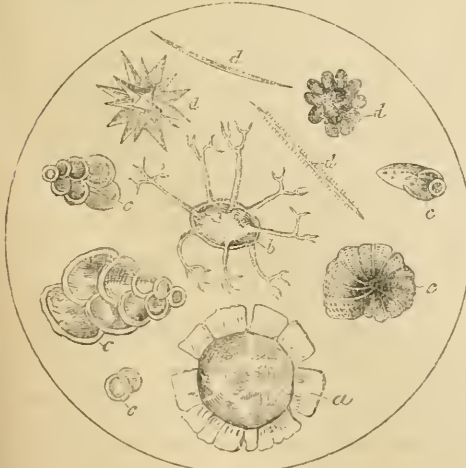
Sitting at our window writing these lines we have but to lift our eyes from the paper to be made powerfully sensible of the seemingly hopeless nature of the task we have undertaken.

In view of the numberless large and small stones, all fragments of chalk flints, which cover

the causeways on either side of the road, and remembering of what a countless multitude these are the representatives, it seems impossible to make the reader clearly grasp the fact that every pebble among them, together with every larger nodule in cliff or pit, are but masses of the collected valves or coverings of marine plants, each in itself so inconceivably minute that the highest powers of the microscope are taxed to detect and analyse their forms, gathered, aggregated, and moulded into shape by the all-powerful influence of affinity, and the marvellous chemistry of digestion—yes, digestion! For we are about to prove, or at least attempt to prove, that the chalk flints are nothing other than the rejected materials of many a primeval cetacean banquet—perhaps the strangest remains of the hugest meal the world has ever seen.

If we pick up a few flints at random, take them home and examine them carefully, we shall discover several noteworthy things.

Selecting a dark specimen, and breaking it with a smart blow into fragments, we shall readily procure several bits thin and transparent enough to bear investigation under the microscope. From these pieces it will be easy to select many which exhibit white dots; others, dark points, or yellowish streaks and patches. Under the lens these little marks resolve themselves into well-preserved and very beautiful fossils, the white dots will turn out to be Foraminiferæ of precisely similar form and species with the chalk builders; the yellowish discolorations will be manifestly due to the presence of silicified sponge tissue, while the remaining organisms will most likely comprise spicula of various kinds and several Xanthidia. We give below a figure of each of these as they appear when highly magnified.



a. Xanthidium vestitum. *b*. Xanthidium *c*. Foraminiferæ. *d*. Spicules of Sponge, greatly magnified.

But besides these fossiliferous flints which we shall come across in any heap of ballast, a good hunt among the larger nodules is sure to reward us by other curious specimens. If we are lucky we shall find here and there a funnel-shaped stone with a serrated rim, looking something like a mushroom; or another, having the external form of some inhabitant of the cretaceous sea, perhaps a star-fish or sea-urchin printed deep and clear upon its surface, as in wax or clay.

The first of these two specimens is a fossil zoophyte, originally similar in appearance and family to the sea anemones of our aquaria, but now permeated with silex; the second tells its own tale, and is simply a print or cast of urchin, or star, taken in plastic flint; both, however, point unmistakeably to a time in their history when the hard material of which they are composed was soft and impressible, ready to take the form of any firmer substance with which it might happen to come in contact. Bearing this quality in mind let us return to the microscopic fossils of our illustration. These three forms, Foraminifera, Xanthidia, and spicules of sponge represent the chief varieties of organic remains found in the flint, each of them abounded in the waters of the chalk ocean, and the problem before us therefore narrows itself to the consideration how they were first collected and compacted into the plastic masses of siliceous matter which have hardened into the pebbles we daily tread upon. A little study of the life history of one of these organisms, the Xanthidium vestitum, may help us towards an answer.

There is no doubt now that this peculiar organism belongs to the important family called Diatomaceæ, the most minute and extensive group throughout the whole marine and fluviatile world. The general character of these singular creations was sketched in the paper to which we have already referred, but a few further particulars concerning them will be useful. They are best described as free, single-celled vegetable organisms, each enclosed by a siliceous valvular envelope, whose form may be aptly illustrated by a pill-box or two watch-glasses meeting rim to rim; the surface of both cover and bottom of the box being beautifully sculptured with elaborate network like designs, while the whole is so extremely minute as seldom to measure more than from three to five thousandth parts of an inch in diameter. The valves are filled with a brown endochrome, and endowed while living with a marked though limited power of locomotion. In favourable localities recent Diatomaceæ exist in such profusion as quite to baffle description, while their numbers and geologic influence must once have been far greater than at present, whole strata in various districts, often more than a hundred feet in thickness, being entirely composed of their indestructible remains, sometimes forming a light loose soil, such as is found in parts of Bohemia, America, Australia, and Algeria, sometimes compacted into a homogeneous mass, having all the hardness and coherence of the hardest flint, like the semi opal of Bilin, which is nothing other than a cohering mass of coverings from fossil Diatomaceæ. Now this curious and prolific family to which the Xanthidia of the flint belong, formed almost the sole food of certain molluscoid tribes of the cretaceous ocean. Precisely the same thing occurs in our own seas, but we fear it will be impossible to give the general reader more than the vaguest notion of the enormous numbers in which

marine diatoms exist, or convey any adequate idea of the amount of nutriment thus elaborated for the sustenance of animal life. Perhaps an extract from one of Dr. Wallich's descriptions may help to set the facts in a striking light. Speaking of the Atlantic between the Cape and St. Helena, he says, "It was here that for many *degrees*, and in bright weather, the ship passed through vast layers of sea-water so thronged with the bodies of a species of Salpa, as to present the consistence of jelly. What their vertical limits were it was impossible to discover, owing to the speed at which the ship was moving. They appeared to extend deep, however, and in all probability were of a similar character to what is called 'whale food' in higher latitudes. Each of these Salpæ measured about half an inch in length, but so close was their aggregation, that by a sudden plunge of an iron-rimmed towing-net, half the cubic contents, from which the water had percolated, generally consisted of nothing but one thick glutinous mass of pulp. Each individual presented a minute yellow digestive cavity the size of a millet-seed, which contained Diatomaceæ, Foraminiferæ, and other organic particles." Another equally good instance of the enormous production and consumption of siliceous matter daily and hourly going on in the ocean is furnished by the guanos which we import for use as manures. The birds whose excreta compose this useful material live chiefly if not entirely on fish; the fish in their turn have fattened upon smaller marine fry, many of whom are wholly microphagous, or in other words, depend on the Diatomaceæ for their subsistence, and the imperishable flinty valves of these minute organisms, therefore, after passing safely through the stomach first of the mollusc and then of the fish, are found at last forming no inconsiderable percentage in the constituents of almost all the guanos. It has been calculated that the ships visiting the Cincha islands remove no less than 500 tons of pure Diatomaceæ yearly in their cargoes of manure, and the estimate is probably within the mark. With these aids we shall be able to credit this apparently insignificant family with a fecundity and indestructibility sufficient for the production of very great geological results, perhaps also to conceive of their having been able, so far as quantity is concerned, to furnish all the siliceous matter for the manufacture of the chalk flints; but we have still to learn how the small and separate organisms become compacted into a homogeneous and apparently structureless mineral mass.

We have already discovered in the stomachs of the Salpæ and their relatives, precisely similar collections of organisms as those which the flint exhibits in a fossil condition, and if we could find a plastic siliceous cement, or some similar agent present in the molluscoid digestive organs, we could readily imagine a flint factory at work on a small scale in the intestines of every "school" of whale food in the ocean. Dr. Wallich believes he has detected such a cementing power in the well-known tendency of the diatom valves to cohere when in a state of comparative purity, and in the solvent action of animal alkalies upon the silex which composes them. Both in the guanos and in all other rich earths, the diatomist frequently meets with little masses consisting entirely of closely aggregated valves, sometimes so perfectly combined as to have lost almost all their original external appearances, and only to be distinguished from amorphous bits of silex by some few ill-preserved markings and sculpturings which have not altogether disappeared. The purer the state of the valves, the stronger this affinity is developed, and the contents of the salpean stomachs, therefore, are singularly well prepared for the aggregative action by reason of the perfect separation of mineral and organic matter brought about in the process of digestion.

Now we know from microscopic examination of the chalk itself, that the ocean in which it was deposited swarmed with Diatomaceæ, and these doubtless formed the food, then as now, of microphagous mollusca, similar in their general characteristics to the Salpæ and their congeners. By this means the supplies of silex which the sea was ever producing, became collected, and separated from the organic matter with which it was associated, thus acquiring a strong tendency to coherence, and becoming fully prepared for the next great change in its circumstances and condition. The mollusc, like the diatom, was destined not merely to eat, but to be eaten. The great whale family, living solely on such dainty fare as jelly-fish and Salpæ, destroy daily hosts of these organisms far more numerous than it is possible for us to realize, and it was in the complex stomachs of these marine monsters that the aggregation of siliceous matter was finally completed. Here it was first accumulated in large quantities, and became subjected to the solvent agency of alkaline animal fluids. These combining chemically with the silex would form soluble hydrates, which, while they effectually obliterated all the delicate sculpturings of the valves, bound the whole closely together by a natural cement till the masses voided at intervals, but still in a viscous state, sank to their resting place to harden and consolidate slowly upon the white and living carpet spread for their reception by the busy Foraminiferæ below. Here a new chapter in flint history opens, and new conditions supervene, to add fresh complexities to this already intricate biography. The floor of the chalk sea boasted other and higher forms of life than the humble foraminifer, and was thickly scattered with sponges, zoophytes, sea-urchins, and star-fishes, not very different in form from those of recent oceans. On this surface, strewn with various animals, the plastic silex fell, enclosing here a sponge and there an echinite, and burying each in a flinty sarcophagus, over which it was destined that wise men should speculate and wonder when the long geologic æons were past away, and the white bed was lifted within the reach of quick eyes, diligent hands, and reasoning brains.

Such is the last published life-history of the chalk flints. The theory is certainly startling, but it meets the difficulties which beset the question more fully than any previous hypothesis. By referring the substance of the nodules to aggregated

and partially dissolved diatom valves, it explains the presence and peculiarities of the inclosed microscopic fossils, and satisfactorily accounts for the perfect preservation of the delicate calcareous shells of Foraminiferæ, as well as the complete amalgamation of all save the largest siliceous particles, (such as Xanthidium), into a homogeneous mass, and the destruction by alkaline re-agents of their characteristic markings.

It further dispenses with the necessity for assuming any peculiarities in the composition of the cretaceous sea, and gives a reason for the nodular and isolated form in which chalk flints occur, while last, not least, it makes a vantage ground of the peculiar weakness of other theories by ascribing the periodical deposition of flinty strata to the intermittent nature of the agency at work. It is well known that the cetacea are both gregarious and migratory animals, frequenting certain latitudes at particular seasons, and leaving them again, under other circumstances, with almost as much regularity as swallows; and to this habit we may fairly refer the most puzzling phenomenon of the formation.

We have tracked the pedigree of our garden pebbles backwards, until it has led us to strange conclusions; some will still possibly think the means suggested inadequate to produce the results which call for explanation, and the lapse of time demanded by the hypothesis greater than can be granted. But we must remember that almost every new geological discovery teaches us to ascribe a wider influence and more important position to minute vital agencies, while the claims upon the ages made by the chalk builders themselves should make us hesitate in refusing a liberal allowance of centuries. On another occasion we may, perhaps, find some interest in examining further into the first of these questions, and ascertaining the kind and extent of the stratigraphical influences which have been exerted by apparently insignificant organic causes.

Among all the revelations of the microscope, none are more curious and surprising than those which have been made in connection with geological phenomena. The story we have told to-day is but one of many others almost, if not quite as strange, all owning the lens for author, and each illustrating with equal aptness the truth of Goethe's great dictum: "God doth hang the heaviest weights upon the thinnest wires."

D. P.

HOW TO STEAL A FEATHER-BED.

STOPPING for a glass of cider at a village public in East Devon, I heard a story in connection with the above recondite subject, which amused me much, and may interest some of the readers of ONCE A WEEK.

A rustic, who had spent all his money in getting tipsy at the rival establishment, came up to the landlord of the Crooked Billet, and asked him to *give* him some liquor—about the height of all possible insult to a publican, and so he of the Crooked Billet seemed to think—but the tipsy one was not to be put off in a hurry; he continued his importunities, and for a pint of cider, he said, he would impart—a most valuable secret. The landlord seemed rather to prick up his ears at this, and at length consented to bestow a half-pint; on condition of "hearing something to his advantage;" and the liquor was handed over, and drained by the applicant.

"Now," said he, with a confidential air, and in a stentorian whisper, "Next time you da steal a veather-bed, Masr, mind you goo down stairs wi' un backwards."

Great was the host's indignation at this second affront, but greater was my curiosity to know the meaning of the phrase employed, and inquiring of a farmer in the inn, I obtained the following explanation:

There was, it seemed, at a village some distance off, a surgeon who prided himself upon his acuteness, and continually boasted that he had never been *done*.

Now it happened one day, that a scamp who lived by his wits was lurking about the house, on the look-out for plunder, and having noticed the surgeon's wife set off for market, saw presently the surgeon himself go out, as he supposed, to visit his patients. Him, likewise, he watched off the premises, and then, finding the coast clear, stole in through the front door, and walked up-stairs to lay hands on whatever seemed most eligible: the booty selected was the best feather-bed; this he took on his back, and began descending the stairs, with the precaution of *coming down backwards*; he had got about half-way down when in came the surgeon again.

"Hallo! my man, where are you going with that bed?"

"Goan up-stairs wi' un, sur. There's a genlmn down to th' Rose and Crown, sur, as says 'is old friend o' yours, just come from Inger; and comun to stop wi' you, sur—and comun up hisself presently wi's luggage—and he've sent I up, sur, wi' these yer bed."

"I shall not admit it. I shall not admit it. I don't know any such person, and I'm not going to be imposed upon,—likely thing, indeed—d'you suppose any stranger can come and quarter himself on me with a tale like that? No, no, you go back, and take the bed along, too, and give my compliments to the gentleman, and say he's made some mistake, and I don't know him."

"Well, sur, 'tis warm day, sur; and make so bold, sur, I hope you'll allow me somat to drink."

"Very well, I don't mind giving you a glass, to be rid of the business—there—now you go back, and say as I've told you."

Off walked the rascal with his burden.

By and by, returned Mrs. Surgeon, and went up-stairs to take off her bonnet; down she came again.

"Now, my dear, always making some alteration without consulting me, and what *have* you done with that new feather-bed?"

"O Lord!" said the wretched man. "I see it all."

"Pray what do you see, my dear?

But enough. Of course the surgeon's reputation for sharpness was gone, and that was the approved way to steal a feather-bed in this neighbourhood.

L. B. C.

THE ROBBER SAINT.

A CORNISH LEGEND.

In the far West, where the Lizard
  Breaks the long Atlantic swell,
Low among the Cornish heather,
  Good St. Keverne built his cell.

Hospitable was St. Keverne:
  In his home the trav'ller stay'd—
Brother saint, or weary stranger,
  Never vainly sought his aid.

Once, St. Just, from further westward,
  Passing by St. Madron's fount,
Came across through Marazion,
  Near St. Michael's holy mount.

Many days they pass'd together,
  Talking much of holy deed,
How the Celt should fight the Saxon,
  Till his Pagan hosts recede.

Then St. Just, with gentle sadness,
  Bade unwillingly farewell,
Brightly did the tear-drops glisten
  As he left that holy cell.

Good St. Keverne, on the morrow,
  Long before the sun was up,
Going to take a draught of water,
  Could not find his silver cup.

"Ah," said he, "that wily brother
  Carried off my only wealth:
Who would think St. Just, the pious,
  Could take anything by stealth?"

Up he got in haste, and nimbly
  Started off to catch the thief;
Over Browzas, down he hurried,
  Fierce with anger—stung with grief.

There he found three stones of iron,
Weighing each a quarter ton,
Put them quickly in his pocket,
And began again to run.

Near St. Germoe's ancient chapel
He o'ertook his crafty foe;
Then commenced a fearful battle,
Each saint dealing blow for blow.

Who knows how the fight had ended
Had St. Keverne been unarm'd ?
But at sight of his huge missiles
Crafty Just became alarm'd.

So, for want of ammunition,
He, at length, was forced to yield;
Throwing down the stolen booty,
Quickly fled he from the field.

Then, rejoicing at the combat,
Mighty, brave, and good St. Keverne,
Left the stones where still we find them,
Call'd the stones of Tremenheverne.

If, perchance, a thoughtless farmer
Tries to take those stones from thence,
Wanting to complete some hedge-row,
Or to mend some broken fence;

Useless is such toil and labour—
Not a day will they remain;
Put them where you will, the morrow
Finds them in their place again. S.

THE TALE HE TOLD THE MARINES.

Now mind, I will not guarantee the truth of this. I can only tell it you as he told it us. It sounds improbable, certainly, but no one can say it is impossible. What is there to prevent a lady, if she is so inclined, from——? But that would spoil the story. And there is no law of nature, I suppose, to restrain a man who is so devoid of gentlemanly feeling as he is——. But that would tell you what is coming. It is no good saying he was intoxicated, because I defy you to get drunk on sherry and soda-water; and to lay it to the heat of the season is absurd, for it was a remarkably cool evening for August. No! Jenkyns is a man who has had some strange experiences, and this was not the least strange among them. Still, mind, I will not guarantee the truth of this; though, by the way, you don't often find a man tell the same tale twice in exactly the same way if it is not true, and I have heard him tell this twice. The first time was at a dinner at Lord—— Well! it does not matter where. It is sometimes advisable not to mention proper names. I don't think mentioning this would do any harm, though —at a dinner at Lord's cricket-ground, and the second time was on the occasion of which I am speaking, when I found him drinking sherry and soda-water and smoking cheroots with three officers of Marines, one of whom, with five gloves (lady's six-and-a-half) and a withered rose before him, was telling how—"after leading me on in this way, after gaining my young affections in this treacherous manner, by Jove! sir, she throws me over and marries Blubber."

"It's like the sex," said the second Marine.

"It's woman that sejuices all mankind," said the third Marine.

"It reminds me of what once happened to myself," said Jenkyns; "you know the story," he continued, turning to me. "So just order yourself some sherry and soda-water; ah! and while you are about it order some for me too, and you can pay for them both when they come; then I sha'nt be put out. Paying for anything always puts me out. Thank you! I'll try one of your cigars. Well! gentlemen," turning to the Marines, "Some time ago I was staying with Sir George P——, P—— House, P———shire. Great number of people there—all kinds of amusements going on. Driving, riding, fishing, shooting, everything in fact. Sir George's daughter, Fanny, was often my companion in these expeditions, and I was considerably struck with her. For she was a girl to whom the epithet 'stunning' applies better than any other that I am acquainted with. She could ride like Nimrod, she could drive like Jehu, she could row like Charon, she could dance like Terpsichore, she could run like Diana, she walked like Juno, and she looked like Venus. I've even seen her smoke."

"One good point in her character, at any rate," said the third Marine.

"Just like the sex!" said the second Marine.

"Ah! she was a stunner," continued Jenkyns, "you should have heard that girl whistle, and laugh——you should have heard her laugh. She was truly a delightful companion. We rode together, drove together, fished together, walked together, danced together, sang together; I called her Fanny, and she called me Tom. All this could have but one termination, you know. I fell in love with her, and determined to take the first opportunity of proposing. So one day, when we were out together fishing on the lake, I went down on my knees amongst the gudgeons, seized her hand, pressed it to my waistcoat, and in burning accents entreated her to become my wife.

"'Don't be a fool!' she said. 'Now drop it, do! and put me a fresh worm on.'

"'Oh! Fanny,' I exclaimed; 'don't talk about worms when marriage is in question. Only say——'

"'I tell you what it is, now,' she replied, angrily, 'if you don't drop it I'll pitch you out of the boat.'

"Gentlemen," said Jenkyns, with strong emotion, "I did not drop it; and I give you my word of honour, with a sudden shove she sent me flying into the water; then seizing the sculls, with a stroke or two she put several yards between us, and burst into a fit of laughter that fortunately prevented her from going any further. I swam up and climbed into the boat. 'Jenkyns!' said I to myself, 'Revenge! revenge!' I disguised my feelings. I laughed—hideous mockery of mirth—I laughed. Pulled to the bank, went to the house, and changed my clothes. When I appeared at the dinner-table, I perceived that everyone had been informed of my ducking—universal laughter greeted me. During dinner Fanny repeatedly whispered to her neighbour, and glanced at me. Smothered laughter invariably followed. 'Jenkyns!' said I, 'Revenge!' The opportunity

soon offered. There was to be a balloon ascent from the lawn, and Fanny had tormented her father into letting her ascend with the aeronaut. I instantly took my plans; bribed the aeronaut to plead illness at the moment when the machine should have risen; learned from him the management of the balloon, though I understood that pretty well before, and calmly awaited the result. The day came. The weather was fine. The balloon was inflated. Fanny was in the car. Everything was ready, when the aeronaut suddenly fainted. He was carried into the house, and Sir George accompanied him to see that he was properly attended to. Fanny was in despair.

"'Am I to lose my air expedition?' she exclaimed, looking over the side of the car, 'Some-one understands the management of this thing, surely? Nobody! Tom!' she called out to me, 'you understand it, don't you?'

"'Perfectly!' I answered.

"'Come along then!' she cried, 'be quick; before papa comes back.'

"The company in general endeavoured to dissuade her from her project, but of course in vain. After a decent show of hesitation, I climbed into the car. The balloon was cast off, and rapidly sailed heavenward. There was scarcely a breath of wind, and we rose almost straight up. We rose above the house, and she laughed, and said:

"'How jolly!'

"We were higher than the highest trees and she smiled, and said it was very kind of me to come with her. We were so high that the people below looked mere specks, and she hoped that I thoroughly understood the management of the balloon. Now was my time.

"'I understand the going up part,' I answered, 'to come down is not so easy,' and I whistled.

"'What do you mean?' she cried.

"'Why, when you want to go up faster, you throw some sand overboard,' I replied, suiting the action to the word.

"'Don't be foolish, Tom,' she said, trying to appear quite calm and indifferent, but trembling uncommonly.

"'Foolish!' I said. 'Oh, dear no! but whether I go along the ground or up in the air I like to go the pace, and so do you, Fanny, I know. Go it, you cripples!' and over went another sand-bag.

"'Why, you're mad, surely,' she whispered in utter terror, and tried to reach the bags, but I kept her back.

"'Only with love, my dear,' I answered, smiling pleasantly; 'only with love for you. Oh, Fanny, I adore you! Say you will be my wife.'

"'I gave you an answer the other day,' she replied; 'one which I should have thought you would have remembered,' she added, laughing a little, notwithstanding her terror.

"'I remember it perfectly,' I answered, 'but I intend to have a different reply to that. You see those five sand-bags, I shall ask you five times to become my wife. Every time you refuse I shall throw over a sand-bag—so, lady fair, as the cabmen would say, reconsider your decision, and consent to become Mrs. Jenkyns.'

"'I won't!' she said; 'I never will! and, let me tell you, that you are acting in a very ungentlemanly way to press me thus.'

"'You acted in a very ladylike way the other day, did you not,' I rejoined, 'when you knocked me out of the boat?' She laughed again, for she was a plucky girl, and no mistake—a very plucky girl. 'However,' I went on, 'it's no good arguing about it—will you promise to give me your hand?'

"'Never!' she answered; 'I'll go to Ursa Major first, though I've got a big enough bear here, in all conscience. Stay! you'd prefer Aquarius, wouldn't you?'

"She looked so pretty that I was almost inclined to let her off (I was only trying to frighten her, of course—I knew how high we could go safely well enough, and how valuable the life of Jenkyns was to his country); but resolution is one of the strong points of my character, and when I've begun a thing I like to carry it through, so I threw over another sand-bag, and whistled the Dead March in Saul.

"'Come, Mr. Jenkyns,' she said, suddenly, 'come, Tom, let us descend now, and I'll promise to say nothing whatever about all this.'

"I continued the execution of the Dead March.

"'But if you do not begin the descent at once I'll tell papa the moment I set foot on the ground.'

"I laughed, seized another bag, and, looking steadily at her, said:

"'Will you promise to give me your hand?'

"'I've answered you already,' was the reply.

"Over went the sand, and the solemn notes of the Dead March resounded through the car.

"'I thought you were a gentleman,' said Fanny, rising up in a terrible rage from the bottom of the car, where she had been sitting, and looking perfectly beautiful in her wrath; 'I thought you were a gentleman, but I find I was mistaken; why a chimney-sweeper would not treat a lady in such a way. Do you know that you are risking your own life as well as mine by your madness?'

"I explained that I adored her so much that to die in her company would be perfect bliss, so that I begged she would not consider my feelings at all. She dashed her beautiful hair from her face, and standing perfectly erect, looking like the Goddess of Anger or Boadicea—if you can fancy that personage in a balloon—she said:

"'I command you to begin the descent this instant!'

"The Dead March, whistled in a manner essentially gay and lively, was the only response. After a few minutes' silence, I took up another bag, and said:

"'We are getting rather high, if you do not decide soon we shall have Mercury coming to tell us that we are trespassing—will you promise me your hand?'

"She sat in sulky silence in the bottom of the car. I threw over the sand. Then she tried another plan. Throwing herself upon her knees, and bursting into tears, she said:

"'Oh, forgive me for what I did the other day! It was very wrong, and I am very sorry. Take me home, and I will be a sister to you.'

"'Not a wife?' said I.

"'I can't! I can't!' she answered.

"Over went the fourth bag, and I began to think she would beat me, after all; for I did not like the idea of going much higher. I would not give in just yet, however. I whistled for a few moments, to give her time for reflection, and then said:

"'Fanny, they say that marriages are made in Heaven—if you do not take care, ours will be solemnised there.'

"I took up the fifth bag.

"'Come,' I said, 'my wife in life, or my companion in death! Which is it to be?' and I patted the sand-bag in a cheerful manner. She held her face in her hands, but did not answer. I nursed the bag in my arms, as if it had been a baby.

"'Come, Fanny, give me your promise!'

"I could hear her sobs. I'm the most soft-hearted creature breathing, and would not pain any living thing, and, I confess, she had beaten me. I forgave her the ducking; I forgave her for rejecting me. I was on the point of flinging the bag back into the car, and saying: 'Dearest Fanny: forgive me for frightening you. Marry whomsoever you will. Give your lovely hand to the lowest groom in your stables,—endow with your priceless beauty the Chief of the Panki-wanki Indians. Whatever happens, Jenkyns is your slave—your dog—your footstool. His duty, henceforth, is to go whithersoever you shall order,—to do whatever you shall command.' I was just on the point of saying this, I repeat, when Fanny suddenly looked up, and said, with a queerish expression upon her face:

"'You need not throw that last bag over. I promise to give you my hand.'

"'With all your heart?' I asked, quickly.

"'With all my heart,' she answered, with the same strange look.

"I tossed the bag into the bottom of the car, and opened the valve. The balloon descended.

"'Gentlemen,' said Jenkyns, rising from his seat in the most solemn manner, and stretching out his hand, as if he were going to take an oath; 'Gentlemen, will you believe it? When we had reached the ground, and the balloon had been given over to its recovered master,—when I had helped Fanny tenderly to the earth, and turned towards her to receive anew the promise of her affection and her hand,—will you believe it?—she gave me a box on the ear that upset me against the car, and running to her father, who at that moment came up, she related to him and the assembled company what she called my disgraceful conduct in the balloon, and ended by informing me that all of her hand that I was likely to get had been already bestowed upon my ear, which she assured me had been given with all her heart.'

"'You villain!' said Sir George, advancing towards me with a horse-whip in his hand. 'You villain! I've a good mind to break this over your back.'

"'Sir George,' said I, 'villain and Jenkyns must never be coupled in the same sentence; and as for the breaking of this whip, I'll relieve you of the trouble,' and, snatching it from his hand, I broke it in two, and threw the pieces on the ground. 'And now I shall have the honour of wishing you a good morning. Miss P——, I forgive you.' And I retired.

"Now I ask you whether any specimen of female treachery equal to that has ever come within your experience, and whether any excuse can be made for such conduct?"

"As I said before, it's like the sex,' said the second Marine.

"Yes, all mankind is sejuiced by woman,' said the third Marine.

"It's just my case over again,' said the first Marine. 'After drawing me on in that way,—after gaining my affections in that treacherous manner, by Jove! sir, she goes and marries Blubber!"

Well, it does sound improbable, certainly—very improbable. But, I said before I began, that I would not guarantee the truth of it. Indeed, if you ask my candid opinion, I don't think it is true, but yet the *Marines believed* it.

HOW THE RAINS COME UPON US IN INDIA.

HOTTER, hotter, hotter still! till everything is burnt and parched and scorched, and every pond is dried up, and the great Ganges is little more, in some places, than a moderate sluggish stream, and the wide plains have nothing green about them, covered only with drifting beds of sand and dust; man and beast sunk into languor and sickness, as though a plague were upon them; hardly a sound in camp or city at mid-day, when all are gasping in their tents and houses; while the hot wind tears in fiery blasts over us—great gusts of heat against which few constitutions can bear up, and before which many go down, while the rest heave to and weather them as best they may; the dazzling, glowing atmosphere glitters like a thin Scotch mist of diamond dust, except when darkened now and again by the dense clouds of heated sand which are borne along; and the ground sparkles back impatiently, but feebly, the sun's rays, as if it were weary of them.

Hotter, hotter still! When will the rains come? It is time they were here—time that those dark banks of clouds, which for days have been rolling portentously over head, discharged their burdens, and that the masses of vapour which hang so tantalisingly above us streamed down to quench this deadly drought and cool this heavy heat.

Faugh! It is worse than ever to-night, as I lie tossing restlessly upon my bed, watching the punkah swinging with a slow, heavy motion above me, drinking in gratefully the whiffs of cool air which it sets in motion, and listening irritably to the strong metallic ring of the mosquitoes' song as they buzz savagely around.

A stifling, dreadful night! Heavy rumblings of thunder; uncouth masses of black cloud sailing one after the other across the moon: I watch them languidly through the opened windows, till they look like armies of shadowy spirits with mantles across their faces, fleeing uneasily from this fiery land. Oh, weary time! Will the night never pass? Oh, dreary monotone of the swinging punkah!

It is a little cooler,—or is it only the punkah

pulled more vigorously? No; there is no mistaking a gentle rustling among the trees outside; a soft sound, scarcely of wind, but whisperings of its approach. A breeze comes in rather suddenly, in a great whiff, but silently, as if trying to hide itself, and panting quietly after a long chace. It is followed presently by another, cool and delicious. I see very little of the moon now, for the black spirits are tumbling over it in quick succession; the thunder rumbles louder and oftener than before—almost unceasingly,—and there is a general sensation of motion out of doors. I must be moving too: so I get up and look out of the window. The breeze is freshening every moment, and takes liberties with my hair. Something cold and fat falls upon my cheek. I wipe it off: it is wet: but soon there is another—two—three—and the gravel outside begins to sound as if somebody were throwing peas upon it. Yes! there can be no mistake any longer! It is coming down at last—good hard-pelting rain; and the wind dances about, wild with delight; and the heavy drops, as they strike the hard ground, seem to jump back a foot or so, with astonishment, one half imagines, at finding it so parched and dry.

What a commotion outside! All the horses are beginning to neigh, and a great many have escaped from their picket-ropes, and are running about kicking one another, in their half-frightened ecstacy; and the goats are ba-a-ahing amazingly; and the fowls express their gratification in hoarse chuckles; we shall soon hear the elephants too, with their cracked voices. All nature is in a bustle; there is hurrying to and fro, and excitement among the native servants, who all sleep out of doors, and who are now taking up their beds and running under cover, calling each other loudly by name; and the syces are busy catching the loose horses.

Night, indeed! Night, perhaps, with the enemy, and a panic amongst us; but no common night, with all this noise and hurried movement, and rustling and hiss of rain.

It is pelting down now, a dense, cold sheet of rain; the gutters are beginning to fill, and there is a pleasant bubbling sound of water as it gushes along the sides of the paths and in self-made drains, improvising small waterfalls and cascades. I can hear little bits of earth falling with a splash into the stream, as it goes about undermining banks. The rain comes down more like an opened sluice, than rain as we know it in England. With the help of the thick black clouds it has put out the moon altogether, and the thunder is playing a bass accompaniment the while.

So about this time I retire from the opened window, and find that the thermometer has fallen twelve degrees, and go to bed. The hunted breeze has come out of the corner of the room ere this, and, grown quite bold, has entered into a little, not unpleasant plot with the punkah, to blow me out of bed. A small hurricane is raging in my apartment; discipline is at an end among my loose papers, which are engaged now in a paper chace; the venetian shutters are flapping their wings impatiently, anxious to join them, and I half-expect every moment to hear them crow; and things generally are being blown about and away, and have assumed a disordered aspect. But one thing is not blown away,—the pleasant reflection that the furnace doors have been opened and discovered us still alive; that the fiery summer days are over; and that the rains have set in at last!

FAIRY CHILDREN.

From a quaint book of simple fairy lore,
 I hold remembrance of an ancient story,—
How tricksy Mab or sweet Titania bore
Brave children, in the golden days of yore,
 To some prowd knight renowned for deeds of glory.

Brave children—daughters pure and gentle-hearted,
 A troop of sons high-honoured and strong-souled;
For whose sweet sake the father would have parted
With all his earthlier children, and have marted,
 To dower these, his fame and lands and gold.

But these brave bastard children, strange to say,
 (Though human-souled) in outward form and feature,
Were incorporeal like their mother-fay;
Impalpable to touch of grosser clay,
 Invisible to eyes of earthly creature.

By some sixth sense, some strange clairvoyant power,
 Our knight was conscious of this fairy brood;
And watched his spotless daughters bud and flower,
His sons to fullest moral stature tower;
 And kept the sacred secret as he could.

* * * * * *

And still, methinks, in these prosaic days
 Like wonders happen. Many a sober mortal,
Whom none suspects of such improper ways,
Holds stolen assignations with the fays
 In some heart-chamber with a secret portal.

Heart-chamber? Heart establishment! more stately
 Than Belgrave mansions where the matrons dwell.
Mab driveth in her tiny brougham sedately;
In her boudoir elf-footmen delicately
 Serve sweet Titania, as the poets tell.

Here are the fairy children born and bred—
 King Priam's self had never such a nursery:
How they are bathed and swathed, and put to bed,
With what ambrosial pap the rogues are fed,
 Space lacks to tell in lines so brief and cursory.

Some are but weakly babes, and die in teething,
 Of measles some,—half-mortal babes *can* die.
These fade away, in their decease bequeathing
What little strength they had to those still breathing,
 So that the remnant lustier wax thereby.

Here these love-children dwell, and day by day
 From stage to stage, like earthlier children, growing—
First word, first step, each progress on the way
That all must tread who have a touch of clay—
 They set their father's pride in triumph glowing.

Ah me! we men respectable and portly,
 Whom none suspect of having souls at all;
Who speak dull platitudes in accents courtly,
Or mouldy truths sententiously and shortly;
 Whose young romance seems dead beyond recall;

We ancient fogies, whom the youngsters think
 Mere pulpy husks with no informing kernel,
Whose only functions are to eat and drink,
Write cheques alive, make wills upon the brink
 Of death—*we* have our mysteries internal.

The bird doth not betray its nest, but flutters
Afar. Thus we our fairy broods conceal;
Closing o'er conscious eyes opaquest shutters,
Locking set lips, through which a tied tongue mutters
The opposites of what we really feel.

We live an inward life that shows no sign;
We have a sense beyond the outward senses,
Which recognises essences more fine
And subtle than the senses five combine
To render through the dull exterior fences.

We have our fairy children, still the dearer
That we have reared the bantlings from their birth
In silence, babbling to no careless hearer
The sacred secret of a kindred nearer
Than those most loved who bear our name on earth.

John Addis.

OLD ENGLISH PRODIGIES.

In the dull season of the year we occasionally find some very startling information in our daily papers. The gigantic gooseberry, the mushroom as large as a lady's parasol, birds' nests behind doors or in letter-boxes at post-offices, a fall of large hailstones, an eight-legged calf, or three children at a birth, are "subjects" that pleasantly enliven reports of the disease in potatoes, the smut in wheat, or the fly in turnips. The popular taste for what is curious must, in fact, be gratified. But how tame are the greatest achievements of the most ingenious paragraph-monger of the present day compared with the stories furnished to Englishmen two hundred years ago! In the British Museum Library—that mine of treasure inexhaustible as Aladdin's cave—there are tales without end of marvels that formerly no man thought of doubting. Let us disentomb some of them, bring them to the light of day, and judge how they would look in the columns of the "Times."

In the year 1641 there was placed before the public "A strange prophecie of a Maid that lately lived neere Worsop in Nottinghamshire." This was by no means an ordinary prophecy. The maid in question had calmly departed this life, but a few days after the sad event she returned and divulged the secrets of fate. The object of the prophecy was to inform the world that the end of all things was "neer at hand." The maid while in the flesh had been much "flooted" one day by some of her companions respecting the poverty of her wardrobe. Nay, one of the taunting young ladies displayed—doubtless, with an amiable and friendly motive—"curious wrought hadkirchers, and the like, which caused admiration"—unmingled, of course, with envy. But the sight of the "hadkirchers" overpowered the Maid; she gave up the ghost next day, and lay four-and-twenty hours quite silently and still. Her mother was weeping over her remains when, lo! the Maid of Worksop arose, and "with a mild and cheerefull countenance" told her story. She had met an old man, it seemed, in the land of shadows—people, alack! grow old there also—who took her, she said, "to a faire and costly fort, no Prince's Court like it, where we were let in; in which place we saw many bright angells, shining like the sun, all singing melodiously with cleare voices." It was in this enchanting scene that the Maid was charged to come back to earth with a message warning all persons against wearing fine dresses, and especially denouncing her former companion who had "flooted" her. "The very cloathes," said the seer, "which Miss Anne did weare, for her Pride shall become loathsome to all people, whereby none shall be able to weare them, but shall become unnecessary to all men." And "unnecessary" they were for ever after, since we are told that "this speech, twice spoken, was markt and found to be true, by reason of an evill savour about them." This disagreeable incident satisfied the irate and wounded Maid, and she once more retired from an ungrateful world.

A greater prodigy still was Charles Benet, the "Man-child of Manchester," who made his appearance in the year 1679. The record of his life declares that "at three yeares of age he doth speak Latine, Greek, and Hebrew, though never taught those languages." There was something in his appearance betokening the possession of marvellous gifts. "His countenance," says the discriminative biographer, "is very solid and composed; he is somewhat inclined to Melancholy, yet hath a kind of Majestical Gravity even already appearing in his looks, which is frequently attended with a modest smile." His eye "darted a piercing and sprightly ray upon all things," and his modesty was no less remarkable than were his talents as a linguist, for when he heard people praise himself "he did commonly blush and reprove them." Here was an example for his seniors! Happily for the peace of families such children are rare, or what would become of parents? One night, when the prodigy's father was, "according to his usual and commendable custom, reading to his family in the Bible, and indeed misreciting one sentence, the child of a sudden (then two years old) broke out into these words: 'Father, you read wrong, for it is not so in the Scripture.'" The unhappy parent was "wrapt in amazement" at this alarming instance of precocity, nor was he much comforted to learn that his son had oftimes read the Scriptures in "Latine, Greek, and Hebrew, as well as English." As to his mode of talking, we learn that he was "very vehement in the delivery of his Speeches, with a manly voice, but something thick in the delivery of his words." Cotemporary with Master Benet was a child in Switzerland, who preached edifying sermons to the neighbours when but three years of age; and at Basil there was a girl who delivered discourses uninterruptedly from the 3rd of February to the 22nd of May, "rising as fresh in the morning as if she had neither said nor done anything." What a treasure of a wife this girl must have been in after years! Let us hope her husband appreciated her unusual powers of eloquence.

Another wonderful girl was Martha Taylor, "the famed Derbyshire damsel." It was this young person's lot to exist twelve months without eating. She lived near Bakewell—what good angler has not sojourned at that quaint village?—and in the year 1667 she received "a blow on her

back" from a miller. The consequence was that the poor girl fell ill, and immediately abstained from taking food, "and so" adds the chronicler, "she hath continued till within a fortnight before the date hereof, which amounts to thirteen months and upwards." She occasionally indulged in a few drops of the syrup of stewed prunes, water, and sugar, "or the juice of a roasted raisin." The last delicacy might have been refreshing, but Miss Taylor's biographer is clearly right in describing it as "prodigiously insufficient for sustenation." She was watched by a person appointed by the Duke of Devonshire, but the only discovery made was that sleep was as unnecessary to her as food, since she once "continued for five weeks waking."

Another individual of remarkably abstemious habits was one Roger Crab, who flourished at Uxbridge in 1655. "He can live," says the record, "on three farthings a-week"—a consummation devoutly to be wished for in many other cases. Economical housewives may envy Roger Crab's system in its results, although they would probably hesitate to follow it in its operations. For his constant food was "roots and herbs, as cabbage, turneps, carrots, dock-leaves, and grass; also bread and bran." Not the least curious fact in Roger's history was, that he once kept a shop, but retired to the woods on his dock-leaves and grass, "because of the many lyes, swearing, and deceiving that are too frequently used by most shopkeepers and tradesmen."

In 1614 was published a "True and wonderfull account of a strange and monstrous serpent or dragon, *yet living*, to the great annoyance and divers slaughters both of men and cattell by his strong and violent poyson." This appalling monster "lived" in a wood two miles from Horsham; the "account" of it was written by M. A. R., who appends to his name the quaint notice, "He that would send better newes if he had it." The dragon was nine feet in length, and must have been in every way an interesting object. In colour it was black in some parts and red in others, in shape it was like the axletree of a cart, and its general appearance is thus sketched. "He is of countenance very proud, and at the sight or hearing of men or cattell will raise his necke upright, and seeme to listen and look about with great arrogancy." On his side were "two great branches," which were likely to expand into wings; but M. A. R, expressed a hope that he would be destroyed before he grew "so fledge." Very terrible was this dragon to meet, for he "cast his venome about four rodde from him," and had thereby killed several people. What became of him there is no record to show, and the town very soon forgot this prodigy in the consideration of another—an old woman of Denbighshire, who was "perfectly able to relate what she hath said and done 130 years ago." It is scarcely necessary to say that her name was Morgan. Her teeth were perfect, "although about three score years ago she had lost most of them. Her organs of smell were so corroborated by age that no stench could invade them to the least prejudice." Mrs. Morgan had only one fault—she was a termagant. She was the terror of "catchpolls and petty constables," and "whatever ground she trod upon was as fatal to them as Irish earth to venomous creatures." Another little weakness of the old dame was displayed in her choice of food—"carrion buried two or three days she will take up, slice, and fling as collops upon the coals, which she will eat as savourly as he that thinks he eats the best in town." Moreover, she smoked tobacco "in a comfortable short pipe."

Such are a few examples of the prodigies which astonished our pensive great-grandfathers.

L. J. J.

ALLAN RAMSAY, JUNIOR.

Allan Ramsay, the author of the "Gentle Shepherd,"—"the best pastoral that had ever been written," said Mr. Boswell, whose judgments upon poetry, however, are not final, Allan Ramsay, the poet, father of Allan Ramsay, principal painter to King George the Third, claimed descent from the noble house of Dalhousie; he was the great grandson of the laird of Cockpen. His claim was admitted by the contemporary earl, who ever took pride in recognising, as a relative, the "restorer of Scottish national poetry." Certainly the poetical branch of the family tree had been in some danger of being lost altogether—the clouds of obscurity had so gathered round it—the sunshine of good fortune had so ceased to play upon it. The laird's children appear to have been of the humblest class, dwelling in a poor hamlet on the banks of the Glaugomar, a tributary of the Clyde among the hills between Clydesdale and Annandale. The father of the Gentle Shepherd is said to have been a workman in Lord Hopetoun's lead-mines, and the Gentle Shepherd himself, as a child, was employed as a washer of ore. Early in the last century he was in Edinburgh, a barber's apprentice. In 1729 he had published his comic pastoral, and was then in a bookseller's shop in the Luckenbooths. Here he used to *amuse* Gay, famous for his Newgate pastoral, with pointing out the chief characters and literati of the city as they met daily in the forenoon at the Cross, according to custom. Here Gay first read the "Gentle Shepherd," and studied the Scottish dialect, so that, on his return to England, he was able to explain to Pope the peculiar merits of the poem. And the poets, Gay and Ramsay, spent much time and emptied many glasses together at a twopenny alehouse opposite Queensbury House, kept by one Janet Hall, called more frequently Janet Ha'.

It was at Edinburgh that Allan Ramsay, junior, was born, the eldest of seven children, in the year 1713, or in 1709, as some say. Late in life he was fond of understating his age as people somehow *will* do:

"I am old enough," he said once, with the air of making a very frank avowal, "I am old enough to have been a contemporary of Pope." Which was not remarkable, considering that Pope did not die until 1744, when Mr. Ramsay must have been at least thirty-one.

He had considerable talent for art. He began to sketch at twelve. But his father was poor with a large family to support,—it was not possible to afford much of an education to the young artist. He

had to develop his abilities as he best could. In 1736, when he was probably twenty-three, the father wrote of him thus simply and tenderly: "My son Allan has been pursuing his science since he was a dozen years auld: was with Mr. Hyffidg, in London, for some time about two years ago; has since been painting here like a Raphael; sets out for the seat of the Beast beyond the Alps within a month hence to be away two years. I am sweer" (i. e., loath) "to part with him, but canna stem the current which flows from the advice of his patrons and his own inclinations." This letter was addressed to one John Smybert, also a self-taught artist. He had commenced in Edinburgh as a house-painter, and, growing ambitious, found himself after a time in London, choosing between starvation and the decoration of grand coach-panels in Long Acre factories. In 1728 he settled in Boston, and shares with John Watson, another Scotchman, who had preceded him some years, the honour of founded painting as an art—from a European point of view—in the New World.

Those who had hesitated in their patronage of the poet were not disinclined to aid the painter. I is much less difficult a matter to have one's portrait painted than to be able to appreciate a poem. Means were forthcoming to enable the art-student to quit Edinburgh in 1736 for Rome. He remained there during three years, receiving instruction from Francesco Solimena, called also l'Abate Ciccio, and one Imperiali, an artist of less fame. Of both it may be said, however, that they did little enough to stay the downfall of Italian art.

On the return of Allan Ramsay, junior, to Scotland, we learn little more of him than that he painted portraits of Duncan Forbes, of his own sister, Miss Janet Ramsay, and Archibald, Duke of Argyle, in his robes as Lord of Session; finally he removed to London.

He was so fortunate as to find many valuable friends. The Earl of Bridgewater was an early patron, followed by Lord Bute, whose powerful position at court enabled him to introduce the painter to the heir-apparent of the crown, Frederick, Prince of Wales. Two portraits of His Royal Highness were commanded, full-length, and one remarkable for being in profile. Still greater fame accrued to him, however, for his portrait of Lord Bute, who was said to have had the handsomest leg in England. His lordship was conscious of his advantage, and, during the sitting to Ramsay for his whole length portrait, engraved by Ryland, was careful to hold up his robes considerably above his right knee, so that his well-formed limbs should be thoroughly well exhibited. While, as though to direct the attention of the spectator, with the forefinger of his right hand he pointed down to his leg, and in this position remained for an hour. The painter availed himself to the full of the opportunity, and humoured the minister to the top of his bent. The picture was a genuine triumph. Reynolds, never popular at court, grew jealous of his rival's success, and alarmed lest it should lead to extraordinary advancement. When the Marquis of Rockingham was posed before Sir Joshua for the full-length picture, engraved by Fisher, the nobleman asked the painter if he had not given a strut to the left leg. "My lord," replied Sir Joshua with a smile, "I wish to show a leg with Ramsay's Lord Bute."

The painter prospered steadily, and, of course, was well abused; but success is always sure to bring with it envy and satire. Mr. William Hogarth, who objected strongly to competitors, sought to jest down the advancing Scotchman with a feeble pun about a Ram's eye! William was very much less clever when he had a pen in his hand than when he was wielding a brush or an etching-needle.

The Reverend Charles Churchill, very angry with North Britons, wrote sneering lines in the "Prophecy of Famine:"—

> Thence came the Ramsays men of worthy note,
> Of whom one paints as well as t'other wrote.

By-and-by these two critics forgot Ramsay, and were busy with each other, bandying abuse and interchanging mud. The court painter heeded little their comments. He was putting money in his purse. There were always sitters in his studio: he had as much work as he could do, while yet he found time for self-cultivation. He must have possessed an active restless mind. He was not content with being merely a clever, hard-working, money-making painter. Even at Rome he had studied other things beside art. As Mr. Fuseli states magniloquently, after his manner, "he was smit with the love of classic lore, and desired to trace, on dubious vestiges, the haunts of ancient genius and learning." He made himself a good Latin, French, and Italian scholar; indeed, he is said to have mastered most of the modern European languages, with the exception of Russian. His German he found of no slight service to him in the court of the Guelphs. Later in life he studied Greek, and acquitted himself as a commendable scholar.

Artists, less accomplished, were inclined to charge him with being above his business, and more anxious to be accounted a person of taste and learning than to be valued as a painter. Just as Congreve disclaimed the character of a poet, declaring he had written plays but for pastime, and begged he might be considered merely as a gentleman. There was no one to say to Ramsay, however, as Voltaire—nothing, if not literary—said to Congreve, "If you had been merely a gentleman, I should not have come to see you." On the contrary, men applauded Ramsay for qualities quite apart from professional merits.

"I love Ramsay," said Samuel Johnson to his biographer. "You will not find a man in whose conversation there is more instruction, more information, and more elegance than in Ramsay's."

Perhaps it may be noted that this remark of the Doctor's upon his friend follows curiously close upon his satisfactory comment upon an entertainment at the house of the painter.

"Well, sir, Ramsay gave us a splendid dinner!"

"What I admire in Ramsay," says Mr. Boswell, "is his continuing to be so young!"

Johnson concedes: "Why, yes, sir, it is to be admired. I value myself upon this, that there is nothing of the old man in my conversation. I am

now sixty-eight, and I have no more of it than at twenty-eight." And the good Doctor runs on rather garrulously, it must be owned, ending with —"I think myself a very polite man!"

It was to Mr. Ramsay's house—No. 67, Harley Street—that Mr. Boswell sent a letter for his friend: "My dear sir,—I am in great pain with an inflamed foot" (why not say plainly "the gout," Mr. Boswell?) "and obliged to keep my bed, so am prevented from having the pleasure to dine at Mr. Ramsay's to-day, which is very hard, and my spirits are sadly sunk. Will you be so friendly as to come and sit an hour with me in the evening?"

And it was from Ramsay's house the kind old man sent his rather stiff reply: "Mr. Johnson laments the absence of Mr. Boswell, and will come to him."

After dinner the Doctor goes round to the invalid, laid up in General Paoli's house in South Audley Street, and brings with him Sir Joshua Reynolds, whom it is pleasant to find is a frequent guest at his great rival's hospitable board.

Ramsay prospers—his reputation increases—he is largely employed, not only in portraiture, but in decorating walls and ceilings. He has a staff of workmen under him. A second time he visits Rome, making a stay of some months; and journeys to Edinburgh, residing there long enough to establish, in 1754, "The Select Society." He grows wealthy, too. Poor Allan Ramsay senior dies much in debt in 1757; the painter takes upon himself his father's liabilities, and pensions his unmarried sister, Janet Ramsay, who survived to 1804. He is possessed, it is said, of an independent fortune to the amount of 40,000*l.*; and this before the accession of King George the Third, and his extraordinary patronage of the painter.

The office of painter to the crown was one of early date. In 1550 Antonio More was painter to Queen Mary. For his portrait of the Queen sent to her intended husband, Philip, he was rewarded with one hundred pounds, a gold chain, and a salary of one hundred pounds a-quarter as court-painter to their majesties. There is some obscurity about the appointments of painters to the king during the reign of George the Second. Jervas was succeeded by Kent, who died in 1748. Shackleton succeeded Kent. Yet it is probable that the king had more than one painter at the same time. For we find Hogarth, who is said to have succeeded his brother-in-law, John Thornhill, the son of Sir James, appointed in 1757, while Mr. Shackleton did not die until 1767, when, as Mr. Cunningham relates the story of the London studios, he died of a broken heart on learning that Ramsay was appointed in his stead. This was certainly about the date of Ramsay's appointment to be painter to the king. And now there grew to be quite a rage for portraits by Ramsay—there was a run upon him as though he had been a sinking bank. He was compelled to call in the aid of all sorts of people, painting the heads only of his sitters with his own hand; and at last abandoning even much of that superior work to his favourite pupil, Philip Reinagle. So that in many of Ramsay's pictures there is probably but a very few strokes of Ramsay's brush. The names of certain of his assistants have been recorded. Mrs. Black, "a lady of less talent than good taste." Vandyck, a Dutchman, allied more in name than in talent with him of the days of Charles the First. Eikart, a German, clever at draperies. Roth, another German, who aided in the subordinate parts of the work. Vesperis, an Italian, who was employed occasionally to paint fruits and flowers. And Davie Martin, a Scotchman, a favourite draughtsman and helper, and conscientious servant. Mr. Reinagle probably furnished Mr. Cunningham with these particulars. It will be noted that the English artist's employment of foreign mercenaries was considerable. This must have been either from the fact of such assistance being procurable at a cheaper rate, or that the old notion still prevailed as to the necessity of looking abroad for art-talent.

Ramsay succeeded at court. He was made of more yielding materials than Reynolds; assumed more the airs of a courtier—humoured the king. Perhaps like Sir Pertinax he had a theory upon the successful results of "booing and booing." He never contradicted; always smiled acquiescence; listened complacently to the most absurd opinions upon art of his royal master. Reynolds was bent upon asserting the dignity of his profession. He did not scruple to conceal his appreciation of the fact that as a painter at any rate he was the sovereign's superior—he *would* be, to use a popular phrase, "cock on his own dunghill." When the painter's friends spoke on the subject to Johnson, he said stoutly "That the neglect could never prejudice him: but it would reflect *eternal disgrace* on the king not to have employed Sir Joshua." But Reynolds received only one royal commission: to paint the king and queen, whole-lengths, for the council-room of the Royal Academy, "two of the finest portraits in the world," as Northcote declared. The king, who was an early riser, sat at ten in the morning. The entry in Reynolds's pocket-book is "Friday, May 21 (1779), at 10—the king." The queen's name does not occur until December. The king, who was near-sighted, and looked close at a picture, always complained that Reynolds's paintings were rough and unfinished. But Reynolds heeded not. Be sure Ramsay and West were careful to paint smoothly enough after that. Northcote said that the balance of greatness preponderated on the side of the subject, and the king was annoyed at perceiving it; and disliked extremely the ease and independence of manner of Reynolds—always courteous, yet always unembarrassed—proceeding with his likenesses as though he were copying marble statues. "Do not suppose," adds his pupil, "that he was ignorant of the value of royal favour. No. Reynolds had a thorough knowledge of the world, he would have gladly possessed it, but the price would have cost him too much."

The court-painter had soon enough to do, for the king had a habit of presenting portraits of himself and his queen to all his ambassadors and colonial governors. He sat, too, for his coronation portrait, as it was called, in Buckingham Palace. The bland, obsequious, well-informed Ramsay

became a great favourite. He always gave way to the king—would have sacrificed his art to his advancement any day. And he was almost the only person about the court, except the servants, who could speak German, and the queen was especially fond of chatting with him in her native language. Their majesties soon gave over being dignified. Indeed, few persons were more prone to forget their grandeur, although they did not like anybody else to do so. With his own hands the king would help West to place his pictures in position on the easel. The queen—plain, snuff-taking, her face painted like a mask, and her eyes rolling like an automaton, as eyewitnesses have described her later in life—called on Mrs. Garrick one day at Hampton Court, and found the widow of the Roscius very busy peeling onions for pickling. "The queen, however, would not suffer her to stir, but commanded a knife to be brought, observing that she would peel an onion with her, and actually sat down in the most condescending manner and peeled onions." The king, interrupting his sittings to dine off his favourite boiled mutton and turnips, would make Ramsay bring easel and canvas into the dining-room, so that they might continue their conversation during the royal meal. When the king had finished, he would rise and say, "Now, Ramsay, sit down in my place and take your dinner." When he was engaged on his first portrait of the queen, it is said that all the crown jewels and the regalia were sent to him. The painter observed that jewels and gold of so great a value deserved a guard, and accordingly sentinels were posted day and night in front and rear of his house. His studio was composed of a set of rooms and haylofts in the mews at the back of Harley Street, all thrown into one long gallery.

He kept an open house and a liberal table, but more it would seem for his friends' pleasure than his own; for though fond of delicate eating, and as great a consumer of tea as Dr. Johnson, he had little taste for stronger potations, and we are told that "even the smell of a bottle of claret was too much for him." The Doctor entertained different opinions: he spoke with contempt of claret. "A man would be drowned by it before it made him drunk," adding, "Poor stuff! No, sir, claret is the liquor for boys: port for men: but he who aspires to be a hero must drink brandy!" Most toper sentiments! But Ramsay did not stint his guests, and these were constantly of a noble order. Lord Bute, the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Bath, Lord Chesterfield, and the Duke of Richmond were often at the painter's table, discussing all sorts of political questions with him. Every man was a politician in those days, especially after dinner. But Ramsay was not content to be simply a talker upon the topics of the day—he became also a writer. Many clever papers by him upon history, politics, and criticism were published at various times, under the signature "Investigator," and were subsequently reprinted and collected into a volume. Upon the question which had agitated London for some months, as to the truth of the charge brought against the gipsy woman Mary Squire, of aiding in the abduction of the servant girl Elizabeth Canning, Ramsay wrote an ingenious pamphlet. The same subject had also employed the pen of no less a person than Henry Fielding. Ramsay corresponded with Voltaire and Rousseau, both of whom he visited. His letters, we are told, were elegant and witty. The painter to the king was a man of society.

A third time he visits Rome, accompanied on this occasion by his son, afterwards to rise to distinction in the army. He employed himself, however, more as a savant than an artist—in examining and copying the Greek and Latin inscriptions in the Vatican. The President of the Roman Academy introduced the painter to the School of Art, and was rather pompous about the works of his students. Ramsay's national pride was piqued. "I will show you," he said, "how we draw in England." He wrote to his Scotch assistant, Davie Martin, to pack up some drawings and journey at once to Rome. On his arrival, Ramsay arranged his drawings, and then invited the President and his scholars to the exhibition. The king's painter was always fond of declaring that it was the proudest moment of his life, "for," he said, "the Italians were confounded and overcome, and British skill triumphant!" Perhaps the Italian account of the transaction, could we obtain it, might not exactly tally with the king's painter's.

Soon Ramsay was again in England resuming his prosperous practice. Then occurred the accident which hindered all further pursuit of his art. Reading an account of a calamitous fire, he was so impressed with the idea of showing his household and pupils the proper mode of effecting their escape, in the event of such an accident befalling his own house, that he ascended with them to the top storey, and pushing a ladder through the loft door, mounted quickly, saying: "Now I am safe—I can get to the roofs of the adjoining houses." As he turned to descend he missed his step and fell, dislocating his right arm severely. At this time he was engaged upon the portrait of the king for the Excise-office. With extraordinary courage he managed to finish the picture, working most painfully, and supporting as he best could his right arm with his left. He declared it to be the finest portrait he had ever painted; and his friends echoed his opinion. But it was the last he was ever to put his hand to.

His constitution yielded; his spirits left him; his shoulder gave him great pain; his nights were sleepless. The painter to King George III. was evidently sinking. Yet he lingered for some years—a shattered invalid. Again he visited Rome, leaving his pupil Reinagle to complete his long list of royal commissions. Reinagle's style was so admirably imitative of his master's, that it was difficult to distinguish one from the other. The pupil was instructed to complete fifty pairs of kings and queens at ten guineas each! The task seemed endless, and was six years in hand. Midway, wearied to death with the undertaking, Reinagle wrote to complain that the price was not sufficient. Ramsay trebled it; but the pupil was wont to confess afterwards that he looked back with a sort of horror at his labours in connection with the royal portraits.

The court-painter never recovered his lost

health. He wrote from Italy to many of his friends—the first men of the day, both in France and England. Then came the home-sickness, which so often precedes dissolution. In the summer of 1784 he set out on his journey to England, hoping to reach it by short and easy stages. He reached Paris with difficulty: the fatigue brought on a low fever he had not the strength to support. He died on the 10th of August, at Dover, in the 71st year of his age.

"Poor Ramsay:" so Johnson wrote touchingly to Reynolds. "On which side soever I turn, mortality presents its formidable frown. I left three old friends at Lichfield when I was last there, and now I found them all dead. I no sooner lost sight of dear Allan than I am told that I shall see him no more! That we must all die, we all know. I wish I had sooner remembered it. Do not think me intrusive or importunate if I now call, dear sir, on you, to remember it!"

A handsome, acute, accomplished gentleman, outstripping all the painters of his age in the extent of his learning and the variety of his knowledge—an artist of delicacy and taste, rather than of energy and vigour—pale in colour and placid in expression, yet always graceful and refined—there was a charm about his works that his contemporaries thoroughly understood, though they could not always themselves attain it. Northcote gave a close and clever criticism on the king's painter in this wise:—"Sir Joshua used to say that he was the most sensible among all the painters of his time; but he has left little to show it. His manner was dry and timid. He stopped short in the middle of his work because he knew exactly how much it wanted. Now and then we find hints and sketches, which show what he might have done if his hand had been equal to his conceptions. I have seen a picture of his of the Queen soon after she was married—a profile, and slightly done: but it was a paragon of elegance. She had a fan in her hand. Lord, how she held that fan! It was weak in execution and ordinary in features—all I can say of it is, that it was the farthest possible removed from everything like vulgarity. A professor might despise it, but in the mental part I have never seen anything of Vandyke's equal to it. I could have looked at it for ever. I don't know where it is now: but I saw enough in it to convince me that Sir Joshua was right in what he said of Ramsay's great superiority. I should find it difficult to produce anything of Sir Joshua's that conveys an idea of more grace and delicacy. Reynolds would have finished it better; the other was afraid of spoiling what he had done, and so left it a mere outline. He was frightened before he was hurt." This was high praise of the king's painter, coming from his rival's pupil.

Dutton Cook.

THE CITY OF THE TRIBES.

Can there be anybody not yet tolerably familiar with the Galway subsidy? During the time that the discussion lasted, no one could take up a newspaper without seeing the unfortunate subject, "toujours perdrix," in some shape or other, whether debate, letter, or article, though the interest that Galway affairs excited in English news was nothing to the prominence that they received in the Irish papers. There the difficulty was to find a column in which anything but the subsidy was mentioned, or the systematic injustice of the English government descanted upon.

As I happened to be staying in Galway during the fever-heat of the affair, it may well be imagined that I heard enough of it to last my natural life; but apart from the politics, I found in the town so much to interest, that I cannot refrain from writing about it, in the hopes that some of my readers may be induced to visit it *en route* to Connemara. There are two points of view from which to examine Galway;—the present, upon which the success or ill-success of its future will hang; and the past, which is still visible in an uncommon degree in the style and architecture of its streets, as well as the dress and features of its inhabitants.

Hundreds of years ago, when Ireland was all but a *terra ignota* to the rest of the world—when the natives of Connaught passed their rude lives little better than did the beasts of the field—when to be an Irish king was synonymous with every species of dissension and turbulence, there was yet one bright spot amidst the gloominess of those uncivilised times. A pleasant, busy little town had sprung up on the shores of one of the many lovely bays that indent the west coast of Ireland,—so ancient was its first foundation, that even Ptolemy mentions it in his writings; and although in subsequent times it had been destroyed over and over again by the Danes, or by the people of Munster, who regarded the colony with a jealous eye, the little town of Dune-pun-na-Gaillve, or the Fortification at the mouth of the Galway, rose up after every attack with renewed vigour to fulfil its destiny. Of its early inhabitants, previous to the invasion of Connaught by Henry II., tradition says little or nothing; but after that event a few families settled in Galway to such good purpose, and with such tenacity, that their descendants, even at this period, are found high and low, and indeed make up the bulk of the leading citizens. These colonists are known to this day by the name of the Tribes of Galway—an expression first invented by Cromwell's forces, as a term of reproach, to denote their attachment to each other during the troubles, but afterwards adopted by them as an honourable mark of distinction between them and their oppressors.

Amongst these fourteen so-called Tribes, the names of Blake, D'Arcy, Bodkin, French, Joyce, Lynch, and Martin are as household words in the annals of the town; and were a stranger required to hazard the name of any given Galway inhabitant, he might pretty safely pronounce it to be either Blake or Lynch.

If their Connaught or Munster neighbours regarded them with no loving eyes, it must, on the other hand, be allowed that the Tribes were particularly careful in keeping themselves to themselves, and scarcely ever permitted the natives to enter their strongly-walled property. Many amusing anecdotes are still extant, showing

the determined opinions that they held on this point, one of which is related in Hardiman's "History of Galway," to the effect that it was ordered, in 1518, "that none of the inhabitants should admit any of the Burkes, M'Williams, Kellys, or any other of their sept into their houses, and that neither O' nor Mac shoulde strutte ne swagger through the streetes of Gallway." It is a fact that the following singular inscription was formerly to be seen over the west gate:

"From the ferocious O'Flaherties,
Good Lord, deliver us."

And in one of their bye-laws, of the date of 1518, we find it enacted that, "If any man should bring any Irishman to brage or boote upon the towne, to forfeit 12*d.*" From this exclusive system it naturally followed that the Galwegians formed a tolerably happy and contented community, neither marrying nor giving in marriage save with their own people, and keeping up a constant succession of their own name, to inherit their riches and honours from father to son. From its excellent situation as a trading port, Galway was particularly famous for its commercial intercourse with Spain, which year after year furnished not only many a good cellar of luscious Andalusian wine, but also Spanish visitors, often of the fair sex, who mingled their blood in marriage with that of the sturdy Galway merchant, and introduced those peculiarities of feature, dress, and architecture for which the town was so celebrated. With all the advantages derived from this rapid tide of civilisation, it soon extended in size and importance; and a map, of the time of Charles II., of which there are only two copies extant, gives an interesting account of the topography of the city, and of the enthusiastic feeling with which it was regarded by the inhabitants.

Not content with marking all the boundaries, streets, and buildings, the compilers formed a margin of Latin mottoes, emblematic of the glories of Galway, and wound up by the following modest description:

Rome boasts seven hills, the Nile its seven-fold stream,
Around the pole seven radiant planets gleam;
Galway, Conachian Rome, twice equals these;
She boasts twice seven illustrious families.
Twice seven high towers defend her lofty walls,
And polished marble decks her splendid halls.
Twice seven her massive gates, o'er which arise
Twice seven strong castles towering to the skies.
Twice seven her bridges, thro' whose arches flow
The silvery tides majestically slow.
Her ample church with twice seven altars flames,
Our heavenly patron every altar claims;
While twice seven convents pious anthems raise
(Seven for each sex) to sound Jehovah's praise.

Whatever we must allow for the pardonable exaggerations in this account, there is no doubt that Galway was singularly a-head of its time, and was moreover sharply looked after by its governors and mayors, in respect to public morals. Indeed, some of the laws might be quoted with great advantage, and applied to other towns, not only in Ireland, but in England.

To ensure commercial honesty the following law—date 1538—speaks well for the merchants: "That any person of this towne, that shall make any bargayn or contract in Spayne, Franch, or any other lands, for wyne, salt, yernes, or any other kind of wares, shall, afore he put the said shop or wares in booke or custome, fynde to the mayor and officers of this towne sufficient and substantiall surties that he or they shall wel and truly contente and pay the stranger of his payment, for the discharge and credit of the town and inhabitaunts thereof."

Neither was the Board of Health and public morals neglected, as we find "that thaguavite that is soulde in town oughte rather to be called aquamortis, to poyson the people than comforte them in any good sorte, and in like manner all their bedere; and all wherein officers in reformynge the same, have nede to be more vigilante and inquisitive than they be."

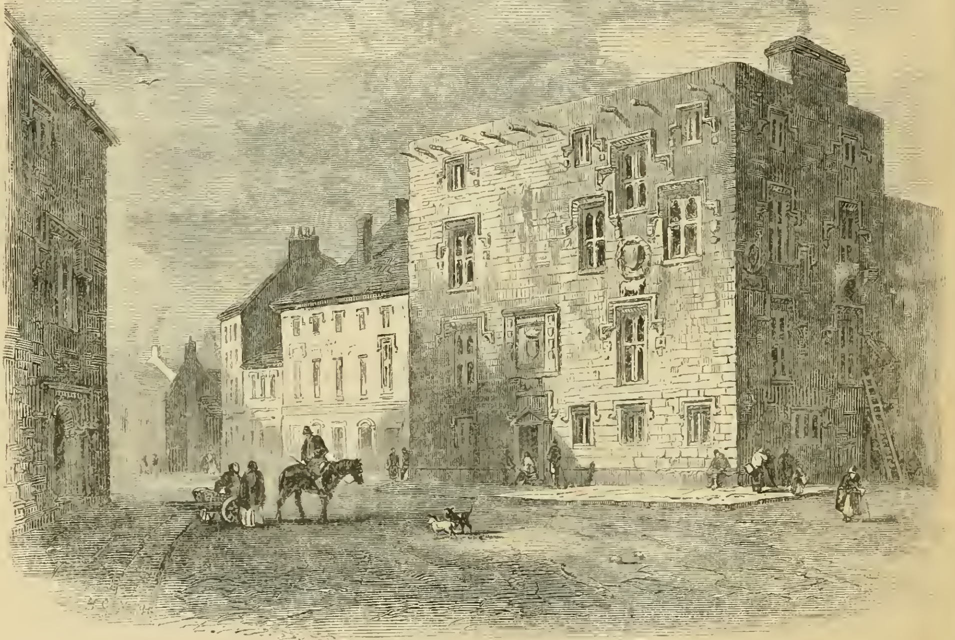
The female population was also carefully looked to, and in a manner that I fear few corporations would venture to act upon in the present day, and least of all with the fair Irish ladies, viz.: "That no woman shall were no gorgiouse aparell, but as becometh them to do, accordinge to ther callinge, and in espetiall they shall all together foregoe the wearing of any hatts or cappes otherwise collored than blacke, and upon them they shall weare no costlie hatt bands or cap bands of gold treede; the mayorasses only excepted." The reader will notice here the precaution taken by the mayors, who passed this law, in avoiding home discussions by the saving clause, "the mayorasses only excepted!"

In the long list of mayors of Galway we find the same family often occupying the civic seat of honour for many years in succession; and in no case is this more evident than in the family of Lynch, who flourished from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century, with amazing regularity. It appears that eighty-four Lynches filled the office of mayor, without a break, for a period of 169 years. Touching this family, and the manner in which the laws were administered by its members, a singular legend is still told, which to disbelieve in were rank heresy. In 1493, the mayor's seat was occupied by James Lynch Fitz-Stephen, who had done much towards promoting commercial intercourse with Spain, and to that end had even undertaken a journey himself to Cadiz, where he was received by Señor Gomez with every hospitality and mark of distinction. That he might in some degree show his sense of gratitude for all the kindness thus lavished upon him, he asked and obtained permission to take back the Spaniard's favourite son, promising him safe conduct and parental care. The merchant arrived safely with his young charge in Galway, and introduced him into the bosom of his family, where he soon became a favourite, from his beauty and his winning manners.

The worthy mayor had an only son, unfortunately addicted to wild courses, but who had formed an attachment to a fair Galway lady—an attachment which the father fondly hoped might wean his heir from loose companions. And so might it have been, had not foul jealousy seized the unfortunate swain, who saw, or fancied he saw, his inamorata beam too lovingly on the handsome Spaniard. He watched him out of the

house, stabbed him to the heart, and then, overwhelmed with remorse, gave himself up as the murderer, to the horror and despair of his father, who foresaw the fearful part that he would have to play in the tragedy.

The legal inquiry which followed was necessarily short, and on his own confession the unhappy lad was condemned to death. He was, however, as most wild fellows are, a favourite with the populace, who, on hearing the sentence, assembled at the prison, and demanded the reprieve of the criminal. Even the other magistrates of the town, struck with the peculiar situation in which both ather and son were placed, added their entreaties that the life of the latter should be spared; but they, one and all, met with a stern refusal from the lips of the modern Brutus, who declared that as his son's life was forfeited by the laws of the town, nothing could stay the progress of justice. Whereupon the row commenced with redoubled force, and the people in large numbers blocked up the entrance to the prison, which communicated with the magistrate's house, so as to prevent the victim being led to the place of execution. But the mayor was equal to the occasion, and rather than justice should be baulked, led his son to an arched window looking out on the street, and then and there hung him with his own hand, to the horror and grief of the townsmen, who nevertheless could not help admiring the stern fortitude of the father in thus vindicating the laws at such a cost to himself. The latter, as in duty bound,



Lynch's Palace, Galway.

shut himself up for the remainder of his life, overwhelmed with trouble. The visitor to Galway will find a portion of building forming part of the wall of the churchyard, on which is carved beneath a window a skull and crossbones, with the inscription "Remember Death. All is vanity of vanities." It is from this window that the execution is said to have taken place, although some believe that it originally occurred in another part of the town. Tradition, however, is not the only thing left of the Lynches in Galway; for luckily for the antiquarian, there is something more tangible in the shape of a very picturesque and singular house, known as Lynch's Palace, situated at the corner of Shop and Abbey Gate Streets. Probably a more unique specimen of domestic architecture does not exist in the United Kingdom. It is a square block of buildings, remarkable for the Moorish style of decoration which is so plentifully lavished over the walls and windows. The numerous and rich medallions, containing coats of arms of the Lynch family, together with the minutely cut mouldings of the windows and the corbels carried round under the roof, at once impress the visitor as something belonging to another age and another country. One almost expects to find it tenanted by Moors in all the barbaric splendour of the East, yet instead of this, we find that the lower story is devoted to the selling of tea, candles, and general grocery. Ichabod! how are the mighty fallen! Lynch's house is by no means the only relic of Galway's glorious era.

There are many fine old buildings belonging in

times gone by to members of the other tribes, such as the Blakes, Arcys, and Joyces; but none are so conspicuous in situation or condition as that of Lynch, and, moreover, all, or nearly all the curious street architecture of Galway requires to be looked for in the back streets and alleys, many of which are essentially foreign in their character. There is a venerable mansion not half a minute's walk from Lynch's house with a magnificent sculptured doorway, and the pious motto, "Nisi Dominus domum ædificaverit," inscribed over it. If any antiquarian visitor will have the courage to explore some of the interiors (no very pleasant task amidst these crowded and dirty beehives), he will find many a noble staircase and gallery trodden in days of yore by Spanish beauties and courtly gallants. Of the walls but little remains, but that little attests the strength of them. It is an archway leading into Spanish Place, which, as we can guess from the name, was an open square by the quay, devoted by the busy Galway merchants to the daily business

The Claddagh.

engagements with their foreign customers. How many a cask of Xeres wine and mellow Muscatel must have been rolled along these flags into the vintners' cellars hard by, as the vessels disembarked their cargoes here, together with articles of a less bulky and more personal character, such as mantillas for the ladies, or rapiers for the gallants. It was evidently the high change where all the idle as well as busy population floated about, wondering at the fresh arrivals of merchandise, welcoming their Spanish customers who had so boldly ventured to these wild coasts, or discussing the political news from the Court of London, which in those times was almost as inaccessible as Seville itself. The foreigner has not left his impress upon the houses only, but also on the people; for although the locomotive speeds daily across the kingdom from the capital, and as a matter of course brings down in its track the latest "tricks of dress," the natives have an unmistakeably peculiar garb which would at once strike even a careless traveller. "The mayorasses" are not the only ones now excepted from wearing "gorgiouse aparell," for I fear that

excellent byelaw must be obsolete, to judge by the "get ups" that I observed on Sunday parading the road to Salthill, which is the fashionable residence of the good citizens. The lower classes of Galway, on whom fashions do not exert such a marked influence, have a handsome olive complexion, which, when backed up by the red petticoat, bare legs, the scarf over the head, and frequently a pair of massive ear-rings, gives a remarkably foreign *tout ensemble* which does not seem to belong to a native of the United Kingdom. But to see costume or physiognomy, there is no place like the Claddagh, an extraordinary suburb of low thatched huts, tenanted solely and wholly by a clan of fishermen and their belongings. It is on the opposite side of the river to the great bulk of the town which it adjoins, though in appearance, habits, manners, and customs, it might as well be 100 miles distant. The early history of this curious settlement is not known, but it is certain that the Claddagh fishermen have been established in this corner for a very great number of years, exercising a peculiar self-government and owning no other. One of the clan is elected a sort of mayor, to whose decisions all defer with such good will, that quarrels have seldom been obliged to be carried before the civil powers of the town. Of course they intermarry only with each other, and have such an aversion to strangers that they will not even suffer them to reside within their district, although the visitor need not fear any incivility or unpleasant attentions in walking through the Claddagh; indeed I have generally been struck with the little notice that is bestowed on the stranger, not only in this district, but in many parts of the west of Ireland. As I have now come down from the antiquities to the inhabitants of Galway, I will briefly wind up with the present state of the town and the advantages which it possesses, which are twofold; first, in the amazing amount of water-power which it enjoys, and, second, in its situation as a packet-station.

1st. As regards water-power, there is not such another town in the kingdom, for not only is there a rapid river emptying itself into the sea, but there is also the vast area of Lough Corrib, which stretches for twenty-five miles from the foot of the Joyce country mountains, almost close to the outskirts of Galway. A canal, known as the Eglinton Canal, was constructed to connect the Lough with the sea, and a convenient harbour was made at the same time for the accommodation of vessels which made use of this inland navigation; but, when I was there, both canal and harbour seemed but little used, and the great inland navigation scheme, I fancy, appeared better on paper than it has done in practice.

2nd. As regards the packet-station, Galway may be pronounced, to all intents and purposes, the nearest and best port for the transmission of passengers and mails from Great Britain to America. It is situated nearly at the head of a long sheltered bay, at the mouth of which, some nine-and-twenty miles off, the huge cliffs of the Aran islands may be seen in clear weather looming in the distance; indeed so peculiar are the physical features of Galway bay, that we should naturally expect it to have a legend. According to tradition it was once a freshwater lake which, by an irruption of the Atlantic was converted into seawater, what are now the islands of Aran having been the western frontier of the coast. It is very singular by the way that legends and geological phenomena so often tally, the one merely conveying in the form of fiction (but often word for word) what really did happen. But whatever might have been the previous condition of the bay—there it is now, forming a splendid harbour, with good holding ground, and requiring no very large outlay to make it one of the most secure on the whole coast.

It is certain that it is the nearest port to America, as the Atlantic Company's steamers have, and are still, performing the journey between St. John's, Newfoundland, and Galway in five days, the distance between the latter place and London being run by rail and steamer in fourteen hours.

I have no intention of going into the awful question of the subsidy, but would merely remark, that if proximity and speed are the grounds on which Government should discuss the matter of pecuniary aid, irrespective of any other circumstances, then Galway is facile princeps the Transatlantic packet-station. Let us hope that the hitch in Galway affairs is but temporary, and that there may be no cessation of American traffic, and still more of the stream of business and personal intercourse which such traffic causes between England and the west of Ireland, feeling assured that the more the two countries know each other, the more cordial will be their accord, and the greater their mutual benefit.

ANA.

The late Mr. Pat Lalor, who sat in Parliament for a short time as M.P. for an Irish county, was as inveterate a joker as ever took his seat in the House of Commons. When a new Parliament was elected, Mr. Pease, the Quaker, and the late Mr. Edward Baines were among the recent additions to St. Stephens. "Bedad," whispered honest Pat in his comic brogue to a friend on his right, "here's the agricultural interest has sent us up some new members—in the shape of Pays and Banes."

The late Mr. Nicholas Aylward Vigors, sometime M.P. for Carlow, was an F.R.S. and an eminent naturalist, and for many years honorary secretary of the Zoological Society. Some five-and-twenty years ago he was ejected from the representation of that constituency by Colonel Bruen. It is related in Dr. Doyle's memoirs that a common friend remarked, *à propos* of the circumstance, that Vigors need not have gone very far from his favourite Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park to see Bruin at the top of the pole.

James Smith ("Rejected Addresses") gave the following reason for the election of Gully, the boxer, for *Ponte-fract*:—

"You ask me the cause that made Pontefract sully
Her fame by returning to Parliament Gully?
The etymological cause, I suppose, is—
His *breaking* the bridges of so many noses."

LILIAN'S PERPLEXITIES.

A TALE IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER X. OLD AND NEW.

It was a mighty help and staff of comfort to Lilian amid the sorrow for her brother's death, that declaration of faith in her character which Frank Scott had made. She was deeply, deeply grateful to him. On the word of another she was not as weak and mean and trivial as she had imagined, and she clung desperately to that assurance, for it seemed to give her the power of worthily mourning her brother's noble death. She had indeed fallen low, but it was within the capacity of her soul to be noble and true. She was not forced to stand afar off and mourn for one whose nature was alien to hers, feeling that her miserable insignificance had naught in common with his nobleness. They were brother and sister, the same flesh and blood, yes, of like natures, though he had acted nobly, and she ignobly, in the fight of life.

But by God's help she could rise to him. She might dwell on all his nobleness with the exulting thought that she could make that nobleness her own.

Mind, I am giving a sister's estimate of Frederick Temple's character—he had acted nobly, as thousands act, but affection specialises where the world only generalises.

Balsam of comfort, prepared according to divers prescriptions, was offered to Lilian by zealous friends, but those words of Frank Scott, spoken for the furtherance of his own ends, were her only consolation.

* * * * *

Five months had elapsed since the intelligence of death had arrived, but there came a second season of mourning when the personal property, personal belongings of Frederick Temple, arrived in England.

These things were brought under the care of an old friend and comrade of Temple, Captain Milton, who had been present at his death.

The Temple family had the deepest interest in seeing Captain Milton, for although they had received several letters of condolence from friends in India, Captain Milton's letters had unfortunately failed to reach them, and he alone was capable of giving a minute account of all that had occurred at the last.

Captain Milton greatly regretted the loss of his letters: he had written also, he said, to Mr. Westby—had they heard whether Mr. Westby had received the letter?

"He would no doubt have told us had he heard from you," replied Lilian. "We have not seen him lately, but he is perfectly aware how very anxious we have been to receive accounts from you."

Captain Milton appeared particularly disappointed that Westby had not received his letter: he expressed himself to that effect, and frequently reverted to the subject. Rather unnecessarily, indeed, as both Lilian and her mother thought, because, after all, the letter which they had lost was far more important.

Lilian hung with breathless interest on every word of Captain Milton's narrative; the whole sad scene arose before her eyes in vivid colours, created by her sympathetic heart: he spoke, indeed, with the utmost feeling, but with the plain, unaffected language of everyday life, carrying intense reality in every syllable.

There was a great contrast to be observed in the effect of the narrative on the two women who listened to it. Mrs. Temple strove against sorrow bursting into violent outward manifestation; with Lilian, though tears stood in her eyes, sorrow was half merged in a higher feeling—admiration.

It was in truth a very noble eulogy which Captain Milton pronounced on Frederick Temple. How his nature had been tested to the full by the difficulties and privations of the campaign, and how his generosity and self-denial had been eminent through all the trial.

"I have known many a man," said Captain Milton, "who was generous enough and open-handed when his generosity cost him no personal sacrifice; but your brother was always ready to share or give up any comforts which he might possess to others who oftentimes really wanted them in no greater degree than he did himself."

And as Lilian listened, strange new thoughts arose in her mind; the events of life wore a new aspect, her old estimate of human things looked poor and mean—nothing seemed worth caring for which had not some greatness for its object, some sacrifice needful for its attainment.

Then Captain Milton spoke of Frederick Temple's bravery; how he was ever ready to face danger calm and undaunted; how he strove against bodily weakness to hold his post. From the time he received the wound at Delhi he was changed, no longer his old spirits—only when he was at the head of his men did the brightness of his nature return. He had become very weak and had been ordered home by the doctors, but nothing could stop his joining that desperate expedition at the last as a volunteer.

It was the old story which Captain Milton told; a handful of Englishmen outmatched by hundreds, yet crowned with victory; the old story which we in quiet England have heard many a time, thank God for it, who has given such mighty power to our race.

* * * * *

"When the doctor told me that nothing could be done to save him, I couldn't help expressing a regret that he should have joined us in his weak state instead of going down to Calcutta as he had been ordered by the medical board, for no doubt his previous weakness was the great bar to his recovery—"

"No, no, old boy," he answered, raising his voice with effort. "I had my commands from head-quarters, and I was forced to obey. As I was lying ill before Delhi a crowd of new thoughts crept into my head—strange thoughts: it was a call from God, that's what it was. I was never much of a hand at praying, I was not told to do that,—I should have made a bad business of it. I was called to the work I was best fitted for. It was my sword God wanted, I was told that as plainly as I'm telling you. Didn't we want cavalry, and somebody to lead those fellows? Could we have spared a single man? I felt quite strong again as I rode along, something supported me all through the day; I know what that was. Nothing could harm me till the work was over. My work was done when we had taken those guns. I wasn't wanted after that."

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Frederick Temple had directed that his sword should be given to Lilian.

"He told me to give it to you in your own hands," said Captain Milton, "and I promised him faithfully to do so."

Captain Milton unsheathed the sword, and, coming to where Lilian sat, placed the sword in her hands, hilt and blade.

She felt a cold tremor as she touched the steel, and a feeling of solemnity gathered round her,—a solemnity deep beyond all church experiences, though they were sitting in their well-ordered drawing-room, and the narrative to which they listened was couched in ordinary language, without the slightest affectation of Scriptural phraseology. Surrounded by all the associations of pleasant worldly existence, and yet as Lilian pressed her lips to the steel, the old world seemed to sink from her gaze, and those ideas of duty and effort which had been little more than dreamy abstractions in the back-ground of her thoughts burst forward into solid existence.

It only needed some one, clothed with authority, to stand before her and pronounce that such an act was right to be done, and such a sacrifice endured, and she would have obeyed.

She felt armed for a great effort, but nothing was asked of her—every-day life, with its pleasantly-ordered arrangements, circled her existence; heroism in any shape seemed a useless element. The carriage would be waiting their pleasure, if

they chose it, for a drive in the park, then home to dress for dinner. It appeared very incongruous that so much spiritual exultation should end so tamely. Nevertheless, if there was nothing absolutely to be done, Lilian could at least fashion out a future more worthy than the past; she would cast aside her old random fickle way; she would cease to act on mere impulse, accepting rather the guidance of reason and conscience.

In her own small humble way she might still be worthy of being *his* sister, though it might be she would never be called on to make the efforts he had made. She thought thus as she sat quietly in her own room, tracing the dints on the edge of the sword, and musing on the tale they told of danger, and bravery, and heroism.

But there was a duty to be performed. A letter had arrived that very morning, containing an offer from Frank Scott. By one fortunate chance he had won his way to her heart—he had raised her up when she was utterly cast down by the words of Westby, and her sense of their truth, and in the sudden revulsion of her feelings she had turned with gratitude towards him.

Not one word of love had escaped his lips from the period of their momentous conversation up to the present time, yet he had been staying in their house during the season of their deepest sorrow, associated with them in their grief, and showing the truest sympathy by quiet words and acts. She felt through all this that he was loving her. It was so natural, as he was living with them, that she should like to talk with him of the subject most at her heart, the recollections of her brother, and once or twice almost unconsciously she had declared how deep was the consolation she had derived from his words of assurance.

She appreciated too the delicacy with which he avoided all approach to the subject which was evidently dearest to him, and she could not help perceiving that a greater earnestness was developed in his character, and that he seemed to be taking a deeper interest in his profession, and other duties of life.

Frank Scott had left them for awhile to attend to some property belonging to him in the country, and he had chosen the opportunity to make his offer in writing. He was of course unaware that Captain Milton had arrived in England.

Lilian felt that the present was not a time to think of marrying, and being given in marriage—the solemnity that reigned at her heart must not be broken by any thought of her own happiness. After the lapse of a certain time it would be fitting to entertain the idea, but not now; she would not of course refuse her cousin, but pray him to postpone his offer. Certainly not refuse him, because she felt there was none other now, save her father and mother, who had dealt kindly with her faults, and who would appreciate the sincerity of her efforts to do better. So, on the morning succeeding Captain Milton's visit, Lilian laid Frank Scott's letter before her, and addressed herself to making a reply.

She began many a copy, and tore many a copy up, and finding it impossible to express what she really felt, she dashed off by happy impulse a few words:

Dear Frank,—I cannot answer your letter now—Captain Milton has just arrived with poor Fred's things—some other time. Your affectionate cousin,

Lilian Temple.

The servant announced Mr. Westby.

"I will see him," said Lilian. She hid the letters within her desk. "No doubt," she thought, "he has called in consequence of hearing about Captain Milton."

That was the reason why Westby had come; indeed, he had seen Captain Milton, who had been good enough to call at his chambers.

"And he told you all the sad account?"

"Yes," replied Westby. She could perceive a great constraint in his manner, which she attributed to the doubt in his mind as to how she would receive him, for they had not met more than casually since the day he had spoken so severely; and even at those times he had shown a desire to avoid her. She resolved to assure him of her complete forgiveness.

"We expected you to call, Karlo Magno. I should like still to call you Karlo Magno, because it reminds me of that happy time we three spent in Switzerland—for we knew you would like to look at our treasures. Indeed, mamma and I said yesterday that we should wish you to have some slight remembrance, for you and he were such old friends, and we know how much he esteemed you. We have not quite settled what it will be; the interview with Captain Milton was almost too much for mamma; and she is very unwell and nervous to-day."

Lilian thought that this speech would have placed Westby at his ease, but on the contrary, he seemed to grow more embarrassed. She felt puzzled what to do. She opened a box containing several small articles which had belonged to her brother.

"It will be too painful for you," he murmured.

"Oh, no! I look at them very frequently. He bought that revolver just before he returned to India. Don't you recollect the dreadful bother there was to get it through the French custom-house? I should like it to be given to you; however, I must ask mamma first."

"Something far less valuable will do for me; but I must confess, I should greatly value some small remembrance."

"He left his sword to me, Karlo Magno. It is priceless in my estimation. I think, dear boy!" she spoke with tears in her eyes, "that there must have been some meaning in his gift: he must have felt I wanted endurance—constancy. I hope I am better than I was—but you were quite right in what you said to me at that time—I had trifled very wickedly with Mr. Newton. Every word you said was true, and *he* would have spoken just the same. You were quite justified in speaking as you did; indeed you were. I was very fickle,—a jilt and a flirt,—but I am changed now, Karlo Magno; I feel I am."

"Can you forgive me for what I said?"

"Nonsense about forgiveness! It is nothing to forgive!" she replied, and turning the conversation,—"I made him a present of that little prayer-book the day we parted at Berne. Do you

remember my losing it among the firs, and the hunt you two had?"

"I quite recollect the circumstance," replied Westby; "but Lilian, I have come here to-day to apologise for speaking as I did."

"No, no, I beg," interrupted Lilian.

"Yes, to apologise, if you will accept my apology?"

"I know I was quite in the wrong," protested Lilian.

"I must explain exactly what I mean. You were in error—if you will allow me to say so—in ever accepting George Newton, and so far there might be reason in what I said. But then, in my absurd indignation, I departed from facts, and hastily generalising on your character, I said you lacked true feeling and constancy, and such like qualities; that you were not worthy of being his sister. I fear I used words as strong as those. I have come to ask your forgiveness for all that, and frankly to confess that I was entirely mistaken."

"Karlo Magno!"

"I know, Lilian, my words must have had a sad sting from their great injustice: I shall never forgive myself for having said them. Judge not—judge not," he muttered, in self-reproach; "it was mighty easy to forget that precept."

For a time she was lost in amazement, but regaining her self-possession—"Oh, Karlo Magno, why do you tell me all this now?—he has been dead to us these six months! If you had told me this then, I should have had comfort: why now, more than then?"

Westby made no reply.

"Why now?" she urged passionately. "Comfort, no, no! I could not have believed you then. I should have felt that your words were no more than a desire for reconciliation, occasioned by his death; not the evidence of real belief. I can only see them in that light now."

"I assure you, on my honour, Lilian."

She did not heed his protestation.

"Now that you have recurred to the subject—I, on my part, would have passed it by, hidden it over—I will tell you how much I felt when I heard your words—yes, and thought them over—for it seemed to me, esteeming your character as I do, that they must represent the opinion of all those whose good opinion was worth preserving. I was utterly cast down. But all that is passed," she added, after a painful pause. "I know you spoke from a good motive—in that thought I forgive all the rest. Pray let us cease to talk of this painful subject. I am very happy to see you now."

"No, no, Lilian," he replied, hastily, "I must make you believe me." She almost turned from him, so distressed was she by his pertinacity in renewing the conversation. "When I spoke then, like a fool, I was ignorant of the truth—I know it now."

"Know what?" she asked, anxiously.

"I accused you of want of constancy—of fickleness—I, in my miserable blindness, not knowing that strongest constancy was at the very root of your rejection of George Newton. It might be for others to blame you—it was not for me. Lilian, you have forced me to speak plainly; because I do know the truth—every iota, I have come to ask your pardon."

She trembled as she heard him, and turned pale.

"Has he revenged himself on me by being false to his word?" she murmured.

"Who?"

"Mr. Newton!"

"George Newton! The truth did not come from him."

"Impossible!"

"Was there not another who knew it?"

"But he is dead!"

"The truth was bequeathed to me, Lilian—a sacred trust confided to Captain Milton. Your brother bade him, at the very last, tell me everything—they had often talked in confidence on the subject—and place those letters of yours in my hands."

It was well nigh too much to hear. Lilian could not meet his gaze; she covered her face with her hands.

"He told Captain Milton," continued Westby, "that it was to have been the dearest pleasure of his life to bring about an understanding between us. But God had not so willed it, and with his dying breath he left it to Captain Milton to tell me the truth. Oh, Lilian! I was driven half mad when I read those letters in which you confess all to him. I will not talk to you now of love—my conduct has forfeited all that claim. I threw away the golden chance once; but when I think that my blind conduct has been the cause of all that was blameworthy in you, how I have accused you, and I was the wretched cause—"

He saw, notwithstanding the vehemence of his own feelings, how deeply she was moved.

"Well, perhaps, I ought to have written and not come abruptly to you at this time, but I was desperate to repair the evil, and withdraw my wretched accusation."

There was no power in her tongue to speak; striving hard to listen, she was scarcely able to follow his vehement words.

"And yet, Lilian," he continued, "though my stupid blindness may justly have annihilated your love for me, I cannot leave till I declare how deeply I have loved you. You know what my lot in life has been. I spoke of it to you and your poor brother that time ago in Switzerland. I am not the same as those others who have been about your path. I have been forced through life to crush my wishes. Oh! it is a glorious joy to declare one's love when one possesses the worldly means of happiness; but I was sobered very early to the necessities of life; I knew the utter folly of indulging in a hopeless passion; yet I felt as deeply, Lilian—deeper, deeper!" he added, vehemently, "than those others, but I had to cast that feeling from my heart. You must not think that the strife and work of life had destroyed my heart. I was bewildered when I dwelt on it, the thought of one living in such a happy sphere caring for me and my affairs. Oh, Lilian! I could not have imagined the depth of your truth and constancy—I thought that the difference between us was far too great for your feeling to be more than that of the moment—yet I

did dearly cling to the thought that you should for ever so short a time have cared for me. You say in that letter to your brother that my words held you true to George Newton that evening at Mrs. Wilson's. No! no! you must not think that I am great and noble to be your example. The fact is, I say it to my shame, my feelings were so deeply moved at the sight of you, that, had you yourself not given me the example, I must have made an utter fool of myself—or worse, both knave and fool. I say there is no strength of purpose to admire in my character. I owe my escape from that temptation to the example of your constancy. You see how little right I had to speak to you as I did; it is for you to say that you despise me."

Surely it was all a dream. This was the man she had loved and feared and worshipped humbling himself before her. Her very faculties were half dulled in the greatness of her amazement.

But what were these words she heard? He did speak of love! He was praying her to give him hope. The promise of success in his profession was dawning on him—distant, but yet visible; that success which he had almost despaired of at Interlachen; that success which would be worthless if she denied her love; the possession of her love which would urge him onwards with glorious strength.

And had he not strongest advocacy in her brother's dying wish? Without that support he would not have ventured to speak to her of love; but, with that support, he had a right to pray her to give him once more the precious love he had so lightly thrown away.

It was all too much, too much for her to hear; she begged and prayed him with such strength as she possessed to leave her,—she dared not, could not answer him, but she could not refuse to see him again,—her lips were powerless.

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It was a long time before she could, in any degree, recover from her bewilderment. She arose from the chair on which she had been sitting, and walked almost mechanically to the desk. She folded up the short note she had written to Frank Scott, and then read over his letter to her. Impossible! was that the letter she had received only the previous day? Were those the words which had seemed very dear?

Ah me! She had risen in the morning so grand and resolute—so ready to face any difficulty—half disappointed even that there should be no difficulty to face—so strong in purpose, so superior to her former self—as she had grasped her brother's sword, the very chill of the steel had seemed an essence of strength.

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"Oh mamma!" she exclaimed in utter bitterness of heart, "hide it away from me!—I dare not look upon it. He sent his sword to his sister! I am Lilian Temple; but I am not worthy to call myself his sister.

CHAPTER XI. THE NEW IDOL PREVAILS.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Temple urged Lilian to accept her cousin; he sincerely loved her, that was very evident; he was well off, with good expectations—she would certainly repent if she rejected him. They advanced their arguments with considerable warmth, and expressed themselve strongly against any engagement with Mr. Westby.

Mrs. Temple moreover clearly pointed out to Lilian that she certainly had, whether intentionally or not, given great encouragement to her cousin, people had indeed remarked it, and he would have very just grounds of complaint against her if she refused him. She had once before acted in a very unfortunate way, and it would be highly detrimental to her if she repeated such fickle conduct.

Mr. Westby had really no claim upon her hand. It was true that her brother, from what Captain Milton said, had expressed a wish that she should marry his old friend, but that wish was evidently founded upon expressions contained in her own letters, and the whole idea of her feelings towards a man in Mr. Westby's condition was, to say the least of it, absurdly romantic.

There might be great soundness in Mrs. Temple's arguments, but they failed to convince Lilian's heart.

She endured many miserable days of uncertainty. Sometimes she formed the resolution of refusing her cousin's offer, laying before him, at the same time, the whole history of her love for Westby, concealing nothing and begging his forgiveness; but there was great shame in this. Had she not once declared to him that her character was fickle and inconstant? He had denied the accusation, vindicating her from her own reproaches. And, behold, bitter self-experience would prove to him that his vindication was false—that the world was right—that he had really bestowed his love on a jilt and a flirt.

It was utterly humiliating to her, the very contrast of this indecision and irresolution with the strength of purpose she had felt but a short week ago—a vain dream of excellence mocking her with its unreality.

One morning Mrs. Temple gravely placed a letter in her daughter's hands, which Lilian read with the utmost concern. Frank Scott was dangerously ill in the country; the letter was from the doctor of the place, begging the Temples to send or communicate with him immediately. Mr. Scott had caught cold, feverish symptoms had ensued—the fever had suddenly taken a very malignant turn.

"We must send down an experienced nurse at once," observed Mrs. Temple.

"We must go ourselves, mamma."

"My dear, I regret, in the state of my health—and your father being away too."

"I must go, then!"

"Impossible, Lilian!"

"Poor boy!—to die alone!" exclaimed Lilian, bursting into tears.

"But the fever, my love—consider the dreadful risk."

"Very well, mamma, the greater reason for my going."

"I can't think of it, Lilian."

"Mamma, I should never forgive myself, if I deserted him now."

"Nonsense, Lilian, to talk about deserting; didn't I say we should send down a nurse?"

"Oh, mamma! do you think dear Fred would have let him lie there ill by himself? Send a nurse with me, of course! But I shall never be happy if I don't go."

And Lilian held to her purpose.

It was a merciful relief, notwithstanding the sadness of the occasion, from those days of doubt —the emergency demanded *immediate* action, and that necessity nerved Lilian in a moment. If the urgency had been less, and Lilian had had more time for thinking, perhaps she would have failed, so utterly despondent had she become, so faithless in her power to do anything good.

A short hour sufficed for her preparations, and, in company with a nurse engaged from the Institution, she started on her mission.

Frank Scott lay ill at the hotel of the small country town near where his property was situated.

The doctor, Mr. Simpson, was greatly relieved when he found a member of the family had arrived.

"What hope do you give us, sir?" inquired Lilian, anxiously.

"I have hope, or rather I should say we have hope; for I felt, under the circumstances, it would be more satisfactory to all parties to have a second opinion, and I accordingly sent for Dr. Lisle, the leading physician of our county, and I am happy to say his treatment is confirmatory of mine."

There was a kind, fatherly manner in Mr. Simpson,—he must have been a man not under sixty,—which was particularly assuring to Lilian. He answered her many anxious questions in a perfectly frank, but at the same time hopeful tone.

"I presume I have been addressing Miss Temple," he said, at the end of their conversation.

"Yes," she replied.

"Lilian?—that is your Christian name?"

"My name is Lilian. I am Mr. Scott's cousin. Mamma would have come down with me, but for ill health; she hopes, however, to be able to come shortly."

"I am very glad you have been able to come," replied the doctor, "for you are the very nurse he wanted. Your name is always on his lips."

The doctor begged her not to make any great point of her arrival, but rather to enter the sick room occupying herself with some arrangements.

"I know it is hard to say this," he added, "but it is absolutely necessary that he should be kept as quiet as possible, and I am sure I may trust to your good sense and discretion."

The doctor was emphatic in his caution, for he had formed his own notion of the true relationship between the two cousins.

It naturally spread all through the neighbourhood that Mr. Scott's cousin, the young lady to whom he was engaged, had come to nurse him. Mr. Simpson, who was held to have the best opportunities of knowing the truth, endorsed this opinion. It cast a charming halo of romance over the sick room; many kind hearts prayed that the poor young man might be spared, and that he and the young lady, who had risked the dangers of contagion for his sake, might be happily united.

Lilian at the first had plenty to occupy herself with—plenty of anxious thoughts for her patient. His life seemed to hang on a very thread; it was necessary, following out the doctor's directions, to watch for the slightest change; her quick, sensitive eye had caused her more than once to summon the doctor, detecting through the slightest alteration the commencement of a serious crisis in the disease.

It was great tension on the nerves, this continued anxiety, and it was at first a welcome relief when the doctors pronounced her cousin out of immediate danger: in point of fact, there now seemed to be comparatively little for her to do, the nurse was so assiduous and attentive, and the arrangements which had been made worked so excellently well. Sitting quietly in his room while he dozed, the daylight almost excluded, she had far too much time for thinking, and to her dismay her thoughts lapsed into their old channel.

And coming there to nurse him? It was shame, she felt, to entertain a doubt concerning such a duty. But did it commit her in any degree? "She was only here as his nearest relation," that was the theory she strove to hold to: "it meant nothing more than that; she was only doing her duty, what her brother would have done, or wished her to do, in his stead." She must carefully guard the words she used towards her cousin—harden them, as it were, so that the fancy should not grow upon him that she had accepted his offer.

Ah, me! It was an immense power Frank Scott possessed in his very weakness. He would murmur her name faintly, and she, with tenderest pity, would hasten to his bedside and smooth his pillow, and soothe him with kindest tones, and let him hold her hand in his,—and then it *did* seem that he held her heart.

The doctor congratulated her on her care and attention. "I think," said he, with a kindly smile, "that you may claim a great deal of the merit of saving his life. I am sure I can say nothing which will afford you greater pleasure."

"I'm sure," replied Lilian, "I cannot claim an atom more merit than the nurse—she has been everything to us."

"I admit her merit, certainly; but you have watched so well and so closely, because you felt deeply—"

Lilian blushed crimson.

"I suppose," said she, "now that the danger is over, I shall soon be able to return home."

"What! leave your post. I trust not; besides now is the happiest time for you both —think what comfort you may be to him during his recovery. Why," continued the doctor, good-humouredly, "I will issue a dozen certificates that your presence here is absolutely necessary."

"But, really," urged Lilian, "I don't think I ought to remain any longer."

"My dear young lady, I quite understand your feeling; but if you will accept the opinion of an old dragon of propriety like myself, you will have no hesitation in remaining. Indeed! I really can't spare you. I consider," he added, with a playful

assumption of authority, "that I have a full right to command your presence."

But all excuse for leaving on the ground of propriety was done away with by Mrs. Temple herself coming down to share the labours of nursing.

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"Now that you are here, mamma, I should like to leave."

"Why, Lilian?"

"Because I don't want what I have done from a sense of duty to be attributed to any other feeling."

"Oh, Lilian! can you have nursed him as you have, and yet?—well, you may take my word for it, in the state he still is, it will endanger his life if you leave him."

Lilian burst into tears.

"It is a thousand pities you ever came down—you remember I wished you not to do so, but you would insist. You really ought to have thought of all this before."

"But I could not let him be ill here, and no one with him if he died, when I was well and strong, and doing nothing in London," protested Lilian, vehemently.

"I know he loves you very dearly," continued Mrs. Temple. "Why, as I was sitting at his bedside last evening, he whispered to me that you had saved his life, the doctor had told him so; and then he said, if he had died, Lilian, that you would have had his property—he had made his will before he left town. Why, Lilian, Mr. Simpson himself told me you had done wonders for his patient; and, now, oh, Lilian! do reflect well upon it. I'm sure it will be his death if you reject him."

Lilian could make no reply, she felt utterly powerless, a very puppet in the hands of a relentless destiny—true, her word was not yet pledged, but all freedom of will was denied her—the time for giving that pledge might be postponed, but come it must.

She continued her attendance in the sick room, assiduous as ever, but she felt that she no longer possessed the power of soothing her cousin as heretofore; by the faintest indications he appeared almost disturbed at her presence. She would sometimes read to him, but she knew that he was not listening to the reading, that he was waiting for her voice to utter other words precious to him.

Mr. Simpson found his patient far less well—"disturbed, irritation throughout the frame; it was a bad symptom, he must be kept perfectly quiet, repose, nothing exciting for the mind." Mr. Simpson told both mother and daughter this as he left the room. Mrs. Temple accompanied the doctor down stairs to make some further inquiries, Lilian returned to the room. She had gone to the window to draw down the blind, when she heard her cousin calling to her; it flashed through her mind what he was going to say, and shuddering she went to his bedside. She felt utterly miserable, but when she saw how his wasted face was deeply flushed, how his whole frame seemed to quiver, she grew alarmed on his account.

"Dear Frank, do pray be composed—this excitement—"

"Lilian, you never answered that letter of mine." He spoke louder than was his wont, raising his voice with painful effort. "You have never said you loved me—do you love me, Lilian?"

Could she tell him the truth, and arouse the fever sleeping in his veins? Could she mock his hopeful ears with long explanations of her love for Westby, with miserable excuses? Why, his face was burning before her with eager expectation! Could she ask for further delay before she spoke finally?—and delay and doubt, with their attendant irritation, would be certain death to him.

"Oh, Lilian! do you love me?"

She tottered the few steps to his bed-side.

"I do love you."

She fell on her knees. It was a horrible lie, and in the thought of that she swooned away.

* * * * *

CONCLUSION.

To have to act out the lie consistently, that was hard work for Lilian; and her cousin's health seemed to grow out of the affection she showed him—very sunlight to a drooping plant. To have to appear very fond, and yet while he clasped her hand, to find her thoughts wander away to another love; and he would arouse her from these long abstractions, little witting whither her thoughts had fled, and make her turn her face towards him, gazing upon her eyes, which she in shame strove to turn away.

"Lilian, dear," he said one day, "you are sadly worn by your attendance on me; I can see this illness of mine has greatly over-taxed your strength. I am sure no sacrifice that I can make will ever repay your love and care."

"No sacrifice!"

He little knew the manner in which she felt his words, though he saw tears in her eyes.

"Well, Lilian, please God I get strong and well, I shall do my best, by the devotion of my life, to show how sensible I am of what you have done for me now."

Alas! but for that one image stamped upon her heart, how truly she could have loved him. That first impress of love—which she had once believed, nay felt sure, had been entirely effaced by Westby's severe declaration of contempt for her character—but as the breath restores the old mark invisible on the highly polished steel, so his recent words of love had re-awakened, in all its force, that first feeling which had struck so deeply into her heart.

But she was irrevocably engaged to her cousin now—it would seem almost the ordering of a higher power in opposition to her strongest wishes. Perhaps in time she would see that it was all ordered for the best; there was no thought of evasion in her mind.

It seemed to her necessary to write to Westby to inform him of her engagement; she would feel more at peace when he knew the truth. She consulted her mother on the subject, even begging her mother to write for her, she so dreaded the task.

Mrs. Temple assured Lilian that she did not consider for the present that any letter was

necessary. "Indeed," said she, "just prior to my leaving town, Mr. Westby called at our house. I saw him, and told him that you had gone into the country on account of your cousin's illness, and to a certain extent I intimated to him the condition of affairs between you and Frank."

"And he?" inquired Lilian, timidly.

"Oh, my love, I can assure you that he seemed perfectly calm—quite unmoved,—indeed, quite unlike anything approaching to a lover, as far as my idea of a lover goes; and he turned off the conversation to some other topic. Oh, I remember, that law business of your papa's. Of course, my dear, he will hear the fact of your engagement from some of our mutual friends; at all events, I beg that you will not write to him. I'm sure Frank wouldn't like it, and I should consider it a most ill-advised act. However, if you really think it necessary, I will write myself before we return to London."

Lilian was far from feeling assured that Westby was really calm and unmoved by what he had heard. "I know," she thought to herself, "that he would rather die than show he felt regret or pain."

This thought of Westby troubled her.

When they met! What must her conduct be then? Obviously the best mode of receiving him would be to say nothing of the past—to show, as far as might be, the manner of old friendship; of course the fact of her engagement would have shown him that all feeling between them was at an end.

It was arranged, as soon as Mr. Scott was sufficiently recovered, that he should go to Brighton. "Change of air," Mr. Simpson affirmed, "was the grand thing for him—and really," he added, "I think our head-nurse requires change almost as much as the invalid. I declare you look quite worn out, Miss Temple. I had hoped when you got your regular night's rest—good unbroken sleep—that that, together with the air of our county, of which we are very proud, would have quite restored you after your great fatigue and anxiety; but as you haven't done justice to us in that way, we must hand you over to Dr. Neptune."

It was quite a little ovation, the departure of the Temple party from the station. Kind Mr. Simpson would insist upon seeing the last of them, and the master of the hotel, and some pleasant friendly ladies who had kindly tendered and performed various little services to Mrs. Temple and Lilian; and then everybody was in love with Lilian,—her golden hair, and lovely blue eyes, her devotion to her lover, everybody rejoicing for her sake that his life was saved.

Their *coupé* was literally a garden of flowers, the offerings of these kind friends, and the baskets of strawberries—which kept arriving up to the last with kind messages—were quite embarrassing by reason of their number.

"I wish you every happiness, my dear," said Mr. Simpson, leaning in at the window of the carriage, and shaking Lilian's hand, "I'm sure you thoroughly deserve it," and he saw her eyes filled with tears.

"It is very pretty, that anxiety for her lover's comfort which is so visible in her countenance," the ladies declared unanimously; "it adds such an interesting look to her beauty."

"No, no, ladies,—pretty!" exclaimed Mr. Simpson. "I fear her health is far from being what it ought to be. I can't quite understand it," he thought, with some perplexity, and he wisely kept the thought to himself, "but I'm half inclined to believe there's something wrong somewhere.'

The travellers arrived at Brighton in safety.

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"Oh! it was cruel—horribly cruel! to see *him* thus, never expecting it. Wicked of those friends if they did it designedly—to lay such a trap for her, asking her to call upon them for a walk, and then to let her meet him quite unprepared. But it would never have happened if her mother had written, as she had promised, to tell him of the engagement; he would have been satisfied with that assurance, and never sought her again. It was the uncertainty he could not bear—the rumour of her engagement."

"Let him once hear the truth from her own lips, and he would be resigned."

But what did he ask?—ask her to wring out from her lips the wretched truth, and to look on him and see how he strove to hide his agitation beneath a calm presence.

"Poor fool that she was!—if she had only been prepared for the interview—nerved for it by reflection—she could have spoken out the words, and bade him farewell for ever. Her strength would have lasted out that effort!

"Why! he did only want to know the truth, and how did he learn it? Oh, shame! from her stupid explanations, excuses, which—fool that she had been!—had only betrayed her love for him.

"She was engaged! when he had learnt that he learnt all that was necessary; but he had learnt further—oh, burning shame!—that she did not love the man she was about to marry. He was true and honourable, and he had left her, though he loved her,—perhaps could die for her, as he had left her once before, when he felt that he could not love her as a man of honour.

"With what contempt must he think of her! and those old bitter words of his—though he parted from her now without a single word beyond 'farewell'—how they must rise up again in his heart, 'inconstant,' 'without strength of purpose.' Why she could even seem to hear his voice, yes, quite plainly—'Not worthy of being Frederick Temple's sister!' She had before revolted at the hard assertion, and ceased to love him for uttering it, but there was no gainsaying it now; it was true—quite true; her character was below contempt—depths below contempt."

"Oh, Lilian!" exclaimed Mrs. Temple entering the room, "won't you come down and see Frank? He would like to say good-night; he fears you must be very ill."

"Ill! nonsense; there's nothing the matter with me."

"Then pray come down."

"I dare not to-night!"

"My dear child, is it true you have seen Mr. Westby to-day?"

"I have!"

"I'll never forgive that Mrs. Vernon and her daughter; they have acted most shamefully."

"There's no harm done, mamma! I did see Mr. Westby. He wished to know, for certain, whether I was engaged. If you had only written to him as I wanted—"

"But what did he say?"

"I told him I was engaged."

"And then?"

"He left me, mamma; you surely don't imagine he would ask me to forfeit my word."

"I really had feared—"

"You need have no fear, mamma, I shall be perfectly ready to tell Frank about it; but not to-night—not to-night."

"Lilian, dear, I'm sure you're not well; your face burns, and your hands—"

"Perfectly well, mamma!—perhaps not quite myself, but I shall be quite right again in the morning, when I have had some sleep."

And Lilian's sleep was fitful, broken; she kept dreaming that horrible dream of the accident at Interlachen; falling from some frightful height, with cries, painful cries, awaking her mother, for Karlo Magno to save her.

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The doctor declared that Miss Temple was very seriously ill. Fever! it was quite possible that she had caught the infection in attending on her cousin, though it had remained latent for a time.

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They cut off her golden hair to save her life.

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"There is something on your daughter's mind, madam," said the physician bluntly to Mrs. Temple; "and if you are aware of what it is, the sooner it is set right, the greater the chance we shall have of saving her. We succeed in getting her up to a certain point, and there we stop."

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Frank Scott was well and strong again, and Mrs. Temple, with tears in her eyes, told him of the sacrifice he could make for Lilian if he really loved her; he had often said he could never repay her kindness, and it was now in his power to cancel the debt.

When the whole truth of the case was placed before him, Frank Scott acted in a noble way. He went himself to Westby, and spoke with the greatest generosity, not concealing the deep sorrow which he felt, yet expressing his satisfaction that by his act of resignation he was enabled to save the life of the woman he loved.

He would have wished to see Lilian once again; but the doctor particularly requested him to forego an interview with her in her then very critical condition; and he consented, but he wrote to her the kindest and most truly affectionate letter, assuring her of his perfect esteem, and expressing his deep gratitude for her devoted care of him at a period when such care was so very needful. Yet he did see her once again; they took him to her room while she slept, and he pressed his lips to her unconscious hand.

And Frank Scott went abroad.

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"Karlo Magno, I can perfectly understand why I love you" (it was the first day Lilian had been allowed to come down to the drawing-room), "but I can't think why you should love me."

"With regard to thinking," replied Westby, smiling, "I once met a very sensible young lady who recommended me never to think."

"Ah, yes! and a very wise and learned man doubted whether a mental vacuum would be conducive to happiness. Yet really, Karlo Magno, when I do think how utterly weak and foolish I have been, how at the very times when I have had the greatest faith in myself, and strove to act properly, but—"

"But!"—that word "but," symbol of human imperfection—but Charles Westby silenced her with a kiss.

REPRESENTATIVE MEN.

SELF-MADE MEN.—RICHARD GRAINGER.

We are constantly hearing that ours is the age, as Americans always say that theirs is the country, for self-made men. But it may be questioned whether there ever was an age or country in which a man of force of character and ability could not open out a career for himself, pretty much according to his will. Under rank despotisms there are two ways at least open to adventurers of the humblest origin. They can rise by executing public improvements, and by the favouritism of the despot—that favour being usually won by political aptitude. The history of all despotisms tells of wonderful men of plebeian rank who built cities, or made roads or canals, after obtaining the patronage of the Court; or who gained the ear of the monarch, and directed his counsels. In Eastern empires a large proportion of the most successful statesmen and generals have been slaves by birth. In Turkey and Egypt we see such things now; and one reason of the willingness of Circassian, Georgian, and Cashmerian parents and children to keep up the supply of slaves in Egypt and Turkey is, that a great career may be before the slave of the Sultan or Pasha, or any of their chief officers. Under Western despotisms there is always some circumstance of the time which favours the rise of lowborn ability. In a military period, the able soldier or engineer is recognised, without any question of his birth. Under the French empire, when, as Napoleon said, every private soldier carries a Marshal's baton in his knapsack, there has always been plenty of military ability, because ambition has been hopeful in that direction. In every empire where the aristocracy is the weak element, there would always be a profusion of lowborn genius at work in all departments of life, but for the depressing and stifling effects of despotic government. It is the stereotyped boast of society in modern despotisms that that *régime* is the golden age of the lower orders, because the light of the monarch's countenance shines impartial, while universal suffrage gives equal citizenship to all, as a fair starting-point in life's career. Practically, however, the chance is impaired by the hardships and depressions inflicted by arbitrary government. The lower orders do

not flourish under absolutism which cants about democratic privilege; and thus it is usually to the military career that the scantily-fed and over-taxed peasants and artisans look, when ambitious of personal and social success. In Russia, where the aristocracy are a yet weaker element, the case is different only because the labouring class has hitherto consisted of serfs, and we therefore see the Eastern methods of favouritism existing along with the other. Serfs, foreigners, even scapegraces from other countries achieve greatness in Russia by mechanical genius, and especially by engineering ability. The movement of Russian society crushes the spirit and breaks the heart, where it does not corrupt the conscience of the order of citizens who should naturally do the highest work of society: but there is a career open to adventurous ability, provided it be low enough in origin to provoke no jealousy till it can take good care of itself.

The great Religious Period, again, when Catholicism was the religion of Christendom, was favourable to able adventurers. Its thoroughly democratic organisation was the means by which the lower classes were raised into freedom, and a career was offered to all ability. The priesthood was the highest office and dignity; and the priesthood was accessible to all alike; and, when this opportunity had once been opened to the humblest classes, they had gained a social advantage which could never be taken from them. The organic period of Christendom, then, was an age of privilege for adventurous ability. However true it may be that the present is an age, and America a country, for lowborn genius to rejoice in, it may be a question whether there is any kind of age or country, on the bright side of civilisation, in which men of natural force could not make their own way very much to their own wish.

There can hardly be a stronger contrast than between the social conditions of Germany and America. (I refer to the Northern States here, because there is no free working-class in the Southern States.) In Germany and in America peasants and labourers have their ambitions, and succeed in gratifying them; but in a widely different way. The only notion that the German boy-genius has is of becoming learned: the farthings and pence are saved to get access to books and lectures, or perhaps art-study; and the self-made heroes of Germany are mostly authors, (workers in some speciality of learning,) or artists. In America, the learning is regarded only as a means of rising. The boy in the loghouse or the workshop saves, like the German, to put himself to school, and then to the nearest or cheapest college; and he may even turn schoolmaster for a time; but it is only in order to become a lawyer, or, in other words, to get into the road to office and political life. Once there, he can shape his course according to his ability, and make himself a great engineer, or banker, or member of Congress, or dignitary in his own State, or mill-owner, or ironmaster, or ambassador to Europe, or half-a-dozen other things. Where there is so near an approach to democratic equality (for the real thing is not attained, nor can be while slavery exists on the soil) the pressure upon every individual is light, prior to his becoming distinguished, and the requisites to success are of a slighter character. Motherwit obtains its deserts more certainly than elsewhere; and less effort and cultivation are necessary to success. We find, accordingly, that as many as not of distinguished Americans have taken their fathers' horses to drink, as Daniel Webster did, or blown the forge fire, or done the drudgery of the printing-office, like Garrison, or split rails, like President Lincoln, or made shoes, or fished cod, or driven the plough, or served before the mast. The commonest drawback to their greatness and their usefulness, when they have succeeded, is their want of real cultivation. A slight smattering of book-knowledge is enough to enable them to "teach school," or set up a lawyer's office; and such knowledge, having answered its end, entirely satisfies the possessor. While in Germany a successful genius sits happy in his study, shut in with his poverty, and aware that his name is spoken with consideration where his special branch of learning is understood, the American genius is receiving homage as a millionaire, or returning thanks to a torchlit multitude from a balcony, or receiving honours from Europe on account of some beneficent invention, while unable to appreciate any mode of life but that which he inhabits, and as awkward in the use of intellectual tools as adults first trying to learn a foreign language, or President Lincoln in penning his last Message.

In our country, amidst all the advantages of our age, there is certainly more to be got over, in rising in life, than in America. The superiority of knowledge among the instructed (though there are more uninstructed than in America), the fixedness of men of all classes in the station and employment to which they were born, and the acquiescence of society in the ordinary march of social affairs, all unite to render the pressure very strong on any humble person who would rise into a position of distinction. Yet the age is favourable, for it is an age of scientific development, and of a fast-spreading application of science to the arts of life; and this last work can be better done by handicraftmen than others, if they are provided with the science. Accordingly, we have seen so many men of humble birth and training rise to fame and fortune within two generations that we almost expect to hear of every inventor or improver of our roads, our ships, our cannon, or our agriculture and manufactures, that he was the son of a labourer of one sort or another. The field of their inventions is commonly mechanics, and their science is usually mathematics, followed by physics or chemistry and geology. In the last century the Arkwrights and Wedgwoods and Brindleys and Telfords were types of our self-made men, as the Stephensons, Paxtons, and Whitworths are of the present century. There used to be a larger proportion of artists and poets in the order than there are likely to be again; for, as knowledge and taste have advanced, the need of cultivation is more generally perceived, if not by the aspirant, by the public. Verses wonderful for a milkwoman no longer excite an interest; and the poetry of ploughboys is prized, if at all, for its keen and clear reflection of nature,

and not because it proceeds from a ploughboy. Elliott of Sheffield proved that good poetry wins fame for a blacksmith as for a nobleman or gentleman; but the self-made men among the poets are, and will be, fewer and of a higher order than formerly. We do not look for a Burns twice over; but of Bloomfields and Clares we shall hear less than our fathers did; and mere rhymesters, like some who made a great noise in the last century, are obliged to withdraw their pretensions, as we see in the instance of Close of Kirkby-Lonsdale, who would once have been a great man for life after the Prime Minister had spoken of him as being "in the same category with Burns."

The same change has taken place about Art. More knowledge is now necessary to cause a man to be considered a painter than our fathers dreamed of before the Art-treasures of the Continent were open to our study. In America, a man rises to fame and fortune presently if he can give on canvas a lively representation of the woods or prairies which surround him, or the daily life which passes before his eyes; and not only does he think and say that Europe can teach him nothing, but his patrons are too apt to be of the same opinion. So were many people in England when Dr. Wolcot (Peter Pindar) brought Opie up from a Cornish cottage, and exhibited him in London as a heaven-born genius. Opie had the sense to perceive, in course of time, the importance of study; but the want of it kept him below his capacity as a painter, and spoiled him in a way which could scarcely happen again.

He was the son of a journeyman carpenter in Cornwall; and his genius manifested itself in what his industrious father considered idle tricks of scrawling likenesses of people and things with chalk on every surface he could reach. A sketch of this sort on a barn-door struck the eye of Dr. Wolcot, a physician in the neighbourhood. He found on inquiry that the boy had taken likenesses—wasting his time in that way, as his father said. The Doctor engaged him as his foot-boy, in order to encourage and improve his talent, and then let him travel as a portrait-painter, finally introducing him in London as an artist. He was then only twenty; and it could be no wonder if his head was turned when the street was crowded with carriages of great people, who came to stare and flatter. He was rough and rude in appearance and manner, and so unlikely to improve under the circumstances, that it was well that his popularity declined, leaving him rich enough to command opportunities of study. He married first for wealth, but suffered great misery till freed by a divorce. His second wife was a woman of some literary capacity and cultivation; and during the nine remaining years of his life she was devoted to him, and his mind expanded and became enriched by study. As his wife's piquant face appears in all the heroines of his later pictures, her mind may be traced in a disappearance of incongruities such as were very common before. One of his most ambitious pictures is Jephtha's Daughter; and in it occurs a mistake too flagrant to have been perpetrated by any eminent painter of our time. The victim is represented at the moment of sacrifice, with eyes bound, and the knife uplifted over her: and the sacrificer is actually the High Priest of the Jews, with breastplate and robes complete! It did not occur to the Cornish artisan that the Jews did not offer human sacrifices, and that it was a mistake of his own to suppose that Jephtha was a Jew who could bring his child for slaughter at the altar of Jehovah. Such are the drawbacks of self-made men in the career of the Fine Arts. Opie did his best latterly to supply himself with knowledge enough to fill the professorship of painting at the Royal Academy; and he attained his object just before his death. The four lectures he had delivered were published by his widow. When new to fame, he trusted his genius for everything. Being asked how he mixed his colours, he answered "With my brains:" and he might fairly remain satisfied with his own ways in regard to colour, which was his strong point. But, when he took to painting history, he must have become aware of his disadvantages from his want of education. Half a century later, it would have been easier for him to obtain both general and special knowledge: and he would certainly have been better informed or less famous.

This disadvantage belonging to a low origin applies less to music than to the other arts; and the means of a scientific musical training are becoming more and more accessible and abundant; so that we, or the next generation, may hope to see, as one of the results of the extended cultivation of music in England, the rise of some lark, springing from the low furrow, and mounting on high to win the world's ear with music, fresh as the morning. Musical genius is a matter of organisation in which there is no respect of persons; it is like mathematical genius,—mainly inherent, while susceptible of incalculable enlargement of application by the knowledge of what has already been done, and by a general cultivation of the intellect. Still, from the course now taken by the progress of society in England, it seems as if we might for some time longer look for self-made men chiefly among the improvers of the arts of life.

I do not know that a fairer example could be found during such a period than Richard Grainger, who died on the 4th of July last, leaving a name which will be immortal in his native place. If his fame has not reached all his countrymen, it must be for reasons which time will remove. Not only have his services merited national respect, but they are of a kind which it is good for us to study. Some of my readers may possibly remember what the town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne was like in the early part of the century. I took in the impression of it in early childhood, in 1809; and the impression remains distinct as the pictures in children's memories are apt to be. It was then a remarkably shabby and ugly town. Its moor, with shining ponds scattered on the grassy surface, and a black road running straight across it to the north, where the outline of the Cheviots might be seen on a clear day, was one striking feature. The Tyne, winding through the vale on the one hand and to the sea on the other, afforded other walks. A steep hill, covered with buildings, rose from the river, and sank into a ravine behind, which, with a second hill, was partly filled

with houses. The public buildings were black and hideous to a child's eye; and the streets were narrow and dirty; the brick dwellings being shabby, one and all, and grimed with smoke. The number of names of convents, priories, friaries, chapels and the like, was very striking, while the Castle (the New Castle) built by the son of the Conqueror, frowned black above the river. The number of religious houses was due to the holy well which was found at the head of the ravine before the place was a town at all. The well was a place of pilgrimage, and monasteries naturally grew up round it. Kings of England rested in them, and queens of Scotland took refuge there on occasion. The place assumed a new aspect after the discovery of the coal, which lay under the grass of the Tyne valley. A great commerce by the port of Shields grew up; the glass manufacture was established; and at the opening of our century, the population, somewhat under 40,000, was busy and tolerably prosperous, but ill-lodged, dirty, and unattractive in appearance and manner accordingly.

When we children were taken for our daily walk in the summer of 1809, we had to pass through certain streets before we could get to the moor and other open spaces of country; and we must have sometimes met Richard Grainger going to or from school,—a round-faced, rosy, good-humoured, quiet charity-boy of eleven, in a green badge coat. His father, a porter on the quay, had married a woman from Gibraltar; and they lived in two small rooms in High Friar Chare (lane or narrow street.) The father died when his children were infants; and their only chance of education was from the charity schools of the town. Richard went to that of St. Andrew's, where he studied Tinwell's arithmetic, the Bible, the spelling-book, and Tom Thumb. The mother, a stout woman, steady at her needle, is still remembered by customers who employed her to graft stockings, get up silk stockings and muslins, and make gloves. If she did such things in her latter days, it was for her own pleasure; for Richard enabled her to live as she liked.

The first incident which he could recal as turning his mind towards the work of his life was an improvement which was made in the town in 1810. The shambles had till then been in the open street, but the decency of a covered market in the Dean (the dene or ravine in the middle of the town) impressed the future architect very deeply. He was presently apprenticed to a house-carpenter, named Brown, to whom he eventually gave a good deal of employment. The quiet, contented, thoughtful Methodist apprentice was much prized by his master, and noticed by other people. For his part, his mind was full of a great idea which he was always pondering, at work and at play. The nunnery beside the holy well had become a great mischief. It occupied twelve acres of ground,—not now as a convent, but in the form of a mansion, with gardens and plantations, in which nothing could grow for the smoke. A high wall surrounded this large area; and the streets were actually made circuitous on account of it. Charles I. had slept in that mansion: but it could not stand in everybody's way for ever for that reason: and Richard's dream was of what might be made of the town if that space could be utilised, and the winding streets swept away and re-made. While still a boy he made his plan, and saw in prospect (for he fully intended to accomplish his scheme) the terraces, squares, new streets and public buildings which he meant to build, and to face with dressed stone, in the place of dingy brick. At spare times he slipped down to places where he could examine the quality of the stone he meant to quarry for his works. He traced the extent of this stone, and determined to prove to his townsmen how much better it was to build houses with than brick. He was probably unaware of the praise of Augustus,—that he had found Rome brick and left it marble; but it was precisely his own ambition to turn his native town of dingy brick into stone. His first bit of work in pulling down old brick walls was visited afterwards with much curiosity. As soon as he was out of his time, he and his elder brother, George, who was a bricklayer, pulled down and rebuilt a small house next their mother's. He owed his next opportunity to an opulent member of the Methodist body to which he belonged. Though wondered at for employing "a raw lad like Grainger," this Mr. Batson entrusted to him the building of some houses in Higham Place. Richard was worthy of the trust. He was up at three or four in the morning, and worked till nine at night,—giving his whole mind to the business; and it was thoroughly well done.

He had the stimulus of wishing to marry; and he did marry young, and extremely well. His wife Rachel was a class-mate at chapel, and so far well-connected that she had eventually a fortune of 5000*l*. But that was the least of the good things she brought to Richard. She made his home a place of rest and comfort, and moreover kept his accounts and managed his correspondence. She was a woman of taste as well as business-capacity; and her counsel was as beneficial to him in his work abroad as her affection in his rest at home.

His first speculation on his own resources was building two houses in Percy Street,—of brick as yet. Then he built a whole street, except eight houses; and it was extolled as something splendid from its width and regularity. Grainger smiled at the popular admiration; for he thought the houses ordinary enough, with their plain brick outsides. He had nothing to do with the plan, or it would have been very different. This he presently proved by creating a handsome square of stone-houses, opening out of the new brick street. Eldon Square was begun in 1826,—and all but four of the houses, and the handsome club-house in the centre of one side, were his work. He had experience here of some of the vexations which haunt builders at every turn. As soon as the houses were finished, it was discovered that some of the American timber employed in the roofs was infested by bugs. I suppose they were got rid of; for the speculation succeeded so well as to bring larger enterprises after it. His friend and attorney advised him to retire on the 20,000*l*. he had realised: but Grainger produced plans and estimates for a noble crescent and terrace, to be built

on a high healthy grazing-land beside the moor. There were to be seventy first-class, and sixty second-class houses; yet the calculations made by Richard and Rachel were so clear and complete, and cautious, that Mr. Fenwick, the attorney, was satisfied.

The Leazes Terrace and Crescent were soon built and occupied, and Grainger was a rich man.

It will not be interesting to readers unacquainted with Newcastle to follow the course of Grainger's enterprises. It is enough to say that before he began to fulfil his own particular dreams about the Nunnery grounds, he had added to the town house property and public buildings to the value of nearly 200,000*l.* His name was now in everybody's mouth, for good or for evil. It was difficult to find anything to say against him personally; but the owners of ricketty old houses and inconvenient old shops and warehouses complained of the diminishing value of their property. In the most crowded parts of the town, there were prophecies that dwellings would become a drug. Those who could find nothing else to allege, spoke of Richard's badge-coat and his mother's stocking-grafting, and tossed their heads at the idea of his having made so many thousand pounds, while they who used to bid him be a good boy had been working hard to make only as many hundreds. As a set-off against such remarks there were the facts of an increased importation of Baltic timber, and such a demand for better houses and shops as kept all the builders in the place busier than they had ever been before. There was a new briskness in all trades, and, in due course, a marked increase in the population of Newcastle.

The long-hoped-for day came at last. The twelve acres were in the hands of a proprietor willing to sell. Grainger was presently reported to have paid 50,000*l.* for the estate, and 45,000*l.* more for old property which lay between the estate and the busy parts of the town. It was some time before public curiosity could learn what was to be done; for Grainger's plans were prepared at home; and his secrets were well kept. By the advice of his attorney, he now transferred his business to the office of the town-clerk,—because, not only of the magnitude of his concerns, but of the necessity of obtaining the good will of the Corporation. A meat-market and the theatre stood in the way of the meditated improvements. When the plans were exhibited, and public opinion was found to be in their favour, the Corporation surrendered the market, on Grainger's promise to erect a new one, superior in all respects. The new market was opened with much jubilation, as the finest in the kingdom. The Green market, which soon followed, may be remembered by any of my readers who attended the British Association Meeting of 1838, when it was lighted up for the Promenade—its elegant fountains being wreathed with gaslights.

We hear from Paris of a discontented house-owner who had just appealed against the amount of compensation awarded to him, for a dwelling to be swept away in the course of improvements; and of his finding no traces of his house when he went to make one more survey of it, after having seen it in the morning. The incident reminded me of Grainger's movements in the case of the other obstruction to his plans,—the theatre. The proprietors parted with it to Grainger, in exchange for a new one and 500*l.* Somebody, however, was dissatisfied, and was about to apply for an injunction to stop proceedings; but, within three hours from the signing of the contract, the chimneys were down; and before a letter could get to London no trace of the building remained.

This was Grainger's way, as a crowd of people found who came into Grey Street one morning to see how he was getting on about a house which projected so as to spoil his scheme, and which the owners stood out about, as is natural in such cases. The house was gone! The purchase had been effected the evening before; the tenants were instantly removed to a dwelling where they found good fires, and everything comfortable; and the fires they left behind were still burning when the chimneys came down.

Grainger now found that he had to deal with anxieties and troubles of a kind which he had not anticipated. His excavations kept him awake at night, and filled him with anxiety all day,—the ups and downs of the land being so various and often so perverse. Over and above the levelling and embanking, for the mere digging and removing of surplus soil, he paid 21,500*l.* Yet he had made his mortar wherever he came upon sand, and bricks when he came to clay. A brick-field in the midst of his works was a common spectacle. In his economy he did not forget his old friends, and many a one of them has seen one of Grainger's carts stop at the door with a load of firewood, when he was clearing his areas.

In five years he had built nine new streets, of varying lengths from eighty to above five hundred yards; wide and airy, and consisting entirely of houses and public buildings of polished stone in varied designs of most striking beauty. It is an astonishment to foreigners, arriving at Newcastle, to see such an architectural exhibition in a provincial town, formerly heard of only for its coal and glass. We used to be proud of Bath for its streets and crescents; and now Nottingham is putting on a new aspect, through the good offices of the Duke of Newcastle and his agent, with an enlarged area to work upon: but no improvements in our provincial places can ever reduce the marvellousness of Richard Grainger's transformation of his dingy native town. The so-called "new town" of Newcastle will be his monument while Newcastle has a history. Between the time I have spoken of and his death—twenty years—he has done many great works; but I have not seen them, and cannot tell what they are. It is needless to remark that he must have had the command of much capital besides his own. Both patriotic and speculative citizens were doubtless glad to furnish the means for his enterprises. It was common to hear rumours of coming disaster, on the part of persons who had always prophesied the ultimate ruin of the ambitious charity-boy: but there was a general trust in his prudence and sagacity. His accuracy in accounting for Methodist pence when he was a collector in his boyhood helped him well when scores of thousands were

passing through his hands. His quiet cheerfulness and collectedness gave an impression of being a safe man in all his transactions. His healthful composure was just the same in middle life as in his youth, when Mrs. Fenwick asked her husband who he was, and called him "the bonniest lad she ever saw." But there were times when he knew what it was to lose both his security and his composure. In one dreary season, when commercial affairs came to a dead lock, when all creditors pressed, and no money was to be had, Grainger failed. It was not for long, and he soon prospered again. But at another time, when he had at once too heavy a weight of liability upon him, and had worked too hard, and allowed himself too little sleep, his brain gave way. An interval of rest and proper treatment restored him entirely: but these misfortunes must, in all fairness, come into the account of his career.

It would take up too much space to tell of his plans for supplying water and gas, and connecting railways, or to describe the many public buildings he has given to Newcastle. In five years from his purchase of the Nunnery grounds, he had added another million to the value of the house property in the town. He bought for himself the great Elswick estate, which lies along the Tyne, paying for it 200,000*l.* He employed 2000 workmen at once, and held his ground when they attempted to strike. I remember the curiosity of the townsmen one day when the report flew round that Grainger's men had struck: but next morning he had had six hundred apprentices sworn in. His work was then chiefly excavation, which could be done by them under his direction; and very serene he looked, working among them. The men came back in crowds: he picked, and chose, and rejected; and many lamented having taken advantage of the most liberal and considerate employer they had ever had. He was the friend of his workmen throughout his career. Perhaps it is a more striking fact that he was on the most amiable terms with the other architects and builders of the town.

The perplexing thing is—how he became qualified to conceive and work out his really beautiful designs. He himself said that a visit to Edinburgh, early in his life, impressed him very deeply. He afterwards saw London and Dublin: and that was about all. What he might have been with the training of an architect, or with any sort of liberal education, there is no saying. The want of it was on occasion painfully felt. The sanitary arrangements of his "new town" might, I am told, have been much better than they are: and I have myself had opportunity to observe how strange some things were to him which ought to have been familiar. When I became acquainted with him, in 1839, I had just been at Venice; and it seemed natural that he would be interested in what was to be seen there. But there was no making him comprehend or believe that there were canals instead of streets. He thought I misunderstood him, as he wanted to hear, not about the navigation, but "the approaches." "The approaches, ma'am," he kept saying: "there must be approaches." I showed him Prout and Harding's engraved representation of Venice. He said he had never heard of such a thing in his life as these water-streets: and I made him take the volume home, hoping that he would get some profit for Newcastle out of it. No doubt he must have learned a great deal from engravings: but, allowing every possible means of supplying the defects of his education, it remains perfectly wonderful that his street architecture should be what it is; and it is at once animating and mournful to think what he might have been if his education had been better than that of a charity boy. Brave Ben Jonson laid his bricks with a book open beside him. Grainger plied his tools while his head was full of *his* poetic dream. If he had had a fair share of Ben's learning, it would have sent him out to see the world; and who can say what he might not have done when he had seen Italy and Greece?

Though he might thus have been something more and greater, Grainger was truly an eminent street architect: and I know not where we could find, at home or abroad, a sounder or more genial example of a self-made man.

Harriet Martineau.

CIVILE BELLUM.

"In this fearful struggle between North and South, there are hundreds of cases in which fathers are arrayed against sons, brothers against brothers."—American Paper.

"Rifleman, shoot me a fancy shot
Straight at the heart of yon prowling vidette,
Ring me a ball in the glittering spot
That shines on his breast like an amulet!"

"Ay, Captain! here goes for a fine-drawn bead,
There's music around when my barrel's in tune!"
Crack! went the rifle, the messenger sped,
And dead from his horse fell the ringing dragoon.

"Now, Rifleman, steal through the bushes, and snatch
From your victim some trinket to handsel first blood;
A button, a loop, or that luminous patch
That gleams in the moon like a diamond stud!"

"O! Captain, I staggered, and sunk on my track,
When I gazed on the face of the fallen vidette,
For he looked so like you, as he lay on his back,
That my heart rose upon me, and masters me yet.

"But I snatched off the trinket—this locket of gold—
An inch from the centre my lead broke its way,
Scarce grazing the picture, so fair to behold,
Of a beautiful lady in bridal array."

"Ha! Rifleman, fling me the locket!—'Tis she,
My brother's young bride—and the fallen dragoon
Was her husband—Hush! soldier, 'twas Heaven's decree,
We must bury him, there, by the light of the moon!

"But, hark! the far bugles their warnings unite;
War is a virtue—weakness a sin:
There's lurking and loping around us to-night;
Load again, Rifleman, keep your hand in!"

From the Once United States.

HOW THE O'DONNELLS FIRST WENT TO SPAIN.

A CELTIC LEGEND OF MAGIC AND WITCHCRAFT.

CHAPTER I.

"Ah! then is it really true that Marshal O'Donnell has been made a grandee of Spain?" said an old farmer to me a few days ago, whilst walking along the high-road, which runs parallel with the railway between Ross-sina and Kilmacow, in the county Kilkenny.

"Yes," I replied. "I believe the fact to be so, for such an announcement has appeared in all the newspapers. But why do you ask the question?"

"Why do I ask the question?" responded the farmer. "Why? Because I am deeply and personally interested in it."

"Indeed! then, perhaps, you are a relation of the Marshal's?"

"Me! a relation of the Marshal's? There isn't one drop of his blood in my veins."

"Then how come you to be deeply and personally interested in the elevation to a Spanish dignity of a person who must be a complete stranger to you?"

"It is easy answering that question," said the farmer. "The reason I take an interest in the matter is, that simple and humble as I may appear, yet it was from my house the first of the O'Donnells ever left Ireland to go to Spain; and it was by the merest accident I did not inherit an immense fortune by their doing so."

"That is a strange story you are telling," I ventured to remark.

"Strange! it is the most wonderful story ever you heard, and as the sun is shining brightly, and there is an old trunk of a tree for you to sit upon if you are tired, and if you have half-an-hour to spare, and will listen to me, I will tell you the whole narration from the beginning to the end—and a better spot for telling it than this there could not be, as I can point out to you the several places I have to mention in my history."

"Go on with your story," I observed, "you will find me a patient and attentive listener."

The old man lighted his pipe, and, seating himself by my side, he pointed to the hills, a couple of miles distant from the high-road, and directly opposite to where we were seated, and thus expressed himself:

"You know that the dark, dull, gloomy-looking mountain to the right, and which is all over rocks and furze-bushes, is called 'Tory Hill,' and you know that the hill that is facing us, and is tilled, is called 'Rahar' (but its right name is 'Rath-ar'),

and you know there is a valley that runs between the two, in which you may be sure, at all times of the year, to find more stones than potatoes, and more weeds than turnips. Now, all this you know as well, and may be better, than myself that is telling it to you; but there is one thing about the two places that, may be, you do not know; and that is, that in the ancient times both Tory Hill and Rahar were great huge fortifications of those thieving, murdering, inhuman, and unchristian pagans, the Danes. Well! there is another thing that, perhaps, you did not know before, and that is, that between Tory Hill and Rahar the Danes had constructed a subterranean passage; and they had two reasons for making it—first, because it was easier for them to make caves under ground at Rahar than at Tory Hill, by reason of the latter being nothing from its base to its top but a solid rock; and next because, whichever of the two places should come to be attacked by the Irish, the Danes could bring together to the same spot the fighting men of both fortifications; and, then, if they were to be beaten in the one fort, they had still another to retreat to. Oh! it's they—the Danes—that were the cunning, artful set of villains! and it is no wonder—they were so 'cute—that they were able to hold out for so many centuries against the poor innocent Irish who, in their simplicity, could do nothing but knock out Danish brains when they had an opportunity, and never stop cursing them when either beaten or bamboozled by them.

"Well, now, seeing how Tory Hill and Rahar are situated in regard to one another, you will easily understand that, though Tory Hill was the most conspicuous-looking of the two fortifications, and that the cunning Danes seemed to think a deal more of its possession than of the other, still the fact was that the place that was really important to them was Rahar, because it was there they had stored not only the best part of their provisions for both fortifications, in case of their being besieged, but also because it was there they preserved all their plunder—the gold and silver and diamonds and emeralds and pearls, with all the gold crosses, chalices, and priests' vestments, they had robbed out of every Irish church, monastery, and convent they ever got inside of. There was, in fact, no end to the wealth, grandeur, and riches these thieves of the world had stored up in the caves of Rahar. And, only think of their artifices and 'cuteness! the better to conceal this wealth, they did not hide it in trunks, but put it in places that an honest pious Irishman would never think of seeking after it—and that is—in stone coffins! It's the truth I am telling you—as you will find when I come to the end of my story. And what is more—the diabolical villains! as I know to my cost—they buried their gold and silver with such powerful enchantments cast around them, that if by any chance they came to be discovered in the day-time the contents of the coffins would appear to be—what they were not—bones, stones, and ashes; and would never appear to be—what they really are—the finest of yellow gold, and the brightest of purest silver. My curse upon the Danes!—dead and alive! here and hereafter!—for it is *I* that am the heavy loser by their vile witchcraft.

"And, now, after all this long preamble, I am coming to the pith of my story, and as to how the O'Donnells first went to Spain.

"You see just near to the top of Rahar Hill there is a small white house—as white as snow—so white, you would fancy it was whitewashed every Monday morning in the year. Not at all. It is made of white stones, and as it looks now, so did it appear fifty years ago, when I first went to live in it. That is my house, and it was from that very house the first O'Donnell ever went to Spain. And the way that it all happened was this—just as I am going to tell you.

"For hundreds upon hundreds of years the Danes and the Irish were fighting with one another. The Danes were trying to hold their grip on the country, and the Irish were trying to drive them out of it. At last the Irish succeeded. The Danes were broken, horse and foot, and all that the remnant of them could do, to save their lives, was to sail away to Denmark as fast as they were able. They could not take with them the plunder they had stored in Rahar; but, in order to conceal from the Irish the treasures they were leaving, they first of all stopped up the subterranean passage between Tory Hill and Rahar. They left the walls standing in the one place, and destroyed them in the other; and in lieu of them built up that white house, and put into it an old Danish woman and her young grand-daughter, well knowing that the Irish were too polite, kind-hearted, and good-natured, ever to molest an old woman that was too ugly for any one to wish to look twice at her, and a little girl that already promised to be so pretty that a king might, in time, pay court to her.

"Now, do you know the reason for the Danes doing this? Of course you don't, and therefore I will tell you. Once a Dane has laid his hand upon anything—no matter what it is—a guinea, a shilling, a silver spoon, or an acre of land, he reckons that it is his—his alone—and belongs to him from the first clutch he has made of it until the Day of Judgment; and, supposing the rightful owner takes it away from him, still the Dane never forgoes his claim on it, but acts in such a way as if he believed that if he does not live to get it, still his son or grandson or some one descending from him, though it was centuries from the present time, will again come into possession of it. That I may never sin! but I am told there are Danes now living in Copenhagen who can show you what they call '*their* title-deeds' to lands that belong to Captain Bryan of Jenkinstown, and Mr. Tighe of Woodstock, and the Marquis of Ormonde in Kilkenny, time out of mind—aye! and to lands that have been confiscated three times over, and have had forty different owners—Normans, Anglo-Irish, Cromwellians, English, Scotch, and Welsh, and Lord knows what besides!—since the Danes were in this country.

"Well! that being the way of thinking with the Danes, so far as concerns anything, and everything they have once laid their unlucky paws upon; it is easy seeing, they would do their best,

if they could not get at it themselves, to keep, for some of their own people to come after them, all the plunder they had heaped together in the caves of Rahar. They, therefore, built up that white house, and they put into it, as a care-taker for themselves, old Moyra Olliffe and her grand-daughter Aileen. And why do you think they selected old Moyra Olliffe, for such a post? For many reasons. First of all, because she was a pagan, hated the very name of a Christian, and detested the sight of an Irishman. Next, because she was an old witch, knew all sorts of enchantments, had sold herself right out as a dead bargain to the devil, and had got a power of boiling up in an iron skillet, which she always carried about with her, a certain drug, which if she got an opportunity of throwing at a person before he had time to say a prayer, or bless himself, would turn him into a dog, an ass, a goat, a cat, or a wolf, and that figure he must ever retain so long as he remained in Ireland, or within two hundred miles of the Irish coast. Last of all they appointed Moyra Olliffe to be the ostensible owner of Rahar because they knew that spite alone would make her true to her trust; for her brother King Olaf of the Iron-fist, or Olaf-ironfist as he was commonly called, was killed by the Irish when engaged on a plundering excursion with a few followers into the O'Carroll district. Moyra Olliffe was then fixed at Rahar to watch over its concealed treasures, to guard them by her enchantments, to rear up her grand-daughter to be, like herself, a witch; so that when the old woman died, she might succeed as the care-taker of all the silver and gold that belonged to herself as a king's grand-daughter, as well as to the Danish tribe of which she was a member.

It was a lucky thing for the young princess Aileen, that her grand-mother, Moyra Olliffe, was so busily engaged in contriving plans for guarding the treasures buried in the caves of Rahar; the old woman had not time to misinstruct her, to corrupt her morals, to poison her mind, or to instil into the child's heart her own prejudices against and malignant hatred of the Irish. Whilst the old witch was picking weeds and dead men's bones out of church-yards, to boil up into charms in her magic skillet, the young girl was running, as wild as a colt, hither and thither; wherever she liked, about the country. One day she would be, perhaps, wandering through the deep woods that then covered the mountains from this spot for miles up beyond Kilmacthomas; and, another day, she would be fishing all alone by herself in the waters of the little Blackwater, over there beyond, at first for pinkeens, and then, at last, for trout—and an able hand she was, by all accounts, with the rod, and in making flies, and spearing eels. But the most lucky thing of all that ever happened Aileen was her straying one day into the old church at Park. That church has disappeared, and its foundation stones are now covered with the railroad before us. In the church, Aileen met with the parish-priest, and the parish-priest, when he first saw her, thought from her being a strange child in the country, and so wonderfully beautiful, that she must be an angel come down from heaven to pray before his altar; but—I give you my word! he did not long labour under that delusion, once he entered into conversation with her. All that poor little Aileen knew of religion, at that time, was to swear like a trooper; and what was still worse, she did not even know how to curse like a Christian; for all her oaths were in the names of heathen deities, such as Thor, and Odin, and Woden, and Frigga, and Saxnot, and such other demoniacal Danish idols. Lucky it was for Aileen, that meeting with the parish-priest of Park; for he never stopped teaching her day after day, and week after week, until she had "Butler's Catechism" so completely off by heart, that she could defy an archbishop to puzzle her in it; and when she knew her catechism, of course, she never rested easy until the parish priest had baptised her as a Christian—and once being baptised, she was for ever afterwards secure against the diabolical mis-teachings of her grandmother. And so she went on for a few years, every year becoming more beautiful, and every year becoming a better Christian.

"I suppose that never before, nor since she herself was alive, was there seen or heard of a more beautiful creature than Aileen Olliffe at the age of eighteen. She was neither a tall, lanky, nor a fat, dumpy girl; but she was something between the two, with a step as light as a fairy, hair that was as yellow as flax, and finer than silk; a skin as white as milk, cheeks as pink as a young budding rose, eyes that were as blue as the sky, and that sparkled with light when you gazed into them; and a mouth that appeared to be made for no other purpose than to smile sweetly and to speak softly. When she walked abroad the sun seemed to shine more brightly, and the grass to grow greener, and even the humble daisies perked up their star-covered heads as if they were conscious there was in the midst of them something that made themselves and all around them look more entrancing than they ever did before. No wonder that young Phelim O'Neal O'Donnell, the first time he saw Aileen fishing for trout in the Blackwater, fell in love with her, and wished himself to be a little fish, in order that he might have the happiness of feeling her fair, taper, rosy-tipped fingers tenderly taking a rough hook out of his enamoured gills.

"Love of sport—having nothing to do—and the peace that had prevailed for some years in all parts of Ireland, from the time of the Danes being driven out of the country, had been the reasons for young Phelim O'Neal O'Donnell leaving his own principality, in the land of Tirconnell, to go and seek adventures in various parts of Ireland. Except knocking the head off a cruel magician at Cappoquin, and killing two giants that were over-holding possession of the castle of Lismore, nothing worth mentioning had occurred to Phelim O'Neal O'Donnell from the day he left Tirconnell until the eventful morning that he beheld the princess Aileen fishing for trout under the church-yard wall, below the hill of Scart, in the county Kilkenny.

Phelim O'Neal O'Donnell fell in love with Aileen at first sight; and Aileen Olliffe returned the compliment; for she knew, she never, until then, saw, and never, from that time forth, expected to

see a young man half as fine-looking as Phelim. He had the dark, bronzed skin, jet black hair, and large black eyes of a genuine Milesian—he had the face of a patriarch—it was so noble, so grand, and dignified, and with that he was mighty cleverly made, and in height about six feet two inches. He wore a yellow velvet hat, with a ruby in front, which fastened together two heavy hanging black plumes, a chain of triple gold was around his neck, and his body, arms, and legs, were covered with a tight-fitting, yellow-coloured dress. There was a jewelled dagger in the red silk scarf at his waist. A short sword hung to his side, and in his right hand he bore a hunting-spear.

"'If I could fancy my old grandmother to have ever spoken a word of truth,' said Aileen to herself, as she looked across the narrow stream at Phelim, 'I should suppose this handsome stranger to be the valiant Woden, who had come down from his Walhalla to pay me a visit.'

"'If I was to believe,' said Phelim, at the same time, to himself, 'what the pagan poets prate about the goddesses of former times, I would suppose that beautiful creature yonder to be the celestial charmer, Venus, who was amusing herself this fine morning with one of the occupations of the chaste Diana.'

"To make a long story short, they were over head and ears in love with one another in less than no time, and as they were both young, and innocent, and never supposed there was the slightest harm in letting the truth be known, they very soon came to a right understanding with each other upon a point so material to their mutual happiness.

"Phelim O'Neal O'Donnell asked Aileen Olliffe if she would marry him; and she replied at once, 'With the greatest pleasure in life;' but at the same time she gave him to understand that there were some difficulties in the way.

"'Difficulties, indeed!' said Phelim O'Neal O'Donnell. 'I laugh at difficulties! A young Irishman with a sword in his hand, and the girl that he loves by his side, derides difficulties, and will jump over, if he cannot cut through, impossibilities. Phew! show me the difficulty that dares to terrify you, and in half a minute I will wring its head off.'

"'It is not so easy as you think, my beautiful hero,' observed Aileen, 'to wring the head off an old woman.'

"'An old woman!' replied Phelim, astonished.

"'Yes,' continued Aileen, 'and an old woman that is a witch.'

"'As an Irishman,' replied Phelim, 'I should be ashamed of myself, if I were to lay an unkind hand on a female; but if she is a witch, then all I can say is—show her to me—I will not strike her with my fist, because she is a woman; but I give you my word of honour, I will never stop walking on her until she is as flat as a pancake.'

"'But this old woman, who is also a witch, is my grandmother,' answered Aileen.

"'Your grandmother!' replied Phelim. 'Then all I can say, my charming angel, is, I wish, for your own sake, as well as mine, your family was a little more respectable.'

"'Respectable! enagh!' answered Aileen, a little nettled. 'A good deal more respectable than yours, I am inclined to think. Why, my grandfather was a king, and my grand-uncle was the celebrated Olaf-ironfist, who used to pound Irish spalpeens into sparables.'

"'Not a doubt of it!' replied Phelim. 'There never was a more celebrated ruffian that Olaf-ironfist. But your grandfather, my beautiful maiden, you say, was a king, and your grandmother is no better than she ought to be. Oh! faix! that is a common case enough. There is no family that I ever yet knew of, no matter how high, exalted, or respectable it might be, but had some relation attached to it, that all the rest had right good reason to be ashamed of. Well, now, how is your grandmother, that is a witch, a difficulty in the way of yourself and myself being married, when we have both determined to become husband and wife?"

"'Because she has all my fortune in her keeping, and I know well she will never let me handle it, if she knows I wish to give it and myself to a Christian husband,' answered Aileen.

"'A fortune!" said the astonished and delighted Phelim. 'Why this is good luck and more of it! Ah! then, is it possible, such an enchanting beauty as you are can have a fortune? But, you are so handsome, it must be something very trifling; not worth troubling one's head about.'

"'All I will say about it is this,' replied Aileen. 'Since the O'Donnells were a sept, they never had, individually and collectively, half the fortune that I am entitled to; and that is now hidden in the caves of Kahar.'

"'What! what is that you say, my beautiful enchantress?' answered Phelim, becoming still more enamoured of Aileen when he heard her boasting of her wealth. 'You don't mean to say now, you have a fortune of ten thousand pounds—in ready money?'

"'Ten thousand pounds!' replied Aileen; 'who ever heard of the grand-daughter of a Danish king having such a paltry fortune as ten thousand pounds?'

"'Well, my celestial beauty! say twenty thousand pounds—in ready money.'

"'Pho! mean! beneath mentioning!' answered Aileen.

"'Well, my adorable and transcendantly divine beauty! say forty thousand pounds—in ready money.'

"'Contemptible!—not worth speaking about!'

"'Well, my intensely divine, most beautiful, and ecstatically attractive charmer! say eighty thousand pounds—in ready money.'

"'Bah!' said Aileen, 'your imagination cannot soar to the height or fly to the extent of my riches. There are four large iron hat-boxes crammed with nothing but diamonds and precious stones; there are six big iron trunks stuffed with nothing but gold; and there are twenty-four huge iron chests filled with nothing but bars of silver. That is my fortune. Are you still willing to marry me?'

"'I am willing to die for you, seraphic and supremely lovely Aileen!' answered Phelim.

"'Better to live and marry me,' responded

Aileen. 'And now to contrive how to get my fortune out of the hands of my grandmother. See if you can think of any plan for attaining that object.'

"'I am greatly afraid,' replied Phelim, 'that the only plan that will ever suggest itself to my mind is the simple one—of knocking out her brains.'

"'Remember she is my grandmother,' said Aileen.

"'Ah! yes!' sighed Phelim, 'that is the awkward circumstance in the way of the execution of my simple plan.'

"'Remember, also, she is a witch, and not so easily disposed of as you may fancy,' said Aileen. 'I must see if I cannot contrive something easier and more humane than your project. In two days from this time meet me here again. Meanwhile let me know where a messenger may find you, in case I desired to see you.'

"'I am stopping in Waterford,' answered Phelim. 'I was on the point of starting for Spain, in search of adventures, when the sight of you changed my destiny. I have hired the state-cabin on board the Granvaile, which sails from Waterford for Cadiz this day week, under the command of the skilful and pious captain, Joseph O'Leary.'

"'Farewell, my six-foot hero!' sighed the lovely Aileen.

"'Farewell!—rose of Rahar!—beauty of the Blackwater!—topaz of Kilkenny county!—pride of Park!—diamond of Scart!—concentration of female beauty and perfection!' exclaimed the enamoured Phelim O'Neal O'Donnell, as he touched with his gold spur the sable side of his coal-black steed, and rode rapidly down the very road by the side of which we are now sitting, on his way to Waterford.

CHAPTER II.

"With all the thrilling raptures of a first youthful and true love, Aileen and Phelim O'Neal O'Donnell parted from each other that fine, bright day, on the banks of the Blackwater. Their hearts beat with hope and joy; but how different would have been their feelings, if they had known that the whole of their conversation had been listened to by the wicked witch, Moyra Olliffe?

"By a most unlucky chance, that old villain of a woman was told that there had been buried, a few days previously, in the graveyard adjoining Park Church, the body of an unbaptised infant; and as she wanted the right thigh-bone of the child to boil up into a broth for one of her incantations, she was busy in grubbing for it amongst the graves, when she heard the noise made by O'Donnell's horse as its hoofs came down upon the stony road outside. The wall of the churchyard overhung the bank of the river, and, squatting behind the wall, the old woman could hear every word the two lovers had spoken.

"This wicked, abominable, and horrid ugly old woman had but one tooth in her head, and that was in the upper jaw, from which it stood out like a pig's tusk. When Aileen began to speak, the witch caught hold of this long, villanous tooth, and she never let it go until the two lovers separated, when, starting up, and dragging it out by the root, she cast it upon the earth, and then, as her mouth filled with blood, she spurted forth these words:

"'My curse upon her! the audacious minx! As I tear out this tooth from my head, so do I tear her, the last of my race, from my heart! Ah! ha! so! she wants to marry an Irishman! and a Christian too! She would sink the name of Olliffe to become a dirty O'Donnell! and to give him, too, all the wealth which her grandfather won by his sword, and her valiant grand-uncle, Olaf-ironfist, squeezed out of the blood and bones of the Irish! She would throw not only all that away upon a stranger she did not know yesterday! Ay—would she! and if she knew the secret as to the wealth of all the Danes that I have, until now, protected from the gaze of mortals by my witchcraft, she would fling all that away with her own fortune! Oh! the renegade and the rapscallion! Why! by the thunderbolts of Thor! she must herself have turned Christian! If that is so; and if, since her baptism, she has never committed a sin, then I am powerless against *her!* I can do her no mischief. I will try. I can but fail. And if I do not succeed with her, why then I must see what my arts can effect, first to bewilder this outrageously tall Irishman; and if I am baffled there also, then to try the most powerful of my charms against him. Oh! all ye holy, ruthless, blood-loving, brain-scattering valkyries, come and help me! I go now to seek for the most rancid poisons. Ah! Aileen! if you are a Christian, and have lost your baptismal innocence, then this very night you shall be a corpse! and to-morrow your dainty body will be given over as a banquet to the worms in the churchyard of Park.'

"All that day the witch was busy with her magic skillet concocting a most deadly poison. It was not until evening she had completed her task; and then, when she met her grandchild, at supper, she presented her with a bowl of milk which she pretended she had herself taken that minute from the cow. The unsuspecting, innocent, darling Aileen accepted the deadly gift—at once swallowed it; and the moment she did so fell senseless and motionless on the earth!

"The wicked witch, with a tearless eye and an unshaken hand, had presented the poison to her grandchild; and when she saw the poor young girl fall, she looked at her with eagerness in the hope she might behold the lovely creature's limbs quivering in the agonies of death.

"'Curses! a hundred thousand curses upon her! I cannot hurt her!" cried the witch. "She is a baptised Christian, and her soul is unstained by mortal sin. All that my poor art can do against her is to throw her into a deep sleep for forty-eight hours; and even that much I could not have accomplished had she but blessed the poisoned milk or said one word of a prayer before swallowing it. My skill as a witch can do no hurt to her. I must then try what can be done against the youth, who has fallen in love with her. I have full forty-eight hours, whilst this deep sleep continues to bewilder and bewitch him, without the chance of being molested or interfered with by her.'

"Of all the inhuman, unfeeling, mean, nasty,

low, rascally, diabolical and infernally wicked animals that ever was formed, there never yet was anything so inhuman, so unfeeling, so mean, so nasty, so low, so rascally and so diabolical as a witch! I am sure you will agree in so thinking with me when I tell you of the plan which old Moyra Olliffe adopted for misleading, bewildering, and misguiding poor young Phelim O'Neal O'Donnell when he came, true to the appointment between them, to meet as he thought his darling little true love, the princess Aileen, on the bank of the Blackwater stream.

"Little did the unhappy young man know that the person he saw fishing for trout was, not his own Aileen (who was then sleeping in her own bed in that white house upon the hill before you) but her abominable old ugly, toothless, withered and wicked grandmother, who had assumed the outward form of Aileen.

"Phelim O'Neal O'Donnell was not a little astonished as he rode up to the place where the supposed Aileen was fishing to see that the moment she took a trout out of the stream she bit its head off between her snow-white teeth, and then threw the headless fish into the basket beside her.

"'Well,' said Phelim to himself, 'of all the inhuman sport I ever saw in my born days that is the ugliest and the dirtiest way of putting a fish out of pain that ever I witnessed. Ah! but the poor young creature knows no better. It was her cruel old grandmother, I suppose, that taught her that nasty trick. Wait a while—and so soon as she is married to me, I will be after instructing her in what is the height of good manners when one undertakes to be an angler.'

"'The top of the morning to you, my bouchal,' cried the sham Aileen, as she saw Phelim O'Neal O'Donnell reining in his horse, and on the point of dismounting. 'I hope you're brave and hearty, and as full of fun and friskiness as Mooney's goose.'

"'The Lord preserve us,' said Phelim to himself; 'but those are strange words to be in the mouth of a princess. Upon my veracity, the first thing I shall have to do after making a wife of Aileen is to send her to school to learn how to behave herself.'

"'Why don't you talk, you big overgrown bosthoon?' said the sham Aileen. 'Why, you are as silent as a stuck pig, and are just looking at me this minute as if I had two heads on me.'

"'And no wonder for me,' thought Phelim to himself. 'Oh! murder! murder! but this beautiful young creature does not at all improve upon acquaintance.'

"'What's the matter with you?' asked the sham Aileen; 'why don't you speak out like a man? Have you lost the use of your tongue? I thought that what brought you here this morning in such a hurry, was to make love to me. Ah! if you were one of the decent Danes, instead of being what you are, a low, mean, nasty, dirty O'Donnell, that is not the way in which you would be conducting yourself.'

"'Phew! it is worse and worse she is getting every instant,' thought Phelim to himself. 'Ah! that I may never kill a giant, but if she was fifty times as rich as she was bragging the other morning, I wouldn't submit to her abusing the O'Donnells. I say, Miss Aileen Olliffe,' continued Phelim, as he took off his yellow velvet cap with the black plumes. 'Before this love affair between me and you goes any further I would like to have a word of explanation with you.'

"'You would like to have an explanation,' repeated the Sham Aileen.

"'Yes, I would,' replied Phelim.

"'Very well, then, my bouchal, you shan't have it.'

"'And why not?'

"'Because it was a favourite saying with my grand-uncle Olaf-ironfist, who killed forty-five men in forty-five duels, that explanations always made matters worse; and instead of peace always led to new and worse quarrels,' answered the sham Aileen.

"'And the reason you have for not coming to an explanation is, because you would not like to quarrel with me,' said Phelim.

"'Exactly so,' replied the sham Aileen, casting her line into the stream.

"'Very good,' thought Phelim to himself, 'she is at last returning to reason. That is the only sensible word that has come from her pretty lips this morning.'

"'And do you know,' continued the sham Aileen, 'why I would not like to quarrel with you?'

"'No, I do not; but I should like to hear it,' replied Phelim, feeling that he was again beginning to be very fond of her.

"'Why, then,' replied the sham Aileen, 'the only reason that I would not like to quarrel with you is, that I want to get married.'

"'You want to get married?' exclaimed the astounded Phelim.

"'By Dad, I do,' answered the sham Aileen; 'I am dying to be married, and I don't much care to whom—so that my husband is a tall, stout, slaughtering young man, six feet two in height, and able to box his corner. All is fish that comes to my net. If I cannot get a trout, why then I am content to be biting the head off a gudgeon'—(and as she said this, she unhooked a poor little gudgeon, crunched its head between her teeth, and cast it into the basket by her side). 'If I have not the good luck to meet with a rollicking, roystering, skull-splitting Dane, like my brave old grand-uncle Olaf of the Iron-fist, why then I must content myself with one of the low skulking Irish; and as I cannot meet with any other, why I am ready to give my hand and fortune to one of the low, mean, mongrel, dirty O'Donnells.'

"'The O'Donnells ought to feel very much obliged to you for the fine compliments you pay them,' said Phelim, in a state of great indignation.

"'It is they that ought,' said the sham Aileen. 'It is little one of such a low-born crew could ever have supposed that the honour would befall him of being married to the kitchen-maid of a Danish king, much less to a Danish king's granddaughter.'

"'Oh! this poor, beautiful, young creature must be as mad as a March hare,' thought Phelim to himself. "But I will not leave her in this way,

without trying to discover the cause of what seems to me to be incomprehensible.'

"'So you are again as mute as a fish!' said the sham Aileen. 'A penny for your thoughts, you overgrown omathaun.'

"'Why, then, Miss Aileen,' said Phelim, 'I would like to ask you a civil question, if you will promise to give me a civil answer?'

"'Good manners and you might be married, for you are not in the least degree akin to one another,' replied the sham Aileen. 'Sure, if you were not as ignorant as a donkey you ought to know that a pretty girl of eighteen can never be anything but civil to a well-dressed youngster. Ask your question like a man, and I'll answer you as becomes a lady, who has more money in her pocket than ever belonged to your whole seed, breed, and generation.'

"'Then the question I have to ask you is this,' said Phelim, becoming very much disgusted with the Danish beauty before him, 'what in the world is the reason that both your manners and your language are so very different this morning from what they were two days ago?'

"'Oh, oh!' said the sham Aileen; 'so, my bright youth, you do not think me as agreeable this morning as the day you first saw me?'

"'By no manner of means,' gruffly replied Phelim.

"'Tell the truth, and shame the devil, is an old Danish proverb,' observed the sham Alieen; 'and as you asked a civil question, I will give you a civil and candid answer. The only reason for a difference between my manners and language upon this and that occasion—if there is any real difference between them—is the slight difference that is caused by a small drop of drink.'

"'A small drop of drink!' exclaimed Phelim, utterly confounded by this confession. 'You don't mean to say that *you* drink?'

"'Drink! Don't I, indeed! Does a duck swim?' answered the sham Aileen.

"'What! drink spirits?' cried the horrified Phelim.

"'Yes, the real stuff! the only good thing that ever was made in or ever went out of Ireland—genuine Irish whiskey!'

"'Oh! impossible, impossible! you slander yourself, hapless Aileen!' cried the heart-broken Phelim.

"'Impossible! Ah! then listen to the poor gommilew, how little he knows of the ways of us women!' said the pretended Aileen. 'Did you ever know a good sportsman who ventured out in the hunting-field with the dogs, or by the river-side with a rod, and yet was seen in either place without a well-filled pocket-pistol of strong drink? Look here, my bouchal,' added the sham Aileen, as she drew forth a pint-bottle from her pocket, which appeared to be half-filled with whiskey.

"'Oh! there is no standing this,' cried Phelim, bounding over the stream. 'Nothing now but the evidence of my own senses will convince me you are telling the truth to your own dishonour.'

"As Phelim thus spoke, he snatched the bottle from the hand of the witch, uncorked it, smelled the contents, tasted them, and, spitting out the fairy liquid on the earth, he exclaimed:

"'Miserable young woman! your wicked grandmother must have laid some damnable spell upon you this morning; you are bewitched by some of her hellish charms.'

"He could say no more. He had imbibed a particle of the witch's noxious potion.

"'Ah! as I have got you within arm's length of me,' cried the sham Aileen, her fingers now clammy with enchanting ointments, 'I cannot refrain from embracing you. Kiss me, my bouchal!'

"The old woman's lips, moistened with a powerful charm, pressed the lips of the young man, and her baleful breath was exhaled upon him.

"'Oh! murder, murder! I am poisoned entirely!' said Phelim to himself. 'Oh! this creature must have been feeding for a century upon onions, leeks, garlic, and assafœtida! Oh! this cannot be a young woman at all! Ah!' exclaimed Phelim, as he perceived the smooth features of Aileen shrivel up into the withered, wrinkled face of Moyra Olliffe. 'Ah! you accursed hag! I knew well that my darling could never have spoken nor acted in the horrid way that you, when disguised as her, were going on. I will have you burned, you atrocious, mischief-making—'

"Phelim could say no more; the fearful necromantic charm had done its work, and he fell without sense or motion at the feet of the malignant Danish witch.

(To be continued.)

DINNER.

Somebody has remarked that there is the greatest difference in the world between dining and getting your dinner. The world is a large place; suppose we test the saying at some representative spot. What, for instance, is the central point of measurement to us English people? How do we best express our position anywhere on the globe? Are not all distances reckoned from Greenwich? Does not that town, or some magic spot in that parish, provide the true unit of reckoning, and stand for the starting post of wanderings and voyages? Is it not the conventional boss or navel of the world? Thence the navigator counts his degrees. Thence the chronometer derives the "time." There, also, we may consult the statute yard—inch and foot. There, also, for a month or two, the gourmet finds the ideal dinner. It is the centre of the culinary system. Whatever it may be in the "world," there is, at Greenwich, the greatest difference between dining and getting your dinner. I am not going to describe that meal at the Ship or Trafalgar. Mr. Quartermaine would not thank me for a stale version of the result of his elaborate and piquant experience. It must be judged by other powers than the eye or the ear. How can I explain, even to myself, the succession of dishes which lead the gratified but buoyant appetite up to the culminating, characteristic focus of a whitebait dinner. Can I—though I had the skill of the subtlest analyst—define the combined operation of wines,

sauces, and brown bread and butter on the jaded or virgin palate? Epicures would smile at my attempt, hunger would despise my finesse. I will, therefore, let the delicate subject alone, and ask you merely to digest with me some of the reflections which occur to philosophers like ourselves in connection with a dinner at Greenwich. In the first place I remark that the prevailing object of the town is to put the satisfaction of even the humblest appetite in as pleasant a light as possible. Do you wish to luxuriate on copper? Walk from the water-side to the park, and listen to the invitations which greet you at every door:

"Tea, sir; nice tea and a summer-house. Walk in, sir; private apartment—beautiful view!"

The mistresses of these establishments stand at their thresholds, the tea-things are exhibited in the windows over head, hanging like the signs of old London at right angles to your path. On the house-fronts—like more modern advertisements—cunning placards offer silently to the eye what the hostesses pour into the ear. The fare is cheap: you may bring your own tea screwed up in a page of "London Journal," and combine it with "hot water and a cool garden, at twopence per head."

Between this and a dinner at the Ship what room for the imaginative palate to wander!—what variety of meals! Some incapable of classification under any title in use between breakfast and supper, others scientifically distinctive. Some men dine flying—"snatch a mouthful"—we, suppose, as the travelling post-office does a bag at a small station, full speed; others, having no occupation, dawdle on slowly, spreading the sensation over as much time and palate as they can. Dinners! Think of the omnibus man's, who drives fourteen hours a-day—Sundays included—and, when all goes right, gets twenty minutes for that meal; but when all goes wrong barely ten. Ten minutes for dinner in a period of fourteen hours! — the hinge is too weak—the pivot is too small for such machinery to revolve on. He gets down, though, no inconsiderable bulk of meat and potatoes. Give a cabman ten minutes, elbow room, and a leg of mutton, and you will have a fresh illustration of the value of time.

Critics in eating have remarked, disparagingly, on the sameness of English dinners, as compared, for instance, with French. Their strictures, however, apply only to the feeding of certain classes, —the entertainments which are given in certain society, where the grand set the pattern and the mean hobble after it. Beyond the stereotyped conventional "dinner," the soups, fish, flesh, fowl, &c., there is perhaps a greater variety of meals consumed under that title in England than in France. There the poor man's meal is made to resemble the rich man's in some degree by a change, if not variety of dishes, say by a little meagre soup. They are also related through the accompanying "wine." There is a common ideal to them both.

Take any promiscuous hundred Frenchmen, and their notions of dinner would show much more uniformity than those of a hundred Englishmen.

I was led into this train of thought one day last summer at Greenwich. A friend carried me down there to dine. Where we dined — below, not many yards off—visible from the open window of our room, was a man "getting his dinner" in a coal-barge. His fingers showed black upon the victuals he tore. When he wiped his mouth with his sleeve he partially cleansed the lower part of his face. He was very hot. He drank out of a battered tin can which had been standing in the sun. After that he sighed deeply, and shouldered a sack of coals. Not that he sighed from sorrow, it was from satisfaction; a rude unspoken grace was offered to the lord of work, who had now satisfied his appetite for a time. He shouldered a sack. My friend suggested cigars on the balcony, and waiter set out some chairs for us.

Now, methought, what a variety of dinners there are between ours and the bargee's. Dinner filled my mind—Greenwich put it into my mouth—so pray forgive a ruminative chat. Dinners: let us see —these are hot and cold; they are always hot on board steamers. I suppose there is necessarily something more grateful to the palate in a hot joint. The food is tasted without an effort. On this account a bad hot dinner is abominable, and thus packet-dinners are most offensive. The reeking heap of greens and the large, boiled, underdone leg of mutton, which are always prominent on these occasions, have a reeking intensity of flavour such as no two other dishes ever combined. The cold dinner has a character which it does not deserve; being socially despised, it is often served without care.

Such, however, is the way of the world. The man who has little but plain sense to recommend him is made the worst of; he is used — not welcomed, like cold boiled mutton, without pickles or grace, while the sappy joint gathers around it all the care of cookery and support of sauces. Help to the strong; and as for the weak, you may kick him securely—he has got no friends.

Second-rate cookshops have a wonderful power of developing greasiness; every item shines. The very hungry, however, who go there generally need greasy food—I mean physically; fat makes fat and warmth. I confess, though, that on hearing a wise man the other day remark how Greenlanders ate blubber to produce "carbon," I could not help saying (to myself, of course, for he was a great medical authority) that they probably ate it because they could not get anything else. I am a great believer, nevertheless, in nature as guide and caterer in eating. She not only provides oil and fat for the inhabitant of the Polar regions, but takes away from him the extreme disgust we should feel at such food. Indeed, I believe that the palate is the truest regulator of our diet. What we like best agrees with us best—*in moderation*—there is the rub. Dainty dishes are sometimes abused, because they tempt us to eat too much. Their daintiness is not their defect. The same bulk of nasty food would disagree with us much more than the same bulk of nice food. Some people, indeed, profess that they don't care what they eat. They are generally mistaken; but if not, all I can say is, they ought to be ashamed of themselves. To affect superiority to one of the senses God has given us is questionable,

but so to change oneself as to be really insensible is unnatural. Don't care what they eat! Take an extreme case. There must be something wrong about a man who would munch with uniform indifference a pine-apple or a carrot. Those, however, who profess not to care for delicacies, when it comes to the proof are often found to mean that they don't care for what *other people* esteem delicacies, having themselves a particular appetite for and enjoyment in tasting some vulgar dish—such as sheep's-head and trotters. In fact, their boast generally ends in establishing only the coarseness of their own taste. It would be curious—yes, instructive—to inquire how far epicures help to educate and civilise a people. Man has been defined as a cooking animal. Delicate eating accompanies other refinements. But how far is its cookery the measure of a nation's worth? I leave my readers to pursue these thoughts, noticing myself one apparent good result from dainty and expensive feeding. Every fruit and vegetable sold at a large price is a reward of skilful scientific gardening. Did no one really care for very early peas, or what not, probably few or none would be grown. Horticulture, as a science, would want its strongest support if there were no *bon-vivants*. Think how much stimulus is given to gardening as well as to cookery by an elaborate and expensive meal. A dinner at so many guineas a-head represents genuine talent and work in several professions, though it may imply some sensuality in the guests. In forming a fair judgment on the matter we must consider those who produce, quite as much as those who consume. If, as Sydney Smith says, the object of all government is roast mutton, what the newspapers call "recherché entertainments" may be closely allied with political power, and the Ministerial Fish-dinner measure the strength of the cabinet.

There is, no doubt, a waste of supporting power in the cookery of many poor people. I do not refer merely to the material—the meat which is burnt or the gravy which is spilt—but to the small solace and comfort got in proportion to the bulk of food which is prepared at last. It is not so nice, and therefore not so nutritious, as it might be. Soyer was one of the greatest of philanthropists; but even his shilling book is too elaborate for very uneducated people. The thousands which have been sold must have cheered many a home; we want, however, something simpler—best of all, more practical elementary teaching about cookery in connection with national schools. If inspectors required less physical geography and had an examination in (say) boiling potatoes, it would be a step in the right direction. I would have the girls bring up their exercises in clean wooden bowls. The children should be allowed only such cooking means as they had at home. In the upper classes there might be prizes for puddings and other portions, cheap though not nasty.

Indeed, without some practical knowledge of the art, books on cookery are almost useless, just as the juiciest description of a dinner is thrown away on those unnatural people who do not care what they eat.

As an illustration of the influence of cookery, I will mention an anecdote which you may have stumbled on yourself. A great eater, famed more for capacity than discernment, bet that he would consume in ten minutes any two shillings' worth of wholesome human food, however combined. His adversary took four pots of threepenny ale, and emptied them into a very large pie-dish, then he soaked in it twelve penny rolls, and, presenting the result to the eater, with a spoon, bade him begin. He did so, but could not finish the mess within the wagered limit.

Of course there is much more to be said about dinner. Under what forms does dinner appear? The greedy debauch—the prolonged civic feast—the sudden, but complete meal, quite French, that which is provided, say at Macon, for travellers between Paris and Geneva, or Marseilles, where you find the cork of your bottle of wine ready drawn, and see the last plate or two of soup poured out as the train "arrests itself," and the guard says "Macon," "vingt minutes."

Then there is the lunch-dinner,—a delusive compound. The monotonous chop, over which the unimaginative bachelor grins, day after day. The heavy tea—also a mistake. The felon's dinner rations—sullen hunger, and a scraped pannikin.

Some persons object to the smell of cooking. That depends. Who does not recollect Dickens's description of the stew-pot at the Jolly Sandboys, in "The Old Curiosity Shop"? How, when the cunning landlord took off the lid, and the savour of the mess filled the room, not a traveller but made up his mind to stop,—altogether dismissing what feeble thought he had about pushing on another mile or two that night. As for the smell of dinner, I say that depends. One man rings the bell violently, and is fierce about the kitchen door; another sniffs, and is silent.

Which is best? A good appetite, and a bad dinner; or bad appetite, and a good dinner?

Don't answer without thinking. There are good sauces besides hunger. A bad dinner is not only unpleasant, but unwholesome. Conceive great appetites and bad dinners universal. The blacks in Australia will eat eight or ten pounds of strong kangaroo at one go. There is much to be said in favour of less hunger and better food. Well! I suppose there is a medium in the matter, —as the hearsay philosopher affirms.

At any rate, please don't pretend a contempt for cookery. There is nothing in the world, my good friend, which you could so ill afford to lose. *You don't care what you eat!* You deserve to have every spit, range, and pot pass out of creation, and to die of scurvy!

Charity dinners are, though not exclusively, yet eminently English. There is first, the fact of dinner on which to build, around which the floating philanthropy gathers, under which it developes itself. The feeder of the hungry must first be fed himself. There is, I say, first the realisation of the charity in company with the word "dinner," then the actual influence of the food upon the donor. The old Madeira—the mellow speech of the honourable chairman—the donation—the—well, I suppose I had better be honest—the curtain lecture—. But I must have done, though I might say much more. The subject is endless: every one is more or less a com-

petent critic. I have been too bold to write on such a theme.

Courteous reader, in rising from the table, let me express a hope that you see a very great difference between "dining" and "getting your dinner." May you never sit down to one without an appetite,—may your never hunger without being able to dine.

THE MONTENEGRINS.

The tiniest member of the European community of nations, so insignificant as to be forgotten in peace-time, has just now become famous. The Montenegrins, always ready to seize hold of their weapons, and find occasion for vindicating old claims and avenging past injuries, are again at war with the Porte. Without venturing upon the troubled ground of politics, or guessing at the issue of that contest, we may pick a few facts in illustration of their character out of the note-books of Sir Gardner Wilkinson, M. Kohl, and other travellers.

They are a rough, uncouth, almost barbarous set of men; in their temper exactly harmonising with the rugged nature of their residence. The country is an extended surface of small hills and valleys, with here and there a loftier eminence jutting up. Sometimes the mountains are steep and smooth like glaciers: often the valleys are traversed by rapid torrents. So rocky is the whole place that the inhabitants have made up a queer story to account for the peculiarity. When God, they say, was traversing the newly-made world, and apportioning stones to the different parts, the bag in which the stones were kept burst as He passed over Tzernagora, and, in consequence, they all fell there.

The district, situated in the north-west portion of Turkey, and hemmed in by the Turkish provinces of Herzogovina, Bosnia and Albania, is scarcely larger than our English county of Kent, and not altogether unlike it in shape. It measures some sixty miles in length and thirty or thirty-five in breadth. It gets its name of Black Mountain—for so the Venetian word, Montenegro, and the native word, Tzernagora, both signify—from the dark pine forests which once almost covered it, and of which traces still exist. Five centuries ago, before the unwieldy structure was broken in pieces by the Mussulmans, it formed part of the Slavonic empire of Servia. But while the Turkish nation was growing up, and spreading its roots in the parts all round them, the hardy little people of the Black Mountain could never be brought under subjection. Ever since that time, they have been always at feud—generally at open war—with their angry enemies, and a most intense, unwavering hatred has been maintained between the two races. In the late Russian war this animosity overcame their partiality for the English, and led them at once to take part against the allies of the Turks.

Till very recently the chief power has been vested in the bishop. The present governor, or Vladika, however, Prince Daniel, is a layman, the change having been considered expedient, in order that, by marrying, he may have children who can form a regular dynasty, and thus avoid the squabbles of an election at each vacancy. In the year 1712, fearing to rely solely on their own strength, the people placed themselves under the protection of Russia, Peter the Great being then Czar, an alliance which was encouraged both by affinity of race and by communion of religion; for the Montenegrins are zealous Christians belonging to the Greek Church, a fact which naturally heightens the opposition of the Turks.

Though nominally governed by Vladikas, these officers have very little real power. In the senates of the chiefs, the answer to every proposal is: "Be it as thou wishest, Vladika!" and there the submissiveness ends. Each man does as is right in his own eyes. The two Vladikas who preceded the present one made great efforts, and with some success, to secure order by instituting correct systems of trial for offences. But all attempts are rendered very difficult by the strong prejudice against bringing any one to justice. If a man is wronged, it is thought that he must revenge the injury with his own hand. It is the most sacred duty of the eldest son to avenge the murder of his father. If he is too young to set about the work at once, he is instructed to regard himself as a divinely appointed minister of retribution. Unless he is an infant, in which case the mother acts as his proxy, the widowed parent holds before the boy his father's blood-stained clothing, and makes him swear in the presence of his kinsmen and a priest, that he will seek before everything to punish the murderer. The garment, or any other relic that is procurable, is then hung up as a lasting memento of the unrequited wrong. In 1851, when M. Kohl was travelling through the country, a little fellow was brought up as a witness in a trial before an Austrian court, when the following dialogue took place:

The Judge asked, "What is your name?"

"Savva Markovich," was the answer.

"How old are you?"

"Seven years."

"Who is your father?"

"Marko Gregorovich: he is no longer alive."

"When did he die?"

"He did not die."

"How so?"

"He was murdered. We all know it. He was murdered by Spiro Jurovich, from Saroschi; and when I am a man I will shoot Jurovich."

"Stop, stop, my little man. How can you think of such a dreadful thing? who put it into your head?"

"Oh! yes: I will kill Spiro Jurovich. I *must* do so. My uncle, the priest, Peter Gregorovich, has told me so. I will shoot him with the rifle that hangs in my uncle's room. When I am a man my uncle will give me the rifle, that I may avenge my father, and punish his murderer."

Nor is the necessity of blood-revenge confined to cases of bloodshed. Another incident was brought under the notice of the same traveller. A pretty girl had been long affianced to a young man; but the marriage was deferred owing to his poverty. Things were in this state, when another youth, wealthier than the former, came to live in the village. Before long, having succeeded in drawing off the girl's affections, he made her his wife. For a while, the insulted youth took no

steps to gain redress, probably thinking himself happily rid of the money-loving lady. However, he found that everybody avoided him; his relations looked black at him, and even whispered audible reproaches. Then, one day, it was noised abroad, that the stranger had been found dead in his garden. Suspicion at once fell on the young man who had been wronged. He was apprehended and brought up for trial; but, no evidence being forthcoming, was speedily released. Abundant testimony existed; but it was kept back by the relations of the deceased, who were loth to have the luxury of retaliation snatched from them. It is in ways like these that feuds start up, and grow from generation to generation.

But the chief outlet for their ferocity, or rather, perhaps, the secret cause of their lawlessness at home, is to be found in their continual struggle with the Turks. Liable to an inroad at any moment, it is necessary that all the men should be skilled in arms. Out of a population of about 120,000, it is estimated that between 20,000 and 30,000 armed men might be collected in the course of a few hours, and that this number could be increased by the addition of old men and boys. In cases of emergency, even the cripples are borne on the backs of women and lodged behind bits of rock, whence they can load and discharge their guns. None of these, however, can be considered regular troops. At the moment of extreme peril they waive their jealousies and obey their officers, but at other times they have no law but their own will. Being inured to privations, they perform with ease and alacrity very long and forced marches. They do not scruple to use their long rifles as leaping-poles, and so are able to cross wide ditches and scramble up steep rocks, which would greatly impede more disciplined soldiers. On foot, they can pursue the enemy with almost as much rapidity as a body of cavalry. When he is marching towards them, they conceal themselves in ravines, and send out small parties, who advance a little and then feign a retreat, until he is enticed into the ambush. Here they surround him and fight, chiefly with their broad-swords, much more like the heroes of Homer's time than modern Christians, each man relying solely on his own strength, and following pretty much his own way. Their favourite time of attack is the night, that suiting best for surprises. When they meet a foe in pitched battle, they rush furiously into the squares, and, if they do not succeed in destroying the ranks, they at any rate greatly discompose them by their rapid manœuvres.

No one can ever expect mercy at their hands: they take prisoners only those who yield before battle; all the rest have their heads cut off on the spot. A story is told of two Austrian riflemen whose corps was worsted in an engagement with the Montenegrins in 1840. Being detached from their comrades, and seeing no other chance of escape, they threw themselves on the ground and pretended to be dead. Some of the enemy at once approached them, and cut off the head of the nearest one of the two. The other, "finding it no use to be dead," started up and rushed down the precipices, running as he never ran before. In the battle of Grahovo, fought three years ago, Mirko, the commander-in-chief, and brother of Prince Daniel, wrote to tell him that out of the Turkish army of 13,000, 7000 heads were felled. "It was a terrible spectacle," says a Russian officer, an eye-witness of their mode of combat in former instances, "to see them rushing forward, with the heads of their slaughtered enemies suspended from their necks and shoulders, and uttering savage yells." These heads serve as trophies of the prowess of their possessors.

Sometimes the women are as fierce as the men, as this popular song will show. It will serve, at the same time, as a specimen of the literature of the people, which consists almost entirely of war ballads and heroic songs:

"An outlaw lamented on the mountain: 'Poor Stanisha! Acurst am I who have let thee fall unavenged;' and in the valley of Zusa, the wife of Stanisha heard that voice, and knew that her husband had fallen.

"The fiery Christian woman at once seized a gun, and rushed forth, following the green path along which had come down the murderers of her husband—fifteen Turks and their leader, Chengish Aga. She discovered the Aga, fired, and killed him on the spot. The other Turks, frightened at her boldness, fled, and left her unmolested to cut off the head of their leader, which she took to her home.

"Fatima, the wife of Chengish, wrote to the widow of Stanisha: 'Christian woman, thou didst tear out both my eyes when thou killedst my husband. If thou art a true Tzernagorka, thou wilt come tomorrow alone to the frontier, where, also alone, I will meet thee, that we may see which will approve herself the worthiest wife.'

"The Christian woman put away her female garments, and clad herself in man's attire, in the garments of Chengish. She took his sword, his pistol, his splendid rifle; and, mounted on his prancing steed, she sped along the paths of Zusa. As she passed by each rock she cried: 'If a brother lie here in ambush, kill me not; I am not a Turk—I am a child of the Black Mountain.'

"Arrived at the frontier, she found that the faithless Turkish woman had brought with her her husband's brother, who, riding a great black steed, rushed madly on the young Christian woman: but she awaited him without fear, sent a sure bullet through his heart, and then cut his head from his body.

"She then pursued Chengish's widow, bound her, and led her captive to her home, where she was obliged to rock asleep the orphan children of Stanisha. When she had served her thus for fifteen years, she sent her back to her own people."

As might be expected, the arts of peace are not much cultivated by a people thus habituated to warfare. They have nothing which can be dignified with the name of a town, but the greater portion of the inhabitants are distributed in between two and three hundred villages or hamlets. The largest of these, Tzetinic, contains about 1200 inhabitants. It is the seat of government, and can boast of the Vladika's house, which is an oblong building two storeys high, of an extensive monastery, and of two broad streets, all being enclosed by a tolerably lofty wall. In addition to the Vladika's residence there are a few dwelling houses, here and there scattered through the

country, which are built in the English method; but the mass of houses are mere huts composed of thatch or loose uncemented stones; they sometimes contain two rooms and a loft above, but more frequently consist of only one room, which serves for a whole family to cook, receive visitors, and sleep in. Beds are scarcely known: for most the bare floor or the mountain side is sufficient sleeping accommodation. The better class of houses, however—the residences of those whom wealth and luxury have enervated—often have benches or shelves on which are placed mattresses and blankets. Smoky chimneys are nuisances unknown in Montenegro: the fire is kindled on a paved portion of the floor, and the smoke escapes by the door, or settles gracefully on the walls and roof. Two or three wooden and home-made chairs and tables, with a few portions of the trunks of trees for stools, exhaust the catalogue of their furniture.

Their diet is equally simple. We have a description, written by one who was present, of a banquet given a few years back to Prince Daniel on the occasion of his return from St. Petersburg with the ratification of his authority. The host was one of the leading men of the state, and the character of the guest and nature of the occasion indicate a far more costly and finished entertainment than usual. In a large room the visitors were first served with cold water, coffee without milk, and raki (a kind of spirit). After this a low table, extemporised with rough planks, extending the whole length of the room, was laid with a cloth and surrounded by low benches. Prince Daniel was seated at the head, and those who sat nearest him were honoured with the usual appurtenances of an European dinner-table. The guests at the other end, however, had to go shares in a few wooden plates, goblets, and spoons. Every one used his own pocket-knife, and as for forks wherein are they better than an honest man's fingers? The first dish was lamb, stewed up with rice; the second course consisted of boiled mutton; this was followed by roast lamb and mutton, and the repast was finished with cheese. The guests then retired from the table, and discharged their muskets, saying:—"We must thank our host, or it would look as if we were not pleased with the cheer, or did not feel grateful." Who shall say that this simple act did not express a hundred-fold more genuine pleasure than the graces and toasts which attend our civic and official banquets?

It is unusual for this war-loving race to attain the natural limit of their lives; in fact, one of the greatest insults to a man is to say, "All your ancestors died in their beds." But when they meet with no violent end, their simple mode of life promotes longevity. Colonel Vialla de Sommières says that he met with a family which comprised seven generations. There was an old man, one hundred and seventy years old; his son a hundred; his grandson eighty-two; his great-grandson sixty; his great-great-grandson forty-three; his great-great-great-grandson twenty-one; and his great-great-great-great-grandson, who had seen two years.

The Montenegrins are tall and handsome; and their natural beauty is set off by a very becoming style of dress;—full blue trousers, reaching to the knees; a red vest, and a red or green jacket, open in the front, richly embroidered, and without sleeves, with a scarlet cloak thrown over one shoulder. The women wear a sort of frock, of white cloth, reaching as far as the knees, and confined at the waist by a cornelian-studded girdle.

The males look upon war and pillage as their chief business. When not at open war, they repeatedly make little incursions on the Turkish provinces, the people of which retaliate in the same way. They spend their few intervals of peace in fishing and tillage. Most of the hard work is left to the women. It is the wife always who loads her back with the sheaves of maize, and carries them to the distant village for sale, or who trudges homeward on foot with the newly bought goods, while the better half rides easily on his mule; who collects bundles of wood, and gathers all that is needed for the house and granary, or goes forth at her lord's bidding to get tobacco for his pipe, or powder for his rifle. It is considered unpolite for a man to speak to a visitor of his wife without apologising for introducing so vulgar a subject: and when she enters the room she has meekly to kiss his hand and that of his guest.

But, notwithstanding this mode of treatment, she is in a far better position than her sisters of the surrounding countries. She is still a Christian wife and a loved helpmate; not the toy of a harem, or the slave of a cruel master's passions. Her honour is guarded with admirable efficiency. She is the surest protection to a band of travellers through lawless regions; and if she throws her body as a shield between any man and his antagonist, it would be the foulest crime to harm her. Any personal abuse of a man is a thousand times less an insult, than to speak evil of his mother: this is an injury which only death can repair.

Towards travellers who are not Turks the Montenegrins are always friendly. They rejoice to show kindness to strangers. When Sir Gardner Wilkinson was journeying in the interior, the poor ran out to meet him as he passed, bearing little presents of fruit, or whatever else they possessed, and always refusing remuneration. On one occasion, when he offered money, he was met by the rebuke, "This is to welcome you: *we* are at home; *you* are a stranger. If we had known you would offer to pay us, we would not have brought it." They have, however, two modes of welcoming which did not quite please the traveller. They show their pleasure by firing volleys of powder and shot toward the visitor, as he approaches; and when expostulated with, as being likely to cause his death, they answer that life and death are in God's hands, and that no act of theirs can bring about a man's end a moment sooner or later than is decreed. The second objectionable feature is, that when the guest enters the house, he has to kiss every man on the mouth, while the welcomer lips of the fair sex are only applied to his hands. Who will not sympathise with Sir Gardner when he laments this barbarous inversion of the proprieties? Once he was indiscreet enough to give a piece of barley-sugar to a little child. Instantly the walls

resounded with the echoes of the thank-kisses which were bestowed on him by every man of the company.

One singular custom has yet to be noticed. The shepherds sitting alone on the hill-tops have found means of communicating with each other, by adopting such a modulation of their voice as will make it audible at a great distance. The pitch is that of a deep howl, and travellers continually hear drawling sounds floating around them, which, though incomprehensible to them, are quite plain to the initiated half a mile off, and which perhaps give a full account of themselves. For not only is this practice adopted to relieve loneliness, but it has become a regular telegraphic system. If a message has to be conveyed to a distant part, it is echoed from mountain-top to mountain-top in an incredibly short time. If marauders have attacked a district, the alarm is spread all round, and in an hour or two, hundreds of armed warriors have assembled to pursue and punish the enemy. Or in peaceful times, often, the wild heroic songs of the country are repeated from voice to voice, through the quiet moonlit, starlit nights, till the whole region is filled with sounds, which, if strange and meaningless to the alien ear, are choice music to the patriot soul, or a fierce incentive to his flagging spirits. H. F. B.

HIGH ELMS.

High Elms, on a hot July day, is the place to which I wish to lead the reader. High Elms, the little Surrey market-town, with its small but pleasant world, including a parish church, an Ebenezer chapel, a dozen or two of more or less thriving shops, a decaying pair of stocks, two inns, and some hundred habitations of all degrees of rank, from the portly rector's down to the dirty one room of Silly-Billy, the idiot-butt, the messenger and general odd-man of High Elms.

I take the place at about eleven A.M., before the cool morning shadows have yet furled their tents—before King Sunshine has entire dominion over it—while still one half of most of the streets are cool, and in the shade, wearing (if the fancy may be allowed me) a parti-coloured suit of grey and gold. This is the hopeful youth of the day; but presently the town will be deluged with sun, and will become a silent burning desert, with nothing to be seen but the rustling swallows that will interweave like flying shuttles round the market-cross. The hour I choose is the hour when industrious people, like Butcher Thorns, seem to enjoy their work, and no one yet stops to lean over half-doors or counters and complain of the heat.

By the bye, Butcher Thorns' shop is quite a pretty sight this morning. Behind those three young limes that flutter breezily, some twenty feet from his door, there hang on high hooks four carcases of sheep, the fat showing here and there in oval white slashes on the pink, and suggesting innumerable good dinners. Thorns himself, lively and jolly, is cleaving out chops on the big block, or is tossing red flabs of steaks into his large greasy oscillating scales; the while, Joe, his boy, puffing in blue linen suit, is preparing that smart fast-going cart for the morning's tour; the dog Blucher is leaping up at the horse's chin in pure delight; and, through the half-open door of the back-shop, I see Thorns' last baby playing with a large sheep's head with professional delight.

But men of gentler trades are busy too this morning in High Elms. There, I see, is Collingwood, the bookseller, busy binding some books for the rector. Now he heats his roulettes on a circular gas-stove, now he tries their heat with his damp finger, and all this while little escaped flecks of gold-leaf flutter about the outer shop like little gilt butterflies. Now he tortures a long suffering book in his screw-press; now he shaves the leaves even with his "plough:" not a handier workman in the county than our friend Collingwood—and he works from dark to dark.

High Elms is a sporting place, and of course the chief inn goes by the name of *Flying Childers.* I am glad to say that it is just now quite empty, unless I count Silly-Billy (who, by the bye, when drunk, calls himself "champion of the light weights,") and who is now discussing a pint of ale with a lazy groom of Squire Harcourt's—a very ill-disposed, vicious fellow, who has been in the town lock-up more than once. Silly-Billy has a great admiration for Jack Hughes, he runs for him to the saddler's, borrows cards for him, and makes himself generally indispensable; otherwise the inn is quiet, the sanded parlour is lonely, and the pot-boy, meditative and serious about last night's skittles, is scouring pewter pots in the back yard.

Harding, the chemist, preserves a neatness about his place, almost Dutch-like: the gilt-labelled bottles are trim and even; the green, yellow, and crimson globes in the window glow like enormous rubies and topazes. At the present moment Harding is instructing the boy how to work the pill machine with celerity, and yet with efficiency; after which that smooth-faced boy will be put through a course of Dog Latin, so that he may understand the shop drawers one from another, on which knowledge hangs undoubtedly the lives of many High Elms worthies.

Further up the street the shop of Mr. Dawson, upholsterer, haberdasher, and undertaker, is now rapidly waking into full life. The young men are running about with rolls of carpet and arms full of gay silks; for Mr. Dawson, having a grand funeral on hand, is in the best possible spirits, which makes all the shop in a good humour, even down to the last new boy, who does not yet know where anything is, and is always making his appearance in the crape department, looking for cap ribbons, and is abused accordingly.

The saddler, Day, a little further on, at the end of High Street, is more than preparing work; he and his men are at it, heads down. I can see them through the Chiffney bits and the steel trappings in the window; and humbler men, too, are busy, for up that narrow passage up which the curate has just gone to read to old Goody Rayner, I can hear the old shoemaker's hammer tapping like the note of a woodpecker.

Yonder, just beyond the stocks, where the pigeons are sunning their purple necks, is the basket shop, over which is the drill-room and armoury of the High Elms Rifles: beyond there is

the grocer's, where the red-faced young man in the complete suit of white apron is slapping about the butter as if he could make more of it by that process: and next door to him the tailor is whistling to his blackbird, while he himself sits cross-legged like a Turk, and sews and sews, whipping out the thread as if he was positively vexed at human vanity.

But High Elms is a railway station, and there goes the five minutes' bell, so I must hurry on, or I shall be too late for the 11·30 train to London Bridge. But a quiet out-of-door group in a back street behind the almshouses detains me for just an instant. It seems to me so eminently suggestive of the scanty traffic that prevails in the back streets of High Elms.

In the middle of the quiet street, in front of a row of old gable-ended houses, the plaster walls of which are striped with beams, sits an itinerant tinker—the Christopher Sly of Surrey market-towns. He is sitting on the box that contains his shreds of bright tin; his smoking pot of fire is close by him, and in it is thrust his soldering iron; his wheezy bellows lies beside it, not to forget a tea-kettle without a handle that will soon demand his medical care. At present he is employed on a bulgy bruised saucepan, much to the delight and interest of Goody Rayner's four grandchildren, who consider it "as good as a play." The hoop therefore rests unrevolved; the rattle ceases to shake and roll; the doll figure of the Duke of Wellington, bought at last High Elms fair, reposes doubled up

in the wheeled cart, for the moment discarded. There is something mysterious and Arab-like about Sly, what with his white hat and crape band, his bare arms, and his scorched apron—a lineal descendant from Tubal Cain he is, though the genealogical tree is a tall one, and Sly is certainly at the bottom of it.

A moment more and I am at the station; the train comes grinding up with its many wheels. I am borne away on the wings of vapour and fire towards London, whose dome, from the downs above High Elms, seems no larger than a mushroom-button. Do you hear that hammer—clink, clink? Do you see those sparks glittering in the dim workshop? That's Barnes, the High Elms blacksmith, driving out horseshoes for Squire Harcourt's hunters, and Jack Hughes and Silly-Billy are, I declare, spectators, and lean over the hatch.

Whish! faster!—we are away. I have not lost a day as Titus did, for I have had a glimpse of a pleasant phase of tranquil unambitious English life. And now long lines of close dark elms; now bright pools, where cows wade and drink; now fallows spotted with rooks; now bushy copses where birds sing; now ricks and farmyards.

Presently a dreary change to rows of black chimneys and acres of red roofs, to sordid binns of gardens hung with clothes, to dull tea-gardens with an air of dismal vulgar pleasure about them, and I am in London. WALTER THORNBURY.

THE SETTLERS OF LONG ARROW.

A Canadian Romance in Thirty-one Chapters.

CHAPTER I.

At the close of a bright, mild day in April, a scow, heavily laden, and with four men on board, entered one of the smallest and most beautiful bays on Lake Erie, formed by two points jutting out from the crescent-shaped shore, which, sweeping round in graceful curves, half enclosed the little haven in their sheltering arms. One of these points was long, low, and narrow, and at its termination bore a singular resemblance to the barbed head of an arrow; its fellow was high, partially wooded, with bare, jagged rocks protruding here and there, and was surmounted by a precipitous cliff, on whose brow stood a group of giant pines, that for centuries had bade defiance to the fierce hurricanes that in spring and autumn poured their fury over them. A narrow beach of shining sand and stones margined the central shore of the bay, and then rose into round, swelling knolls, interspersed with sloping hollows, thinly scattered with timber of the most magnificent growth; a little farther on came the wild unbroken forest, which showed no signs yet of donning its summer garb, rising dark, and frowning against the blue horizon.

The owner of great part of the fertile heights which the scow was approaching leant lazily over the bow of the boat, gazing towards the land which was henceforth to be his home. He was a man about forty, with jet black hair and whiskers, and such features as are commonly called handsome, but the beauty was of that class which can exist without any of the higher attributes of mind, and was rendered in this case even disagreeable by an expression of hard and reckless indifference. His dress, though fitted to encounter a rough voyage, was superior to that of his companions, and he displayed a gold chain, and seals of some value. His manners were as rude and coarse as those of primitive backwoodsmen generally are, yet there was a certain air of easy confidence in his carriage which made more

remarkable the familiarity between him and the other men. These men, though they understood the management of a boat well, as almost all dwellers on the shores of the American lakes do, were not regular sailors, but fellows who could turn their hands to anything, each man boasting himself able to chop and pile three cords of wood between sun up and sun down when he chose—the standard of perfection in a backwoodsman. They were three strong, rough, hardy-looking young fellows, well adapted for the rude labour of pioneering the way to a forest settlement.

As the scow drew near the shore two or three enormous old butternuts became conspicuous.

"Well, boys, what do you think of our new home?" said the new settler. "See what a noble water frontage it has got, and the land that raises such timber as that can't be very poor."

"I guess it's well we brought plenty of axe-heads," was the reply of one of the young men, "for those trees look like trying their edge."

"Cutting *them* into cordwood won't be no child's play," said another, "but it looks a first-rate place, and I reckon I'll bring my spark here some of these days to set up her fixins."

"Supposing she'll come, Luke," added one of his comrades.

"Yes, sir, she'll come, and no mistake."

"I'd leave her where she is, Luke; matrimony's a risky job at best, and any girl who would tie herself to a chap like you must be a precious bad bargain."

Rough jokes and loud laughter followed, till the new settler suddenly turning round, called out loudly, "Keefe, Keefe, where's that boy?"

A boy about nine or ten years old, who had been lying asleep behind the sails, started up and sprang forward, followed by a rough little terrier dog. He was as brown as a beech nut from exposure to sun and wind, but his large, deep, clear, blue eyes looked out through tangled curls of bright chesnut hair with an engaging expression of spirit and frankness, and his broad forehead and square jaw gave an air of character and determination to his face remarkable in one so young

"There's our new home; Keefe, how do you like it?" asked his father, pointing to the shore.

The boy gazed keenly and scrutinisingly about him, and at last his glance became fixed on the rocky headland, its huge white cliff, and dark pines; his face began to work, as if his mind was struggling with some vague reminiscence, then his brow cleared, his colour heightened, and turning his full bright eyes on his father, he cried eagerly:

"Father! ain't that big rock like Carrig-bawn behind our house, where mother used to take me to watch for you coming up the glen after you had been away in the mountains? Isn't it, father?"

Instead of answering, the settler pushed him rudely away, as if the movement had been wrung from him by some sharp pang of agony, but quickly recovering his external composure, he gazed for a few seconds at the cliff with a compressed lip and frowning eye. Whatever were his thoughts, their thread was quickly broken by Luke, who called out—

"I guess that's the creek in among them cedars, Dillon, ain't it?"

"That's the very spot, Luke; put her about now, and she'll go in right away."

"I'll be on shore first!" cried the boy Keefe, who was too well used to rough manners to attach much weight to the rude repulse he had just received from his father.

"Go it, then, boy!" said Dillon.

Keefe dashed into the water, and half-swimming half-wading soon gained the beech, followed by his dog. He was met by an unexpected foe. A large wild-cat was crouched on a branch of one of the butternut-trees, its tail and hair erect, its eyes flashing fire, and its mouth spitting venom; and, springing on the little terrier while he was shaking the water from his rough coat, it fastened in his neck a fierce and tenacious gripe. The brave little terrier made the most desperate efforts to free himself, but every exertion only served to fasten the teeth and claws of the cat more firmly in his throat and sides, and the poor little dog's fate would soon have been sealed had not Keefe darted forward, and, seizing the cat round the neck with both hands, choked it till its hold relaxed. Its jaws unclosed, and Keefe dashed it on the ground, its power of mischief gone for ever. By this time the scow had been run safe into the creek, whose depth allowed her to come very near the shore, and the men on board had witnessed the spirit Keefe had shown in defence of his favourite.

"That boy of yours will be an honour to you yet, Dillon," said Luke; "he's just the chap to make a name for himself some of these days. I'm greatly mistaken if he was born to live all his life in the woods."

"He couldn't live in a better place," said Dillon, gruffly. "There's liberty in the woods, at any rate, and the wildest Indians in them can't be greater savages than those I left behind me."

"Well," said Luke, "I always thought the Irish no better than savages, but they don't often like to own it themselves."

"If a man's taken out of his house with a rope round his neck, ready to hang him on the next tree—if he escapes by the merest chance, and comes home to find his house in flames, his wife a blackened corpse in the midst, he may well call them savages that did it."

"Great God, Dillon! who did that?" exclaimed the young men.

"Never mind who did it—it was done to me. Since then I've asked for nothing but a quiet life and good liquor, and here's a keg of the best," he added, with a sudden transition from gloomy fierceness to a reckless lightness of tone. "Slip down that plank, Zeke, till I roll this keg ashore. Clear out of the way, Keefe! never mind Viper, he'll do well enough—you've saved his life this time, at any rate."

All was now bustle and excitement, laughter, shouting, singing, and swearing. A fire was kindled in a dry, sheltered nook, near which a bright crystal spring bubbled out of a stony chasm. Dillon tasted the water, and pronounced it excellent, but vowed at the same time that but little of it in its native purity should ever pass his

lips. Their supper, consisting of bread, salt pork, and some pickerel which they had caught that day, was soon cooked and eaten, and then the keg was broached, their pipes lighted, and prosperity to the new settlement drunk in fast and furious draughts amidst vociferous oaths, slang jests, and loud merriment.

It was a strange wild scene, that noisy and reckless little band of revellers, making the woods, the sky, the water, ring with boisterous mirth, hundreds of miles away from the dwellings of civilised men, encircled by forests whose pathless recesses might conceal innumerable perils in the shape of dusky Indians or brindled panthers, shut out from all resources, all aid except what lay in themselves, yet indifferent to everything but the rude enjoyment of the hour. The pure, calm purple heaven with all its myriad stars shone above their heads, the soft lustre of that young moon streamed over the lake, which lay hushed in a waveless calm, and glanced on the crystal spring till its tiny bubbles gleamed like living diamonds ; the west wind murmured softly among the swelling buds, in which spring's green garniture lay hidden ; the whip-po-will fled back into the dark arches of the forest, scared by the noise of the invaders ; even the hooting owl feared to uplift her voice amidst the human din that for the first time reached her ears ; the frogs only were not to be silenced—bull-frog, green frog, and tree-frog, all croaking together, as if in mockery of the rioters. The boy Keefe lay close beside them, his wounded dog in his arms. He listened to their coarse jests and songs, and watched their flushed faces, and then he turned his gaze on the heaven above, and a vague impression of beauty and goodness, mingled with thoughts of his mother, whose memory was his childish ideal of both, stole into his mind. But fresh jests, and the loud peals of laughter with which they were welcomed, forced themselves on his ears. He listened with keen amusement, and the lessons which those divine monitors to man, the stars, the winds, the waters, the solemn night, are for ever preaching were forgotten.

CHAPTER II.

Though at the period at which I write, villages and towns, even in America, did not spring up with that marvellous rapidity which now marks their growth, ten years sufficed to change the solitary spot to which Dillon had been the first pioneer, into a flourishing settlement. The young men who had accompanied him to assist in clearing his land and building his shanty, purchased small lots for themselves, built log-cabins, and brought young wives to inhabit them. Others soon followed, the rich timber which centuries had matured in beauty and strength attracted lumbermen, and the abundance and delicacy of the fish in the bay led fishermen thither. A village sprang up at the spot where the long low point before mentioned jutted out from the mainland, and it soon bore the name of Long Arrow, which had already been given to the point. A tavern and store were opened, two or three mechanics came next, roads were formed to the nearest town, and lastly, a grist and saw-mill were erected. There was also a school-house, which, whenever any wandering missionary or itinerant preacher (no matter what his creed might be) arrived at the settlement, was given up to him as a meeting-house ; but church or chapel there was none. Neither were there any doctors or lawyers. As to the first, the settlement was so healthy that no other medicaments were needed than the salves and herb teas concocted by the old wives of the place ; and for the last, the community was yet too poor to be litigious. This poverty, however, was more in money than in goods, and though there was no luxury, and scarcely any attempt at neatness, there was no deficiency of rough comfort. Dillon had made a good bargain in the purchase of his farm. The soil was excellent, and as he was shrewd and energetic in matters of business, and there were few temptations to extravagance at Long Arrow, a few years sufficed to make him independent, or, as the term is used in a new country, even rich. But while his wealth greatly accumulated his character had been rapidly sinking. Thrown exclusively among a coarse and low class of associates, his habits and principles, never very refined or elevated, had gradually assimilated to theirs. Reckless as he was, however, the change brought with it a sense of degradation, and to escape its sting, he plunged still deeper into intemperance, till at last he became a confirmed drunkard, scarcely ever in possession of his senses. Unfortunately, there were many such among the settlers. The rough, reckless, half-savage characters of those adventurers, who form the staple population in most settlements, is well known, and if the love of gain, and the habits of industry it induces, formed some check upon them, the lumbermen who were constantly in the neighbourhood felt no such restraining motives, and were generally ready to lead the way in every species of vice. In such a community where there is no recognised authority, no settled law, no fixed standard of right or wrong, the necessity for dissimulation which such restraint enforces on the vicious, does not exist ; hypocrisy is scouted, cant ridiculed, seeming finds no favour, false virtues can no longer wear the semblance of true ones, no moral varnish or gilding is allowed to pass current, and the evil which ignorance, bad training, and worse examples develop in human nature, shows itself without disguise. In this vitiating atmosphere, and with hardly one counteracting influence, except the working of his own mind, and the gentle preachings of nature, Keefe Dillon grew to manhood.

It was hardly to be expected that he would exhibit much higher views of life than those he saw about him, but he very soon displayed such superiority over his companions as a powerful frame, indomitable hardihood, and great natural acuteness and force of intellect must always exercise, especially when the arena in which they are manifested approaches the savage state where they are the only elements of power understood. The elder Dillon was both fond and proud of his son, the only link that remained to connect him with his earlier and better life, but he was too careless and indolent to take much trouble about the boy's education or conduct. Keefe was therefore left to

study in "Nature's good old college," under whose discipline all those qualities, mental and physical, which the absence of artificial restraint best developes, qualities with which he was from his birth largely gifted, attained their fullest growth. The Indians who occasionally visited the settlement, pleased with his quick perceptions, daring, and fortitude, taught him to find his way through the deepest intricacies of the forest by the sun, the stars, and the water-courses, and to follow the tracks of the deer, the panther, or the wolf, with unerring certainty. His skill in the management of a boat was unequalled on the lakes and in the wildest squalls,—his boat, which he had named the Mother Cary, rode the waves, as joyously as if she were one of the old witch's chickens, while her young pilot stood fearless and unmoved as if he ruled the storm.

He was an admirable shot, and in all manly exercises and every sort of labour incident to the life of a backwoodsman, he was equally expert. He would hunt the moose through the fallen leaves of autumn or the deep snows of winter, with a fleet and unwearied foot, and never fail to bring him down at last; then he would seek out some hunter's shanty, or some Indian wigwam, as a resting-place for the night, or, if the weather allowed, make his bed on the spot where his stately prize had fallen. Sometimes he would toil beside the hardy lumbermen for a long March day, his axe flashing as keen and bright, and his blows ringing as quick and true as theirs on the forest giants, against whom they were waging war, till the lofty stems would yield at length, and, one after another, come bowing, tumbling, crashing down on the frozen earth, leaving room for the advent of science and art—Genii more potent than those of the lamp and the ring, and waited on by more powerful and willing slaves; or he would help them to make their raft on the ice-bound river, which, when spring released it from bondage, was to bear them on its flood to the waters of the great lake, sharing their coarse fare and heavy slumbers.

Everything in which difficulty was to be overcome or peril braved, he sought out with the keenest avidity, and in such conflicts his courage and self-reliance were nourished and confirmed. Yet he was not altogether insensible to the charm of softer and gentler scenes. Often in the bush, and odorous refulgence of the summer-noon, he would lie in some shadowy hollow and gaze through the green leaves on the blue sky, from which fell golden showers of sunshine. The butterflies, beautiful as fairy creatures, glanced round him, bright-coloured birds softly fluttered among the boughs; quick-eyed squirrels peeped shyly down, and fragrant odours drawn from flower and tree by the noontide heat, floated round him, with a breath so soft, that he half believed the sweet airs which bore them had come from some diviner world than ours. In those quiet dreamy moments soft, tender fancies, pure and generous aspirations, vaguely felt and dimly understood, came thronging on his mind, faintly stirring the slumbering imagination and latent sensibilities, which far stronger impulses were required to rouse and awaken. At other times, when he was fishing in his skiff near the shore, and all heaven and earth were steeped in the glory of sunset, some brilliant line of light, or crimson shadow, would catch his eye, and he would gaze around him with a sudden recognition of the beauty of the scene. The long arrow-headed point, the crescent-shaped beach of glittering sand, the village lying among rich fields and orchards, the green knolls where many a snug homestead lay, the rocky promontory with its bold bare brow and dark plume of pines, formed at all times a lovely scene, but when painted by a summer evening's radiant pencil, wore a magic light; the sun dropped behind the woods, leaving on the path he had trodden clouds of beautiful forms and varied hues, when every object on shore caught and reflected the bright tints that filled the heavens, and the calm lake mirrored each tiny cloudlet and rosy hue till one by one the crimson and orange dyes faded away, and the pale clear amber of the west, paled still more before the grey of the gathering night, scarcely noticed till the peerless moon of America, threw it aside like a veil, and poured her stainless lustre around. Then as Keefe gazed he drank in deep, though scarce conscious draughts of ennobling and refining emotion, which for the time softened and subdued all that was harsh and rude in his spirit. But such pure and gentle feelings were brief with him as yet. The finer elements of his nature had never been cultivated or exercised, and the characters and habits of his associates and his own mode of life were only calculated to stifle and subdue them. He could not escape some contamination from the evil that was constantly before his eyes, but he had been so largely endowed by nature with good qualities, that hardly any unfavourable circumstances could have prevented their growth. His active courageous energies, delighting in labours and difficulties, preserved him from many of those vices in which the idle and listless find their only excitement; his bold undaunted temper saved him from the meanness of lying, and his natural good sense and self-respect taught him to feel so much contempt for the mingled idiotism and brutality which drunkenness produces, that he was never known to be intoxicated. Till he was nearly fourteen he remained ignorant even of reading and writing, his father being much too averse to such mental drudgery to teach him, and the settlement not possessing a schoolmaster; but, at that time, circumstances threw in his way one from whom he learned at least those simple elements of education. This was an Irishman, named O'Brien, who had been driven from his native land by the Rebellion of 1798. Well born, well educated, but restless and unprincipled, this man, after several years of wild adventures in the United States and Canada, came with a party of lumbermen to Long Arrow, and finding a school-house newly built there, and the settlers on the look-out for a schoolmaster, he undertook the office and remained there year after year teaching two or three days in the week, shooting or fishing the rest; and, somehow or other, exercising such an influence over most of the people as allowed him to perform his duties in whatever manner suited him best. But this influence did not extend to Keefe Dillon, who could not bear him. All his knowledge of the world, his skill in the wild sports and pleasures Keefe

loved best, and the wonderful adventures he could relate, in language vivid and exciting as ever stole the heart of ardent youth, could not overcome the boy's dislike, which every day seemed to increase, till it settled into a steady antipathy which he scarcely took any pains to conceal. At first, O'Brien tried to conciliate him, but, finding his efforts useless, he attempted to gain some power over him by fear, but he soon found the lad's firmness and courage were not to be subdued, and thus gradually a tacit agreement, to avoid each other as much as possible, appeared to be established between them.

CHAPTER III.

Among the first of those who had settled in Long Arrow was an old soldier, named Brady, with his wife and son about the age of Keefe Dillon. He, too, was an Irishman, idle, thoughtless, and intemperate; but honest and kind-hearted. His wife was untidy and improvident, and her husband declared that her tongue was endowed with perpetual motion. The boy Denis was a light-hearted, merry, impulsive, little urchin, but generous, frank, and true. They were accompanied by an Indian hunter and his daughter, the former a morose, taciturn, old man, the latter a child of singular beauty. Her mother, it was said, had been a French woman, and certainly her looks bore few traces of Indian blood. Her complexion was of a snowy fairness no wind or sun could embrown; her cheek bloomed like a wild rose, a bright smile was for ever playing round her soft crimson lips, and rich curls of shining brown fell over her shoulders; her eyes were a soft brown, full of varying expression, sometimes wild and flashing, sometimes sweet and tender, oftenest timid and beseeching. "Her qualities were gentle as her form,"—bright imaginative fancies and sweet loving impulses ruled her being, in which the sparkling gladness of morn and the soft tenderness of even seemed blended like some tiny rivulet of her native wilds, in whose crystal purity the flowers around and the stars above glassed themselves, hidden in the forest depths and visited only by the gentlest winds of heaven.

She could not remember her mother, and her father's gloom and sternness were more calculated to excite fear than love. She had never had any companion of her own age, and her affections, deprived of their natural channels, turned towards the birds, the insects, and gentle little animals that peopled the forest. In the trees and flowers, in the angel-like stars and weird clouds, in the whispers of the leaves, the murmurs of the streams, the voices of the winds, she sought society and fellowship, and dwelt in a world of her own as much removed from common life as fabled fairy-land. When she was about eight years old she came to Long Arrow, and from that time she lived chiefly with the Bradys while her father hunted in still wilder districts, and but rarely visited the settlement. Any motherless waif on life's rough shore would have been sure of shelter and food from these warm-hearted though rude people, but the little Indian's beauty and winning manners were powerful pleaders in her favour. Even Nelly herself checked the menace just falling from her lips, or the blow tingling at her fingers' ends, when Coral was the offender, and one of the very few instances in which old Brady, who loved a quiet life above all things, had been known to resist the will of his termagant spouse, was, in putting a decisive stop to her hasty and injudicious attempts at converting the "poor innocent," as she called her, from a wild savage to a tame Christian—a metamorphosis which her husband had sense to see was far beyond her skill. At first, his declaration that Coral was to do nothing but what she choose, and was to be left to follow the ways of her own people in peace and quietness caused many a battle between him and his angry helpmate; but when he was sufficiently roused to exert his authority, even Nelly durst not oppose it: so she submitted as quietly as her temper permitted, only warning him that he might be sorry yet for making such a fool of the child, if he saw his own son disgracing himself by taking a wild Indian for his wife: and it was her belief she had put a spell over the boy already. It was very true that the Indian girl had cast a spell over Denis Brady's warm heart, but of any darker magic than the witchcraft of childish and unconscious beauty she was utterly innocent. He loved her with almost idolatrous fondness, and from the first time he saw her, lent all his energies to conquer her shyness and reserve, and gain at least some portion of affection in return.

He showed her where the blue clusters of the whortleberry were bending to the ground, and where the scarlet cranberry lay hid among the thick moss; he waded into the lake to get her the silver chalices of the white water-lilies, and he brought her the smoothest and glossiest birch bark in the forest, to make the pretty Indian toys she ornamented so skilfully. At first he attempted to propitiate her favours by shooting the most brilliant coloured birds in the woods and bringing them to her, but she turned from them, with tears of passionate grief, lamenting their death almost as a mother might lament the loss of her child; and her sorrow moved Denis so much, that it was some time before he again aimed his gun at any of her harmless favourites. Her gentle heart soon opened to his kind nature and gay temper, and he won from her at least half the love that had been devoted to the flowers and the birds. For a long time these were his only rivals. The children of the settlers generally shunned her with mysterious awe, believing her half-crazed, or uncanny, and if they by chance encountered her, fled from her with scornful taunts, till two or three severe lessons from Denis taught them to refrain from open insult towards one who had so stout and determined a protector. On one occasion Keefe Dillon put a troop of her tormentors to flight, and he, far from sharing their doubts as to her sanity or human origin, thought her face the loveliest he had ever beheld. But she gave him no chance of improving their acquaintance then, her shyness prevailing over her gratitude, and she fled from him like a wild bird. A few days after this occurred she was going out to fish with Denis, and getting down to the shore before him, jumped into the canoe, and paddled it into deep water. It was a

childish freak, but one that had nearly ended fatally. The lake was rather rough; Coral was not equal to the management of her unsteady craft, and a wave suddenly striking its side capsized it. Fortunately Keefe was at no great distance in his skiff, and saw the accident; he reached the spot just in time to seize Coral's dress as she was sinking; but by this time her woollen frock was thoroughly saturated with water, and weighed her down so heavily, that he could not get her into the skiff without destroying its balance; so he had to leap into the water and swim with her to shore. As he reached the land, Denis Brady came to the beach, ignorant of all that had happened, and when he saw Keefe with Coral apparently lifeless in his arms, he was almost terrified out of his senses.

"She's not dead," said Keefe, "she'll be all right in a minute."

And resting her tenderly against a clump of cedars, he watched the colour come back into her cheek. Glancing first at Keefe, who was wringing the water from her long hair, she turned her eyes on the frightened face of Denis.

"I am well, now, quite well," she said, "but thank *him*, Denis; thank *him*, he saved me."

"You've saved her life, Keefe Dillon," said Denis, vehemently, "and if ever you want help yourself, I'll be true to you, while there's a drop of blood in my body, or whether you want it or not."

"I want nothing, only to let us be friends," said Keefe. "Let you and I shake hands on it now; and I hope she'll shake hands too."

And after shaking hands with Denis, he offered his hand to Coral.

The Indian girl raised her beaming eyes to his, her face glowed scarlet, and catching Keefe's hand in both her own, she bent down, and kissed it; then springing to her feet, she dashed off like an arrow. Keefe laughed.

"Poor little thing!" said he. "She thinks a deal more of what I did than it's worth. Come along now, will you? and let us get the canoe and the skiff."

The friendship thus commenced between the young trio gained strength every day. Coral no longer flew from Keefe, but whenever she saw him ran to meet him, with beaming eyes, striving by childish gifts and labours of love to express the gratitude that filled her heart. Keefe, of course, was pleased with her artless affection, nor could he be insensible to her beauty. The two boys soon became inseparable companions, and, though in many respects they were unlike each other, there were many points of resemblance between them, which, under any circumstances, might have made them friends. Both were brave, and spirited, courting rather than shunning danger, though Denis loved it for the excitement it gave, and Keefe for the consciousness of power he felt in overcoming it; they were equally sincere, warm-hearted, and generous; and though Denis was inferior to Keefe in force of character and intellect, he was shrewd, quick, and intelligent. So they continued fast friends till Keefe had passed his twentieth year, at which time his father died, leaving him the possessor of a fine farm, well stocked, and a large tract of wild land, every year rising in value.

CHAPTER IV.

One morning in June, two young men, each carrying a gun, might have been seen in the woods round Long Arrow, in search of pigeons. They were dressed in scarlet flannel shirts, white trowsers, and straw hats,—a picturesque costume, which well became their handsome faces. The one who walked first was tall, and strongly made; his forehead was finely formed, and shaded by careless locks of chesnut hair; his eyebrows were straight and somewhat heavy, and his profuse dark lashes gave the darkest shade to his clear gray eye. There was a frank and determined expression in his face, mingled with great sweetness, and, to a close observer, its calm, steady, unwavering aspect would have conveyed an impression of latent power difficult to describe. His companion was shorter and lighter, with quick, keen eyes, and a head of light curling hair, and features indicative of a blithe, joyous nature, though they were now shadowed by a much more thoughtful expression than they usually wore. These two young men were Keefe Dillon and Denis Brady. Keefe had stopped for a minute, to do something to his gun, when a flock of pigeons darted out of a beech tree, and passed close by Denis. Young Brady's first impulse was to raise his gun, but he instantly dropped it without firing. Keefe uttered an exclamation of disappointment.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Wouldn't it go off?"

"I don't know how it could," said Denis, with rather an odd laugh; "there's nothing in it."

It was Keefe's turn now to laugh.

"Nothing in it! Why, a greenhorn couldn't do worse than go out to shoot pigeons without loading his gun."

"I don't want to shoot pigeons; I've got something to say to you."

"What sort of something?" asked Keefe, still laughing, yet struck by his companion's manner.

"Well, I'll tell you, if you will sit down. This place is as good as any other."

So Denis threw himself on the last year's leaves, which lay crisp and sere around him, and looked up again in Keefe's face. Keefe stood beside him, leaning on his gun, and for a minute the two gazed at each other: then Denis turned away his gaze, with a sigh, and began to pluck up the scarlet pigeon berries growing around him.

"I guess you know what I want to talk about," he said.

"I haven't a notion; but it must be something awful, you look so queer. What is it?"

"It is about Coral."

"What about her? Is anything wrong?"

"Not that I know."

"Has she heard anything more about her father?"

"Only what O'Brien told her the day he came back,—that he fell in with a party of Chippewas, on Lake Lisnere, and that old Louis was with them, dying from the effects of a bad fall; he

died the night O'Brien saw him. But you heard all that before."

"Yes, I heard it. Don't you think it was strange the old hunter sent no message to Coral? He told me, once, that he had money put up safely, which would make her independent when he died."

"Well, I'm sure I never thought he cared a straw about her," said Denis. "No one would have ever thought she was his child."

"Well, perhaps she wasn't," said Keefe.

"Not his child! Whose, then?"

"How could I tell? But I've heard stories of white children being stolen by Indians before now. I'm sure she doesn't look like an Indian. Who ever saw a squaw with a skin and hair like hers?"

"Would you like her better, Keefe, if you thought she wasn't an Indian?" asked Denis.

"I don't know," said Keefe, carelessly. "I guess it would make no difference."

"Keefe, will you answer me the question I am going to ask you, truly?"

"Of course I will."

"Do you love Coral? I don't mean, do you like to listen to her voice, but does its sound make your heart leap? I don't mean, do you like to look on her face, but is it always before your eyes? I don't mean, would you die to save her from harm, but would you die to hear her say she loves you?"

Keefe listened with surprise to the first words of true and earnest love that had ever reached his ears, and gazed wonderingly at his companion's agitation. The next instant Coral's radiant eyes seemed to float before him: something whispered that he too could love with deep and tender passion, and he asked himself, where could he find one sweeter or fairer than Coral to bestow it on? Then he looked at the breathless, anxious gaze with which Denis was watching him, and his hesitation vanished.

"No, Denis, I don't love her: not the way you do, at any rate. I've read such love as you talk of, in that old book of poems that used to belong to my mother, but I never believed there was such a thing to be met with now-a-days; so you see I can't have felt it. I dare say I never shall," he added, with a laugh; "I think my heart's too hard."

At first Denis had listened to him half-doubtingly, but Keefe's gay laugh banished all suspicion, and he sprang up joyfully: the next moment his face darkened again, and he threw himself on the ground once more.

"I'm a fool," cried he bitterly, "and worse, to be glad of what may break her heart, and do me no good. Her heart's yours, Keefe, every bit of it."

"No such thing, Denis; half of it is yours at any rate."

Denis shook his head gloomily.

"You can't tell me anything about that, Keefe; no one can read her heart as well as I can. She loves you as I love her. The smallest hair of your head is dearer to her than my soul and body. But it is no matter for that; I love her all the same; I can't help it."

"It's your great fondness for her makes you afraid she doesn't care about you," said Keefe, eagerly. "I'll engage she does. I've often heard that women always show the least liking to those they like best, and that's just the reason she seems to think more of me sometimes."

"Do you think so, Keefe?"

"I'm sure of it. Try her; tell her how much you love her, and you'll find I am right."

"Yes, I'll tell her; I only waited to speak to you first; and if I had found that you loved her, I'd have gone off without a word."

"You're a generous fellow, Denis."

"Very little generosity in that. I know too well how little chance I'd have if you were my rival."

"I wish you would not talk that nonsense, Denis," said Keefe, impatiently.

Denis made no answer, but after a minute's silence he jumped up.

"I guess she's on Sealy's Head this minute, and I'll go after her; take care of my gun, will you?"

Without waiting for an answer, he darted off through the trees; Keefe, who had till now remained standing, stretched himself on the grass, and pulling his hat over his eyes, seemed to go to sleep.

CHAPTER V.

At the foot of the rock, called Sealy's Head, was a small green space sprinkled with juniper bushes, and a few wild fruit trees, and double spruce pines. Below this was an abrupt descent to the lake; broken masses of rock, climbing plants, shrubs, and trees thrown on the side of the precipice in every variety of picturesque confusion. The warm bright rays of the morning sun came shimmering through the boughs, making the young satin-soft leaves a golden green, and drawing from the blossoms of the almond and plum trees, the gums of the pines and hemlock, and the balm of Gilead balsam trees the most delicious aroma; and in the midst of this fair scene sat a being as fresh, and sweet, and lovely as the beautiful season, or the bright opening day.

It was a young girl of sixteen or seventeen. Her blue muslin bonnet lay at her feet, leaving her curls of bright hair uncovered. Her gown of blue homespun could not spoil the grace of her slight figure, and her hands were as small, soft, and "thorough bred" as if she had boasted the purest Norman descent; for, thanks to old Brady, no coarse work had spoiled them. Her feet, equally pretty, were cased in gaily embroidered moccasins. She sat on a stone, her head leaning against a rock, and her eyes wandering over the lake beneath; she was looking for Keefe's skiff, and it was not to be seen. She had often sat here for hours, and watched it gliding along, with its snowy sails set, like a floating pearl; or seen it cresting the white caps of the waves in a squall, as if the little bark, like its bold young helmsman, exulted in the dangers it braved; but to-day no skiff was visible, and disappointed and vexed, Coral pulled the flowers that grew within her reach to scatter their petals on the breeze, and plucked up tufts of moss and fragments of stone

to fling them over the precipice with childish petulance. Then her mood changed : a wistful sadness stole over her face, her eyes grew soft and thoughtful, and gazing on the glittering spires and domes far away, she wondered what lay beyond the blue sky and its wondrous changing clouds—if green fields, and dark forests, and wide lakes were there, and another heaven above. Then she thought of the stars, and remembered a tradition she had heard, that they were the souls of all those great heroes who have died since the world began, and she asked herself, could she, a woman and a girl, never do any deed of love or devotion that might entitle her when she died to be admitted among that glorious band, and shine there for ever, side by side with Keefe Dillon? While she was thus dreaming some one stole softly among the shrubs behind her, and paused at a little distance. At the same moment Denis Brady sprang over a point of the cliff in another direction, and came up to her. The first intruder drew cautiously back on seeing Denis, and concealed himself where he could hear all that passed.

"Is that you, Denis?" said Coral; but her glance went beyond him, as if looking for some one else.

"Yes, it is me," and he sat down on the grass beside her.

"I thought you and Keefe were going to Fish Point to-day?" said Coral.

"The skiff lost her rudder last night in the squall," Denis answered, shortly.

"Where's Keefe then?"

Denis turned from her: "Keefe, Keefe, always Keefe," he said, bitterly.

"Always Keefe? What ails you, Denis?" and she stooped to look in his face. "What's the matter with you?"

"What's the matter?" he repeated, seizing her hands in his. "Oh, Coral, if you only knew how much I love you, you wouldn't ask that."

She started, but she did not take away her hands, and Denis spoke on:

"Coral, do you remember the first day your father brought you to our house? I think I see you at this moment in your blue frock and straw hat, your shining curls hanging on your neck, and your eyes that were brighter than the brightest star looking at me as shyly as a young fawn. From that hour I've loved you so well, that I've hardly loved anything else! And don't you remember, Coral, when we lost our way in the bush looking for the cows, and all the swamp berries we gathered, and the bed I made for you of sassafras leaves, and how you dreamt you heard church bells ringing the way they used to do in that great city where you once lived; and when you woke it was only the cow bell, and she led us straight home? It all seems before me now, the bright moon glistening through the trees, and the fire-flies dancing about, and I think I hear the tinkle of the bell, and feel your little hand clinging to mine. I think they haven't grown bigger since, Coral," and he smiled at the contrast between them and his own strong rough ones. "And our bark canoe, Coral, and all the perch and pickerel we used to catch; and do you remember the day we went to Honey Island, and all the humming birds we saw there, and the first day I taught you to steer? You can steer and paddle now as well as I can. You liked me then, Coral, but now I believe you only care for Keefe."

Surprise, doubt, and bewildered feeling had hitherto held Coral passive, like one in a dream, but Keefe's name broke the spell, and unwrenching her hands from Denis, she stood up, and pointing to a rock which showed its head above the water at some distance, she said:

"Look there, Denis; it was there he saved me the day I upset the canoe, and ever since then I thought I had a right to love him, more than any one on earth."

Denis felt his heart sink, but he got up and stood beside her.

"If you could only know how much I love you, Coral, I think you would not cast me off. Since ever I knew you, you have been dearer to me than the whole world. Look there, Coral," and he showed her a plaited tress of her own hair wound round his arm; "do you recollect the day I cut off that ringlet? You thought I only did it to tease you, but I have worn it ever since."

Coral's eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, forgive me, Denis, it's not my fault. I can't help loving him. If you can love me so well, you'll know what I feel for him, and you won't blame me."

"I don't blame you, Coral, but it is hard to bear. Oh, you can't tell—no one can tell."

"Don't fret, Denis," said Coral, gently laying her hand on his arm. "I can't bear to see you fret."

Her tender pity almost unmanned Denis. He could have sat down and cried like a woman; but after a minute's struggle he conquered his emotion. There was a brief silence, and then Denis said, timidly:

"I wouldn't vex you for the world, Coral; but Keefe cannot love you as I do."

"No," she said, quickly. "I don't think he does. I don't think he ever can care for me as I do for him: but I must love him all the same."

"And if he should love some one else—marry some one else," said Denis, desperately, "and go where you would never see him again?"

"I could die, then," she said, "and my spirit would be free to follow him."

Denis felt too well how truly she spoke. If Keefe did not hold her immortal soul in thrall, as the Knight held that of Undine, at least her mortal life could not have survived his loss. But Keefe would love her yet—how could he help it —so beautiful as she was, so sweet, so loving; and would marry her, and they would both be happy: so thought Denis; as for him, he would go away where he might never see either of them again. It was only what he had known all along, yet still, as he had said to Coral, it was hard to bear: he must struggle with his agony alone, where no eye should see him, and without another word he rushed away, and plunged into the woods.

Coral looked after him, sorrow for the pain she had made him suffer filled her heart, and as a thousand proofs of his affection rushed on her memory, she sat down, and burst into a flood of tears. Suddenly a rustling among the branches at

her side reached her ears, and raising her head, she looked round. O'Brien, the schoolmaster, stood near, his arms crossed on his breast, his eyes bent on her with a sort of contemptuous indifference. Of course, as he was disliked by Keefe, he was disagreeable to Coral, and just now the sight of his cold, scornful face, struck her as if he had been a basilisk. Her tears stopped at once, and flashing at him a glance of hatred and indignation, she sprang up and fled down the cliff, light-footed and agile as a squirrel.

O'Brien made no attempt to follow or detain her, but he watched her flight with a laugh, which was not at all a pleasant one.

"Ay, fly while you can," he muttered, mockingly; "perhaps I may find means to clip your wings."

Then he, too, walked away from the cliff.

(*To be continued.*)

FOOTPRINTS ON THE SANDS.

There are few amongst us, having the most ordinary habits of observation, who can fail to have had their attention arrested by the fact of the very impressible nature of the sands of our sea-washed coasts and larger rivers. The contemplative habits induced by wandering along the beaches left by a receding tide, divert the mind from its accustomed active exercise, and lead us into trains of thought which seem scarcely to belong to our daily life.

Placed on a level with the works of nature, how easily is the mind awakened to sources of contemplation and pleasure, which in the more busy moments of life would be dismissed as irrelevant and out of harmony. Yet what can be more absorbing than the history of the sand on the seashore ?

There are volumes here whose closely-written pages, although not yet fully opened, describe a state of things at a period so remote, that the mind can receive it but as a part of the past eternity, and which, silently calling us to attention, invite us to unwonted meditation.

One of these volumes is that great depository of the secrets of creation lying underneath the coal measures, and now called the Old Red Sandstone—once the sand of an ancient shore, or the bed of a deep ocean ; and the historian, whose never-failing accuracy conducts us to its margin, relates that he was present at the scenes described. The language in which he writes is that of nature, his story was indited at the moment when the occurrences took place, and it gives in a few simple terms its own wonderful testimony. Amongst other marvels, it records the tale of an impression on the sand, and tells the story of a footprint. There is a graceful solemnity in the words of the American poet, who says:

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time—
Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

The sands of time—we would rather say, the sands of eternity—carry us back into the deep recesses of the past, oppressing us with an overwhelming sense of its remoteness. We can conceive of the period which has elapsed since the creation of man ; we may imagine the long and dreary epoch of the later tertiary formation, when the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, the hyena, the tiger, and the bear, were the master existences—even in this country—of the plains and the forests; or that middle tertiary era, when the huge Dinotherium, one of the largest quadrupeds that ever stalked this earth, satisfied its gigantic appetite with the roots that it upturned by means of its pickaxe-like tusks ; we may stretch back to a preceding era, countless ages before those animals were created, and when a vast ocean, in which was formed by slow degrees our beds of chalk, was peopled for untold eras by corallines or shells ; or we may strain our attention to that still earlier series of creations, when reptiles, and reptile-fishes, and flying-dragons of strange shape, had dominion over the earth and the sea and the air, and yet we have not reached these sands of a much earlier date where footprints and ripple markings reveal the impressive fact, that there were seas, shores, and sands, winds, waves, clouds, sunshine, and shade, at a period long anterior to human tradition, and out of reach of all history, save that recorded in the great and eloquent book of nature.

On those shores and those sandstones, as well as on the rocks of other formations, now raised in many parts of the world thousands of feet above the level of the sea, we find on slabs of hardened stone—clearly and definitely impressed — footprints, ripple markings, worm-borings, rain-drops, and sun-dried cracks refilled with sand,—carrying us back to a time when huge reptiles or great birds haunted in crowds the margins of seas or lakes, and there lived and died, leaving *in memoriam* their footprints on the sands. Throughout the great Silurian system, which preceded that of the Old Red Sandstone, we find the borings of worms or annelides ; in the Old Red Sandstone itself there are the ridges and furrows that were once ploughed by the waves, with every mark as distinct as if it were but the work of a few hours since ; and in the sandstones of the United States, we trace the foot-tracks of the alligator of ancient rivers. We find also the foot-marks of an animal resembling a frog, but of no less size than an ox, and every step which this large batrachian reptile took on the sands, then moistened by the receding tide, is engraven on the now dried slab. At the time that this occurred there was a storm of rain with high wind, for the big drops blown by the tempest have fallen aslant on the sands, and there left their impression. On the same slab are the ripple-marks of the ebbing tide indicating its direction.

On a slab of the same formation, there is a double track of footprints of the right and left foot of a frog-like animal having a tail. As the marks of the feet are distinct, so is the groove formed by the tail. Where the animal laid down to rest is the mark of its body, and again, as it rose to its feet, sprawling ere it commenced its walk, are the curves on the sand indicating its motion. There are tracks of small crustacea,

together with those of tortoises, and also of marine animals, when these sands were at the bottom of the sea.

In the Red Sandstone of the valley of the Connecticut, there are the footprints of a bird whose size would be equal to that of the largest horse, standing from eleven to twelve feet high; it belonged to the order of the Cranes and Herons, and it is somewhat remarkable that we find no trace of its bones in a fossil state, nothing remaining but the footprints on the sand. These, however, afford sufficient data for us to calculate their size, their order, their habits, and even the food they required, and though the very species has vanished from creation, we can study the zoology of these ancient formations with as much accuracy, and classify the races that tenanted their shores with as much precision, as if we had the organisms before us, although nothing indeed remains to us but footprints on the sand.

THE DOMESTIC SERVICE QUESTION.

We have our choice at this season of a wide range of theories for discussion, and of complaints of social evils to sympathise with and consult over. Men's wits are exhilarated by foreign travel, or any other form that their autumnal holiday may take; and they at once see things more plainly than usual, feel them more strongly, and have a more urgent desire to say what they think and feel. So we have every year renewed complaints of old grievances, or striking representations of new ones, presented to us in all newspapers, from the 12th of August till London fills again in November. Sometimes it is hotel bills, at home or abroad, that we are called upon to be shocked at; sometimes it is dull divines; sometimes the increase of celibacy in the higher classes; sometimes the poverty of curates; the rise in house-rent; the shutting up of Scotch domains from tourists; the adulteration of food; the dreariness of sermons, or a dozen things besides. The most inexhaustible and irrepressible of topics, however, is perhaps that of the nuisance of Domestic Servants: and this year we have heard more than usual of it—for some sufficient reason, no doubt.

The topic seems to have been always an old one. Within the historic period we find traces of it wherever the ways of social life are touched upon. All generations of servants are prevented from forgetting that there are Scripture texts against them. There was "eye-service," there were "men-pleasers," in St. Paul's day; and it is probable that householders then believed, as ever since, that there was a time when servants were what they ought to be. I have seen a grumbling mistress of a family, who was wont to insist that "the former days were better than these," excessively surprised to find so old-fashioned a personage as Shakspere expressing the very same notion that she had supposed to belong to our day.

> O, good old man! how well in thee appears
> The constant service of the antique world,
> When service wrought for duty, not for meed!
> Thou art not for the fashion of these times.
>
> "As You Like It," act ii. scene 3.

The question is whether future generations of housekeepers will be making the same moan, or whether there is any prospect of relief. It is a question which has occupied me, for one, at many intervals in my long life; and it occupies me and many others now as much as if we had never thought it over before. The reason of this, and of the lively re-agitation of the question, is that a change in the conditions of domestic service really is taking place. It must be met with good sense, or it will have to be endured as a great domestic misfortune. The fact is, the wages of domestic servants, as of all working people, are rising, and housekeepers must pay high for service which they declare to be continually less worth having. At the same time they cannot do without servants; and, unless they give their minds to the case, so as to manage it wisely, there is nothing before them but a life of petty warfare at home, long years spent in scolding, or being scolded, and the certainty all through that all points in dispute will have to be yielded by the employer. There is no chance of peace and comfort between parlour and kitchen but in the employers settling with themselves what points they will hold to and what they will yield; or, to put the case more pleasantly, what compact should be made between employers and servants on the footing of both doing as they would be done by.

I certainly have nowhere found a more hopeless haziness of ideas than on this whole subject. Gentlemen usually want that their servants should do exactly as they are bid—only without giving the trouble of bidding them; and ladies want that their maids in all capacities should be perfect, and in the precise way of perfection which suits each lady's taste. As for servants, one is afraid to inquire what they expect, seeing how little we are able to enter into such a position as theirs, or to estimate the amount of disappointment they must have suffered in their vocation, from their own fault or other people's. We may obtain some notion of their views by considering for a moment who they are, and where they come from.

In London newspapers the airs and the faults of butlers and footmen are prominently treated of; but, taking in the whole country, the preponderance of female servants is so great that the men sink almost out of sight. Only the wealthier and smaller classes of housekeepers employ men-servants; and the outcry against servants comes just as much from the middle ranks as the upper; so we must turn to the larger class to understand the case.

The maid-servants of England and Wales exceed half a million in number. Of these nearly two-thirds have been born in some rural district, and most of them in the cottage of a day-labourer or journeyman artisan. When mistresses expect perfection of their servants, do they represent to themselves how they have been brought up? Were those ladies themselves ever inside a labourer's cottage? Did they ever see how the little girls get breakfast and dinner ready—how they eat their meals—how they nurse the baby—how they walk and dress themselves, and set about mending their clothes? If not, they can have no notion how much the future housemaid,

cook, or nursemaid has to learn. And how do the young things learn it? Who can tell us? I, for one, never could make it out.

The children, at best, go to school for some years; and a good school here and there must have done much towards providing good servants within its own influence. It has awakened the children's minds, and enabled them to form some ideas of duty, and some habits of neatness and order; it has enabled them to read and write, and to obtain conceptions of further knowledge; and it has taught them to sew. A very small proportion of the 300,000 country girls have obtained that much benefit from school. As for any training in house-work or cooking, that is a quite modern notion as a part of school-education, and it has hardly come into visible operation yet. Except an endowed school here and there, too often sunk into neglect and disrepute, there has hitherto been no established means, as far as I know, for the early training of domestic servants.

How, then, have they got trained? Of the half million, nearly every one must have been able to do something in the way of her vocation, on entering service: where did she learn it?

The wives of small shopkeepers and of artisans train some,—obtaining their services for their maintenance and teaching. This is the largest single resource that I know of. Next comes the old country practice of ladies sending for a school-child occasionally, to help in the house, and learn what she could; a process usually followed by the elevation of the most promising to permanent service. Ladies who take trouble in this direction are benefactresses of their generation; and I trust they usually find their reward in being themselves well suited. The happy relation existing between the Napier family and their servants has been so plainly spoken of in print that I need not scruple to refer to it here, nor to say that, in one of their households, the training of the fourth generation of one family of servants is now going on, with every prospect of continued domestic comfort and friendship. I may observe here (what it is highly necessary to observe somewhere), that, while we hear loud and multitudinous complaints of the nuisance of domestic service to both parties, we must not suppose the malcontents to be in the majority because they make the most noise. It is precisely the comfortable and satisfied parties that have nothing to say, unless asked. To them the relation is a simple and natural one, and unless appealed to, they do not think of telling the world that they are happy, any more than they would in their conjugal or parental relation. We are justified in hoping that, where we hear nothing to the contrary, employers and servants are satisfied.

While London newspapers have been showing up the sauciness, and incompetence, and personal folly of servants, there have been all degrees of comfort and discomfort throughout the country, as there have been all sorts of intellects and tempers at work. There are households where the servants arrived, years ago, indisputably respectable in character, but with serious drawbacks,—in health, in temper, in mental or outward habits; and where those same servants are now living, healthy, improved in temper, awakened intellectually, and thoroughly trained in their respective departments. To the back doors of those houses come respectable servants from the neighbourhood, just to ask whether there is no chance of a vacancy, and to petition that, if there should be one, *they* should be sent for, that they might "really settle," which they find it so difficult to do. In the same neighbourhood, there may be a house or two, where the mistress complains that she has no peace, because "now-a-days no servant will stay." She hires at a distance that the reputation of her service may not deter applicants; and she has no choice, for she cannot get a servant where she is known. She means to be kind, and promises rewards, if only the new cook and housemaid will stay; but in a little while she finds, some morning, that the fires are not lighted; or some evening, in returning from a visit, that the bell is not answered. Her maids have absconded, as usual; and she pokes questions about the precincts of other people's houses, to learn how they make their servants stay on for years together. When the point of difference is found, she thinks herself right; and she goes on treating her maids as if they were in a nunnery, or teasing them about their work, or requiring undue homage from them, or stinting their comforts; and her complaints are much more likely to get into the newspapers than all the complacencies of all the comfortable.

Such differences belong to no particular period. The contrast is owing, not to distinctions of centuries, but to distinctions of human character. There have been reasonable and unreasonable mistresses in each generation, from the days of the patriarchs downwards: and there have been good and bad servants, satisfied and discontented, according to their position and temper. The peculiarity of the present time is, that the relation of labour to its employers is undergoing a change, and that the change is felt in the department of domestic service, though that department differs from all others in its conditions.

To take this last point first:—an employer of other kinds of labour has a right to expect good service in return for the pay agreed upon, while it is not clear that he has a right to expect the same thing in domestic service. Every agricultural labourer, every carpenter, blacksmith, or other artisan has received an express training for his business. He has worked in the field with his father from childhood, or he has been an apprentice in the workshop for five or seven years. He has had the means of learning his business; and his employer expects him to know it. If he does not, he is very properly sent away, and a better workman is easily found. Very different is the case of man or maid-servant; and especially the latter. There are no natural means of instruction for her; and she must be an ignorant and troublesome servant to somebody, before she can be a valuable one to anybody. In the native cottage she may be made honest, truthful, clean, and industrious; but she can learn nothing there of her business in life. How few cottagers' wives can boil a potato, or make good bread! and in keeping the dwelling

clean there is no resemblance to the housework of a town or country mansion. There are no schools for these arts,—no apprenticeships for domestic servants to betake themselves to. While no such resources exist, employers have not the right to demand able service in return for pay. Honest service they may claim; but not able service; for the candidate can neither promise (except in some fortunate instances) a good quality of service, nor be blamed for deficiencies.

While there is this difference between this and other kinds of labour, all alike are coming under the rule of change which is governing the relation between employers and the employed. Everywhere the labouring classes are becoming more independent: their compacts wear a different aspect from those of old times: their pay is higher; and the benefits they receive consist more exclusively in pay. It is not the question here whether this change is a good or an evil; or how much of both there may be in it. We are concerned with it only as it affects the footing of servants with their masters and mistresses. The latter are aghast at the wages now asked by servants; and at the same time they complain of the growth of the vices of the kitchen,—sloth, luxury, insolence, wastefulness,—while the incapacity for service seems to be greater than ever. Looking at the bare facts, they are true, in regard to a considerable proportion of the servants of the wealthier classes. The first important point is to beware of judging the general condition of domestic service from one province of it, however considerable; and the next is to see what is to be done. Nothing that can be said or done will affect the rate of wages. That is a settled point. What is to be said about the vices of the servants' hall? and what about the bad quality of the service?

The most certain thing in the whole matter is that the function of domestic service is now divided into two orders, which are essentially distinct. So much practical unreasonableness and so much domestic uneasiness proceed from these two being confounded, that their distinctive conditions cannot be too carefully pointed out and remembered. One order of service is a domestic relation: the other is a selling and purchase of a particular kind of labour.

Where the old conception is the basis, the respective parties may, on the whole, think themselves fortunate. It has its troubles, and plenty of them, because human capacities and tempers are various: but there is a possibility of a far happier connection than can be looked for in the other case. When the mistress of an old-fashioned household hires a servant, she considers that she is taking a new member into the family; and she usually knows a good deal about the girl or woman before she engages her. Nine times in ten she has to teach and train for some weeks or months before she can enjoy the comfort of good service; and the common complaint is that as soon as the servant has made sure of her improved qualifications she goes away,—"to better herself." Then she is called "ungrateful," and the mistress is disheartened at having the whole process to go over again with a new subject. She says, now and then, that she will never train any more girls, or take any but thoroughly qualified servants: but she is pretty sure to go back to the old plan, and, I may add, to succeed at last.

For this purpose she must render it a difficult matter for her maid to "better herself" by change. Some ignorant and conceited women remain convinced to the end of their days that they may gain by higher pretensions: but there are always some who know when they are well off, and see the value of a settled position and a character for steadiness. Between such servants and their employers there is a connection in which high wages do not bear a part. In such households wages do not rise much higher than they were thirty years ago. But then, it is completely understood that long service gives a claim to protection and future assistance, which is at least an equivalent for the excess of pay given for short service. If the employer lives, the old servant keeps her place and wages after it becomes necessary to provide an assistant; or, in her old age, such an addition is made to the income from her savings as enables her to live in some other home. It has always been a great marvel to everybody except the mistresses who pay, how it is that servants have ever sold their labour for such miserable wages as have till now been given. Writers of tracts, and preachers of "contentment" to the poor, are fond of pointing out what a blessed lot is that of the maidservant, with her freedom from personal cares, her good food, clothes and lodging, and her converse with a higher class than her own: but these monitors say nothing of the prospect which lies before the servant, whenever her strength fails, or her sight, or hearing. Till lately, ten guineas a-year were considered good wages for cooks and housemaids, and less for nursemaids, throughout the provinces, and in the commercial parts of London. How is it possible for a woman to dress herself neatly, and bestow a trifle now and then on relation or neighbour, and lay by anything worth speaking of as a resource for old age, out of such a pittance as that? This is so clear now, when we think more than our fathers did of the independence of the working classes, that it is becoming understood that servants must either be admitted to share family ties and claims, or be as well paid as their neighbours of other trades.

The mistress who wishes her servants to settle will remember also that there is much trial on both sides, and that she must lessen her servants' share to the utmost, or expect to lose them. It is a trial to them to be thrown together, without any choice of their own, to live in one another's company incessantly, without relief. They are separated, on entering service, from family and friends, and cast among strangers; and they have not the safeguards against strifes and rudeness which are afforded by education and good manners. They are removed from the probability of marriage, and from the natural interests which would have exercised their faculties and affections at home. The fact that a very small proportion of the half-million of our female servants marry points to an arrear of suffering and privation which the preachers and tract distributors should

take into the account. As for the reasons of the celibacy, there are several;—the over-proportion of women in towns,—the absence of opportunity for forming acquaintance,—and the caution of women who know that they must exchange a life of external luxury for hard privation in a cottage, or behind a little shop; but, whatever the cause, the employer should remember the fact, and render the case as natural and easy as she can. She will not seclude her maidens from all amusement; and she will not interdict "followers," when once assured that the "followers" are relatives or respectable friends. If truly wise, she will cultivate the intelligence of her servants by books, newspapers, and conversation. That is the kind of house where the husband and children hear nothing of kitchen troubles; where nothing is locked up but papers, and where housekeeping is so much the cheaper for it that the neighbour who locks up everything is sure she is robbed, and insults her servants by suspicion more and more, till they leave her to "cook her own dinner," and "answer her own door." She is probably not robbed; but daily allowances of butter, sugar, spices, flour, &c., are sure to be all consumed, whereas, when the stores are open to use as wanted, the natural quantity only is taken.

Here we have the one sort of service,—the old-fashioned one,—and still, I hope and believe, the natural and durable method which on the whole prevails in our country, however little we hear of it amidst the clamour of complaint under the latest working of the other.

The other method is one of mere compact between the seller and buyer of that kind of labour which is called domestic service. Some of the employers say that they do not wish their servants to stay "too long;" that they get better service and more respectful manners from new servants, and therefore find or make occasion to part in a year or so. Others are in a state of constant fret that their domestics will not settle for many months together. All are dissatisfied; and, in my opinion, all who are dissatisfied are unreasonable. The one sort of mistress cannot expect to give, and never to receive, an unwelcome warning to part; and the other has no right to suppose her way of hiring appendages to be anything more than a bargain of the day.

If the ladies of England want to have well-qualified domestics, they must provide the means. Either they must bestir themselves to get training-schools, or other educational aids, instituted; or they must themselves instruct their servants; or they must pay high for service, and take with it whatever liabilities it may bring. To these conditions there is no alternative but going without servants.

Those same liabilities create the most clamour. We are wearied with complaints of the puppyism of the men, and the dressiness and affectations of the women, in the servants' hall; and the complainants seem to think that a new curse has descended upon the land. It is far otherwise, as literature and tradition show. It is thirty years since a nobleman, a member of the Cabinet, a simple-minded and quiet man as could be, used to tell of a candidate for his butler's place. Just as the newspapers now tell of the cook or nursemaid of last week, the aspirant was more full of his own requirements than of his master's. Lord —— drew him out by repeated inquiries:—"Anything else?" and, when he had been told all about the "leisure hours," the "liberty to invite friends," and to "entertain them with a bottle," and the "salary of three hundred a-year,"—he replied, "Say another hundred, and I will be *your* butler." This is just like what we hear now,—and what Horace Walpole heard in his day, and what is heard in every generation of high life. The difference is in the increasing independence and loftier pecuniary claims of the class of domestic servants.

In our generation, as in all that went before, the sins and disgraces of the order are an ugly reflexion of those of their employers. If the only four-post bedsteads (and "curtains that close at the foot") in some great houses are in the servants' rooms, they are there because luxurious gentry in the last generation coddled themselves in such beds: and in twenty years, saucy servants will be seen insisting on having airy German beds, like the aristocracy. If valets lounge and yawn, and mince their words, and affect profound indifference to everything but their own indulgence, it is because they have seen these ways in their masters. If crinolines embarrass the kitchen and nursery, and the servants' pew at church, it is because they embarrass the family dinner-table also, and the conservatory, and the carriage. If candidates for the kitchen and nursery talk, when they come to be hired, of their "compacity" as cook, and of their inability to "dispense without" a choice of joints or fish at the servants' dinner, it is because they have had no sensible education in the first place, and that they have witnessed a reign of shams and self-seeking, in the next.

If this view of domestic service is anything like the truth, the facts will show, better than any preaching from any Hermit, what may be done, and what is to be hoped from it.

We must all be sorry for those sufferers under the present evils of transition, who are themselves innocent; and, indeed, for all who are at the moment helpless: but my own predominant impression is that the most ill-used class is that of the servants, who are expected to do what nobody has offered to teach them, and incited to imitation of qualities which they suppose to be "genteel," and then spoken of with disgust and wrath for the natural consequences of the social influences under which they have lived. When the middle-class men of England become contented with their station and its attributes, the men-servants of the country will cease to caricature their vulgarities. When the women of England learn housekeeping, as our grandmothers did and our grand-daughters will, maid-servants will once more understand their business. Meantime, if masters and mistresses do not know how to check luxury and idleness, and rebuke affectation and insolence under their own roof, they have nothing to do but hold their tongues about their own trials, and silently satisfy themselves how much of their share of the "nuisance of domestic service" is of their own

creating. All things considered, I think we might be spared this particular autumnal outcry till it can be reported that the condition of affairs is mending. I have, myself, no doubt that the present transition state might easily be made to merge in something at least as good as any domestic service ever yet known.

From the Mountain.

SWING SONG.

As my little Johnny sat,
With the feathers in his hat
All a-blow,
On the wing,
All a-blow—
Through the shifting light and shade
By the birchen branches made,
To and fro
Swang the swing,
To and fro.

If your thought, my bonny lad,
For a penny may be had,
Let me know,
Out with it,
Let me know—
Darling boy, with dreaming eyes,
Looking so exceeding wise,
To and fro
As you flit,
To and fro.

Oh, Papa, I haven't any
Thoughts at all, to earn a penny,
To and fro
As I fly,
To and fro.
If it wasn't so absurd,
I *do* wish I was a bird,
And could go
Through the sky,
Like a crow.

What! so eager for a start,
Restless, little truant-heart?
To and fro,
Yet awhile,
To and fro—
Yet awhile? Ay! old or young,
While on mortal pivot swung,
Joy and woe,
Tear and smile,
Come and go.

Quaint, small, human pendulum,
Lightly may they go and come!
Blessings, oh!
May they bring,
And bestow;
While the clock-work of the spheres
Ticks away your chequered years—
To and fro
As you swing,
To and fro.

HOW THE O'DONNELLS FIRST WENT TO SPAIN.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER III.

"Phelim O'Neal O'Donnell was greatly astonished, upon awakening the next morning, to discover he was lying on a bed of straw in a little out-house composed of white stones. (That out-house is still standing; I covered it with a new roof last year, and I keep six pigs in it this minute—the real 'Cannock-and-white' breed, and well worth six pounds a-piece at any fair or market in the country.) He looked about him, and he could not at first understand what had brought him there, or how he could ever have been carried inside it, for it did not seem to be half large enough or long enough for a man of his size.

"'This is no place for one of the O'Donnells to be stopping in,' said Phelim to himself, as he stood up, and attempted to walk to the door; when, to his great horror, he discovered that he must stumble and break his neck if he did not fall upon his hands to steady himself.

"'Ah, then, what in the world is the matter with me at all, at all?' cried Phelim; 'I do not seem to have the right use of my feet, and I feel it far more convenient to walk on my hands than to have them, as I used to do, dangling in the air. Lord preserve me! I am beginning to be afraid I am bewitched.'

"Phelim's thoughts were interrupted by the clucking of a hen and the gobbling of a duck.

"'By Gogstie! if it isn't mad I am becoming,' said Phelim; 'I think I can understand every word the fowls outside are speaking to one another. There is no harm in listening, at all events.'

"'There is something strange,' (so Phelim understood an old duck to say to a hen outside). 'There is something very strange indeed going on in this place for the last two days, Mrs. Dorking. During all that time I have not once seen the young mistress. I wonder what has become of her. She used to feed us as regular as clock-work, and I feel as hungry as a hawk this morning.'

"'I can tell you all about the young mistress,' so Phelim understood the old hen to say to the duck. 'I missed her at feeding-time as well as you, and I fluttered up-stairs to look for her. During the last two days she has been sleeping as sound as a top in her own bed.'

"'Why, then, Mrs. Dorking, isn't it a burning shame for a young girl like that to be so lazy? Surely she might as well get up and feed us, and then go to bed again, if she chose,' said the duck, in a very angry manner.

"'But what do you say, Mrs. Muscovy,' replied the hen, 'if the poor young lady could not help it?'

"'And why couldn't she help it, and I starving?' asked the duck.

"'Because she was bewitched,' answered the hen.

"'Bewitched! Ah! who could be so cruel as to bewitch such a good young creature as that?' asked the duck.

"'I cannot say for certain,' replied the hen; 'but my belief is, the person who did it was her own grandmother; and I am sorry to say that I fear the young lady is not the only one she has so treated; for, last night, just as I was going to roost, I observed Mother Olliffe carrying a beautiful yellow goat with a red beard in her arms into that out-house there, and that yellow goat, I strongly suspect, is some Christian that is bewitched.'

"Phelim O'Neal O'Donnell trembled with terror when he heard these words pronounced. He looked down at his hands; they were no longer visible; both were covered over with yellow horn-hoofs. His yellow sleeves were changed into yellow hair, and in his agony he shrieked aloud, and terrified himself by the doleful *Mah!* that issued from his lips.

"The knees of Phelim O'Neal O'Donnell bent beneath him, and he sank upon his side in the midst of the straw, for he felt as if his heart was breaking with grief, horror, and despair.

"When things are at the worst they must mend. So it is with everybody, and so it was with Phelim O'Neal O'Donnell; for at that instant, when he thought that the pleasures of life had for ever departed from him, he heard, and his heart jumped for joy at the sound, the voice of his beloved Aileen calling all the barn-door fowl around her.

"There was a frightful clamour in the farm-yard for at least ten minutes. The pigs were grunting, the dogs barking, the geese and the ducks gobbling, the hens cackling, and the little chickens chirping all at once and together. At length they all began feeding, and there was comparative silence amongst them.

"Phelim O'Neal O'Donnell took advantage of this repose, and he gave forth a loud, vehement, and impatient 'Mah!'

"'What! a goat in the out-house?' exclaimed Aileen, 'I must see it.'

"And as she spoke the door was opened by her, and Phelim rushed out and went down on his two front legs before her.

"'Oh! what a lovely animal, and so tame, too! On its knees before me—I never saw the like of it!' cried Aileen. 'A yellow-haired goat, too, with a red beard. It reminds me of my beloved hero, Phelim O'Neal O'Donnell, in his yellow

jacket and red sash. Oh! my charming, darling goat, I must kiss you!'

"And as Aileen said these words, she caught the goat by his red beard, and, raising up its head, kissed it on the mouth.

"She was astonished to see the goat rising on its hind legs, and capering round the yard, to the fear and terror of all the ducks and hens that were the mothers of chickens and ducklings.

"'Oh! you dear and sensible darling!' cried the delighted Aileen, 'a person would fancy you could understand every word I say to you.'

"The yellow goat nodded its head.

"'You really can! Is it possible?' said Aileen to the goat.

"The yellow goat again nodded its head.

"'Very well—if you can, when you mean to say "Yes" nod your head; and when you want to say "No," shake it.'

"The yellow goat first nodded its head, and then shook it.

"'Oh! grandmother!' cried Aileen to Moyra Olliffe (who entered the farm-yard at this moment), 'where did you get this beautiful goat? I never saw anything to equal it.'

"Old Moyra Olliffe had not time to answer the question; for the moment the goat saw the old witch he ran at her, and gave her a puck with his two horns, such as she never had in her life before, for it sent her head over heels three times running, and at last landed her into the pig-trough, where those animals were at that moment feeding, and they, in their rage, all began biting her.

"Aileen, terrified at the danger to which her grandmother was exposed, ran and dragged her out of the pig-trough, and then, looking round, exclaimed, 'Alas! the beautiful yellow goat has run away from us!'

"'And well for him he did so,' replied the infuriated Moyra Olliffe, 'or my knife would on the instant be in his throat. Let him not come next or nigh me again, or I'll massacre him.'"

CHAPTER IV.

"Aileen was equally delighted and astonished upon passing outside the bounds of Rahar on the high road, to find the goat was there, and seemingly waiting for her. It nodded with its head to her to follow, and then trotted off towards the stream of the Blackwater, to the very spot where the young lovers had first seen each other.

"'My heart misgives me about this same yellow goat with the red beard,' sighed Aileen, when she saw it stop and lie down on the very mound of green grass where Phelim had been standing three days before. 'Oh! my poor heart is beating with anxiety. I know well—for I feel it in the dizziness of my head—that my grandmother has been playing some of her roguish tricks on me; and I fear—oh! how I do fear!—upon *him* also. But, God is good! and one thing is certain, the yellow goat has shown such a hatred of the old witch, that it must love truth and goodness for their own sake. Well, my poor goat,' said Aileen, coming up to it, and putting a snow-white arm round its yellow neck, 'do you know the bravest, finest, handsomest, and best young man in all Ireland?'

"The goat looked at her, as if it did not comprehend what she meant.

"'Do you know, in other words,' said Aileen, 'my own darling intended husband, the valiant hero, Phelim O'Neal O'Donnell?'

"The goat nodded.

"'Do you know where he is this minute?'

"The goat nodded.

"'Could you show him to me?'

"The goat nodded.

"'Show him to me.'

"The goat walked over the stream, and looked into it.

"Aileen followed, and, gazing into the stream, beheld the yellow face and red beard of the goat.

"'And you mean to say that *you*, my poor yellow goat, are really, truly, actually and bodily, Phelim O'Neal O'Donnell himself?'

"The goat nodded, and again bent his knees before her.

"'Oh! wirra strue! Oh! wirra strue!' exclaimed Aileen, bursting into tears, and seating herself on the grass by the side of the goat, and wiping her dazzling, bright blue eyes with its red beard. 'And is this the way that our hopeful and happy marriage is to end? Oh! wirra strue! and wirra strue! for ever and ever, amen! What is the use of being young, and brave, and fair, and good, if all can be marred and spoiled by a horrid, old, ugly, and unbelieving witch, who is to have the power of changing a handsome young Christian knight and gentleman into a contemptible yellow goat, with a red beard? Oh! wirra strue! wirra strue! and wirra strue, over and over again! Oh! wirra! wirra!'

"The lamentations of Aileen were interrupted by the angry voice of the parish priest of Park, who exclaimed, as he looked down from the wall of the churchyard:

"'Ah! then will you ever stop with your yowling down there? How is a poor priest ever to get through with his breviary, if you are to be interrupting him in his prayers with your complaining against the ways of Providence? Hould your whisht! young woman, or tell me, in as few words as you can, what is the matter with you?'

"Aileen told her story.

"'Here,' said the parish priest, leaning over the churchyard wall, 'here are the beads blessed by myself. Tie them round your true lover's neck, like a collar, and neither witch nor wizzard can do him any personal harm. Let him be off to sea at once, if he wishes to be restored to his former face and figure. They can never be recovered until he is two hundred miles away from the coast of Ireland. The sooner he is far from the country the better for the two of you; as that old woman will never forgive him the fine puck he had out of her. Away! children, and my blessing be upon you! but never come to this spot again, either to be moithering me with your moans, or distracting me in my devotions, by your amorous ditties.'

"With these words the parish priest disappeared behind the wall of his churchyard.

"'What that saintly man says is the truth,' observed Aileen. 'My old, vicious grandmother is, I am sure, plotting to do you or me, and perhaps both, a new mischief. You have not a minute to spare to get out of the country. Run, my darling, now, as if there was a process-server at your heels; and never cry "Stop," until you are on board the Granvaile. Hurry, hurry from my sight. If I had to wait twenty long years for you, you will find me as true as steel to my first and only love. One kiss more, and be off with yourself.'

"Again she kissed the goat; it kicked up its hind heels with delight, and ran as fast as if it was at a fox-chace along this road, and when it was hurrying by the spot at which we are now sitting, it was observed by Moyra Olliffe, who was looking out of her bed-room window at Rahar up there, whilst she was putting a plaister on her nose, where one of her own pigs had bitten her when she was struggling in the trough.

"'That is Phelim O'Neal O'Donnell running away to get on board the ship in Waterford!' said she to herself. 'Oh! by the invincible hammer of the immortal Thor, he shall not get out of my clutches so easy as he thinks. I will be hot foot after him, as fast as a broomstick can fly with me, so soon as I have rubbed in a few ointments and changed my face and figure into the likeness of a Mother-Abbess.'

"Poor Phelim O'Neal O'Donnell ran so hard that he was hardly able to draw a breath as he crossed the plank that led from the Quay at Waterford on board the Granvaile. As he stepped on deck he heard the heavy tramp of the witch's foot at the other end of the plank, following him. He instantly ran and hid behind the captain, who was astonished to see a strange goat making so free with him.

"'That yellow goat is mine, and I call upon you, Captain Joseph O'Leary, to deliver him up to me,' said Moyra Olliffe.

"'And who may you be yourself, that knows my name so well?' asked the captain.

"'You see what I am—by the way I am clothed,' answered Moyra.

"'I see that you appear to be a Mother-Abbess, but few in this world are as good as they appear to be,' observed the captain, who was a very wise and devout old man. 'I asked you before, what is your name, and you never answered me. I now ask you the same question a second time. What is your name? What Order do you belong to? And where are you established in community?'

"'My name,' replied Moyra, 'is Mother Olivia, my Order is that of the Fly-by-nights, and my community is established at the White House of Rahar, in the county of Kilkenny.'

"'I have never heard of you nor your Order before,' answered the captain.

"'That is no reason why you should refuse to restore to me my property,' replied Moyra.

"'That's the truth, sure enough,' remarked the captain. 'If the goat is your property, you ought to have it. But how am I to know it is yours. Tell us every particular about it.'

"'To be sure I can,' replied Moyra, quite confidently, and certain now she was on the point of succeeding. 'It is a yellow goat—as yellow as flax, and it has a red beard.'

"'Everyone can see that as well as yourself,' said the captain, looking down at the goat, and observing what was on his neck. 'Is there nothing else strange and outlandish about it, such as is never seen with a common goat?'

"'Yes—there is,' replied Moyra, 'it is a very sensible goat—it knows every word you say to it —and if I was not on the watch with a long knife, it would puck the life out of me.'

"'Oh! ho!' said the captain, 'a very sensible goat that would puck the life out of you. By Dad! Mother Olivia, there is some mystery here I cannot as yet understand. I now ask you again if there is not something particular about your goat, which ought to distinguish it from every other? Think twice before you answer me.'

"'No,' answered Moyra, 'there is nothing else that I know of.'

"'Well then the goat cannot be yours, or you would know there are holy beads tied about its neck,' answered the captain.

"'And who put such horrid things about my goat's neck?' asked Moyra, trembling with rage and fear when she heard the name of 'the beads' mentioned.

"'And so, you shocking, inhuman old woman, you come on board my ship, dressed up as a Mother-Abbess, and yet in the hearing of all my Christian crew you have the audacity to call the blessed beads "horrid things." Seize her, boys, tie her two hands and legs together, until my mate, Peter Devine, examines her in her theology. If she cannot answer the few learned questions he will put to her, she must have sold herself to the devil, and as sure as my name is Joseph O'Leary, over she goes, into the river Suir, to sink as a Mother-Abbess, or to swim as a witch. Come here, Peter Devine, this minute, and examine this old dame who says she is a Mother-Abbess.'

"'I will be with you the moment I have mixed my third tumbler of punch,' answered Peter Devine, from the cabin below.

"The orders of the captain were obeyed. The witch's hands and legs were tied together, and she was placed at the ship's side in such a position that she might, by a single push, be dashed into the river below, in case she failed in her examination by the mate, Peter Devine.

"Whilst the crew were arranging Moyra Olliffe, the yellow goat was seen skipping around the deck on its hind legs, and every time it came in front of the captain, bowing down its head before him. It was engaged in these antics when Peter Devine, a man with a face as red as scarlet, and who seemed to be heated with punch-drinking, ascended upon deck, carrying a fowling piece in his hand. He watched the goat for a few minutes, and then said:

"'That is no goat, but a Christian gentleman, and as such he has been recognised before now by some clergyman, who has put his beads round its neck. Is it not the truth I am telling?' said Peter Devine, directly addressing himself to the goat.

"The goat nodded its head.

"'And yet that old woman, who says she is a

Mother Abbess, claimed the goat as her property,' observed the captain.

"'I am as much a Mother Abbess as that worn-out remnant of an ill-spent life,' remarked Peter Devine; 'and I am sure I am a better Christian, for she does not look to me, as if she had ever been inside a place of worship in all her born-days.'

"'Examine her in her theology,' said the captain.

"'To be sure I will. Come now, old lady!' said Peter Devine. 'Understand what I am about. I am going to ask you three questions—three of the easiest questions in Ecclesiastical History I can think of; and if you can answer any one of them, you may return to the shore in safety. If not, the first failure will be followed by a little push, the second failure by the same, and the third by a ducking, such as you never had before, and never will again. Are you ready?'

"'Go on, you Irish thieves and murderers, replied Moyra, as stout as a lion. 'You have made up your minds to steal away my goat, and to secure it you think nothing of robbing me of my life.

"'I am a holy and pious Christian,' meekly answered Peter Devine, 'and I don't care three jack-straws about being abused by a woman, and I mind it the less, when the woman that is scolding me happens to be both old and ugly. Now, then, my good lady—here is a question for you, that almost every child in Ireland can answer. My first question is—*What was the name of Saint Patrick's grandfather's male gossip?*'

The old woman remained silent.

"'Give her a tiny push, boys,' said Peter Devine. 'Well, now then, my old lady, for a second and easier question:—*What was the roof of the house made of, in which Saint Bridget took shelter when she was a child, and was flying with all her family from the pursuit of the pagans?*'

"The old woman remained silent.

"'Give her another little push, boys!' said Peter Devine. 'And, now, for the third and last question, which is so simple I am almost ashamed to ask it:—*What was the name of the creek in Brittany at which Saint Ronan landed when he fled out of Ireland, for fear the people would make a bishop of him?*'

"The old woman remained silent.

"'O, you old besom of destruction!' exclaimed the disgusted Peter Devine. 'Even supposing you were not a witch, you deserve to be drowned for your ignorance. Drive her neck and crop into the river! Away with her! There she goes! What a splash! That I may never swallow another hot tumbler, but the water is fizzing and bubbling about her as if instead of a woman, you had thrown a bar of red hot iron into the Suir.'

"'My curse!' shrieked Moyra Olliffe, as she rose to the surface, and was carried away by the rapid tide. 'My curse! and the curse of the Valkyries! and the curse of the Crows! on Phelim O'Neal O'Donnell, and his intended wife, Aileen, and on Captain Joseph O'Leary, the scheming robber; and on punch-drinking Peter Devine, the hypocrite; and on all belonging to them!'

"'Look at her! look at her!' exclaimed the excited Peter Devine, 'she is floating on the stream as light, tight, and airy as a cork, and cursing like a Dublin Jackeen, as she swims away from us. And, see! the ravens are gathering in the air over her, and wheeling round her, and ready the moment she gets to the bend of the river, out of the sight of Christians, to help her on to the land again. Isn't it lucky when I heard there was a suspicion of a witch being on board that I brought up on deck with me my gun, loaded with a blessed silver bullet. Here is to have one crack at her. If she escapes *this*, there is no killing her.'

"As Peter Devine thus spoke, he took aim at the old witch as she floated away, with her mouth full of curses. He fired, and the ball hit the old woman in the very centre of her leathern magic girdle, and the moment it did so, she blew up into a thousand pieces, as if she was a barrel and her inside all filled with nothing but gunpowder! As the smoke cleared away, the ravens were seen descending, and carrying off in their beaks fragments of what appeared to be the clothing of the wicked witch, Moyra Olliffe!

"I am very near the end of my story. The ship Granvaile at once sailed down the Suir, and out to sea, and when it got two hundred miles and a quarter from the land, Phelim O'Neal O'Donnell stood upon the deck in his yellow velvet cap, with the black plumes, in his tight-fitting yellow dress, and with his red sash around his waist. In obedience to his orders the ship returned to the port of Waterford; and in an hour afterwards, Phelim O'Neal O'Donnell was riding up on his black horse to the white house yonder. In two hours afterwards, he and the beautiful Aileen were riding down the hill of Rahar on the same black horse; he in the saddle, and she on a pillion behind him; and in three hours afterwards they were married in the church at Park; and in four hours afterwards they were dining together as man and wife in the white house, and they had for their dinner a ham, two young chickens, boiled; and two young ducks, roasted; and the chickens belonged to the brood of Mrs. Dorking, and the ducks to Mrs. Muscovy—the same hen and the same duck, from whose conversation together Phelim O'Neal O'Donnell first learned the sad tidings that he had been, by the wicked witch's enchantments changed from a handsome young man into a yellow-haired goat.

"The young bride and bridegroom kept open house for all comers, gentle and simple, rich and poor, for a whole month together. No one was sent away empty-handed; all had rich presents given to them; and at the end of that time, the bride's fortune in diamonds, gold and silver, was carried off to Waterford, and from Waterford conveyed by the Granvaile to Cadiz. And it's little wonder that the descendants of one who brought such wealth to Spain should in our days be made a grandee. The surprise ought to be, that when the O'Donnells had such riches they were not saluted as 'grandees' on their landing.

"And yet the general belief in this part of Ireland, and it has been the same for centuries, is that much as was the wealth that O'Donnell and his

young wife took to Spain with them, it was next to nothing to the riches that they left behind in the caves of Rahar, but that still remain hidden by enchantment. This I do know, that one of my reasons for taking—and I did so fifty years ago—a long lease of the white house at Rahar was the certainty that there was untold gold hidden in its caves. With that conviction on my mind, I began looking for it; but instead of seeking after the magic treasure in the darkness of night, I went, like a fool, searching for it by day-light,—and, what was the consequence? One day I struck my pick-axe against a stone. Oh! how my heart beat, for I knew well what I was going to find—a chest of stone, shaped like a coffin. Just the very thing in which Moyra Olliffe hid the treasures of the Danes. I removed the stone—and there—instead of diamonds, gold and silver, there was nothing but a heap of old bones and ashes! Ah! if I had found the same things after night-fall, instead of being, as I am now, a hard-working humble farmer, I would be the richest squire in the county.

"There, sir, is my story. I am much obliged to you for listening to it. And now that you have heard it, you cannot be surprised at my taking a strong, and I may say personal interest in the history that has lately been circulating throughout Ireland, as to one of the Irish O'Donnells having been elevated to the dignity of a grandee of Spain.

"If you come up to Rahar any day, I will show you over all the caves that were made under the white house by the Danes. I wish I could also point out to you the places in which the murdering scoundrels hid their plunder, and then covered it over with charms, incantations and witchcraft, so that the eyes of a Christian are not able to recognise it."

A DAY AT WOOLWICH.

Whenever an east wind blows—and that is we believe for ninety days in the year—it brings with it not only rheums and catarrhs, but the sound of the heavy guns fired at Woolwich by the Royal Regiment of Artillery. On hearing the dull boom some days since, we bethought ourselves that a visit to the "mother dock of England," and an inspection of the Arsenal, might suffice to wile away a day in which we might forget the intolerably dry cold blast, and collect some new information upon a subject of national interest—

> The daily cast of brazen cannon,
> And foreign mart for implement of war,
> And such impress of shipwrights.

Although, happily, in these peaceful times no longer

> This sweaty haste
> Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day.

The Royal Arsenal took its origin in a singular incident. In the year 1716 some French cannon, taken by the Duke of Marlborough, were to be recast at the Royal Foundry at Moorfields, in the presence of Colonel Armstrong, then Surveyor-General of the Ordnance, and a brilliant staff of officers. A young Swiss travelling workman, Andrew Schalch, a native of Schaffhausen, who was among the bystanders, observed the presence of moisture in the moulds, the consequence of which, he foresaw, would be the instantaneous formation of steam, which would explode because unable to escape from the moulds. The Master-General, the Duke of Richmond, was warned by him of the circumstance in vain; the Swiss and his friends prudently retired, and scarcely had he quitted the spot when a terrible explosion occurred; the galleries for the spectators were blown down, the roof of the foundry was carried away, and of the workmen many were burned severely and some killed. The authorities advertised for the man who gave the timely warning, and on his appearance desired him to select a site for a new foundry and preside over it. He selected Woolwich for its convenient situation upon the bank of the Thames, and position in the midst of an unoccupied space of ground,—both important considerations, as they furnished an ample practice-ground for artillery and easy means for its embarkation or unshipment. Schalch, after holding his office of master-gunner during sixty years, died at the advanced age of ninety, and lies buried in Woolwich churchyard.

A long high wall marks the boundary of the Arsenal, the only establishment of the name in England, as the smaller yards at Portsmouth, Pembroke, and Chatham, are called gun-wharves. In the year 1535, John Aven was the first Englishman who made brass ordnance, as cannons and culverins. In 1543, Peter Bawd, a French gun-founder, and Peter van Collen, a gunsmith, were employed by Henry the Eighth to cast mortars; and in the reign of Edward the Sixth, Master Peter's apprentice and successor, John Johnson, cast iron ordnance. The howitzer, an improved mortar, invented by Beledor, was first used at the siege of Ath in 1697: the carronade, a kind of long howitzer, was the design of General Robert Melville, about the year 1779. Iron rockets, invented by Sir William Congreve, and now bearing his name, were first used at the bombardment of Copenhagen, afterwards against the Boulogne flotilla, then at Flushing, and subsequently at the battle of Leipzig, a special rocket troop having for many years been appointed to this service.

On entering the gates of the Arsenal, two sentries are seen pacing up and down, and in the walk immediately beyond two more employed, the charge of the rest of the yard being left to policemen. Upwards of 10,000 artificers are employed in the factories and works; and the number of visitors, who are admitted on Tuesdays and Fridays from 10 to 12 A.M. and from 2 to 4 P.M., is very great. The visitor is furnished with a ticket, and moves about on his inspection under surveillance. The movement of wheels, the rush of steam, the blast of flame, the din of hammers, and the roar of the furnace betoken the variety of the manufactures and processes which are being carried on. The Foundry was erected by Vanbrugh, and may easily be detected among the long ranges of buildings which abut upon the paved footways to which the visitor is restricted. He passes by the Laboratory, where ammunition and projectiles are being made; model-rooms, containing specimens of various mills, machines, and

implements, moulds for casting shot, grape, chain, and canister, bullets and balls; the manufactories of rockets, percussion caps, and metal fuses; the powder magazines and the gun-carriage department; the store-rooms for saddles and bridles, and arms of every description, with the park of artillery, where nearly 30,000 pieces of cannon, and pyramids of shot and shell to the number of 4,000,000 to 5,000,000, are accumulated.

At the siege of Sebastopol the total number of rounds expended amounted to 253,042: 35 13-inch mortars, 35 10-inch mortars, 11 8-inch mortars, and 20 5½-inch mortars were used. Of these 10 became unserviceable from use, and 3 were destroyed by the enemy. Seven Lancaster guns, 8 68-pounders, 105 32-pounders, 57 24-pounders, 3 9-pounders, 10 10-inch guns, and 76 8-inch guns were employed; and of the entire number only 41 remained serviceable at the end of the siege.

From these statistics of a single siege it will be seen how indispensable it is to have such a reserve and permanent stock of artillery, which supplies the fleet, the garrisons, and batteries, and army of England. The authorities very properly refuse admission generally to the principal works, on two grounds—apprehension of interruption to the workmen, and of positive danger, as some of the manufactures are conducted in rooms which the persons employed are allowed to enter only with slippered feet. Of some of the more interesting and important processes the reader will no doubt be glad to obtain succinct information, divested of all technicalities.

Gun-metal is an alloy of copper and tin, in the proportions of 100 parts of the first to 10 of the latter. The copper is first reduced to a fluid state, and about ten minutes before it is ready to run the tin is thrown in, which, owing to its fusibility, melts immediately. A piece of ordnance composed of gun-metal requires a less thickness of metal than a cast-iron gun. The bores of bronze pieces become indented by the irregular motion of the shot in passing through them, and after long-continued firing are liable to the defect known technically as "droop at the muzzle," owing to the rebounding of the shot within the bore. The cost of bronze ordnance is 187*l.*, the value of pure copper is 124*l.*, of tin 120*l.*, and of gun-metal 80*l.* per ton. The cast-iron used for ordnance is obtained by mixing the different numbers of pig iron together so as to produce a grey cast-iron of great tenacity with sufficient hardness and fusibility. The quality of the iron depends principally upon the fuel—peat charcoal found at Low Moor and Bowling Iron Works in Yorkshire—used in smelting the ores. Coke is employed with cold blast, as it is superior in tenacity and strength to hot-blast iron made with coal in its raw state. The ores of Sweden and Nova Scotia are preferred from their superior quality, being smelted with charcoal which is free from sulphur, the latter being highly injurious. The specific gravity of the iron from which ordnance is made varies from 7 to 7·2. The fusing point is about 374° Fahrenheit; in cooling it contracts 1·25 per cent. Cast-iron cannot be depended upon for rifled cannon, and if used for these ordnance, requires to be strengthened by shrinking wrought-iron rings or tubes over the portion of the gun in rear of the trunnions. The cost of cast-iron guns is about 21*l.* per ton: the value of the best English iron is 5*l.* 10*s.* per ton, and that of old iron guns 5*l.* per ton.

Wrought iron is obtained from cast iron in two ways, by the operations of refining and puddling. The greater part of the carbon and impurities is driven off by fusing pig iron for two hours in a blast furnace, after which it is run out and suddenly cooled with water. The refined metal is now placed in a reverberatory furnace, where it is stirred with an iron rake while it is in a state of fusion, and every particle is exposed to the action of a current of hot air passing over it. The metal now assumes the consistency of a thick paste, and is subjected to the action of the forge hammer or pressure under rollers, by which it is rendered malleable and ductile.

All ordnance are cast in a solid mass, similar in shape to the exterior form of the piece, but larger, to allow for turning down, and that the mass may contract throughout as equally as possible. They are bored and turned by machinery; an additional length of three or four feet of metal, termed the dead head, is given to the piece at the muzzle; as the gun is cast in a vertical position the dross and other impurities run down and collect into this part; by its weight it compresses, and therefore increases the density of the gun, and furnishes a supply of metal to the mass when cooling and shrinking.

The reverberatory furnace consists of a fire-place and a hearth, on which the material to be subjected to the flame is placed; great nicety of regularity of heat is obtained, and the metal does not come into contact with the fuel, a bituminous coal, as in a cupola or blast furnace. The flame rising from the fire-place, as it passes over the ridge of fire-brick which divides the fire-place from the hearth, strikes the arch of the furnace, and is thrown back or reverberated on the material.

In casting iron ordnance, a model of the piece is made of cast iron, or of some hard seasoned wood, in sections of convenient length. The jacket consists of twelve parts; the mould, about three inches thick, is composed of dry angular sharp sand, moistened with water and mixed with strong clay to render it more adhesive. The model is covered over with blacking made of charcoal and coal dust, moistened with clay, to prevent its adhesion to the mould. Each portion of the jacket is rammed separately, and successively placed one over the other. The mould is then formed in a vertical position, and—the model having been extracted—is placed in a stove, where it is gradually and perfectly dried, a process occupying from 12 to 14 hours. Parts of the jacket are then carried to the pit, where they are screwed together and secured in a perfectly upright position. The interior of the mould is coated with blacking. The metal, being brought from the reverberatory furnace, is admitted at the run hole, which has been stopped by a lump of friable clay, and flows into an iron basin lined with loam conveniently near the mouths of the moulds. Castings generally remain in the pit undisturbed for forty-eight hours. They are then taken out and allowed to remain in their earthy

coatings for the same length of time, a few blows of the hammer being sufficient to clear the castings.

An Armstrong gun is constructed of a number of separate pieces, all of wrought iron except the breech, screw, and vent piece, which are of cast steel; the vent is touched with copper to withstand the gunpowder. The tube is made up of three inner and three outer coils, and the trunnion piece and coil.

Great difficulty is experienced in forging masses of wrought iron sufficiently large except for pieces of very small calibre; the ancient guns were constructed of a number of rings and longitudinal bars; the latter were arranged inside, and grasped together by the rings, which were placed outside. The Armstrong ordnance are made up of a number of wrought iron rings, welded together with others shrunk over the internal tube.

Steel is obtained by combining good bar iron with carbon, by the process of cementation, alternate layers of the iron and charcoal being placed in closed troughs of fire-brick, where they are exposed to a very high temperature for about sixty hours. The metal produced is known from the appearance of its surface as blistered steel. Shear steel is produced by cutting and welding bars of blistered steel. Cast steel is made by fusing bars of blistered steel, and casting them into ingots. Ordnance is made of the latter material, which, owing to its tenacity and elasticity, is superior to wrought iron. But it is an expensive material, and the after operations of turning and boring the gun are very difficult and costly, owing to its extreme hardness.

The following examinations and proofs of a gun are made. The first is by a very ingenious instrument, called Desaguilier's, by which the smoothness and regularity of the bore is tested, and also whether its axis is identical with that of the piece. A somewhat different process is employed in the case of mortars and howitzers. The external dimensions of the gun are taken by various instruments. The strength of ordnance is tested by the fire proof. The guns being laid on the ground in front of a butt with their muzzles towards it slightly elevated, are loaded with their proper proof charges, and fired by means of a galvanic battery, which is placed in a splinter-proof building, and the current of electricity conveyed to the tubes in the guns through copper wires. The gun is then searched by a long rod having a number of steel springs at the extremity, each of which has a spike attached; these springs are released from a grasping ring when at the bottom of the bore. Any flaw in the metal is at once detected in passing the searcher up and down. The soundness of the metal is tested by the water proof. A hollow wooden plug, covered with leather, is fixed in the muzzle of the gun by chains which pass round the trunnions, and is connected with the main pipe of the water works; a pressure of about 50 lbs. on the square inch is obtained, and water is forced into the bore until it issues a continuous stream from the vent, a wooden plug is then inserted in the latter, and a few more strokes given by the engine. If any water has penetrated through the thinnest part —the neck—the metal is unsound. The last test is the sun proof. After two or three days, the bore being supposed to be perfectly dry, is examined by reflecting the sun rays into it by means of a mirror, and if any part appears wet, it indicates a flaw. The sighting process is the last operation. In the construction of carriages, wheels, &c., ash, elm, pine, fir, oak, African oak, and sabrin from Cuba, are the materials employed. The timber is cross-cut and planed, and all the holes necessary for rivets, bolts, &c., bored by machinery. The various parts of the carriage are finished off and put together by hand.

Gunpowder is made at Waltham, and subjected to four proofs. In the Laboratory various combustible compositions are made, the main ingredients employed being sulphide of antimony, sulphate of arsenic, chlorate of potassa, shell lac, rosin, fulminate of mercury, Kitt and Luten composition.

The operations of mixing compositions, mealing powder, and grinding charcoal and clay, require extreme care in the manipulation of ingredients, great accuracy being essential in weighing the proportions, and in reducing the particles of the different substances to the proper degree of fineness.

Compositions are mixed by a copper slice upon a wooden table, and afterwards pressed through sieves of different degrees of fineness. Powder is mealed on a beechen table, having grooves cut on its surface, and then worked about in small quantities by a man with an oval rubber of beech-wood.

The operation of making fuses, filling carcases and light balls, the manufacture of percussion-caps, bullets, Congreve, and signal rockets, with the making of the cases, and the driving of the composition in the latter case, may also be seen. Solid shot are cast, two models, each half of the size of the shot, being used, and a mould. The metals are melted by coke in a furnace of fire-brick. In the case of common shell a core in addition is necessary to obtain the requisite hollow in the interior. The moulding box for solid shell, like the model of cast iron, is perforated with a number of holes to allow of the escape of the gases evolved by the heated metal.

By taking the railway-train from the Arsenal Station, the visitor will escape passing through the unsavoury streets which lie between it and the Dockyard. To those familiar with the larger yards of Portsmouth and Keyham, the scene will present no novelty; but those who have not had the advantage of seeing those magnificent establishments, may spend an hour agreeably in inspecting that of Woolwich, with its enormous chimney-shaft,—a landmark for miles,—the engine-house, the saw-mills with their marvellous machinery, the huge Nasmyth's hammer,—which can crack a nut-shell so as not to break the kernel, or snap a thick iron bar with equal facility on the anvil,—the glowing furnaces, the building slips, with the shipwrights hammering with an incessant din on the grand three-decker piled up beam on beam, to which access is gained by inclined planes reaching to the top of the enormous structure. The yard is nearly a mile in length. The masting shears, the docks, the gun-boats, the steel-plated

floating batteries, the beautiful chapel built by Mr. G. G. Scott, and a passing look into the various workshops, will afford ample opportunity to indulge and gratify curiosity. Henri Grace à Dieu and the unfortunate Royal George were both built here.

Leaving convicts and policemen, we may now ascend the steep hill, on one side of which, among the trees, rise the imposing new buildings of the hospital, and pass the fine barracks of the Marines, capable of containing fifteen hundred men. A short walk further, and we enter through a wicket near the guard-house. In front we have, as a pleasant change from the miserable shabby town, the open breezy common, with the Royal Military Academy for the cadets on the east, and crowned with the woods of Shooter's Hill; to the left is the long range of the barracks of the Royal Artillery; while to our right is a park of artillery, gun-carriages, waggons, and limbers, divided by a road leading down to a pretty picturesque hollow, containing a small sheet of water, on which pontooning practice, passage of troops, diving, and transport of artillery, are carried out; while above it, on the opposite side, over the broken undulating ground, diversified by clumps of fir-trees, is seen the tent-like building known as the Rotunda, in front of which is an earthwork, green with turf, but having the dark muzzles of guns peeping through the grassy embrasures of the Repository Ground.

A monument to Sir Alexander Dickson stands in the enclosure, which is entered by a field-wicket, and near some French cannon captured by Marlborough at Malplaquet; the gun that burst at Moorfields, and so proved the cause of the foundation of the Arsenal; a grenier that threw stone-shot, and various culveryns, falcons, demi-falcons, and other strange old-world ordnance. The Rotunda itself was removed from Carlton Gardens, where George IV., then Prince Regent, entertained in it the Allied Sovereigns, in 1814: it now contains models of dockyards, fortifications, every arm used by artillery, and every conceivable specimen of bomb-ships, kettle-drums, tilting-lances, shields, armour, all kinds of weapons, and all sorts of ordnance; trophies won in every quarter of the world; a cinder that represents what was once fifty-six millions of one pound bank notes, burned by the Bank of England when they were called in; and the armour of the Great Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche.*

A visit to the Royal Military Academy, with which the establishment of Addiscombe will be amalgamated, will repay those who take an interest in observing the drill ground, studies, and method by which cadets are trained up as officers of Artillery. The dining-hall, which is also used as a chapel, is extremely pretty, and fitted up with stained windows and pieces of armour in extremely good taste. On turning back to the barracks, we observe that the range, 1200 feet in length, is broken by a central gateway of stone and four porticoes: to the right are those of the chapel and guard-house, and to the left those of the mess-house and Brigade offices. The mess-room, 60 feet by 50, contains a fine statue of Armed Science; in it weekly concerts are held during the spring, and three annual balls are given by the officers.

Archæologists have fiercely debated the origin of the term artillery, whether it means the bowyer or the art of fortification. The Flemings were probably the earliest European cannoniers, although the Moors actually employed them first in the fourteenth century, at the sieges of Ronda and Algesiras. In 1544, small pieces of artillery were employed to defend the English baggage train. The Royal Regiment of Artillery now includes a horse brigade, brigades of field-batteries, and garrison artillery, and a coast brigade.

Somewhat more than a century since, the officers of the Royal Artillery carried fuzees without bayonets; the sergeants, corporals, and bombardiers, were armed with halberds; the gunners carried field-staffs, terminating in a spear-head; and the matrosses, who assisted in sponging and loading, had only common muskets, with bayonets and cartouche-boxes. The regiment consisted of ten companies. In January, 1745, a company of gentlemen cadets was added to the regiment; and in 1741, the Royal Military Academy was established by the Duke of Montague, then Master-General. The first fifers in the British army were established at the termination of the war in Flanders, in the Royal Artillery, being taught by a Hanoverian, named John Ulrich. In 1754, corporals and bombardiers were deprived of their halberds. In 1756 the regiment consisted of sixteen companies, and a company of miners was attached to the force. So late as 1763, one lieutenant-firemaster, another form of the German fire-worker, was attached to each company. The fourth battalion, in 1771, established a band, which was continued for the regiment by the Master and Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance.

In Flanders, in America, in Portugal, in Germany, on the heights of Quebec, at Ticonderago, in the West Indies, this superb regiment first earned their proud motto of "Ubique," confirmed by their subsequent exploits in the Peninsula, at Waterloo, before Sebastopol, and in India.

Gunners and drivers, until 1826, when attached to field-guns, wore the old Spanish pattern hanger. In 1845 the Victoria carbine was introduced, as the arm of artillerymen not attached to guns, with a sword having a steel scabbard and brass handle, while the horse-artillery received a light cavalry sword. The Victoria carbine has been since replaced by the Artillery carbine, to which is attached a sword-bayonet; the gunners attached to field-guns use this arm.

In 1819 the Artillery were reduced to 6881, in place of the imposing number of 23,085, of which it consisted in the great struggle of 1815. Since 1822, every artilleryman has been enlisted as a gunner and driver. The force now includes ten troops and a depôt troop of horse-artillery, six brigades of field-batteries, each consisting of seven, eight, or ten batteries, nine brigades of garrison-artillery, and a depôt brigade. A troop of horse-artillery, forming a 9-pounder battery on the war establishment, includes four 9-pounder guns and two 24-pounder howitzers, 249 officers and men, and 272 horses: on the peace establishment it comprises 220 officers and men, and 180 horses.

To the guns must be added eight forage-waggons, gun and howitzer ammunition, and store-timber, water, store, and medicine-carts, spare gun and rocket-carriages, and a spare gun-carriage. Besides gunners and drivers there are six shoeing-smiths, three collar-makers, two wheelers, and a farrier. An 18-pounder field-battery carries four 18-pounder guns, and is furnished with 245 officers and men, and 220 horses. The terrible 12-pounder Armstrong guns are now used by the Artillery.

It is a bright and sunny morning in early spring, the heights over the Academy and Shooter's Hill do not show their leaflessness in the pale blue mist, while the green sward of the common looks pleasant in contrast with the broad dusty parade-ground, all the more pleasant as it is forbidden ground from which the vigilant orderly warns off all intruders. From nine to half-past nine, the chromatic bugle band plays a series of marches and gay music, and then after an interval of barely half-an-hour, camp-colours, little squares of scarlet, are pitched, sentries and orderlies range themselves along the edges of the parade and common, ladies with parasols of every hue take up commanding positions in the neighbourhood of the huge ugly pedestal of stone, which is one day to be crowned by a statue, and is now flanked by four large Indian guns, with one in the rear, brought from Bhurtpore, where a horse-artillery orderly, the brigade-major, the captain of the staff, an aide-de-camp, and field-officers of the Marines are waiting the arrival of the general. Officers, mounted and dismounted, collect in little knots and chat over regimental matters of state; others are collected under the portico of the Mess-house; greetings are exchanged between long-parted friends; some have just returned from foreign service, and some are about to leave the garrison to take their vacant places. The cheerful hum of conversation is heard through the open windows of the library. The orderly rooms fill, as prisoners and defaulters are being conducted there; subalterns prepare to visit the rooms, and the business of the day begins, although, from an early hour, trumpet calls have announced various drills and duties; non-commissioned officers move about with morning states in their hands; watering-parties are seen winding along over the common; and the open ground near the riding-school is occupied by men engaged in the ingenious practice of the menage, not the least interesting sight in Woolwich, owing to the docility of the horses, and the cool, quiet manner in which their riders turn and direct them in every possible direction, sideways, backward, forward, in a round, silently with the light touch of the spur or the mere motion of the hand. A long procession of the Military Train passes down to the Arsenal with waggon-loads of stores, and fatigue parties proceed with pick and mattock to their work.

Perhaps an inspection is taking place on the parade of some brigade proceeding on foreign service, or if the visitor be fortunate he may witness on the common the interesting manœuvres of a field-day, the brilliant charge of the Lancers, or the rapid continuous fire of the Marines, while the boom of the field-batteries, and the dull roll of the carriages and waggons which are concealed by dense clouds of dust as the horse-artillery dart past and wheel into line, is succeeded by the almost unintermitted thunder of their guns, as they sustain a tremendous fire upon, happily, a merely supposed enemy, until the whole scene is concealed under wreaths of blue eddying smoke.

The scene on a Thursday morning is of a more quiet but scarcely less imposing character. The general rides up, the staff salute, the guards present arms; and, after a short strain of music the band marches down the line in slow time, and returns at the quick step to a lively tune. At the left of the line is a mounted field-officer, with an orderly of Lancers, with his picturesque lance and fluttering pennon, in attendance. The guard now carry and then shoulder arms; the rear rank takes close order; the words of command are then given—"open colums right in front; right about face; right wheel, quick march; halt; front: march past in slow time:" and, this over, the Marine guard moves off to a quick march to the dockyard, while a brigade of foot-artillery marches past the general to the inspiring music known commonly as "Tear 'em," but more euphoniously, we believe, as the Cobourg March. Once more they march past in quick time, and then, after a brief halt, having deployed into quarter distance columns, march past again while the merry music makes the many footfalls sound like that of a single man. General, staff, guards, and band disappear, and the parade is left to sentries walking up and down in the hot sun, a few idlers with clinking scabbards, and some squads of recruits drearily plodding up and down as they are initiated into the minute intricacies which precede the pomp and circumstance of a review or the real work of the battle-field.

A heavy dull sound is heard across the common, in the direction of the trees through which appear the brick cottages of the married soldiers and the dusky huts of the Military Train; a brigade is being inspected, or the cadets being exercised in the mortar battery; or if the sound is still more hollow, coming from a greater distance, it denotes there is practice at the butts in the marshes at Plumstead.

The afternoon parade is formed; the main guard turns out; the fatigue party is mustered; a long line of troops is drawn along the entire extent of the parade; the horse-artillery dismounted are on the right, next to them are Lancers, then come two batteries of the brigade; to the left are drawn up a squadron of the Military Train. The general arrives, with the D.A.Q.M.G., and Brigade-Majors of Artillery and Military Train, rides slowly down the front of the line, and galloping back past the rear rank, passes to his permanent position, when the entire parade forms column and marches past in divisions. Before the band of the Horse-Artillery strikes up a stirring march, in the pauses of the tramp of the troops can be faintly heard the solemn dirge-like music of the Dead March, as a funeral party slowly winds along the road from the hospital to the cemetery of Wickham, offering a sad, strange contrast to the outburst of trumpets and the crash of drums. First in slow march, then at the quick step, and a third time in close column, the dense mass of men moves past, and among them is many

a breast covered with medals won among the snows and withering fire of the Crimea, and under the burning skies of India, during the suppression of the terrible mutiny of the native troops; and among them beats many a noble heart decorated with the Victoria Cross, the reward of daring valour in the charge, heroic calm in the deadly breach, or even the more glorious feat of bearing off a wounded comrade from an otherwise certain death. And now they are wheeling into contiguous columns, and the hitherto long line of men shrinks into a compact mass of dark blue, relieved by the waving pennons and scarlet jackets of the Lancers. The entire parade presents arms, the band plays, and in a few minutes the ground is once more deserted.

The libraries of the officers, and of the non-commissioned officers and gunners, are well deserving of a visit, though unhappily the latter prefer novels and works of fiction to the reading of healthy literature; the schools of the children and of the soldiers are full of interest, the adults are divided into four classes and an advanced class. The studies include reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, history (sacred and profane), more particularly the histories of England, the British Colonies, Rome, and Greece; with algebra, mathematics, fortification, book-keeping, mensuration, mechanics, and annals of the wars, English composition, and the Book of Health. The Institution embraces besides a theatre for lectures, chemistry room, library, and class-room, a very interesting military museum, containing weapons and models in different stages towards completion, swords, tulwars, Chinese gingals and matchlocks, chain shot, bows and arrows, rocket-cases, war clubs, paddles, stone adzes, preparations of carpentry, tents, fortifications, rope mantlets, patterns of old uniforms, and a small collection of birds, beasts, shells, reptiles, and geological specimens.

Should games be given by any of the brigades, as is not unfrequently the case, the feats of strength, activity, and adroitness attract a large crowd of spectators. Lines of rope include a course for hurdle and flat races, a solid block for lead-cutting, spaces for running in sacks, and for performances of the most amusing and various character. The good nature of the competitors, the orderly conduct of the spectators, the presence of numerous ladies, and the music of the regimental band, combine to render the animated scene one of the most agreeable entertainments which can be witnessed.

In conclusion, we can wish our good friend the reader no more agreeable termination to the day than an invitation to the mess-dinner, when he will have the opportunity of seeing not only one of the handsomest entertainments served in a grand room, but some interesting pieces of plate—a superb centre-piece valued at 1200 guineas,—a palm tree, bearing branches for lights, the gift of King William IV.—a mounted kettle-drummer, with snuff in his silver drums, presented by the 4th Light Dragoons—and a large mortar of similar material, given by the 17th Lancers in acknowledgment of courteous hospitality. If unable to procure the enjoyment of this pleasant evening, he must turn away with recollections of marchings and counter-marchings, imposing salutes, thundering volleys, rapid skirmishes, charges, parades, massive columns, and gay uniforms; and while he descends the hill to the railway station, with the music of the retreat sounding blithely in the parades as he passes the men hurrying back to their quarters, he will have the satisfaction of having witnessed and being able to bear testimony to the resolute bearing, the steady demeanor, and the admirable discipline, exact as if governed by mechanism, but the result of a perfect system of intellectual training, that mark a regiment which will never belie the motto it bears, "Quo fas et gloria ducunt." Mackenzie E. C. Walcott.

MONSIEUR THE GOVERNOR.

"What's in the wind now?" cried out the English traveller, fiercely.

"Le diable—what is it that this is?" demanded the officer of gens d'armes.

For it was the hour of the table d'hôte in the great hotel, and a little sensation had arisen suddenly, which threatened to delay the serving of dinner. There was an arrival at the hotel. Nothing out of the common way one would imagine; but, in the first place, we are speaking of the great hotel of a great provincial city some forty years ago, when travelling was not so easy as it is in these days: in the next, a new governor had been for some time expected in the province, and the new arrival had an illustrious and princely appearance. Besides which, when one, more daring than the rest, ventured to inquire concerning Monsieur's probable sojourn in the hotel, &c., the stranger had answered mysteriously, "N'importe, mon enfant; in effect you will know time enough."

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed a bystander, "if it should be Monsieur the Governor himself, for example."

So the sensation arose amongst the waiters and communicated itself to the guests.

"What is it that this is?" demanded the officer.

"Pardon, m'sieu, they say that Monsieur the Governor arrives, unknown?"

"How! The new Governor—possible."

"All the world believes it, m'sieu."

The guests became excited. The Comptroller of the Customs dropped his napkin with an ejaculation; the lean Count, with a large ancestry and a small estate, assumed an aristocratic bearing befitting his rank and descent; a young avocat gave utterance to a prolonged sacr-r-r-e, and the Milord Anglais said "Hang him!" for he was hungry, and did not see why an individual who chose to be incog., and who was probably nobody, should interfere with his dinner.

The door opened wide, however, and admitted the illustrious unknown, who was accompanied by a lady, his wife of course.

His martial aspect commanded reverence at once. His height was majestic, his moustaches were immense, his bearing was noble. At his appearance all the guests rose respectfully, a groan however being audible from the Englishman's end of the table. And the lean Count was observed

to have a white hand covered with rings on his waistcoat pocket, the region generally assigned to the heart.

"My faith, how his figure is fine!" said the avocat, whose own shortness of stature made his life a burden to him.

"In effect, he has an air noble," added the lean Count.

"Hang him!" repeated the Englishman, with fervour. For which, the Count, mistaking it for a burst of hearty British admiration, made him a low bow, on the part of the stranger.

"Sir," said the Count, "you do us honour. "I revere the Britons, who are diamonds covered with dust—aha! I would say, rough diamonds. But, behold, Madame is placed."

The most honourable seat had been given to Madame; the officer and the comptroller exerting all their powers to entertain her, while the receiver of taxes endeavoured humbly to pay his

court agreeably to the Governor, and the avocat sighed for an opportunity of making himself heard.

The most exquisite wines, and the choicest morsels, were called in a self-denying manner, and placed before the strangers. A *paté*, which the unfortunate Englishman had been about to consume, was politely confiscated for Madame, who received it with an affable smile; and the Count, eyeing his favourite confiture with the loving devotion of one who sacrifices his dearest treasure, relinquished it with a sigh of profound emotion.

"What delicacy!" murmured the Count, casting up his eyes in the direction of Madame and the confiture. "What exquisite grace and freshness! Madame accepts! I am all enraptured!"

The appetite of Monsieur the Governor was most gratifying, since he rejected none of the offered dainties; and while he received the attentions showered upon him with proper dignity, as his due, he condescended now and then to exchange with Madame a smile of pleasure, or a gesture of cordial approval.

The receiver of taxes, however, felt uncomfortable. He could scarcely extract a word from Monsieur the Governor, and being ignorant of his

opinions on the topics of the day, he conversed spasmodically, and in fear, lest he should commit himself.

Once, indeed, when the young avocat addressed him as his Excellency, a grave smile curled the moustache of the illustrious stranger, and he deigned a few words of answer, but in so peculiar a tone, that the avocat shrunk back, extinguished.

"Ah," thought he. "Yes, evidently, he has heard of me. He knows of the affair at *numero dix.* Perhaps he will expose me. Ten thousand thunders, what a fool I was to speak!"

The Count, also, in a high, aristocratic voice, began the tale of his ancestral grandeur, and its mournful decay, alluding to a castle which had descended to him, the sole remnant of princely estates, and whose crumbling towers were still dear.

The eye of M. the Governor was upon him; it twinkled; M. the Governor indulged in a polite shrug and an indescribable grimace; M. the Governor murmured something which sounded like an offer of "*balm* for the Count's sorrows," on which Madame became convulsed, and hid her face in her handkerchief, and the Count experienced an uncomfortable sensation, as though a castle were tumbling about his ears in fragments.

Madame, indeed, had the appearance of being highly amused, and conversed affably, with an enchanting grace of manner with the gentlemen who sat near her, and the officer and the comptroller were in ecstacies; but M. the Governor on the contrary, with the exception of that one tender of "balm" to the count, preserved a rigid taciturnity, which of course raised him in the estimation of the guests.

"What caution! What admirable reserve! What tact!"

The evening passed away genially, and a rumour spread all over the city that the new Governor had arrived.

It was morning, and the Milord Anglais was occupying himself busily with some letters. It was plain he had forgotten all about M. the Governor, and the crowd, which it had been foretold, would gather round the hotel to see him.

"Hein!" exclaimed a voice near him.

"Au nom du diable, qu'est ce qu'on voit là?" said another.

"Sacré!" cried a third.

A whole chorus of exclamations rattled about the head of Milord from the angry Frenchmen, who clustered round the windows, swearing and gesticulating.

"What's the matter now, I wonder?" said the Englishman, rising and going also to a window.

"Eh! Pardieu! M. le Gouverneur, le voilà."

"Confound Monsieur the Governor!" said the Englishman, testily. "There's no peace in the house for—— Ah!"

And then Milord did not swear, but he sat down again, and laughed till he was exhausted, bursting into fresh fits as he looked at the group of infuriated Frenchmen, and heard the shouts in the street.

"Dame!" cried the officer. "All the world will hear of it!"

"We are disgraced!" shouted the avocat. But above all was heard the shrill voice of the lean Count, who was gnashing his teeth and shrieking:

"Le moqueur! Il m'a offert de la *baume* pour mes douleurs! Qu'il soit pendu! Scélérat infernal! Qu'il soit maudit!"

And still the Englishman laughed. What he had seen at the window was this.

Monsieur the Governor was seated in a small open calash, with Madame beside him. And Monsieur had on a soiled scarlet coat, and Madame a flimsy dress all glittering with tinsel. And Madame's elegant person was too much exposed for strict good taste. And Monsieur the Governor was crying out that he was "Sole agent for, and dispenser of, the wonderful, unrivalled, and inimitable Balm of Mecca!"

Moreover, Monsieur the Governor got plenty of custom, and a goodly mob to escort him on his way through the city. Louis Sand.

FISH AND FOWL AT THE LAND'S END.

At this time of year there are a great many people who are in want of a sea-place easily accessible, and not requiring any length of time to enjoy it properly; besides these, there are a good many who can only have a half-holiday, and must do a good deal of work in the day, who yet would be glad of a place which combines amusement and exercise, with opportunities for reading, especially in the case of University men wanting to "read in the Long." To both these classes I recommend the Land's End. There is fine scenery, good lodging, and, for any one fond of sea birds and fish, sport *ad libitum.* It is of course a trifle spoilt by excursionists not generally of a very good class; but they have one good point about them,—they all go away directly, having enjoyed themselves in their own way; viz., they never interfere with the scenery, except to be marched by a guide to the actual Land's End Point, where they drink beer on the grass, make one joke (invariably) on the name of the village inn, "The First and Last Hotel in England," and then go away. Of course there are many of a better sort, who really come to admire, but it is not a general rule.

Unless you lodge exactly in the high road, you will escape all the excursion vans, and pursue your own course quietly. Of course the first thing to be "done" is the coast line of cliffs, but the description of them may safely be left to the *livre rouge.*

I will only say that the Land's End itself is not the finest part; but for some miles towards the south-east the coast breaks out into glorious masses of granite, and the colours of the sea and rocks on a sunny day are worth a month's sojourn at least. If you come tolerably early in the year, that is, before the end of July, there is very good sport all along the cliffs in the way of fowling, and though the natives are not so good as the

St. Kilda men, they are tolerable hands at it. All along the ledges of the rock are nests of different sorts of sea-gulls, and on the little islands (accessible at a low spring tide) you may find the nest of the black-backed gull, a noble fellow, as big as a goose. They lay two large eggs, strongly marked with black on a white ground: and if you take the young to rear in the garden, you must take care of their beaks as you climb down with them. One of the natives was coming down a rock with two young black-backs slung over his back, and the birds took a bit out of his leg before he could get to terra-firma.

On these islands the razor-bills, or "mers," breed, and the quaint little puffins, who form the prettiest sight imaginable on a fine morning, as they skim the water in a long white line.

In some parts of the cliffs you may have the luck to see peregrine falcons and ravens building; or to see a fight in the air between a raven and the peregrine, in which the "leary" raven generally escapes from "the king of birds." On every rock are cormorants or shags sunning their wings, and sometimes a flock of loons (a very large species of cormorant) will pass, or a gannet shoot down into the water like a stone from a sling.

I need not say that you require a cool head not to turn giddy when let down over a cliff, or drawn up from the bottom, with a rope round your chest, especially if about fifty feet up the wind gives you a rotary motion, so that you think you will be too giddy to see the shags' or gulls' eggs on their ledge, but you soon get accustomed to it in a small way; though I should be sorry to say that any one could come up to some of the feats given to the fowlers of St. Kilda, that is, letting oneself down alone by a rope over a cliff, and when you have, in the excitement of the sport, let the rope slip, springing out into the air, catching it, and climbing up. We do not do things quite as strongly as that down here. However, in a small way, there is very good sport of the kind, and with a good 100-foot rope, and two men to haul, you may get both eggs and exercise *ad libitum.*

For those who prefer birds easier to get at, there are plenty of plovers, godwits, dottrells, and terns, which breed in the sand of the bay, or may be shot for eating.

But, besides the birds, there are great opportunities for those who like sea-fishing, and the strain of a good big codfish on their line.

The fishing is either off the rocks with a stout sea rod, or from the fishermen's boats, about the Longships Lighthouse.

From the rocks we catch bream, pollock-whiting, the Land's End pollock, and various sorts of wrasse of all colours, shapes, and weights; but to get the bigger fish, such as cod, and the larger pollocks and breams, one should go out for a mile or so and fish with lines, when the sport is very good.

There are other ways of fishing as well, such as "whistling" and "deep-sea fishing." The former is done among the stones at low water, with an inch of line and a basket, into which you whip red, soft, roundheaded fish, from eight to twelve inches long, which they call "pettifoggers;" they taste very much like enormous shrimps.

The deep-sea fishing is a very formidable undertaking indeed; for this you start about 3 or 4 P.M., and do not come back till the next morning. The boats go out to a bank of sand about twenty miles out, and there fish for great skates and congers, and sometimes for cod and ling. Forty or fifty congers are a good night's work, and it is no joke getting a conger on your line if you have never tried it before. They catch them of a hundred weight or more, and the great delight of the natives is to get a stranger with them who thinks that he can easily haul them up. They laugh and say:

"Ye waent hale (haul) un into boât, sir; ye waent hale un long, if there be girt skeât or girt conger on t' hook! Lev un for me to hale, sir, or you'll lost un!"

The congers are very unpleasant when they do come up, realising the sketch of Mr. Briggs's pike, by "standing up on their tails and barking like a dog;" at least they bite like a mad dog if the fishermen do not nearly cut their heads off before they get them in. When they bring up a very large skate they cut it loose, being afraid of lumbering up their boat, and perhaps getting a ragged tear from the skate's tail; they are generally glad enough to get rid of a shark or a sunfish, if they take the hook, but they sometimes bring in young sharks for bait. Sometimes they get out on a blowy night by mistake, and are glad to get to Scilly for shelter. One sailor here was driven in an undecked boat a hundred miles past Scilly in an Atlantic storm, and got back safe after all!

"I somehow thought we should pull through wi' un," was all his remark on landing, as he fell on shore, with his face the colour of boiled pork.

In the winter time this is a fine place for wild fowl of all sorts—snipe, woodcock, teal, widgeon, &c., and last winter a great many wild geese and swans were shot on the little meres by the cliffs. It is a fine time for the Land's Enders when they can get a few wild-fowl to eat, otherwise in the winter time they have nothing but salt fish, potatoes, and rye-bread.

They go on the principle that the land ought to support them entirely, for they eat (as they say) "most everything that comes along."

Some of the dishes are very peculiar—some are very good. Among the most peculiar I may mention squab-pies, of alternate slices of mutton and apples, and conger-pie with Cornish cream (!) This last we have tried, and found very good when the feeling of horror has worn off.

Then there are roasted breams with chicken stuffing, stewed seagulls, puffins and razorbills boiled and roast, every possible preparation of every sort of eggs, and, lastly, roasted cormorants which they consider a delicacy. We shot a cormorant one day and brought it home, chiefly because we had had such work to get it, for in shooting our boat near a zawn or cave to pick it up, a large wave carried us far into the hole, snapping off the mast and breaking the oars against the rocks. However, we got our cormorant, and were induced to eat it, and it certainly was not so bad

as it looked, but tasted like "hare cut with a widgeony knife," and was not very unlike a coarse widgeon. We tried lemon and cayenne, but I have no doubt the orthodox mode is "cormorant and clotted cream;" at any rate the natives take their cream with veal, mutton, conger, butter, and jam! However, there cannot be too much of such a good thing.

The natives are a delightful mixture of child-like good humour and deep plots to waylay tips from strangers. You can never take them unprepared for a "tip." I heard of one the other day being asked if he wanted a common fern which he was switching about. Without a moment's hesitation he ignored its companions all along the road, and demanded a shilling, on the plea of its being a very curious "artificial sort of one," which he had just gone nine miles to fetch, and had bought for tenpence himself! But, on the other hand, when once you know them, you may often see what is so repugnant to any rustics, viz., a wish to return a "tip" if they think they have not fairly earned it, "fear you should think we're imposing, sir." Yet, to the evident stranger come to "do the Land's End," they show no mercy.

The genuine Cornisher's manner of talking is in a languid drawl, very much prolonged on the last syllable, and resolving all diphthongs and long vowels, e.g., they talk of a bre-am, a bo-at, and a ro-ap (rope). Another peculiarity is that every village with a church is only known as Church-town (or Ch'town), and not only this, but when you are in Ch'town itself, and ask for anyone who may be in a house a few yards nearer to the church than you are, the reply is "He be to Ch'town, I blaw" (I believe). Like the Scotch, they all use the word "brae" for "very"; it is always "a brae and fine day to fishey off t'rock;" or "t' sea's brae and coor (coarse), tu coor, sir!" (too coarse).

Of course their great time is when the pilchards come in; when the "huer" signals the fish. all the men, women, and children know that there is work cut out for them: at other times the only active part the women take in the fishing is to dig in the sand with iron hooks for "lances," or sand-eels, which, when salted, are thought a great delicacy here.

I think the only animal that they do not eat is the cuttle-fish, which they object to as being "too naked." However the "skids" make the best of baits about January, if the sea is calm, and the fishermen will often give as much as half-a-crown for a small one.

They have nothing to do with mining at the Land's End, though the submarine mine at Botallack is within an hour's walk: but they all seem to have a salutary dread of the men of St. Just, or "St. Joosters," from the next mining parish. These miners are good hands at "wrastling," and prepared on sight of a stranger, if they do not "'eave 'arf a brick at him," to give him the falls known as "the Heap," "the "In-turn," and the "Flying-mare." A little time ago, on some festive occasion, two champions fought, one being lame, with his crutches, the other with a carving-knife and fork, the latter of which he stuck into the other's cheek, and carved it like a round of beef! A nose or ear was once considered there rather a proud trophy, although I believe now, between the police and the volunteers, their manners are softened, and not allowed to be ferocious. It is a fine sight to see some of the volunteer corps here, the stalwart farmers and head-miners recalling the days of Jack-the-giant-killer and Blunderbore, when there were giants in the land.

In conclusion, I will only repeat that anyone who comes here will find a village smacking of pure sea-salt, where every labourer is half a sailor. If he likes scenery he can climb about the granite, and on a rough day he may see real waves, one hundred and eighty feet high, come rolling against the cliffs. They sometimes wash clean over the lighthouse, the top of which is one hundred and twenty feet above the water. Add all this up—cliffs, waves, birds, and fishes, with perfect quiet and a railway within ten miles—and if you do not know where to spend a week or two, you will be tempted to come to the Land's End. C. E.

NOT YET.

Not yet, not yet. Ah! let me gaze once more
Into those eyes, those earnest truthful eyes,
A little while, and then my dream is o'er;
And I, a wanderer under alien skies,
Shall see thy face no more, nor hear thy low replies.

See, in the west, the sun grows broad and red;
His golden glory rests upon thy brow,
And makes a halo round thy down-bent head,
And glimmers o'er thy soft dark locks that flow
In waves of light above, in waves of shade below.

That setting sun will rise again in might,
Will dry the tears the sorrowing night hath shed;
Will wake the world to gladness and to light.
What sun, the summer of the heart once fled,
Can brighten into spring its winter, cold and dead?

The red light fades: go forth upon thy way
Thro' the dim eve, and leave me here alone;
A deeper night than follows after day
Will darken o'er my soul when thou art gone—
A night no wakening dawn will ever rise upon.

None.

The Steelyard.—Since our article on the "Steelyard"* was written, the writer has examined, with a light, part of a range of warehouses where previously he had only groped in darkness. Here a remarkable mass of wall, about forty feet in length by about fourteen high, was observed. The masonry is composed of small, well dressed cubes of stone, of excellent masonry, apparently inserted endwise, and every third course of stones is topped with a binding course of squared flints, as is often noticed in buildings of Roman construction. In this wall there are three buttresses, stepped at the tops, and faced with squared flints alternately with the courses of stone. Between the buttresses are plain corbels. This remarkable vestige of the ancient Steelyard is situated on the western side of the premises, and in a line with the building of the thirteenth century, conceived to have been the chapel, running southward towards the Thames.

* See page 52.

THE SETTLERS OF LONG ARROW.

A Canadian Romance in Thirty-one Chapters.

CHAPTER VI.

The following morning, when Keefe was going out to his work, in the fields, the first person he met was a young Indian, who had been living for some time with the Bradys, sometimes shooting a deer, or catching a dish of fish, but generally lounging about in the sunniest spot he could find, and listening to Nelly Brady's complaints of his laziness in not helping with her "*chores*," with a stoical indifference which the most distinguished braves of his tribe could not have exceeded.

"We came to look for you," he said, "your brother gone down lake with Indian, in canoe."

"What brother?" asked Keefe. "Do you mean Denis Brady?"

The Indian nodded.

"Where is he gone?" inquired Keefe.

"Got nothing for Woodpecker?" asked the Indian, cunningly.

"Tell me what you've got to say first," said Keefe. "Why did you come to look for me? Did Denis send any message for me?"

"What will the young chief give me, if I tell?" persisted Woodpecker.

"Give you, if you don't tell, a good thrashing," said Keefe, angrily.

"Well, they're Huron Indians; got a camp near Sandusky; Denis gone there with them; never come back here no more: sent you him;" and the young savage held up a tiny wrapping of birch bark, curiously secured by a fishing line.

Keefe eagerly held out his hand, but Woodpecker drew back.

"Give Woodpecker yorkers to get some tobacco first," he said.

Keefe gave him a York shilling, and he surrendered the parcel with a grim smile. In a second Keefe's knife cut the knots which fastened it, and disclosed the braid of Coral's hair, which Denis had so long worn round his arm.

"Nothing in him but squaw's hair," said Woodpecker, who had been watching the opening of the parcel.

"Are there any of those Indians still here?" he asked, turning hastily round.

"Yes, some stayed behind to mend their canoe,—I saw them working at it on the beach down there; but I guess they'll be off in a hour or two."

Going to the lake shore, Keefe found the Indians were at work on their canoe. Denis, they said, had gone off with the rest of their party, and they were about to follow immediately, expecting to rejoin their companions at a place which they were to reach that night. Certain that Denis had some wild plan in his head, Keefe determined to

accompany them, and if possible, induce him to return. They agreed, readily enough, to take him with them, and in less than an hour he was on his way to the lake. At nightfall they reached the appointed place of rendezvous, but when there, Keefe found the canoe in which Denis was, had separated from the rest of the party, and gone to a post a little higher up the lake. Keefe got the Indians to take his there the next day, but he could learn no tidings of Denis, or the Indians with whom he had gone away; and leaving directions with the most intelligent of his new friends to let him know as soon as they heard or saw anything of Denis, he went on board a scow, which was going to a settlement not very far from Long Arrow, from whence he could easily reach home. It was evening when the scow set sail, a bright warm evening, and for a while a fresh light breeze blew her steadily on her way; but as night came on, a dark cloud rose in the south-west, the air grew still, and heavy as lead, the muttering of distant thunder was heard, a deep, blood-red stain marked the sun's setting one instant, and then night, livid and black, except where faint streams of lightning glanced along the horizon, fell over the lake. Rapidly the lightnings grew brighter, and the thunder nearer, till suddenly the sky overhead seemed to open, and a dazzling sheet of flame shot forth; then came a roll and a crash, like the rending of heaven and earth; roll upon roll, crash upon crash, succeeded; the flashes grew brighter and brighter; the waters rose into wild billows, and then came the rain, and the full swoop of the wind. The scow trembled and shivered as if her last hour was come; and but for Keefe it would have arrived speedily, for though there were three men besides him on board, only one of them in the hour of danger proved himself a good sailor. But his courage and skill rendered him worth a dozen ordinary men at such a time, and owing to his great exertions the little vessel passed safely through the perils of the night. It was not a common storm, and though at daybreak the rain ceased, and the sun broke through the black vapours that enveloped him, the wind came in fierce squalls at intervals, and the swells were tremendous. As day advanced, the heavy sea calmed somewhat, and the wind grew less violent. There no longer seemed any danger, so Keefe, and another of the sailors, who had worked the whole night, lay down to sleep. How it happened he never knew, but he woke to consciousness to find himself clinging to one of the ropes of the scow, which had turned over on her side, and was fast sinking. Letting go his hold, he succeeded, by desperate exertions, in getting clear of the wreck; then recollecting his companions, whom in his instinctive struggle for life he had forgotten, he paused to look round him. Every vestige of the scow had disappeared, not a living being was to be seen; no doubt the other poor fellows had met the fate from which Keefe had so narrowly escaped; he was not safe yet, a long stretch of rough water lay between him and the shore. By hard swimming, he reached the land, swinging himself up the high bank by the help of a friendly bough. After giving a sad thought to the memory of his drowned comrades, mingled with involuntary contempt for the careless and bad seamanship which must have caused the loss of the scow, Keefe began to think of his own situation, which to any one but a backwoodsman would have seemed full of peril. Before him was the lake, which he had no means of crossing, behind him the forest, through which he had no means of finding his way, except such signs as the trees, or the skies, afforded. He had no gun, or any other means of procuring food. The fruit trees and shrubs, whose produce might have afforded sustenance, were yet in blossom. But to an active, hardy, young woodsman these were slight difficulties. There was little doubt at this season of his soon falling in with some Indian wigwam or squatter's shanty, if he kept along the shore, and at the worst he would only have to find his way to the port to which the scow had been bound; a wild and difficult journey, but one which Keefe never doubted being able to accomplish. At present, his first consideration was to satisfy his hunger, from which he now began to suffer, as he had not tasted food since the preceding 'evening, and now it was passed noon. He had his pocket-knife, and with it he soon cut a suitable fishing-rod, the tough fibres of the bush of the basswood tree served for a line, and he shaped a piece of wire, which he extracted from some part of his cap, into a hook; grubs served him for a bait, and in five minutes he had caught more greedy catfish and perch than he could eat. The next thing to be done was to cook them. His knife and a piece of flint-stone soon set light to a handful of dry moss, and withered branches to make a fire lay all around. He broiled his fish in the embers, and after eating them with a relish which only hunger can give, he finished his meal with a draught of water from the lake, and began his journey.

CHAPTER VII.

For two or three hours Keefe followed the winding of the shore; but his progress was not rapid, for the thick brushwood that skirted the bank frequently offered stubborn obstacles; his clothes were torn, his face and hands wounded in forcing his way through matted thickets. But towards evening the underwood suddenly became more open and scanty, the ground more broken and stony, till, on rising a high knoll, he had an unimpeded view of a hollow that lay below. It had once been the bed of a stream which had here emptied itself into the lake, but the beavers had made a lodgment higher up, and dammed up its waters, so that the gorge through which they had formerly flowed was now a dry rill in which two or three trees and bushes grew. At the side farthest from Keefe the bank rose rugged and rocky, sending a spur formed of broken masses of rock scantily covered with earth, to which a few cedars clung, into the lake. In all this there was nothing uncommon, nothing to account for the expression of wonder and surprise which came into Keefe's face as he gazed; other objects were there whose presence he could scarcely believe to be real. A man dressed in a linen blouse and worsted cap, a red sash round his waist, was sitting on a fallen tree in the middle of the hollow,

his rifle lay against a tree close at hand, a small stone jar and some bread and meat were beside him, and he seemed to be eating his supper very heartily. Nearer to the water a girl was leaning against the smooth white shaft of a tall swamp-elm, and a sail-boat was lying close by the shore, moored to the blasted trunk of a tree half covered by the water. The scene was full of picturesque beauty. The bend of the lake, blue and gleaming, except where the arrow-headed reeds or the broad leaves of the water-lilies hid its shining surface; the wild hollow with its craggy sides, the moored boat, the voyager seated on the fallen tree, the nymph-like figure resting against the columnar stem, which raised its leafy dome high above her head like some "Dryad of the pathless wood," and the masses of shade in the background, were all combined as an artist's fancy would have desired to group them, while the golden and crimson light that flooded the western sky, the deep blue of the zenith, and the vivid greenness of the leaves gave a rich brilliancy of colouring to the whole. But very different thoughts from those of pleasure or admiration rushed on Keefe as he gazed. At first his glance was one of unmixed amazement, then his face grew dark and flushed, and he set his teeth hard, for in the man he recognised O'Brien the schoolmaster, the girl was Coral, and the boat was his own skiff, the Mother Cary. He felt as certain that Coral had not come willingly with O'Brien as he was of his own existence, and he felt a thrill of proud delight at the strange chance which had so unexpectedly brought him there to rescue her. He never stopped to ask himself what O'Brien's object in carrying her off could be. He had always thought him capable of any villainy, and an act of baseness which he might have hesitated to ascribe to another seemed only something natural to O'Brien. If the schoolmaster could have seen Keefe at that moment a shot from his rifle would probably have finished our hero's fate, but he was too certain of security to be very vigilant; and, unobserved, Keefe dropped down the bank, and took a circuit among the trees till he reached the hollow.

Here the task of concealment was more difficult, the few shrubs and trees scattered at intervals affording scanty cover; but, keeping as much in their shelter as he could, he had nearly gained his object when O'Brien got up, and leaving his rifle still against the tree walked leisurely towards Coral. Passing her without a word, he climbed the rocky bank of the hollow, and stood gazing over the lake. No longer caring whether he was seen or not, since O'Brien was now without his rifle, Keefe sprang over stones, stumps, and bushes, darted by Coral, who pressed her hands wildly on her lips to stifle the scream of joy ready to break forth when she saw him, and climbed the bank after O'Brien. The noise made by the falling fragments of stone, which Keefe's quick steps sent tumbling into the water, made O'Brien look round. Of all men in the world Keefe was the last he would have wished to see at that moment; but, as brave as iron nerves and a heart of flint could make him, he stood firm, while his hand grasped a hunting-knife which he wore. Though smaller and lighter than Keefe, his well-strung sinews, tough muscles, and indomitable coolness made him much more nearly young Dillon's match than a careless observer would have believed, and now his long hunting-knife gave him an advantage which he himself thought decisive. But the strongest odds against him could not have kept Keefe back. All the generosity and sincerity of his nature revolted at O'Brien's treachery, and roused his anger and indignation to their highest pitch, and calling out to know "what he was doing with that boat," he sprang forward and seized O'Brien by the shoulder. O'Brien stood motionless till he felt Keefe's grasp; then, drawing his knife as quick as lightning, he aimed it at Keefe's breast. Keefe threw up his arm; the blade struck the bone and snapped in two, and Keefe, who had never relaxed his hold of O'Brien, with a sudden jerk hurled him over the bank. Looking down at him for a moment, as he lay among the stones below, stunned and motionless, Keefe pulled the broken point of the knife out of his arm, and hastened to Coral. The poor girl's terror, joy, and anxiety had been so great and so closely mingled, that Keefe found her sitting pale and breathless, hardly able to move or speak, but the sight of the blood flowing from his wound restored all her faculties.

"Oh, Keefe!" she cried, "you are hurt—you are bleeding—look!"

"It's nothing!" he answered, laughing, "you need not be scared,—some water from the lake will make it all right again."

"But I can cure it," said she, eagerly, and running down to the side of the creek, she soon returned with the leaves of a herb which the Indians had taught her to use, as a balsam for wounds, and a roll of soft bark from a birch-tree. Making Keefe sit down, she applied the healing leaves to his arm, binding them neatly on with her bark-bandages, happy in thinking herself of use to him she loved so well, and far prouder when Keefe stroked down her glossy tresses and praised her skill, than if the empire of the world had been laid at her feet.

"There, now," he said, "it is quite well;" it does not hurt a bit, now tell me how that villain got you here."

She had forgotten O'Brien altogether in her anxiety about Keefe; now she looked up with a shudder.

"Is he dead?" she asked in a low voice.

"I guess so," answered Keefe, "he ought to be."

"Let us go and look. If he is alive we mustn't leave him to die without help."

"Don't be a fool, Coral; what help do you think he would have given me if he had mastered me?"

"Ah! I knew he had his long knife; only for that I wouldn't have been a bit afraid for you. How I trembled when I thought of that. But now it's all over, and, as you are the conqueror, you must be generous."

"Generous, Coral!" exclaimed Keefe with some fierceness, "you don't know him as well as I do; he deserves no more mercy than a rattle-snake."

"But you'll take care of him for all that, won't you? You're too brave to be cruel."

Coral was right, it was not in Keefe's nature to be cruel or revengeful.

"Well," he said, more gently, "tell me how he got you into his power, and how he treated you?"

"He came behind me, on Scalp Head, this morning, without my seeing him, and dragged me down to the cove where he had the skiff waiting. He told me he wanted to marry me, and that I should be his wife, whether I liked it or not."

"Would you have married him, Coral?"

She turned her eyes on him, flashing like lightning.

"No, not while water could drown, or a knife or cord put me beyond his reach."

"Well, Coral, thank God I came in time to save you."

"I knew you would. I was longing for you that very minute. Oh! how I longed. My heart told me that some good spirit would let you know I was in danger and distress, and that, by some means or other, you would save me, and it told me rightly. But how was it you came just then?"

"The scow, I was on board of, sank with three poor fellows in her. I had to swim for my life. I little thought then that some good spirit, as you say, was sending me to your help. You are a better prophet than I am."

Keefe knew nothing of the source from whence poor Coral's second sight sprang; those mystic divinings, truer than the voice or oracle which love inspires, had never been felt by him.

"Then you were out in that awful storm all night. So was I."

"How so? I thought you said it was this morning he brought you off?"

"Yes, but I was on Scalp Head all night. I felt easier while I was there, watching the storm, than I could have done in shelter, when I thought that perhaps you were exposed to its fury."

"You think too much about me, Coral; but you don't ask me about Denis.

An expression half of sorrow, half vexation, passed over her face.

"Well, what about him?" she said. "Did you find him?"

"No! What could have made him leave home in such an extraordinary manner; can *you* tell?"

"Oh, he'll soon come back again," she answered hastily. "But, now, won't you come and see whether O'Brien is dead or not?"

"I guess there's no chance of his being dead; but I'll go if you like."

"That's right, now you are good."

And she followed him to the spot where O'Brien lay.

He was not dead, though he appeared insensible; none of his limbs were broken, but he was greatly bruised, and a wound in his head bled very much. Keefe bathed his bruises with some whiskey out of the stone jar from which O'Brien had been so lately drinking, and Coral bound up his head with some of her healing-leaves and birch-bark bandages. Then he lifted him from among the stones, and laid him on some soft grass under the shade of a thick-branched hemlock.

"Now, there, Coral, I guess we've done all we can for him, and more, by a long chalk, than he deserves. He's coming to himself, I think. I promise you he won't die this time; now let us go and examine his provision-stores, for I've eaten nothing these four-and-twenty hours but two or three cat-fish and perch, and, as for you, I suppose you have not tasted a morsel since you left home?"

"No; but I am not hungry."

"You must try and eat for all that. You know we have a long journey before us."

She pleased herself by selecting the best pieces of dried venison, pork, and bread, and spreading them neatly on a log for Keefe: then seating herself opposite to him, she watched him make a hearty meal with great satisfaction, though she was much to excited to eat anything herself.

"Did O'Brien ever try to make you like him, Coral?" asked Keefe, when his hunger was somewhat appeased. "I never had the least notion that he cared for you."

"Cared for me!—no, indeed! He cared for me no more than for some deer he might have tracked through the woods, and was going to bring down with his rifle."

"Then why did he want to marry you?"

Coral closed her hand tightly and glanced up at Keefe with an uncertain wistful expression; she grew quite white, and she tried to speak two or three times before the words would come. At last she said, in a rapid, agitated manner:

"Keefe, he says, Indian Louis is not my father; that I was stolen from home when I was a little child, and that my father is a French gentleman. Do you think it can be true?"

"I'm sure of it," cried Keefe eagerly; "I always suspected it. I'd as soon believe a fawn could be reared in a panther's den, as that you were born in a wigwam."

"I don't know. Nelly Brady would tell you I was clear squaw from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot, a thorough little savage, in no other way could she account for my love of the free woods, my hatred of what she calls 'woman's work,' of dressing and feasting, and gossipping. And I think, myself, I can sometimes feel wild blood stirring in my veins, and wild thoughts come to me at times when I am unhappy."

"I can understand what O'Brien was at now," interrupted Keefe, who had scarcely heard her last words. "What a scheming rascal he is! Did he tell you where your father lives, and what his name is?"

"No, he said I should never know it till I was his wife."

"And what did you say?"

"That that never would be."

"And then—"

"He only laughed—that little, bitter laugh of his, that chills the blood to hear; and said time would show."

"Did he tell you anything more?"

"He showed me a necklace of red beads, and little gold crosses, and told me that it was on my neck when I was taken from home; and he had a

little square piece of pasteboard, which he said had my father's name printed on it; but he wouldn't let me touch either."

"Well, we must get them from him," said Keefe.

"I don't think it's much matter, Keefe," said Coral, hesitatingly. "I dare say, if it is true, my father does not care about me now."

"I'll answer for it, he'll care about you when he sees you," said Keefe.

"But what could I do among grand people in a great town?"

"You'd find new pleasures and new friends in a town, and you'd forget the old ones."

She looked at him silently—a sad, wistful, reproachful look: it pained Keefe, and he turned away his head; but as he did so, a sight met his eyes which banished everything else from his mind.

O'Brien, whom he had left, as he thought, half dead, was standing in the creek unloosening the rope that made the boat fast. In another moment he would have succeeded, but Keefe reached him just in time to prevent him. When he found himself discovered, he dragged himself out of the water, without a word, and sat down on the bank, exhausted by the desperate exertions he had made, and looking ghastly from the blood that stained his face and clothes.

"O'Brien," said Keefe, "you're a most desperate villain; but I always knew that. I intended to have taken you back to Long Arrow, sooner than leave you here to die, though it's my belief you'd be a worse passenger than Jonah in any craft that ever swam; but since I see you are so well able to look out for yourself, I suppose you want no help from me."

"Don't distress yourself about me," said O'Brien, sarcastically; "I've got friends nearer than you think."

"Well, before we part, just please to hand over that necklace of Coral's, and the card with her father's name on it."

O'Brien was too firm and cool a villain not to submit quietly to inevitable ills, though none held a fiercer struggle with fate, while a hope of ultimate conquest remained; yet he found it hard to bear this stroke calmly. It was difficult to see the scheme, so subtly planned, destroyed without showing the rage he felt. He looked at Keefe fiercely, and was silent.

"If you don't give them, I must take them," said Keefe.

He knew himself powerless to resist; and subduing as best he could his impotent rage, he drew out a little pouch, and threw it to Keefe. Opening it, to make sure the necklace and card were there, Keefe called Coral to come to him.

"It's your time now," said O'Brien, "but mine may come again; and if ever it does, look to yourself, for no man that ever injured me, has lived to laugh at Hugh O'Brien's revenge."

"Injured you!" said Keefe, with his frank laugh. "I guess you may think yourself lucky that I let you off so easily. Come, Coral, the moon will soon be up, and the breeze is rising, we'd better be off."

Coral looked at O'Brien.

"Keefe, he's not strong enough to find his way through the wood; he'll starve here."

"He says he has got friends at hand," said Keefe.

"Oh, I remember now, he said some Indians were to meet him here; but if they shouldn't come?"

"They'll come, never fear. However, I'll leave him his rifle—it chances to be his own; he shan't get it, though, till we're out of his reach."

He loosed the boat, shoved her into deep water, and set the sail; then he lifted in Coral, fired off the rifle, and threw it, with the powder horn and shot pouch, on shore. The next minute the breeze caught the sail, and the little skiff flew before it like a bird. Fancy could hardly imagine anything more lovely than that summer night's sail, beneath the cloudless heaven, and over the moonlit lake. The wind was fair, and sped the little vessel rapidly along; the fragrant breath of spicy plants and sweet flowers was wafted from the shore, by which they sailed; the moon's rays glistened on them, and threw an aerial charm over Coral's fair face, as it peeped out from the canopy she had formed by throwing the skirt of her dress over her head; the fulness of bliss was in her heart, as she sat beside Keefe at the rudder, for the warm colouring of hope had tinged her life, and the dark cloud-land of futurity seemed breaking into verdant valleys, filled with perfume and song. Keefe had never seemed so kind to her as now; his voice had never been so soft, his look so gentle; and though his tenderness only sprang from pity, Coral, while she felt its sweetness, was happy. Her thoughts rested in a halcyon calm, and for that night's brief space no haunting fear, no chilling doubt, came within their charmed circle.

How different were Keefe's thoughts and emotions! An eager, restless longing to see the world, to taste its pleasures, and strive for its distinctions, had of late taken possession of him, and the very presence of his companion was almost forgotten as he revolved a thousand plans and projects in which she had no part, and any one of which, if realised, would have for ever divided them.

CHAPTER VIII.

In his young days, Indian Louis had been the handsomest and most distinguished brave of his tribe; his arm was the strongest, his foot the fleetest, his form the tallest, firmest, and most agile, his eye the darkest and brightest; his haughty, aquiline features the perfection of Indian beauty. The chiefs applauded his prowess in battle, and in the chase, the old squaws extolled his liberality, the young men made him their model, and the fairest maidens would have thought it an honour to dwell in his lodge and grind the corn. But he took for a wife one of an alien colour and race. A beautiful Canadian girl loved him, and forsaking kindred and friends for his sake, followed him to the woods. They had but one child, a daughter, who inherited her parents' personal attractions, softened and refined into the most delicate loveliness. Her small oval face with its perfect features, and clear olive tint; her large beaming eyes shining through her long

drooping lashes, her soft crimson lips and pearly teeth, her wavy masses of black silken tresses, her tall, rounded figure, moulded with a grace not to be surpassed, all seemed more characteristic of some soft southern clime, where cloudless skies and benign seasons foster and ripen beauty's choicest flowers, than of the rude, northern wilderness, in which she had her birth. Owing probably to her white blood, and the superior degree of intelligence she possessed, Louis treated his French wife with more consideration and kindness than Indian women usually receive from their masters. He extended the same indulgence to their daughter, and the beauty nature had bestowed on this fair forest flower was not marred by toil or hardship. Her slight form was not bent with coarse labours; her smooth brow was not contracted with servile drudgery; no fierce suns or burning heats scorched and shrivelled her delicate skin; no keen wind or pelting sleet roughened or pinched it. Her primitive wants were never unsupplied, her simple wishes rarely ungratified; light of heart, graceful and gay, the vivid, tinted, airy birds that in summer come wandering from summer regions to brighten our woods, and at the coming of winter hasten back to the sweet south from whence they came, were types of her beauty and her fate. She sometimes went to Quebec with her mother, or some of the squaws of the tribe, to sell Indian baskets, or other trifling articles of their workmanship; and one day, as she stood in the market-place, she attracted the attention of a handsome young man, on whom many a colonial belle had wasted her smiles. This was the young Count de Lavillon, who had escaped from one of the convulsions of the French revolutions, just in time to save his life, which he highly valued, and a large sum of money, which was nearly equally precious to him, as on it depended all those enjoyments that he most prized. He had talents and accomplishments, was brave and honourable, but was ignorant of any higher good or nobler aim in life than the gratification of his own selfish pleasures. Fascinated by the Indian girl's beauty, he contrived to make her acquaintance, and ere long he succeeded in making her love him as some nymph of the plains, when Greece was young, may have loved the God who had descended from Olympus for her sake. He loved her, too, as much as it was in his nature to love any one, and found a greater charm in the simple, child-like heart of this young savage, so full of spontaneous and untaught goodness and beauty, than he had ever done in the studied, artificial graces and accomplishments, and all the self-conscious attractions of the women he had known in his own land. Poor Marie was as ignorant of all conventional worlds as the birds that in winter come wandering from the snow-fields of the north, and also as innocent of evil, as harmless and artless; her heart had pure, warm, faithful feelings, her fancy was bright and sparkling; her temper sweet and docile, though lively and spirited; above all, her love for him was unbounded; her trust and faith in him infinite. He promised to love her for ever, and she believed him; and on one of those cloudless summer nights, when the moon and stars hang glowing in the sky over a flowery and perfumed earth, she left her sylvan home for ever. Perhaps it was well for her that she did not live long to try her lover's constancy, for after custom had taken the charm of novelty from her innocent loveliness, her playful gaiety, her tenderness and naiveté, he might have found their power to please fail. Rendered wayward and fastidious by self-indulgence, weariness and disgust would have succeeded passion, and he would have sought pleasure in other objects, and she would have learned, like many before her, how slight and easily broken are the chains which bind a light and faithful heart. But she was spared those sufferings, which her sensitive nature would have felt so acutely; she died soon after giving birth to a little girl. And she died happy, for his arms were round her when she breathed her last, and her last thought was that he loved her still.

Her father and mother had felt her desertion very bitterly, the latter never reflecting that it was only a fit retribution for the ingratitude she had herself shown to her own parents; and though the rich presents Marie continually sent to their wigwam partly reconciled her mother to her loss, they failed to propitiate her more haughty and disinterested father. When she died, his grief for her death settled into hatred of her lover, but for whom she might have remained gay and happy in her native woods, and less from any natural desire to possess his daughter's child than a wish to be revenged on one he regarded as her murderer, he contrived to carry off the infant, and gave her moodily into his wife's charge, who received the gift as indifferently as it was bestowed. Had she shown more decided indications of her dark blood her chance of winning some affection from him might have been greater, but her beauty was altogether that of the Celtic race. From her heroic and imaginative French forefathers came her broad, thoughtful brow, and from them the light and inspiration of her beautiful eyes. And perhaps the fair traits of that sunny land, which in early youth the wife of Louis had called her own, touched some lingering chords of her early affections, for ere long she began to love the little Coralie more than she had ever loved her own daughter.

But she died almost before her little charge was able to feel or respond to her affection, and the child was then thrown altogether on the protection of her stern and unloving grandfather. Probably old Louis had always intended to restore Coral to her father before his death, but he would have carried the secret of her birth with him to his grave, if chance had not thrown O'Brien in his way just before he died. On hearing Coral's story O'Brien readily promised to let the Count de Lavillon know that she was alive, and where she was to be found, the old hunter assuring him that he might be certain of receiving the most magnificent reward for his tidings from the generosity of the Count. But the schoolmaster's ambition was of a more aspiring kind than old Louis had any idea of. Though he had hitherto regarded the little Indian girl with supreme indifference, he now resolved that before her father heard of her existence, she should be his wife, and the Count,

previous to recovering his long-lost daughter, should be required to acknowledge as son-in-law one whose claims, O'Brien flattered himself, he would not find it easy to ignore.

How his schemes were frustrated by Keefe Dillon, the reader already knows.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR PEASANTRY IN PROGRESS.

Our English autumn is the time for our English rural labourers to make a figure in the eyes of society. Autumn is the season in which they are called forward into notice of one kind or another; and the circumstance of there being such a season is favourable to a general understanding of their position and prospects. We can compare their aspect and their doings, from year to year, or at intervals of five or ten years; and we can watch the operation of new influences upon them without violating their self-respect by any impertinent prying into their private affairs. The great operative class entered upon its modern existence late enough to escape the intrusive curiosity or benevolence to which the rural labourers have always been, and still are, subject. They are, for the most part, left to manage their own affairs, without dictation as to what their aims and views in life should be, and how they should manage their homes, their income, and their children. The tract-distributor, indeed, spares no class. That sort of intrusion is an impertinence to which all are subject, from the nobleman on his journeys to the scullion in the kitchen and the weaver at his loom, or the hedger in the ditch. Apart from that sort of meddling, the manufacturing and artisan working class are nearly as independent in their homes as the merchant or professional man; whereas there are traces all over the country of the old relation between the agricultural labourer and the owner or holder of the land, which was once serfage, passing into servitude, and at length becoming a dubious something between servitude and a bargain in the labour-market. I need not discuss the good and evil of either condition. Some people advocate the one, and some the other. The point on which, I suppose, we all agree is, that any confusion between the two—or, at least, any confusion in our minds of the ideas of the two—is bad. It must be important to that order of men, as well as every other, to be clear as to what their position in life, and their aims in life, should be, so that they may not be set striving after virtues and benefits which are no longer virtues and benefits, nor discouraged in aspirations which they have at length a perfect right to entertain. Every autumn for some years has brought English society obviously nearer to the requisite clearness as to what the agricultural labourer should be and aim at, and the indications of the present season seem to me to be more marked and more encouraging than ever before.

The public occasions on which I, for one, have been accustomed to meet that sort of men have been of four kinds. Three of them are always to be had in the autumn, the other falls nearer midsummer.

If any of my readers have chanced to be at the Holkham Shearing, any time in the life of the fine old man whom we know best by the name of Mr. Coke; or if they have more recently attended the Babraham Sheep shows, they understand the type of the English rural labourer at his best. How very low that best had once fallen, we see now by the rising of the order. Mr. Coke's estates were honourably known throughout Europe as the scene of the most generous landlordism, as well as of the most advanced agriculture; and the cottagers were at least as much cared for as the farm tenants and the soil. After all that could be done in those days, how servile, how clownish, how dull were the labourers,—how hopeless to talk with, how incapable of any sort of ambition! Land was reclaimed from the sea to afford them occupation and maintenance: they had the best cottages in the county: there were schools supported from Holkham for their children: but nothing seemed to avail towards making men of them. They stared and grinned and touched their hats to the gentry at those gatherings, and talked about the sheep and the crops when asked questions; but the real interest of the class throughout the country was in the poor-rate; and they could not rise above it. To the rate all rural labourers looked for marriage, for the support of children, for so many loaves a-week, for making up the week's wage to a fixed sum; and then for getting rid of aged parents, and for everybody's old age. So the men were grandfathers before they were forty: the girls went to the Board to ask to be paid for nursing mother or granny: the boys learned poaching as soon as they could keep a secret; and they looked on their teachers in jail as a sort of heroes, who would do still more daring deeds in winter nights when they came out again. The first agricultural improvers laid the foundation of the advancement we now see: but the sense of it did not penetrate downwards till the corn-laws were abolished. It was a fine thing to see Mr. Coke and the Duke of Bedford, in smock-frocks, busy during a whole midsummer day, handling and sorting sheep, with as deep an interest as either of them ever showed in a debate on the state of Europe: and their agents and leading stock-managers were no doubt animated by their zeal: but the clodpoles throughout the country were incapable of enthusiasm, and more like their own pigs than like their landlords. What the change is now, any meeting at any flockmaster's will show. Amidst the oldest prejudices and the most singular notions of the way in which improvements work, one finds evidence that the lowest farm servant believes that breeds of animals may be modified, and that treatment of soil affects the crops; and that stock and crops bear a relation to each other: and this dim conception is nothing less than the opening of a new world and a new life. It has stimulated the will, offered a field to the intellect; and, in short, turned the labourer from a tool into a workman.

Of the autumnal celebrations, the first is the Harvest-Home. What an inane affair it was when I was young, and used to run away from the noise in terror! To my eyes, the harvest-men were a sort of savages. They used to tear down the street of the village or town,—some in Sunday coats, blue with brass buttons; some in fustian,

and some in smocks; but all with flaunting gay ribbons and dancing wheat-ears in their hats. Most of them were staggering drunk; and they burst into yard or kitchen, wanting to kiss the maids, or get hold of the beer-jug, and demanding money. While they were thus intruding by twos and threes, into half-a-dozen houses, the main company in the street hollaed for "largesse;" and a fearful cry it was. They joined hands in a circle, threw up their arms, threw back their heads, and set up the cry. It was bad enough when children were safe at home: but the horror of meeting harvest-men in a walk was extreme. Nursemaids and mammas turned down any lane, collected the little ones behind any hedge, escaped to any wood or into anybody's shop or kitchen, at the first sight of gay ribbons, or sound of a tipsy voice, far away on the road. The end was that the silly fellows were lying about drunk for some days and nights, and came forth from the festival sick and peevish, and poorer than before they levied the largesse from frightened neighbours.

We hear allegations and regrets sometimes that the new Harvest-Homes in Worcestershire, Norfolk and other counties, are failures. We are told that the people accept readily enough the dinner or tea and supper offered by the gentry; but that the men will have their own drinking-bouts afterwards, all the same. How far this is true I do not know: but I am sure that nothing like this modern festival could have been shown formerly. The folk could have gone to church in the morning, and eaten their dinner at a long table, and tried to play, and pulled forelocks and bobbed curtseys at the close: but the speaking would have been different; and so would the hearers' countenances.

One cannot say much yet for the quality of the play at a rural festival. Some Assistant-Commissioners observe, in their Education Reports, on the silly and helpless character of the amusements in rural play-grounds and at fairs: and most of us must have been struck with the same thing. It is like Quakers trying to sing, or the dancing of the Shakers of Lebanon. The children pull each other about, or stand jumping, or loll on a gate: and their fathers at the fair pull each other about, and hop about, or lounge against the wall. But, at these new Harvest-Homes, there is at least an intention to play at something; and there seems to be some ground for hope that our ancient ball-plays may come in again. Where good schools are opened, the children learn to play; and they will carry forward their sports and the love of them into their youth and manhood, with inestimable advantage to their health and personal bearing, as well as to their intelligence and their tempers. If they were drilled, and taught the arts of defence, so that every one's right arm might keep his own head, it would be a blessed thing for the country, and a turning-point in the social history of the class. But, not looking so far forward at this moment, we may be thankful that we already see the harvest-men seated, with wives and children, at a good dinner in a tent, or on a terrace, instead of stumbling drunk about the streets while their wives are wretched at home. We may be thankful to hear the chorus of "God Save the Queen," however rudely sung, in the twilight of a happy day, rather than the barbaric "Holla-largesse!" screeched by tipsy clowns.

With this new method of keeping Harvest-Home is united, in some districts, the abolition of mop-hiring. It is enough to observe that the new plan of registration of employers and servants seems to hold its ground, and to be extending in Gloucestershire and Worcestershire, where the evils of mop-hiring have been most severely felt. For years to come there will be rough and rude servants of both sexes, who will cling to the pleasures of the statute-fair: but if a generation is growing up which is sensible of the respectability of a sincere and careful bargain for labour and wages, formed at an appropriate office, under conditions of mutual knowledge, the preference of mop-hiring will soon be a taste to be ashamed of. Lads and lasses have looked upon an annual change of place as a sort of "My Lady's Toilet," which had some fun in it: but this child's play has been very ruinous at once to fortune and character. If fun is wanted, let us have an extra holiday: but let it be a real holiday, and not a spectacle of men and women standing in rows to be inspected and cheapened, like beasts at a cattle-sale, or negroes in a slave-market. At one tea-party (in lieu of the local mop), this autumn, I see that the amusement was dancing, under the encouragement of the clergyman. This is good, as far as it goes; and the next thing to be wished is, that neighbours knew how to dance, —could set about it as about a game, with a purpose and on a plan. Perhaps, when our rural labourers have learned to walk with the proper muscles, and hold themselves upright by means of drill, they may dance as the French, German, and Italian peasantry do, — knowing what they are about, and enjoying the true pleasure of the dance, as a graceful game, played to music. Meantime, any dance is a great improvement on the debauch which closes a mop-hiring.

Next, we have the shows of flowers, vegetables, and fruits, in which the most interesting share is borne by labourers who have gardens and allotments. If these shows, now so common, had been foretold in the days of the old poor-law, when the labourers had weekly loaves in proportion to the number of their children, and part of their low wages paid out of the rates, it would have been considered a prophecy of a rise in rank and fortune,—as it truly is.

In many English counties, we now see at the shows, splendid turnips and vegetable marrows, prodigious gooseberries, and plums, and tempting apples, and gay arrays of cut-flowers; and if we accompany the exhibitors home, we find a noble pig, fed from the garden refuse, and may encounter in the allotment field some costly agricultural machine, which the allotment holders have clubbed the means of hiring for as many days as will serve them all. Such a spectacle recalls the time, still within living memory, when labourers met in riot to break threshing machines, and make war against steam; and when midnight conspiracy startled the moonless nights with the glare of burning stacks.

This brings us to the remaining show of the autumn,—the Agricultural Meetings, held all over the country. They are as interesting now to the labourers as to the experimental or professional farmers. How proud the honest fellows are of the way in which steam-cultivators bring the soil into the condition of a seedbed, and of the clean and perfect way in which the mowing and reaping are done, even to the self-acting delivery, which their fathers would have cursed as an interference with their proper labour! How proudly each driver takes his seat on the machine, and guides it straight and without pause; and how proud and pleased are the boys who are trusted to fix the anchors, and attend to the machine, and finish its work in the rear. How they listen to the remarks of the judges, and use their minds in observing and comparing! How unlike they will be as men to the clodpoles their grandfathers!

At the banquet afterwards, how their position advances! In some aged labourers' cottages we still see the wall ornamented with framed certificates, which tell of money prizes given for virtue; for having lived so many years under one master, and having brought up so many children without help from the rates. But givers and receivers are learning to be ashamed of such rewards. The labourers are under deep obligation to Mr. Walter for what he has done in ripening the higher spirit which is now leading employers and employed to see the distinction between prizes given for professional accomplishment and rewards conferred for moral conduct. We have had several excellent speeches from Mr. Walter on this topic; but this year's, given at the meeting of the Wokingham Agricultural Association is so good, that he could hardly do better than repeat it every autumn, till there is not a landlord who would venture to offer gold to a fellow-citizen for being a good husband and father, or a sober and faithful servant, nor a labourer who would condescend to accept it. He points out the rational character of a prize given to the successful builder of a rick, or rearer of lambs, or driver of a straight furrow,—such acts being facts of which observers are the judges, and in which the candidates themselves strive for honour or reward: whereas, in the case of moral conduct, the good man is not a candidate for honour and reward, and the givers of the prizes are not qualified for just judgment. Whether a servant remains long in one service depends as much on the employer as the employed; and many a good labourer cannot stay in a place which a bad fellow would make a profit of. No one of us would accept a judgment on our conduct in life from any man simply because he is rich, or because we have made a contract with him for some mutual benefit. This seems now so plain that we turn away from the spectacle of a venerable fellow-citizen being called up to stand before the gentry, and be patronised for having done his duty before God in his own home. Whether he is proud or ashamed, we see that he is degraded, and we feel the insult for him. We deny the jurisdiction of his patrons, and should be pleased to see him take courage to throw down the money at their feet. This remnant of the old corruption of landlordism remains to be dealt with: we read, this very autumn, of a Herefordshire labourer (I will not repeat his name) who has been rewarded at the rate of sevenpence-halfpenny per annum for the years that he has kept his place on one farm; and of another, who received thirty shillings and some patronising praise from ratepayers for having reared nine children without help from the parish. We are getting on, however, and Mr. Walter commands more sympathy from high and low every year.

So much for the periodical occasions which exhibit the progress of the class of rural labourers. There are evidences and promises on a larger scale which confirm the truth.

From some of the agricultural counties there are exclamations of alarm about the stationary character, and even the decline of the population, which is made known by the recent census. There is no doubt of the fact: the question is whether it is an alarming one.

Several causes have wrought towards this result. Before the repeal of the Corn Laws it was made known by a comparison of statistical returns that the proportion of the agricultural population to others was incessantly diminishing. There was a time when two-thirds of the nation were employed in agriculture; whereas it had long ago diminished to one-fifth. We were publicly appealed to, I remember, a quarter of a century ago, to look round us, and see what became of the children of farmers and rural labourers: and we saw, sure enough, that a farmer with four sons and as many daughters brought up perhaps one son to the farm, and placed three in some shop, or manufacture, or profession; while his daughters married not only farmers, but tradesmen or townsmen of some sort. The labourers' children have gone off into manufactories, or domestic service, or are journeyman artisans, or stand behind the counter. While they were so disposed of, the Nottingham lace-weavers, the Leicester stockingers, the Coventry and Lancashire operatives were bringing up all their children to their own trade. The evils of this latter plan are not my subject now. We are concerned here only with the fact that rural occupation was not hereditary, while other callings were. Yet we believed we had too many farm labourers, and the low wages seemed to show that it was so. Emigration was naturally resorted to; and we have seen what a point it has reached—the great mass of emigrants being from the rural districts. Since the opening of the trade in corn, and the agricultural improvement that has followed, the demand for rural labour has risen steadily, though not uniformly. We still want a system of agricultural statistics, and the repeal of the last remains of the law of settlement to admit of the natural distribution of labour, and the natural equalisation of its rewards: the wages are still eight shillings in one agricultural county and sixteen in another; but, on the whole, rural labour is much better paid, and the demand for labourers is on the increase, notwithstanding the growing use of labour-saving machinery. Thus, there is every reason to expect that the rural population will once more increase. It must do so whenever it answers better to the people to stay at home than to emigrate, and whenever it answers as well to work on the land

as in the shop or the mill. Meantime, it is well that a clearance has been made of a depressed, apathetic, low-minded order of labourers, corrupted or disheartened by the operation of laws now abolished. They or their children have found a good field of labour in the colonies; and they are not present here to keep up bad traditions about parish help, poaching, and all the old corruptions.

But the new labourers must be of a higher order. The new agricultural machinery could not have been wielded by the peasantry of the time of George IV. Are we attending to this? Are we looking to the training of the cottage children of our time?

We may see great promise in this direction too. There are complaints all over the land of the badness of our cottage accommodation: and this complaint shows that something better is desired,—which is the same thing in this country as being intended. As the law of settlement is relaxed, the inducement to bring labourers near to their work strengthens; and as the men's faces brighten and their minds grow stirring, their masters perceive that it is good economy to provide for their health and domestic comfort. Hence the cottage-building movement, and the popular cry in favour of dwellings with not less than three bedrooms.

Then, there is the stir about the schools, and the endless discussion of the difficulty of the children being taken from school before they have learned to read and write and cast accounts. The country is covered with schools; and there never before was such a provision of qualified teachers: but the children are out in the fields, earning something towards the family expenses, instead of coming to school with their pence in their hands. Here, however, a bright prospect opens. Parents would spare their children for half the day, if that would do: and now it appears that half the day *will* do,—and better than the whole. Mr. Paget, M.P. for Nottingham, told us long ago how he had succeeded on his farm and in his school by having two sets of boys, to take the farm work and schooling in turn: and now Mr. Chadwick has supplied us with abundant proof that children of all ranks in life, and of both sexes, learn at least as much in four hours of every day in school as in eight. The study of the human brain and of children's ways might teach us beforehand that young minds cannot profitably apply to book study for any large proportion of every day; but we see the fact in all directions as soon as we begin to look for it. Factory children learn as much in half-time, when properly taught, as whole-day scholars. Girls who sew all the afternoons, read and write and cipher as well as boys who study both morning and afternoon. This is now so clear that the practice of drill, and various other muscular exercises are introduced into boys' schools where the necessity for labour does not exist. Labourers' boys can therefore use their muscles in earning a part of their living, and get all the good they are capable of from school at the same time. Their parents are becoming so thoroughly aware of the value of intelligence in labourers who are to be employed on or with machinery henceforth that there will be less and less trouble in getting our rural schools filled; and especially if, by a change in our system, we secure more effective teaching of reading, writing, and arithmetic. If we remember how badly these main things have been taught hitherto, how many boys have sat for years together on school-benches to little purpose, while they might have been learning their business from their fathers in the field; and how many girls have come out at last unable to read a book pleasantly, or write a letter correctly, while they are helpless with the cows and the chickens, and unable to cook the family dinner, we shall not wonder that there has been some prejudice to get over about schooling. But the desire for reading and writing is still strong; and when it is once seen that these can be thoroughly gained (and much besides), while half the day remains for work at home, there will be a brighter prospect before the next generation of rural labourers than there ever was before their forefathers.

If that class of our people is already more disposed to save money than any other order of labourers, as appears to be the case, they are likely to save more henceforth continually; for fresh encouragements are ever offered to them. We see the allotment in one case, and the pig in another: we find a labourer here and there living in a cottage of his own, obtained by subscription to a soundly-managed building-society; and a considerable proportion of our peasantry are members of some benefit-club. We are better pleased to be told of the large aggregate amount of their deposits in the saving-banks throughout the country, because many building-societies and benefit-clubs are ignorantly founded and badly managed. But the grandest step yet is the institution of the Post-office Savings Banks, which will answer every purpose of the day-labourer who desires the welfare of his family and the security of his own old age. In the safe bank which is open every day at the Post-office (and which will be, in course of time, at every Post-office) he can lay by a shilling or more, as often as he can spare it, without anybody knowing, and with liberty to draw it out when he wants it. His deposit will gather interest and compound interest as it lies; and by paying in without delay whatever he can spare he saves himself from many a temptation to waste or foolish indulgence. Persons who wish well to the order should turn tract-distributors for once, and give away to all they know the little penny publication which has just issued from the Victoria Press, called "Post office Savings Banks: A Few Words Concerning Them." At present we have only an instalment of open offices, but the immediate success of the experiment promises that the institution will extend till every post-office will be engaged in it.

All these hopeful signs must not blind us to the discouragements which still exist. We may still see country public-houses where wretched labourers, stupified with drugged beer, are lying under the benches, while their wives outside try in vain to get at them, or coax them home. We still have farm-servants who admit that they spend two shillings a week in tobacco; and some to whom we can prove that their pipe has cost them thirty pounds in a dozen years, while they have been

protesting that they could not spare school pence for their children. We have still poaching affrays, in which debauched and idle labourers are sure to be the leaders, under doom of blood-guiltiness, sooner or later. It is still somewhat rare to meet with a rural labourer who has the good sense, independence, intelligence, diligence, and rational frugality which we often find in combination in a family man of the artisan or operative class. The pressure of the time has hitherto been against the peasant. It is now turning in his favour; and it is the business of us all, including himself, to contemplate the remaining evil and the rising good, and to direct our efforts and our hopes accordingly.

FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

WHY I LEFT THE VOLUNTEERS.

"THEN I'll resign," said I.

"Very well," said he, "you can do as you please."

And now, having repeated two sentences, which have been running in my mind ever since they were uttered, I will try to tell how it was that I came to make so decided a remark. It is astonishing the soothing effect which repeating a grievance has on the sufferer, and this must be my excuse for inflicting my woes on an unoffending reader.

First then, to introduce myself. My name is Codlings; I am short, stout, and middle-aged; and I am, or rather (alas!) was, a captain in the Targetshire, or Death to the Invader Volunteers. And I may add that no one could have been a more thorough volunteer than I was: I was proud of the uniform, and liked the exercise.

The 18th of June had long been fixed as the day on which a grand review of the corps was to take place.

An M. P. for the county was to be present, and a bugle was to be presented by the M. P.'s daughter, and altogether we felt that the eyes of Europe would be upon us, and we felt equal to the occasion.

As the day approached our drills were multiplied to such an extent that most of us feared that our uniform would hardly last so as to be fit to be seen at the review, so great was the strain upon it.

However, practice makes perfect, and after our last drill on the evening of the 17th, we one and all considered that we were so near to perfection that our talents would be altogether thrown away upon an ordinary field day, and that nothing short of a grand sham fight, on the exact model of a real one, would at all do us justice.

It was in vain for our adjutant (a half-pay officer of the army, and who is dreadfully jealous of our progress I am sure) to object; a sham battle we were determined upon.

The only difficulty was to decide which battle of modern times should be honoured by our notice: Alma, Inkerman, Solferino, were all discussed; but each presented some objections, and we were nearly giving up the idea, and the adjutant becoming triumphant, when Waterloo was proposed, as being appropriate to the day, and moreover, it was added that there was a small clump of trees on our parade-ground, with a cow-shed in it, which would do admirably for Hugomont and its adjacent wood.

The next question was to find a leader for the force to be driven back; no one was desirous of appearing in the light of a beaten general on their first field, till at last I, Codlings, was selected to enact the part of the great Napoleon.

The somewhat secondary part of Blucher was to be taken by our senior first-lieutenant, Crabtrees by name.

Crabtrees had been originally in the Hussars, but having been rather too fond of chicken hazard, had sold out, and retired to his ancestral acres. He was for some time my front rank man, and although generally speaking he was most expert at the "Manual," he invariably ordered his rifle on to my toes, apologised, smiled at my agonised contortions, and repeated the performance five minutes afterwards.

He it was, too, who with malice aforethought abstracted the detonating composition from my percussion-caps on the eve of a field day, thereby covering me with confusion; and added insult to injury by exposing the trick he had played me, at the very moment when I was expatiating on the utter uselessness of the government rifle to a select circle of friends, and stating my belief that it was impossible to make most of them go off.

Again, on the occasion of my firing off my ramrod by accident, Crabtrees was the man who discovered its absence, in spite of my trying to look innocent and unconscious, and presented it to me amidst the jeers of my comrades. Altogether, Crabtrees was a nuisance, and I hated him cordially.

Our colonel was to command the supposed British army, assisted by the adjutant, while I was allowed as a set-off to the latter functionary the drill-sergeant of our corps.

The night of the 17th June was a restless one for me, the thoughts of to-morrow were ever present with me, and prevented my sleeping; and even when I had coaxed myself at last into a sort of sleep, I awoke with a start, five minutes afterwards, with the full conviction that I had been omitted to be called, and that the review was all over without me, the representative of Napoleon, the martial Codlings. A second time I awoke, in a fancied endeavour to draw my sword (being attacked by two gigantic enemies); the handle twisted and turned like a snake in my hands, and seemed to be ringing like a bell, when to my surprise I found myself with the bellrope in my grasp, and the whole of the household rushing to my room to ascertain the cause of the sudden outbreak.

At last, after having looked at my watch a hundred times, I found it was six o'clock, and up I got, rushed to the window, and, fates be praised, it was a lovely morning.

How I got dressed that day I know not, for in the excitement of the moment, my buttons flew off from my touch, like needles to a magnet. At last my toilet was completed, but with *my* feelings breakfast was not to be thought of, anything beyond a cup of tea would have choked me outright.

Our rendezvous was to be the railway station,

where we were to receive our M. P., who was to arrive by the 10 o'clock train, and from thence we were to march to our various positions.

Crabtrees was to remain at the White Hart in the town until sent for, and was then to come up with his detachment to conduct the pursuit.

The ten o'clock train arrived, and with it the M.P., who shook hands with all the officers, and complimented individually every non-commissioned officer and private on his soldierlike appearance.

The M.P.'s daughter, who was to present the bugle, was lovely, and I burned to distinguish myself, and obtain, perhaps, an approving smile, or even a crown of laurels which she might—who knows?—have secreted in her pocket. The laurels, not the smile, I mean.

We marched off, our band playing one of our favourite airs. I regret not being able to state which it was; but, unfortunately, the first-cornet, who always played the melody, was ill with the toothache, and was unable to attend parade, so we were obliged to march with accompaniments only, but the big drum did his duty nobly, and we did not miss the first-cornet so much, after all.

At length we reached the parade-ground. I stole a glance at the M.P.'s fair daughter as I marched my men off to take up the position of the attacking French army, and my heart throbbed audibly through my uniform.

When we arrived, imagine my chagrin at being told by our drill-sergeant, who appeared quite to ignore me, that my position was to be a stationary one, and that, in imitation of Napoleon and his look-out tower, I must climb a tree and from thence watch the proceedings. I was never good at climbing; but, with a little assistance, and—I am sorry to say, for the credit of our discipline—an occasional reminder from some of my men's bayonets, I reached the second bough.

Our fellows behaved splendidly. Hugomont—or the cow-shed—was taken and retaken, and at length the time arrived for the last grand charge. Human nature could stand it no longer. I had been doing patience on a monument for two hours, and was thoroughly sick of it, so I determined to depart from history and my tree and lead the charge myself.

I had some difficulty in getting down, and when I had succeeded my men were already charging, and just as I was running after them at my best pace whom should I see coming up between us but that confounded Crabtrees and his supposed Prussians?

They had evidently lunched at the White Hart, and appeared to have taken more to drink than was good for them. However that might be, they no sooner caught sight of me than they raised a shout of "There's Bonaparte himself—let's take him prisoner!"

I turned and fled.

It was in vain. My figure was not calculated for running, and they gained upon me at every step; but still I held on, I scrambled over hedges and through ditches, but still I felt that they could catch me at any moment. I unclasped my sword-belt in hopes that that trophy would be sufficient for them. But, no! one picked it up and the others still pursued; they evidently looked upon me as the representative of invasion, and were determined on revenge.

I ran till I could run no longer, and then sank exhausted. They seized me, and in spite of all my protestations and strugglings and explanations that I was only Codlings, and not Bonaparte, they dragged me to a duck-pond. I heard a "One two, three, and away!" and the next moment I was floundering in four feet of black mud.

I struggled out as I best might. The first man I saw was Crabtrees, who apologised for the behaviour of his men with a smile on his countenance for which I could have slain him then and there.

When I recovered myself a little, I crawled rather than walked up to the parade-ground, and arrived just after the bugle had been presented.

My appearance was the signal for a general shout of laughter. Even the M.P.'s pretty daughter—whose semi-official position should have kept her quiet—laughed. The more I stormed and swore, the more they all laughed; and well they might, for I presented the spectacle of a dripping nigger.

The next morning I went to the colonel, and lodged my complaint against Crabtrees; but it was of no use, he only laughed at me, and I then expressed myself in the words with which I began my sad tale.

I have, since writing the above, just seen the "Gazette," in which I perceive the following:

Targetshire Volunteers.—F. Crabtrees, Esq., to be Captain, vice Codlings, resigned.

Imagine my disgust. W. H. S.

BY THE ROSANNA.

To F. M.

Stanzer Thal, Tyrol.

The old grey Alp has caught the cloud,
And the torrent river sings aloud;
The glacier-green Rosanna sings
An organ song of its upper springs.
Foaming under the tiers of pine,
I see it dash down the dark ravine,
And it tumbles the rocks in boisterous play,
With an earnest will to find its way.
Sharp it throws out an emerald shoulder,
And, thundering ever of the mountain,
Slaps in sport some giant boulder,
And tops it in a silver fountain.

A chain of foam from end to end,
And a solitude so deep, my friend,
You may forget that man abides
Beyond the great mute mountain-sides.
Yet to me, in this high-walled solitude
Of river and rock and forest rude,
The roaring voice through the long white chain,
Is the voice of the world of bubble and brain.

I find it where I sought it least;
I sought the mountain and the beast,
The young thin air that knits the nerves,
The chamois ledge, the snowy curves;
Earth in her whiteness looking bold
To Heaven for ever as of old.

And lo, if I translate the sound
Now thundering in my ears around,

'Tis London rushing down a hill :
Life, or London ; which you will !

And men with brain who follow the bubble,
And hosts without, who hurry and eddy,
And still press on : joy, passion, and trouble !
Necessity's instinct ; true, though unsteady.

Yea, letting alone the roar and the strife,
This On-on-on is so like life !
Here's devil take the hindmost, too ;
And an amorous wave has a beauty in view ;
And lips of others are kissing the rocks :
Here's chasing of bubbles, and wooing of blocks.
And through the resonant monotone
I catch wild laughter mix'd with shrieks ;
And a wretched creature's stifled moan,
Whom Time, the terrible usurer, tweaks.

And yonder a little boy bellows the Topic ;
The picture of yesterday clean for a penny :
Done with a pen so microscopic
That we all see ourselves in the face of the many.

Business, Business, seems the word,
In this unvarying On-on-on !
The volume coming, the volume gone,
Shoots, glancing at Beauty, undeterr'd :
As in the torrent of cabs we both
Have glanced, borne forward, willing or loth.

Is it enough to profane your mood,
Arcadian dreamer, who think it sad
If a breath of the world on your haunts intrude,
Though in London you're hunting the bubble like mad ?

For you are one who raise the Nymph
Wherever Nature sits alone ;
Who pitch your delight in a region of lymph,
Rejoiced that its arms evade your own.

I see you lying here, and wistfully
Watching the dim shape, tender and fresh ;
Your Season-Beauty faithless, or kiss'd fully,
You're just a little tired of flesh.

She dances, and gleams, now under the wave,
Now on a fern-branch, or fox-glove bell ;
Thro' a wreath of the bramble she eyes me grave ;
She has a secret she will not tell.

But if I follow her more and more,
If I hold her sacred to each lone spot,
She'll tell me—what I knew before ;
For the secret is, that she can't be caught !

She lives, I swear ! We join hands there.
But what's her use ? Can you declare ?
If she serves no purpose, she must take wing :
Art stamps her for an ugly thing.

Will she fly with the old gods, or join with the new ?
Is she made of the stuff for a thorough alliance ?
Or, standing alone, does she dare to go thro'
The ordeal of a scrutiny of Science ?

What say you, if, in this retreat,
While she poises tiptoe on yon granite slab, man,
I introduce her, shy and sweet,
To a short-neck'd, many-caped, London cabman ?

You gasp !—she totters ! And is it too much ?
Mayn't he take off his hat to her ? hope for a touch ?
Get one kind curtsey of aërial grace
For his most liberal grimace ?

It would do him a world of good, poor devil !
And Science makes equal on this level :
Remember that !—and his friend, the popular
Mr. Professor, learned and jocular,
Were he to inspect her and call her a foam-bow,
I very much fear it would prove a home-blow.
We couldn't save her !—she'd vanish, fly ;
Tho' she's more than that, as we know right well ;
But who shall expound to a hard cold eye,
The infinite impalpable ?

A Queen on sufferance must not act
My Lady Scornful :—thus presuming,
If Sentiment won't wed with Fact,
Poor Sentiment soon needs perfuming.
Let her curtsey with becoming tact
To cabman caped and poet blooming !—

No, I wouldn't mix Porter with Montepulciano !
I ask you merely, without demanding,
To give a poor beggar his *buon' mano* :—
Make my meaning large with your understanding !

The cicada sits spinning his wheel on the tree ;
The little green lizard slips over the stone
Like water : the waters flash, and the cone
Drops at my feet. Say, how shall it be ?
Your Nymph is on trial. Will she own
Her parentage Humanity ?
Of her essence these things but form a part ;
Her heart comes out of the human heart.

Tremendous thought, which I scarce dare blab, man !
The soul she yet lacks—the illumination
Immortal !—it strikes me like inspiration,
She must get her that soul by wedding the cabman !

Don't ask me why :—when Instinct speaks,
Old Mother Reason is not at home.
But how gladly would dance the days and the weeks !
And the sky, what a mirth-embracing dome !
If round sweet Poesy's waist were curl'd
The arm of him who drives the world !

Could she claim a higher conquest, she ?
And a different presence his would be !
I see him lifting his double chin
On his three-fold comforter, sniffing and smirking,
And showing us all that the man within
Has had his ideas of her secretly lurking.

Confess that the sight were as fine—ay, as fair !
As if from a fire-ball in mid-air
She glow'd before you woman, spreading
With hands the hair her foot was treading !

'Twere an effort for Nature both ways, and which
The mightier I can't aver :
If we screw ourselves up to a certain pitch,
She meets us—that I know of her.

She is ready to meet the grim cabman half-way !
Now ! and where better than here, where, with thunder
Of waters, she might bathe his clay,
And enter him by the gate of wonder ?

It takes him doubtless long to peel,
Who wears at least a dozen capes :
Yet if but once she makes him feel,
The Man comes of his multiform shapes.]

To make him feel, friend, is not easy.
I once did nourish that ambition :
But there he goes, purple, and greasy, and wheezy,
And waits a greater and truer magician !

Hark to the wild Rosanna cheering!
Never droops she, while changing clime
At every leap, the levels nearing:
Faith in ourselves is faith in Time!

And faith in Nature keeps the force
We have in us for daily wear.
Come from thy keen Alps down, and, hoarse,
Tell to the valleys the tale I bear,
O River!

Now, my friend, adieu!
In contrast, and in likeness, you
Have risen before me from the tide,
Whose channel is narrow, whose noise is wide;
Whose rage is that of your native seas;
Buzzing of battle like myriad bees,
Which you have heard on the Euxine shore
Sounding in earnest. Here have I placed
The delicate spirit with which you adore
Dame Nature in lone haunts embraced.
Have I frighted it, frail thing, aghast?
I have shown it the way to live and last!

How often will those long links of foam
Cry to me in my English home,
To nerve me, whenever I hear them bellow,
Like the smack of the hand of a gallant fellow!

I give them my meaning here, and they
Will give me theirs when far away.
And the snowy points, and the ash-pale peaks,
Will bring a trembling to my cheeks,
The leap of the white-fleck'd, clear light, green—
Sudden the length of its course be seen,
As, swift it launches an emerald shoulder,
And, thundering ever of the mountain,
Slaps in sport some giant boulder,
And tops it in a silver fountain.

George Meredith.

OF A MAN WHO FELL AMONG THIEVES.

In a voyage I made to the Sandwich Islands, chiefly for the purpose of conveying to King Kammehammeha a supply of champagne and bottled beer, an application was made by an Englishman there for a passage in my vessel to Sydney. I was not at all disposed to comply with the request, for I could only do so at considerable personal inconvenience; but it was urged so strongly by the applicant that I at last consented, partly because we were under some obligations to him, but chiefly because of the truth of his representations that if I refused, the individual on whose behalf he made the application might have to remain there many months before another vessel would touch at the island which was not bound for California, to which State he had excellent reasons for not returning.

The captain of a vessel has something else to do for some hours after leaving port without paying attention to passengers, or even thinking of them, and it was not until the third day after we had put to sea that I remembered I had a passenger on board. The sea being remarkably smooth, I was rather surprised at not seeing him on deck all that day, and still more when three or four days more passed over without his making his appearance. I enquired of the steward if he was ill, and found that he never complained, that he took whatever food was brought to him in his cabin, but ate very little of it, and never uttered a wish for anything in particular. As he had a perfect right to remain in his cabin if he so pleased I never attempted to interfere with him, though I was really afraid that he might make himself ill while on board, a most painful occurrence for the captain of a vessel which has no surgeon. Several times I directed the steward, when he took his meals into his cabin, to make the remark that it was very fine on deck, but he took no notice, and I never once set eyes on him from the day I sailed from the Sandwich Islands until he came on deck to go ashore at Sydney, and then I was too busy hardly to look at him.

After landing the cargo I had on board, my partner and I came to the conclusion that as there were a good many persons in the town waiting for a vessel bound for England in which they might take a passage, that it would be a profitable way of employing the Tasmania to clear her out, and make a voyage to the mother country with passengers, returning with freight.

There were fewer ships sailed from Sydney to England at that time than there are now, so that we had no trouble in disposing of the berths, our chief difficulty in the matter being how to crowd the greatest number of berths into the least possible space. After we had been three or four days at sea, and things had begun to shake into their places, I had time to notice such of the passengers as made their appearance on deck, and among them I recognised the man I had brought from the Sandwich Islands. He was of remarkable height, had white hair, one side of his face quite covered with rag, and a thick woollen comforter round his neck, which I never saw him without during the whole voyage. He had not now a cabin to himself, and it was perhaps his desire to obtain solitude which induced him to adopt the opposite course of proceeding to that he had followed in his passage to Sydney. Instead of keeping below he was on deck every morning directly after daylight, and, except at meal times, he never left it until long after the lights were put out at night. As he came on deck he used to take a camp-stool, plant it close to the stern of the vessel, and never stir from there except when the bell rang for meals. If anybody addressed an observation to him, he as far as I saw took not the least notice of it, nor could the servants often get a reply from him if they had occasion to ask him a question. I never saw a man, unless it were a fakir in Calcutta once, so entirely absorbed in his thoughts as this man was. For a long time an object of speculation to the idle passengers, and continually stared at by them, he yet sat there without appearing to hear or see anything, and I have seen great tears rolling down his uncovered cheek, which he made no attempt to hide or wipe away. There was nobody on board who did not sympathise with him, and the general opinion was that he must have undergone some terrible misfortunes.

I believe not a few of them would have made a considerable pecuniary sacrifice to have learnt what these were, but they never did.

My ship was by no means a clipper, but a few days more or less in a long voyage is not a matter

of much consequence. The longest voyage must, however, end, so that at last we arrived in the Downs. But here the wind, which up to this time though light had been favourable, fell off, and when it rose again, had shifted to a quarter which compelled us to anchor. This was very vexing to the passengers, who now that they were so near to the land were almost frantic with impatience to get ashore, and a Deal boat happening to come alongside to know if we had any letters to send ashore, as many as could be accomodated in her left the ship, and among them the silent passenger, whom I have never seen since.

What with one cause of delay and another, it was three months after this before I had all the cargo on board, and worked out of the St. Katherine's Dock on my return voyage to Sydney, which port I reached in due time.

As my partner and I were dining together at his house on the day I landed, a servant brought in a parcel from the countinghouse, and laid it on the sofa; at the same time my partner took a letter from his pocket, and handed it to me; it ran as follows:

Sandwich Islands.

Dear Sir,—The parcel sent herewith contains papers belonging to the passenger whom you took on

board at this place, and are probably valued very highly by him. I do not know his address in Sydney, but you probably may. Will you have the kindness to hand them to him, and oblige

Yours faithfully, J. Elton.

Capt. Walter Browne, Sydney.

Of course I was unable to comply with the request, and put the parcel away safely, intending to take it with me, and return it to Mr. Elton the next voyage I made to the islands, but this intention was frustrated by that gentleman leaving there for the United States before I arrived; there was nothing else, therefore, to be done with it, but to keep it, on the chance that the owner might write for it to be sent to England. I kept it a long, long time, but no letter came respecting it, till at last, one day, when at sea, and it happened to meet my eye, it suddenly occurred to me that I should be justified, then that it was my duty to open it, with the view of ascertaining if the contents would not give me some clue to finding the name and, perhaps, the address of the owner. Further consideration made it so evident that this was the right and proper course to adopt, that I opened it. I did not find what I looked for, but I found a roll of closely-written foolscap, —written, I presume, by the Englishman whom I have called Rawlinson, the same who was my

passenger from the Sandwich Islands to Sydney, and subsequently to England;—other papers, written by different hands, and a few pieces of quartz containing gold. From the length of time that has elapsed since, the owner is probably dead, and there can be no harm in my putting the contents of these papers into the form of a brief narrative.

Among the earliest arrivals at San Francisco, after the discovery of the existence of gold in California, was an Englishman named Rawlinson, and his two sons, Arthur and Geoffrey. All three were of great height and strength, and many a man who saw them walking along the streets together would have been glad to have joined them in their gold-seeking operations. At this time the city had a large number of miners in it who had been successful at the diggings, and the sight of these men squandering their money in the most wasteful manner, and indulging in the wildest debauchery, so inflamed the minds of people with the desire to become rich with equal rapidity, that it was only by paying enormous wages that a servant could be kept even for a month or two, at the end of which time, having sufficient money to purchase the requisite tools, he would start off in search of gold. The Rawlinsons were anxious to get a man whom they could trust, to go up with them for the purpose of preparing their food and taking care of their tent; but they soon saw that this was impracticable, and, like others in similar circumstances, they gave up the idea, and determined to do the best they could for themselves. They bought two mules to carry their baggage, as being likely to be of more service to them than a vehicle, and, in company with a number of others, they set out for the "placers." Although they had no objection to travel with others, any more than others had to travel with them, up to a certain point, yet on reaching this point they most of them separated, each party taking its own course, anxious, if they made a discovery, to have the entire benefit to themselves. With the help of a tolerable map and a compass, the Englishmen managed to direct their course pretty well in the direction in which they had decided on going, the region which they were bent on reaching having been selected from their belief that it was the place referred to by an old traveller as abounding in gold, which he said, "lay about there in lumps like stones in other parts of the world."

Travelling among the mountains of the Sierra Nevada was very difficult, and their progress was very slow, but this last they thought of little moment, because it gave them an opportunity of examining the nature of the rock and the earthy deposits as they went. Journeying on and on, day after day, they came to a narrow valley or gorge in the mountains, about a hundred yards in width, and with a little stream of water winding through it, most beautifully transparent. Contrary to what might have been expected in such a region, the banks of the stream were covered with rich vegetation, which must have been fed by the moisture condensed on the sides of the mountains trickling down during the night and early morning. The mules had by this time become so worn and bruised by excessive hard work and falls, that but for this unexpected Goshen they must soon have died; the family decided, therefore, on spending as many days here as they might find necessary to bring the animals into good condition, and to explore the valley until they had satisfied themselves whether it was auriferous or not. There being nothing to kindle a fire, they suffered greatly from the cold the first night, much more than when they had slept in more exposed places, which they supposed to be owing to the cold vapour in the atmosphere; but by moving a few hundred yards higher up the valley they found a pine wood, which enabled them to sleep in comfort, and also gave them protection from the attacks of wild beasts, in the event of there being any in the wood. That there were animals of some kind they knew, from indications scattered thickly round; but this was cheering rather than otherwise, for the flour and meat they had started with was nearly exhausted. The first thing they did after discovering the wood, was to fell one of the pines, strip off the larger branches, and after pointing the ends, drive them into the ground in a circle, so as to form a shelter for the mules and themselves at night against the attacks of bears. As for any other kind of molestation, they never thought of it; the solitude they had experienced since they had entered the mountains had prepared them for any amount of isolation, and nothing would have surprised them more than the sight of a human being. The day they began their exploration, they kept together for mutual protection, and had the good fortune to meet with a bear, which had either never seen a man before, or was over-confident of his powers, for he raised himself on his hind quarters, and never offered to run away. They shot him; and as he was much too heavy to carry, they rolled him into the stream, and thus dragged him easily along to the place where they had camped. Their minds being now at ease on the score of food, they gave themselves up fully to the business which had brought them there, and the following morning each took his hammer and his gun, and commenced an independent search for gold. On this day the father was the only one of the party who was in any degree successful; the sons returned with aching arms, only to say that they had not met with the slightest trace of the metal. The discovery made by the elder Rawlinson was merely a block of granite, which exhibited a few specks of gold, but as these sometimes indicated a large quantity of the metal within, it was not to be passed over without further examination. The granite was of a white colour, with a reddish tinge here and there, and excessively hard, so that they had to work a long time before they were able to satisfy themselves that it was not sufficiently rich to make it worth quarrying. Such disappointments as these are not at all unusual in prospecting, and soon cease to be felt as such. When they had given all the time necessary for examining the rocks within a convenient distance of the place where they had camped, they reloaded their mules, and ascended the valley a few miles, where they again camped,

with the determination that if they remaind unsuccessful, they would search for an outlet from the gorge, and continue their journey to the point they had set out with the intention of visiting.

The morning after they had encamped afresh, Geoffrey drove the two mules out to graze as usual. They had so completely recovered from their fatigue by this time, that their first proceeding was generally to lay down and roll; on this morning one of them jumped into the stream, and after taking a hearty drink, scrambled out on the opposite side; but in getting out a part of the bank gave way, and rolled into the water, his feet slipping back along with it. A second and more violent struggle enabled the animal to get clear, but in this struggle his hoofs cut deep into the loose ground, now deprived of the protection of the turf, and Geoffrey saw glittering signs which caused him to shout to his father and brother to come, he himself plunging into the river, and eagerly thrusting his hands into the loose soil, and letting it run through his fingers. With eager eyes they all three examined the dirt, and were delighted with the appearance it presented. Grains of metal of a pale yellow colour were scattered thickly among it, which they instantly perceived to be gold. Arthur ran and fetched a spade with which he dug deeper into the ground, and the deeper he went, the richer it became. Holes were dug in several other places, which showed that the same degree of richness prevailed for about two hundred yards below, and for three times that distance above, after which it became evidently poorer; beyond these points they did not pursue their examination.

After their joy had had time to moderate itself, and they were capable of thinking, a little consideration led to the conclusion that these particles could only have been washed down the side of the mountains at this spot, and they all three rushed off to examine it. It was no wonder that the sight they saw prevented them from uttering anything but exclamations for several minutes. They were looking at a wall fully one-third of which was gold; not bright dazzling gold, as it appears in jewellers' shops, but a dull metal of a pale yellow colour, not easily to be distinguished from the rock at a short distance. Moved by an idea which occurred to them simultaneously, they returned to their encampment in profound silence. They all knelt down, the father setting the example, after which he offered a brief thanksgiving to the Supreme Being, and besought His protection to enable them to benefit by their discovery. They were not ordinarily what are called "over-religious" men; but the wonderful discovery they had made had so excited them, that they felt instinctively the necessity for an exercise which by its solemnity should calm their minds.

After this was over, they consulted with respect to the course of proceeding they should adopt for getting the gold down to San Francisco, and it was eventually decided that Rawlinson and his eldest son, Arthur, should go there with as much gold as the mules could carry, and endeavour to organise a plan by means of which it might be transported thither in larger quantities. Geoffrey agreed to remain on the spot, partly with a vague notion of defending their rights, though in reality they had none, and partly to make sure of securing a good quantity of gold, in case any other band of explorers should enter the valley. Before Arthur and his father left, they assisted in digging a hole in which to bury the gold.

To give it the appearance of a hole which had been dug in searching for the metal, and then abandoned, the earth to a certain depth was heaped up beside it, the remainder being thrown into the river which ran alongside. Other holes similar in appearance were dug near it, in order that if any person should suspect a "cache," and try the test of digging, the chances should be against their pitching upon that which contained the gold.

The two elder Rawlinsons having started on their return journey, Geoffrey was left to his own resources. For four days he worked hard at the cradle, although there was not the least occasion for it, since the proportion of gold in the dirt was so large that every cradleful of stuff yielded several pounds weight of the metal, and it could only be the work of a few hours when his father and brother returned, to wash as much as would load all the mules they could bring with them. He knew this, nevertheless such is the innate greed for gold in the human heart, that he could not sit still, and be content with this knowledge, he felt that he must pass it through his hands before he could take possession, and that he must transfer it from the place where the operations of nature had deposited it, to the depository which he had himself assisted in making. By the afternoon of the fourth day he had filled the hole with gold, and covered it with the turf which had been cut from the surface; putting the grass downwards, and throwing in a quantity of the dirt upon this, which he wetted with water from the stream, the sun's rays speedily hardening it almost to the consistency of a brick.

Having finished this matter he resolved that he would, the following day, give himself some relaxation, which was, besides, necessary, as he began to feel the want of animal food, the dried flesh of the bear which had been allotted to him being not only unpalatable but almost as indigestible as leather. The pine-wood extended with occasional gaps from the original encampment up to the new one, and as far beyond as he could see, and the number of birds which frequented it was large enough to render it easy to shoot as many as he might require for his maintenance, so that he had nothing to fear on the score of want of food. He did not shoot more than he thought would be sufficient for the day's consumption, after which he returned, and gave himself up to the luxury of a day's idleness, feasting his eyes on the wealth spread out before him, and his mind with the contemplation of what he would do when he got back to England.

Having once given the reins to his imagination, he found it difficult to sleep; moreover he was not tired out by labour as on other days, and he had to pay the penalty which the possession of riches is sure to inflict, at any rate, on their first acquisition. He fancied he heard movements

round the fence, and the idea of bears suggested itself immediately; and when he had listened a long time without hearing anything, and had convinced himself that there was no such animal near, other fears forced themselves upon him. In short, it was getting daylight before his rifle dropped from his hand, and he was sound asleep. After this happened, he had more reason to be alarmed if he had but known it, for when he woke he found three Indians sitting inside the little encampment and looking at him attentively. Two of them were young, but the third was an elderly man, who might have been the grandfather of the girl who was sitting at his feet. If they looked attentively at Geoffrey he did the same by them, for, from what he had heard of the natives generally, he imagined they would attempt to murder him. It was fortunate, for his peace of mind, that they had come upon him in the way they had; for when he found they did not attack him, he remembered how easy it would have been for them to have killed him as he lay sleeping, and as they had not molested him he concluded they would not do so, and hastened to offer them tobacco, which they seemed quite capable of appreciating. They could only communicate with each other by signs, and their success in this way was not very encouraging, but they could show him where to find a bear, which he shot, and, after a little while, the girl would run about with him everywhere, and was a very amusing companion. After staying a few days two of the Indians went away, but the eldest remained, and his child with him, until Geoffrey's father and brother returned.

Let us return now to the two Rawlinsons who had started for San Francisco. Though they had not to contend, like Geoffrey, against the almost insupportable weariness of absolute solitude, they had anxieties of another kind. The way was rough and fatiguing, and they never knew when they might be attacked and murdered, either by Indians or by some of the ruffianly whites who were suspected of pursuing this method of acquiring the means of supporting a life of debauchery. This made them anxious to get to the end of their journey as soon as possible, and, on the other hand, it was essential to be careful of the mules, and not hurry them, lest one should die or fall from exhaustion, and so delay them perhaps for days. However, they met with no accident, and in course of time reached San Francisco, and disposed of their gold, selling a portion, and consigning the rest to a house in London, with whom they had made an arrangement before leaving England.

So crowded was the city with people who poured in incessantly, and so vast the number of those who left it every day, that the Englishmen never imagined that anybody paid any attention to their proceedings. They made little excursions from the city, and picked up a mule here, and another there, at prices which could hardly be termed exorbitant at any time, and still less at a period when animals sold in the open market were fetching unheard-of prices, and the competition was such that more than one man lost his life from having been able to outbid another who had an equal desire to get possession of the animal, but not equal means. Though they had accomplished all this with as little delay as possible, it yet took several days to do, and in that time Arthur had frequent opportunities of observing the kind of life which miners led in the city. Those who had just come in with a good supply of gold-dust, commenced by indemnifying themselves for their long, and forced abstinence by the most gluttonous indulgence in eating and drinking. When the palate could no longer find enjoyment in these things, excitement was sought for at the gaming-table, and if the good fortune of the miner followed him, there was hardly any extravagance of which he would not be guilty in his desire to get rid of the money which had, so to speak, forced itself upon him. To many of them the possession of too much money was an actual burden from which they were rather glad to be relieved, since they had no person to whom they could trust it, and their faith in banks was of the weakest. Some who had more foresight, or acting on what they believed to be prudent advice, invested their gold-dust in the purchase of one or more diamonds. There were several diamond-merchants in the city, but the man who was reputed to hold by far the greater number was one who called himself Lazarus Levi. This may or may not have been an assumed name, but there was very little resemblance to a Jew in his appearance. He seemed to have many friends among men who appeared the richest in the city, and these frequently recommended miners who had been more than usually fortunate to invest their money in the purchase of a diamond, as being not only profitable as an investment, but as a simple and easy method of carrying property from place to place. Arthur was strongly advised by one of these to adopt this course, which had, in fact, many recommendations in its favour, but his father's arrangements had already been made, and they had now no gold to dispose of. What his adviser probably was, and what Lazarus Levi certainly was, will be developed further on.

What with getting saddle bags made of sufficient strength to sustain a heavy weight, though with rather a weak and flimsy external appearance, and the purchase of mules and other necessaries, including revolvers and a supply of gunpowder, it was the eleventh day from their arrival at San Francisco when they set out on their return to where Geoffrey was waiting for them. The train consisted of ten mules, laden with flour and other provisions, as though it was a trading speculation which the Englishmen were about to make among the miners. This was thought prudent to prevent suspicion of their real object, though they adopted it rather as a precaution than from a conviction that it was necessary, for, as I have already remarked, they did not imagine that anybody took any notice of their movements; there was, too, a good deal more bulk than solidity in their packages.

I must now turn to another packet of papers, to give some necessary information respecting a powerful gang of wretches which at that time existed in San Francisco.

Most of the inhabitants of this city, and, pro-

bably, many persons in Europe, will remember a rather large white house which stood about a mile and a-half distant from the city. The body was built of stone, but the wings were mostly of wood, and its general appearance in the situation in which it stood was very attractive. This villa was the residence of a Mr. Norris, reputed one of the richest merchants of California. Beside being the owner of considerable house property in the city, he was the owner of several vessels, and was not more remarked for his riches than for his liberality in spending them. His house was open to his friends, and those who happened to pass there frequently, or who went there on business (which was not often, as he attended regularly at his office every day) noticed that he must have a large number of them, who seemed to make his house their home. It takes a man who has lived in a country in a condition little short of anarchy to realise how many crimes may be committed without attracting public attention. Individuals may be murdered, but unless they happen to have friends, or to be well-known characters, nobody troubles himself about the matter. The bodies are thrown into a hole, and except the persons who perform the last ceremony which civilisation demands, there are few who are even cognisant of what is going on around them. There is, however, an exception to this rule, as for example, when a series of murders are committed, attended with peculiar circumstances. Therefore, notwithstanding the greater part of the population of San Francisco was continually changing, and most of them were strangers to each other, people began to talk of the frequency with which dead bodies were discovered in a nude state. They were almost invariably stabbed to death, and no one could mention an instance in which this was not the mode of assassination employed, though it was sometimes accompanied with a fractured skull, showing that the victim had been probably struck down before the death-wound was inflicted. Sometimes the clothes were found near the body, torn or cut to pieces; but this was only in secluded places; generally they had disappeared altogether. Speculation became busy as to the reason why the perpetrators of these crimes should take the trouble to undress their victims; the most commonly received opinion was, that it was done to prevent identification of the body; but even those who accepted this theory felt there was something incomprehensible in this excessive precaution. Had they been aware that in every case the dead body was that of one who in his lifetime had been a customer of Lazarus Levi, the diamond merchant, they would not have been long in finding another explanation.

The secret society, or band, or whatever we please to call them (in their papers before me they style themselves "The Fifteen," a somewhat dramatic denomination which they most likely borrowed from an old romance, for there is evidence in these very papers that the number was sometimes greater, sometimes less than this) held their meetings in Norris's house, who was the prime mover and controller of the gang, and seems to have had the conduct of their affairs, for the business of merchant was carried on in a legitimate way, and yielded a very large sum annually, especially as it was conducted on the principle of receiving everything and paying nothing to large creditors who could, without exciting suspicion, be reduced to a condition in which they were rendered incapable of enforcing their rights. There was nothing like a military organisation of the association, no blind obedience to Mr. Norris's commands, who could only suggest, or advise, the same as either of the others; but his influence for several reasons was very much greater, and chiefly from their having selected him to conduct their affairs. They had a common understanding that each should act honourably by the society, and as they were so numerous, and no man acted alone, with one exception, there was little chance of either of them defrauding his associates. The exception was Levi, who, in selling a diamond, had an opportunity of concealing a portion of the gold he received in exchange, of which opportunity he availed himself as far as he thought it safe to do, and I may as well relate at once with what result to himself.

It was a rule among the members of the band that they should abstain from calling at Norris's office in the city, but there were three among them beside his principal assistant in his business (who was likewise one of them) who had a secret understanding with each other, and who paid no attention to this rule, though they carefully concealed their disregard of it from their companions. At the time when public attention became roused to the frequency of the commission of murders, under the circumstances already referred to, these met in Norris's office, and, after a little talk, he told them that he had long suspected Levi of keeping back a part of the gold he received in exchange for their diamonds, and had satisfied himself of this on several occasions very easily. He then proposed that, as Levi had been dishonest to his associates, and, as it would be unsafe to continue the system of recovering their diamonds by dispatching his customers, for fear of leading to a discovery, it was advisable to put an end to the business and to Levi together. The suggestion was agreed to, and Levi was a little startled when he found them dropping in one after the other shortly after he had shut and barred his shop, for they scrupulously avoided calling upon him, as being a risk of leading to suspicion or discovery of their relations unnecessarily. He was soon relieved from puzzling his brain to account for the motives of their calling, by one of them saying:

"So, Levi, you have been making a little nest for your own separate use, it seems?"

"Ah! I thought you were come about something of that kind," exclaimed Levi.

"The old story—a guilty conscience, &c. How much have you put away?"

"Look here, Abiram, I know very well you didn't come here to ask me that question. You have made up your minds to do something, and I suspect that it is to murder me and get the diamonds for yourselves under the pretence that I have broken the rules of the society. Now, I don't mind confessing that I have broken the rules so far as this—instead of spending any of the gold in indulging myself in fine clothes and amusements,

as you all do, I have hoarded it for my own use, because I know we shall all be blown up some day; but, if you think I have not calculated the chances of being found out by Norris, you are very much mistaken. If I were murdered, or be away from this shop for a single day, there is not a man in San Francisco who would not know before the next evening all about the handsome villa and the people who live there. It is an old precaution, but it wouldn't be easy to invent a safer."

"Bah! you are thinking of the keeper of the Sacramento hell, that some of our people say is your brother, though your names are not alike. Why, my good fellow! we stepped in there as we came along, and he had the bad luck to get into a row with Wilson here, and got himself shot in the scuffle. One!—two!—"

With the utterance of the word three, four bowie-knives were thrown like so many javelins, and the accomplice in so many murders fell on his face to the ground, driving still deeper into his body the knives of his late associates. They then collected all the gold and jewels they could find, and left the house; but, except themselves and Norris, nobody knew of the circumstances of Levi's death, nor what had become of the diamonds.

Among other methods of getting gold practised by these thieves was the following. When a very successful miner came down to San Francisco, they tracked him from the city in the direction of the place to which he returned, and as surely as he came near the city the next time, so surely was he stopped and never suffered to enter it. The quantity of gold brought down by the Rawlinsons was so unusually large that one of Norris's city friends, to whose knowledge it had come in the way of business, mentioned it to him as something extraordinary, especially as he knew they had arrived from England but a short time. This information was not thrown away upon Norris, and two of the gang were sent after them, not to molest them in any way, for the fact that they had left the city with a train of ten mules raised the presumption that they had discovered a mine of gold which it might be better worth their while to take possession of than to murder the Englishmen for the sake of what ten mules could carry.

Like bloodhounds plodding along a cold scent the two ruffians slowly followed the Rawlinsons, keeping far behind all day but approaching very close to them at night. The journey was longer and more wearisome than they had expected, but at last they entered the gorge. The train of mules was out of sight, and but for the traces they had left, the spies would not have known whether to turn to the right hand or to the left. The pines enabled them to continue their pursuit without much risk of being seen by persons who had spent days without seeing a human being, and to whom it never occurred to suspect their presence. The late hour to which the Englishmen sat up talking, and the fatigue which two of them had undergone, kept them in their encampment till a late hour the next morning; and before they were stirring the two thieves were on their way back, with their pockets filled with dirt and their bags with provisions they had stolen from the sleepers.

As may be supposed, the talk of the Englishmen had been less of the past than of their plans for the future. The father, with the caution he had acquired from experience, taking into consideration the fact that their presence there was known to the Indians (concerning whose barbarities the most frightful stories were in circulation), the risks they incurred in travelling to and from San Francisco, and the almost certainty that they would not long be able to conceal their discovery from others, was in favour of loading all their mules, and as many more as they could get from the Indians, with gold, and then trying to make some arrangement with persons at San Francisco by which they might get a fair proportion of the gold without any further personal risk. Arthur and Geoffrey were both in favour of making a second trip to the city before adopting this course, and their father yielded to them.

But for the necessity of giving the mules rest they might have set out in a couple of days, which would have given them ample time to have collected as much gold as, with that in the hole, would have sufficed to load the animals. As to getting any mules from the Indians they found that impossible, either because they could not understand that the beasts would be brought back to them again, or because they did not choose to part with them even for a few days. Having prepared everything for their journey with all the precautions that occurred to them, Arthur and his father again started, Geoffrey having volunteered to remain behind as before. The nearer they approached San Francisco the more nervous and anxious they became. The enormous value of the metal they carried inspired incessant fears, for which there was far greater foundation than they were conscious of, and these at last reached such a pitch, that instead of continuing to follow the path by which they had previously travelled, and which was the most direct, they turned aside and made a circuit, and arrived eventually at San Francisco in safety some time before Norris and his associates had given up watching for them. When these latter found they had been disappointed, they decided on delaying the expedition they had arranged in consequence of the report the two had made who had followed the Rawlinsons until the latter had left the city on their return, so that they might know if they intended returning alone.

As I am desirous to keep this narrative within the smallest possible limits, I will pass over the events of the second visit of the Rawlinsons to San Francisco, though they are not without interest, and will return to them as they are seated together in the valley, discussing their final plans. They had collected as much gold as they could carry away with them on the fourteen mules they possessed—for they had bought four more on their last journey to the city—and had concealed a large quantity besides which they could fetch away at their leisure, if they could not succeed in forming the company they intended. They had just dined, and were lying under the shade of the trees, talking of friends at home in England, and the surprise and pleasure they would feel at seeing them return so rich. The Indian was smoking a cigar, and watching the countenance of each

speaker with the intentness of a man totally deaf, who tries earnestly to understand the speaker's meaning from the motion of his lips and the expression of his face; while his daughter was wading about in the stream a hundred yards off. Suddenly they were all startled by hearing the child scream fearfully, and all got up to see what was the matter, and to their utter astonishment they saw her in the midst of a party of men, and struggling with all her little strength to get free. Geoffrey rushed to rescue her without staying to arm himself, and his father and Arthur ran into their encampment to get their rifles. Geoffrey's strength and impetuosity was such that he easily pushed his way among them, took the little girl in his arms, and after addressing them in a few energetic words, he turned to leave them, when several of the ruffians drew their revolvers and shot him in the back, killing the child at the same time. Arthur and his father, on seeing the murder of Geoffrey, fired at his murderers, and had just time to throw down their rifles and snatch up a revolver before the rest of the party were upon them. There was a fearful struggle, for the Englishmen were strong, and fought with the fury inspired by the sight of Geoffrey's blood, and the feeling that they had themselves no other fate to hope for if they were beaten; but it was hopeless against the number opposed to them. Arthur was shot to death, and his father, after receiving several wounds, fell to the ground, and was bruised and trampled upon till he was insensible. The gang of murderers suffered severely, as much very likely from each other's shots as from those of their victims, and it took the survivors some time to bind up their wounds, before they could begin to collect and load the mules. When all this was done, and they were prepared to start, they took the elder Rawlinson, who had in the meantime recovered his senses, and putting a rope loosely round his neck, they drew him up a little way from the ground, and fastening the end of the rope securely to the branch of the tree, they left him hanging there with his hands tied to his heels to increase the torment of his position; first raking the embers of the fire beneath him, and throwing on some wood. They were apparently so certain that nothing could save him that they did not even wait to see if the wood took fire. Being full of turpentine when it took fire it blazed furiously, but from not being exactly beneath him, or from the current of air running along the valley, the body of the flame did not touch him, and he was still further protected by being clothed in flannel. A tongue of flame, as probably everybody knows, is susceptible of being drawn out of a perpendicular line by the presence of a body near it. It was so in this case; but not quite reaching the head, which was inclined towards the opposite shoulder, it kept darting at intervals round the cord by which he was suspended until it sank lower and lower and gradually burnt itself out. The cord, however, had been kindled, and the fire slowly ate its way nearly through, until it became too weak to sustain the sufferer's weight, when it gave way and he fell to the ground, the side of his face lying on the red hot embers. He was unable to move an inch, and to add to his sufferings the cord continued to burn like a fusee, and he had to lie there while the fire crept round his neck like a serpent.

I know little of such matters, but it occurs to me as possible that his having to lie there for several hours after the fire had gone out, may, while it increased his sufferings, have assisted his recovery, for he simply states that on being released from his bonds, the Indians tied cloths round his head and neck, first laying ashes on the wound in the latter, his face being already thickly coated with them, and nothing else was done that he mentions.

As no mention is made of the Indian having been concerned in the fight, it is to be presumed that he ran away at the first onset; and it was, perhaps, well that he did, for it may have been owing to his going off to fetch his friends that Rawlinson escaped with his life, and lived to assist at the punishment of the murderers of his children. His recovery was slow, but he did recover, and as soon as he was well able to walk he made signs to the Indians that he wished to go in search of those who had wounded him. They understood him with a readiness which showed what their own feelings would have been in such a case; and giving him his rifle, and dividing the rest of the arms among them, they set out. The father of the murdered girl walked always first, and as though travelling a road with which he was familiar; and subsequent events would seem to prove that he had tracked the ruffians to Norris's house, for it was to that place he directed his companions. It was a misfortune that Rawlinson could not comprehend their language, nor they his; and he was quite staggered when the Indians led him up a little hill and pointed to Norris's house, for he could scarcely believe the murderers lived there, and he fancied their intention was to attack the house as a measure of retaliation. There was only one way of setting his mind at ease, and this was by seeing some of the inhabitants, for he had a perfect recollection of the faces of some of his assailants—and those seen in a life or death encounter are never forgotten.

The Indians hid themselves to wait his return, as he supposed, and he walked cautiously towards the house, and hid himself among the shrubs near the entrance. First he recognised one of the murderers, then another, and then others, and the first moment he could get away without risk of being seen, he made his way back to the Indians. In his impatience he made signs to them to begin the attack at once, but they easily made him understand that they would wait until after sunset.

It was a dark night out of doors, but there was no want of light in the dining-room and billiard-room where Norris and his associates were enjoying themselves, never thinking of the Nemesis that was so close at hand. The very precautions they had taken to make the house defensible, viz., by closing every window and opening with iron bars, and having but one way of ingress or egress, the door which opened in the front directly into the billiard-room, made the certainty of their destruction more complete.

The attack of the Indians was so sudden and so overpowering, that the whole band of murderers were struck down without resistance; the very man with the cue in his hand, preparing to make his stroke, had not time to straighten himself, but sank down upon the table as if smitten by apoplexy. From the billiard-room the greater part of them rushed into the dining-room, and continued the butchery: none were spared, not even their fair but abandoned companions. When all were stretched upon the ground, the Indians spread themselves about the house, and took possession of everything which excited their admiration. The pillage was soon finished, and at a cry from one of those who kept the door, the last straggler left the house. Two or three then returned and set fire to it in different places, and the entrance was choked up with faggots, and likewise set on fire. The wings being nearly all wood, and desiccated by the hot sun, blazed like paper, and before the Indians had retreated a quarter of a mile, the whole building appeared one huge flame; and the dead, and the living (if there were any) were reduced to ashes together.

I may add, in conclusion, that the men who so recklessly killed each other on the slightest provocation, thought nothing of shooting or stabbing an Indian without any provocation at all—and these brutal murders were followed by bloody reprisals. This last affair was, however, the crowning point. Vigilance committees were established, and Lynch law was accepted by every decent man in California as their only safeguard against murderers, both white and coloured.

CAPT. WALTER BROWNE.

REVENGE FOR A LADY.

A CERTAIN German, some years ago, gave much offence in France by gravely propounding the question "Is a Frenchman a responsible being?" The impertinent demand was made, be it repeated, some time ago, and of course before a sudden thought struck France, and she proposed to swear Eternal Friendship with Germany. It was met in various ways, but whether the point was solved to the satisfaction of the Teuton mind is not clear. When private unions are contemplated, it is held meet and right to be quite satisfied upon the subject of sanity, and we will hope that the fair-haired Germania, now so assiduously courted by her dark-eyed neighbour, has ascertained that he is quite competent to manage his own affairs, and has been so from December, 1852.

The German's question occurred to the mind of the present writer as he was refreshing himself at the Café Cardinal, the other evening, after a visit to the theatre of the Palais Royal. Such a thought was a poor return for the un-English comfort of a cool lounge on the Boulevard, some excellent coffee, some indifferent cognac, and an atrocious cigar; but we, *nous autres Anglais*, do behave badly abroad, and there is some merit in the Englishman on the Boulevard who only insults his hosts mentally, and dresses himself as they dress, or a little better. At all events, the thought came, induced by a retrospective review of a piece which had been played that evening at the Palais Royal, and is still drawing Paris. The writer is not throwing away a chance of his own, or injuring the chances of any of his British fellow dramatists, by describing this drama, for it was unanimously decided by a small but competent committee of English theatrical writers, who sat the evening in question, with adjournments to the Rotund Caffy and elsewhere, that the piece was quite impossible here. Even with Pluto and Proserpine, who, of course, offered themselves as substitutes for the principal personages hereinafter named, it was felt that the thing would not do. Otherwise, one would have been glad to promote the pecuniary interests of MM. Eugene Grangé and Lambert-Thiboust, it being formally announced to the dramatic authors of France that the Adelphi Theatre is prepared to follow the example of Mr. Palgrave Simpson and Mr. Charles Reade, in paying French authors for aught that may be taken from them; and as, of course, other managements will show themselves equally honest. But no francs will accrue to MM. Eugene Grangé and Lambert-Thiboust in respect of an English adaptation of "La Beauté du Diable." We have not even an equivalent for their title.

"But why 'responsibility,' Mr. Wild?" Simply thus. There is one form of responsibility which it would seem that the Frenchman delights in having kept before him. His dramatist, his satirist, his caricaturist, never omit an opportunity of reminding him that mankind hath a certain Enemy, who is always seeking to do mischief, and against whom it behoves Frenchmen—and Frenchwomen—to be perpetually on guard. The name of that Enemy is never out of sight or out of hearing in France. The French teacher is not of those who never mention Him to ears polite. You may see Him in bronze on the Fountain of St. Michael, but prostrate; but, in revenge, you may see Him, nine times as large and ugly, sprawling against the side of a house opposite, erect, and loudly proclaiming where you may purchase what he first made necessary—namely, garments that provoke our pride. But he is chiefly brought to your notice on the playbills. An industrious friend of ours has compiled the following list of pieces which have had the greatest success in Paris, and which, consequently, have incessantly reminded the Parisian of his responsibility:

At the Grand Opera,	"Robert le Diable."
Opera Comique,	"La Part du Diable."
Theatre Lyrique,	"Fra Diavolo."
Porte St. Martin,	"Les Pilules du Diable."
Varietés,	"Les Biblots du Diable."
Vaudeville,	"La Fille du Diable."
Bouffes Parisiennes,	"Orphée aux Enfers."
Gymnase,	"Les Memoires du Diable."
Cirque Imperial,	"Le Diable Boiteux."
Palais Royal,	"La Beauté du Diable."

The list could easily be quadrupled, if one had one of the advertisement sheets of the French Mr. Lacy at hand; but *ex pede diabolum*. It will be allowed that "*retro!*" is understood in France in a non-natural sense, and that Frenchmen gallantly echo the cry of Marlborough's soldiers in the smoke, "Let us see the Enemy."

The special memorandum of responsibility which was offered at the Palais Royal for the first time

on the 20th of August last, and is still offered, to the delight of the Palais Royalists, is opened with a prologue, which might just as well be called a first act. Now, as either combination of five letters by which the Enemy is indicated in English is an uglyish word, suppose, without an affectation which might not sit well on countrymen of Milton, Defoe, and Byron, we use the substitutes that were suggested in the Rotund Caffy. Suppose that we speak of Pluto and Proserpine, as, before the modification of the game laws, landlords offered you lion or ostrich, meaning the legally forbidden hare or pheasant. But you will understand that no such disguise is used on the French stage, as will clearly appear presently, and that the first character on the list of the male *dramatis personæ* is *Satan*, and that the second in the lady-list is *Madame Satan*, an excellent place for inscribing a tribute to the humour of M. Hyacinthe and the pleasant effrontery of Madame Thierret.

The first scene is the bath-room of Sat—of Pluto. He is now *in* his bath, and unseen; but six demons are arranging his toilette-table, and they sing a little chorus in which they express an affectionate hope that by the aid of the curling-irons, Macassar oil (yes, does Mr. Rowland pay for the advertisement?), and perfumes, they shall be able to transform Him *en vrai chérubin*. Pluto's voice is heard, bawling for more hot water, and the curtains of the bath being pulled apart, he is seen in his bath, and does not look in the least like the Pluto whom we have seen in our youth, in the furtively inspected cut of the lesson-book, listening to Orpheus, and weeping iron tears. He is "made up" with a faithful attention to the dramatist's duty to remind Frenchmen of their responsibilities. His attendants send in the water too fast, upon which he flies into a dreadful rage, asks whether they regard him as a lobster, and demands milk of almonds. This, poured into the water, restores him to a better temper, and he expresses a hope that his Beauty, which has for a long time disappeared, will be restored by the magical effect of his bath. Soothed and flattered, he disappears, and presently comes in dressed, and eager to see himself in the glass. The trembling attendants present one, and the rage of Pluto, when he discovers that he is as ugly as ever, is something preternatural. He abuses the demons, and then—"Mahu" being quite a gentleman, apologises to himself, for having been betrayed into the use of objectionable language, but continues to rave, declares that he has tried everything that is advertised, *vinaigre de Bully*, at *un franc cinquante*, *vinaigre Leotard* (quoting the puffs), *qui raffermit l'epiderme sans l'irriter*, and heaps of other cosmetics; but that he is still almost as ugly as—himself. His want of attraction for the ladies of those parts—for he is a French Pluto—is his special grief, and he describes himself as having been much hurt by the rudeness of a little lady-fiend, to whom he paid a compliment, and who recommended him to go home and go to bed. The demons still endeavour to console him, by reminding him that whatever may be the bad taste of other ladies, his wife still adores him, a suggestion that puts him into a greater rage than ever. Madame Sat—that is to say Proserpine, has outlived her beauty, and he detests her. Then he reads the newspaper, "L'Opinion Infernale," and passing over the doings of certain kings and princes, with a remark that he will have plenty of time to talk to *them* one of these days, he comes to the announcement that the Acheron, Captain Ashtaroth, has arrived, with a great number of lady-passengers, chiefly opera-dancers. These ladies he declares he must and will see, and he commands the demons, on pain of the most exceptional torments, to make him look captivating. While they are doing their best, the voice of Madame is heard, and Pluto, grumbling that he cannot be let alone, even in his bath-room, shouts out that he is not at-home.

Proserpine, however, stands no nonsense, boxes the ear of an unlucky demon who tries to stop her, and proceeds to scold her husband mightily, and to ridicule him for his attempts to beautify himself. He is clearly hen-pecked, but he remonstrates with her upon the vulgarity of her language, and upon her making a scandal. Let us behave properly, he urges, "hatred in the heart, a smile on the lip, *à l' Anglaise*." But the lady's anger is demonstrative, and it is perfectly clear that she is intensely jealous, and not to be duped by Pluto's protestations that he was not even aware of the arrivals that had been announced. A grand quarrel is interrupted by the news that an actor has arrived. Madame adores actors, and wants to see him. But Pluto plucks up a spirit, demands whether he is king in those parts or not, and sends Madame away, that he may receive the condemned actor. She departs, but hints to the audience that she has taken such precautions as will prevent her lord from going very far wrong. Pluto demands his wings, and prepares to receive the new guest in the most imposing manner.

Enters, bodily, M. Brasseur, the favourite actor of the Palais Royal. He is not in the least frightened, and being recognised by everybody, Pluto remarking that he has got Brasseur's photograph, explains that having had a quarrel with his managers, it was followed by a fit of apoplexy, and—of course—there he is, having come by the Barrière d'Enfer, a joke about as hackneyed as our "way to turn 'em green," but which French wits seem to consider undying fun. The actor is extremely well received, but does not much like certain adjuncts of costume which suddenly grow out of his head, and is consoled by being told that they are the fashion. Henceforth he is called Belphegor, and becomes the accomplice of his new sovereign in his iniquitous plans for the recovery of his lost beauty, a loss made still more clear to Pluto by the way he is treated at a wild dance which follows in the next scene, amid a crowded orgy of the inhabitants of Tartarus. None of the ladies will have anything to say to the old dandy. His fury boils over, and he menaces everybody with the most tremendous chastisement if he is not informed what has become of *son ancienne Beauté*. He will put them into caldron number three, the one where the vipers are, he will——

Then the secret is forced from the terrors of the demons. The disappearance of Pluto's beauty is a trick of Madame Pluto's.

Brasseur-Belphegor shows himself worthy the

indulgence of his distinguished friend. He throws Madame into a magnetic sleep, and extorts from her an admission of the fact, that eighteen years ago, being very jealous of her Theodore—as she calls Pluto (and if one could suspect a French dramatist of thinking of derivatives, the selection of the name would be charming), she gave away his beauty to a little newborn girl of Madame's own native country, a child of the village of Bolbec, on the Great Western Railway. A vision is raised, and the girl in question, now of course grown up, is seen as a handsome peasant-girl, surrounded by turkeys, to whom she sings a rustic song. Her name is Fanchette.

Pluto rages once more, and is about to put his wife into a sack, and throw her into the Styx, but is luckily reminded that she is immortal. His second thought is better. He resolves to regain his beauty. He will take Brasseur with him to Normandy. But Brasseur will not go, unless Pluto promises to send him back to life, ensure him a *splendid* re-engagement at the Palais Royal, the right to refuse to play in the first piece, and the second piece, and the last piece (all good hitting at the demands of favourite actors), and a three months' *congé*. Which being agreed to, off they go, leaving Mrs. Pluto in hysterics.

Usually, the slightest French pieces are constructed with the logical carefulness which often elevates the merest *bagatelle* into a work of art. Unnecessary scenes and unnecessary dialogue are ruthlessly excluded, the end is held steadily in view by the author, and everything is designed to lead up to it. A French dramatist would twist his moustache in bewilderment and horror at a drama of the kind that satisfied our fathers, and satisfies some of their children, with its "carpenter's scenes" (scenes of talk, in the front of the stage, while the carpenters are preparing to disclose a show), its unhesitating changes from locality to locality, and its thread of a plot, dropped when the author sees good incidental "business," or thinks of good irrelevant conversation, and occasionally resumed in order to make the audience think that they are assisting at a play. But in this responsibility piece, the writers, bent upon fun, have forgotten to rest their fun upon any clear basis, and the committee at the Rotund Caffy, who had studied construction from the French stage, repaid the lesson by grumbling that MM. Eugene Grangé and Lambert-Thiboust had left part of the story of "La Beauté" in an Anglican fog. Madame Pluto, in her trance, stated that she had conferred the gift upon the young peasant, whose name is Fanchette (and again be it said, by interpolation, that Madame Schneider is the charm of the piece), but when Pluto and M. Brasseur arrive, it turns out, somehow, that the beauty of the former has been distributed among eight young ladies—or rather peasants—and the unfortunate Pluto is like Kehama, and has to make his way through eight doors at once. The *Beauté du Diable*—the freshness, naïveté, purity—of all the girls must be taken away from them before it can revert to Pluto. The action of the piece, thenceforth, arises out of the means he employs to demoralise the eight peasantesses. It is hardly necessary to say that he does Paris the justice of at once deciding that in Paris is the atmosphere in which the object can be most readily accomplished. Brasseur is an invaluable aid, and he and Pluto make their way into the school where a worthy old country schoolmaster teaches the girls the old-fashioned lessons of virtue. Pluto passes himself off as an Inspector of Schools, and Brasseur takes the dress and character of the old man, and preaches the most objectionable but most delightful doctrines, assuring the readily-convinced pupils that joy and pleasure are the only objects of life. Seven of the girls are the thoughtless, or selfish, or impressionable young women likely to be found in a country village, but the eighth, of course Fanchette, is of a better nature, and moreover, has her nature awakened by love for a nice little rustic lover.

So the ladies are brought to Paris, and we find them in another act revelling at the Moulin Rouge, where Pluto, disguised as a waiter, watches their proceedings, and introduces a good deal of fun on his own account, and cries "Boum" as well—indeed he piques himself on the accomplishment—as if he had been jerking a coffee-pot all his life. In the following act the girls are taken to Baden, by way of completing their education, and it need not be said that ample scope is given, in both acts, to Brasseur, for displaying his special talent, that of assuming a diversity of characters in rapid succession. Towards the end of the piece an opportunity is afforded him of delighting the Parisians by appearing as the conventional English lady of the French stage. She is not the least in the world like any Englishwoman ever seen in Paris or anywhere else, and some of our countrywomen are ridiculous enough to afford material for a legitimate caricature. But the French, with all their esprit, are easily pleased, and it is not worth while for an author or artist to take the trouble of being original or truthful, while the public is content to laugh at an old and silly type of a foreigner. Up to this time, when the "Charivari" has a fling at an English member of parliament, he is placed in the tribune, and "porter-beer" is asked for in an English ball-room. The English dramatist, who should make a Frenchwoman clamorous for frogs, would be hissed even in these days, when the patrons of the theatre are chiefly of the less educated class; but a French author is encouraged by the applause of the critical Parisians to put this kind of thing into the mouth of an English lady, who wears long red curls to her waist, and spectacles, and courts a young Frenchman in bad French, which frequently becomes *double entendre*. The song shall be translated exactly, but the false tenses and distorted pronunciation must be imagined:

Air.—Quadrille *des Rifflemen* (*sic*).

I have an hotel in the quarter of Westminster,
I have a chateau near Manchester,
I have money in the railroads.
Also I have
A box at the Opera,
And a cottage,
And a brilliant equipage
With gilded pannels,
And two tall powdered lacqueys,
Embroidered
Like noblemen.

I give dinners, and I give balls,
More "comfortable" than at the Crystal Palace.
During the evening we dance the Schottische,
And drink porter, and eat sandwich (*rhyme*).
As regards my powers of entertainment,
I have enormous ones,
Miousique,
And also gymnastics,
And I can also dance
The Scottish jig,
I waltz,
And I can even box,
I have an hotel, &c., &c.

That is the English lady's song. We do our friendly allies more justice upon our boards. An amiable commentator might add that we do not, perhaps, render their peculiarities less ridiculous by transcribing them faithfully.

But Madame Pluto, awakened from her trance, is upon her husband's track, and there is a sort of leaning to virtue in the fable of the "Beauté du Diable. Seven of the young ladies become no better than they should be, but Fanchette holds out, and preserves her character, until a diabolical stratagem makes her believe her lover false to her. Then her freshness and beauty begin to abandon her, feminine vanity awakens, and she accepts a gift of Rouge!

"Victory all along the line," cries Belphegor-Brasseur. Re-appear Pluto, young and blooming, light-haired and loveable. Le Beauté du Diable has returned to him, and, as the *Postillion of Longjumeau*, he dances and exults in his recovered powers of fascination. The game is won.

But the French Pluto is not quite so bad as the English one. At least he is enough of the Mahu, the gentleman, to avoid causing scandals, or giving a lady, even if she is only his wife, unnecessary annoyance. Madame Pluto is furious at the restoration of his beauty, and is about to proceed to scratching, when he mollifies her by the most emphatic declaration that if he wished for personal graces, it was only that he might be more pleasing to her, that he had always been a conscientious husband, and that, if he had occasionally manifested a little levity, it was nothing; and *on revient toujours à ses premières amours*. He even presents her with the latch-key of his private apartments, but mentions, in an "aside," that he will have the lock changed at the earliest opportunity. Madame pouts, and then pets him, and only asks what is to become of her poor little *protégées*. Pluto replies that they have nothing to complain of—they have lost the beauty of the Devil, which is that of mere girls, but they have gained the beauty of the Woman. A sign by his hand, and we have the Normandy village again, all the seven young ladies are home once more, joyously singing, and all declare that they have husbands—and all show that they have babies. Fanchette is absent; but her lover, who had behaved singularly ill under the tuition of his fiendly friends, repents, and cries out for her, and, as her offence was very small, her beauty is restored to her, and she is restored to her lover. M. Brasseur then insists upon being sent back to the Palais Royal, and Pluto keeps his word, wishing the actor *un succès d'enfer*. A dance and chorus of course finish the Memorandum of Responsibility.

Well, the report of the committee of the Rotund Caffy, that the piece could not be "done" for the English stage, will probably be confirmed by the English reader. Any way, we have told the story of the drama that delights Paris, and humbly venture to think that we have taken some little revenge for M. Brasseur's English Lady.

S. B.

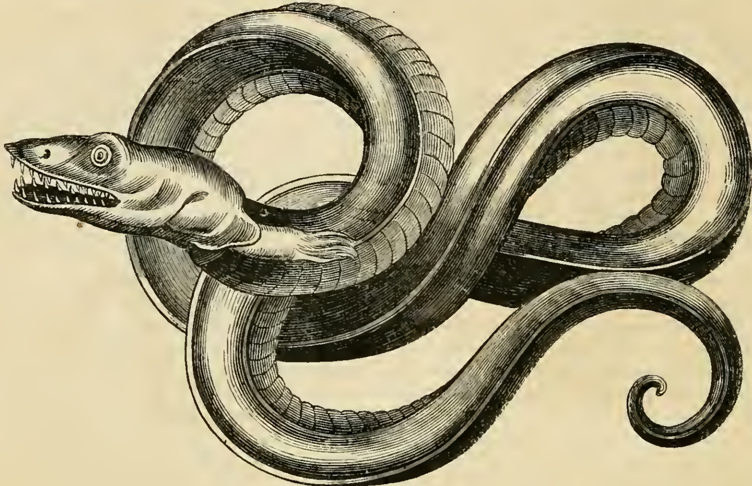
A SOLO ON THE SERPENT.

Let those who flatter themselves that they are adepts in natural history, and more especially in that part of the subject which relates to *Reptilia*, listen unto the words of Charles Owen, D.D., of Warrington, in the County of Lancaster, who published an essay on serpents one hundred and twenty years ago, and own themselves enlightened. If they will but read with proper faith, they will find that there were several things, besides serpents, in the year 1741, which "are not dreamt of in their philosophy."

Our author does not claim a personal acquaintance with the wonderful creatures he describes. "I don't pretend," he says, in his preface, "to new discoveries, but only to collect and bring into one view what has been said by different persons, which is not to be found by any without many books and much time, and which, without the present English dress, would not be understood by others at all." A most royal road to learning does he lay down in his 240 quarto pages; and those who please may take a short cut with us through the country.

Serpents, you will be good enough to remember, are of three kinds:—the *terestial* (sic); the *acquatic* (sic); and the *amphilious*. There be some with legs and some without; some *viviparous* and some *oviparous*; some *carnivorous* and some *vermivorous*, feeding upon worms and other reptiles in the summer time. In the winter they all live upon *air*, which is defined by Dr. Owen as being "that thin elastic fluid mass wherein we live, move or have our being," but of the "real peculiar nature," of which we only know "that it is the most heterogeneous body in the world, a kind of secondary chaos, being a compound of minute particles of various kinds. Earth, water, minerals, vegetables, animals, &c., collected together by solar or artificial heat." The serpent is, therefore, not so badly off for variety of food at Christmas as we might be led to imagine. He has five courses at least for his dinner by merely drawing in his breath; and indeed it is not easy to see how some of the tribe could exist upon less generous fare, so huge is their size, as described by our author. "In Norway," he tells us, "are two serpents of very large proportions: one is two hundred feet long, and lives in rocks and desolate mountains near the sea about Bergen, which in summer nights ranges about in quest of plunder, devouring lambs, calves, swine, and other animals that fall in its way. In a calm sea it ransacks the superficies of the water (being thus clearly of the *amphibious* division) and devours the polypus, and all sorts of sea crabs."

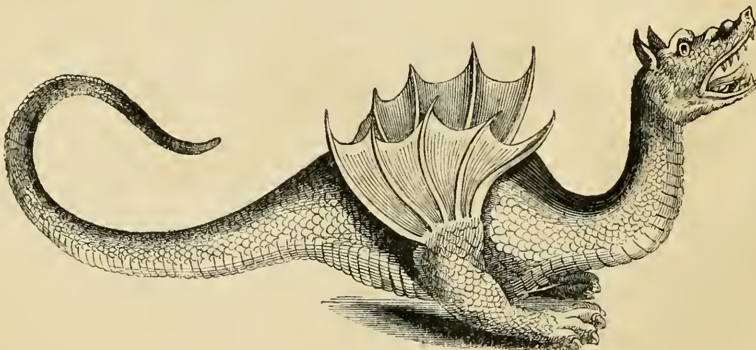
But his two hundred feet of carcass is not to be supported—as we shall see—upon such small fry. "Upon the approach of a ship this serpent lifts up its head above water and snatches at the mariners, *and rolls itself about the ship the more effectually to secure its prey.*" This is, of course, our old friend the great sea serpent, though Dr. Owen gives a more modest estimate of his dimensions than some navigators we could name. Lesser snakes, of fifty feet long, we are told, swallow surplus infants in the Dutch West Indies; and others, ten yards long and two hands broad, having eyes "as large as two small loaves," infest the province of Caria. But as the enumerator approaches home, the tails of his serpents are considerably shortened. In Brazil, he tells us they measure thirty feet, and



The Sea Serpent.

in Gresham College, London, is one preserved in spirits, "*nearly* two yards long." It is curious how things shrink up when they are preserved in spirits and brought home, and what vast proportions they assume in Norway!

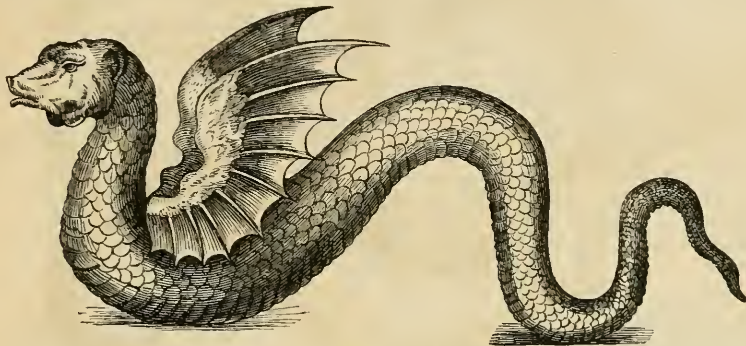
To other serpents Dr. Owen introduces us, which, though small in person, are possessed of formidable attributes. The *Hemorrhus*, for example, "is little in body, but terrible in its executions, for when it wounds any person all the blood in his body flows out at all the apertures of it, which is immediately followed"—as might be expected,—"by convulsions and death." The *Attaligatus* is "a small slender serpent, not exceeding (in size) the quill of a goose; not poisonous in nature, yet very mischievous; for these little



The Winged Dragon.

creatures are one united body, and live in community, and never separate. They are a society without schism, which is more than can be said of all human societies, civil or ecclesiastic." Our author, it will be perceived, is a bit of a cynic, and likes to have his little fling upon occasion. Being described as only "mischievous," one might suppose that the *Attaligatus* attacked humanity in a playful but irritating manner, after the fashion of blue-bottle flies, for example. No such thing! "When these small harmonious reptiles go abroad"—which we hope is not often—"they travel in company, a hundred strong or more, and when they find any asleep they immediately seize the body, and with a force united and irresistible, *they devour it.*" Fancy being swallowed, *all at once*, by a hundred goose-quills! There is another little serpent who is painfully

active in his movements, and a master of the science of projectiles. He springs upon his prey from beneath shrubs, &c., after having turned himself rapidly round and round upon the ground to obtain that rotatory motion for his flight which alone insures accuracy of aim. He is quite a Whitworth in his way, is this small serpent, the *Acontia*; and brings down his man at twenty cubits distance. The *Paubera* secures his prey with a hook, which is fastened to the end of his tail. He swallows oxen alive and entire, and consequently suffers severely from indigestion on account of the horns. Our old friends the asps, vipers, boas, anacondas, cobras, and rattlesnakes figure in this strange company, and we have many novelties concerning their nature and value. You would not imagine, now, that from vipers "many noble medicines are prepared," and that "a wine from their flesh is singular in consumptive, leporous, and scorbutic cases," or that "they afford also a volatile salt, the most generous cordial in nature." Great is the power of simple things. If ever, dear reader, you meet a rattlesnake, don't run away, but get a branch of wild


The Ethiopian Dragon.

penny-royal; then, having fastened it to the end of a stick, present it to the creature's nose, and if it be only of the family, one of which was so dealt with by Captain Silas Taylor, in the year 1657, it will turn and wriggle, labouring hard to avoid the potent herb, and die in less than half an hour from its mere scent. In order that there may be no mistake as to the identity of the reptile to be thus disposed of, we subjoin a portrait of the rattlesnake, copied from plate 7 of the work now before us. It differs somewhat from the conventional idea of that reptile, and the experimenter will do well not to trust to penny-royal for deliverance from any other variety. The *Amphisbœna* serpent is said to have two heads, but the doctor is not quite prepared to believe this statement. "Perhaps"—he says—"the reason for ascribing two heads to this serpent might be because it is said to poison by the tail and teeth. Others say that both ends are so alike in figure and bulk that they are not easily distinguished." Why not describe it, then, as having two tails?

"Amongst serpents," writes Dr. Owen, "authors place dragons—creatures terrible and fierce in

The Sea Scolopendra.

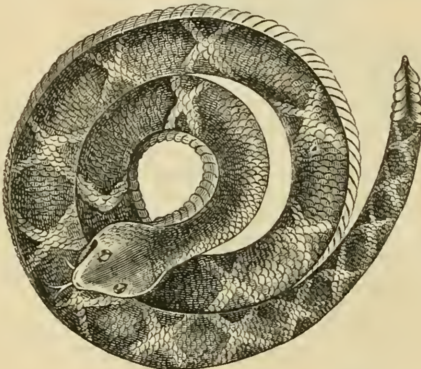
aspect and nature. They are divided into *Apodes* and *Pedates*, some with feet and some without them; some are provided with wings, and others are destitute of wings and feet. Some are covered with sharp scales which make a bright appearance in certain positions. Dragons have been observed about the Ganges, "whose eyes sparkle like precious stones." In Ethiopia—a favourite *venue* of our author's, by the way, for marvellous annals—the ordinary land-dragon grows to be thirty paces * long, and kills elephants in this wise. He twines himself round the legs of his victims, and then, "thrusting his head *up their nostrils*, stings them, and sucks their blood till they are dead." The accompanying fac-simile of this dragon's portrait will show how admirably nature had adapted him—he is at least seventy-five feet long, remember,—for thrusting his head up the nostrils of an elephant.

The winged dragon is represented as a Saurian of a decidedly mild and aristocratic cast of countenance. But the most curious illustration in the book is that of the Basilisk of the deserts of Africa. So deadly is this creature that the sound of his voice puts all the serpents to flight. "Tradition says that its eyes and its breath are killing,

* A note explains that a geometrical pace is five feet; "but," adds our author, "if it be the lesser pace only, viz., the measure of two feet and a half, it must needs be a monstrous animal." We are inclined to agree with him.

and its venom is said to be so exalted that if it bites a staff it will kill the person who makes use of it; but this," Dr. Owen remarks, "is without a voucher." Our author is not the sort of man to be humbugged, you see, with idle tales. It is no use telling him that the cockatrice is an illicit offspring of chanticleer, or that the alligators of the Nile are baked by the sun out of mud, or that the salamander is able to live in the fire. Nor will he credit Sir William Temple's account of the conversation between Prince Maurice and the "Rational Parrot" of Brazil, and, remarking that it was believed in by Mr. Locke, thus moralises: "Wonder not, then, if you meet in this history with some romantic sentiments entertained by learned men concerning serpents when two such illustrious pillars of the commonwealth of letters gave way to a relation that has so much of the marvellous in it."

In the second part of his work Dr. Owen bids farewell to the physical, and enters upon the supernatural history of serpents, discoursing in deliciously quaint language upon the character and appearance of the reptiles which we meet



The Mistress of Serpents.

with in Scripture, beginning with the old serpent of Eden himself; and gravely argues that it was not a real terrestial creature which tempted mother Eve, but the Prince of Darkness in the guise of a serpent, or *mounted upon one*, as some Rabbinical writers say, "in bulk equal to a camel, and known by the name Sammael, an Evil Angel." Most learnedly does he discourse touching the Pagan worship of serpents; but into this we cannot follow him. Who can say that future generations will not take up some of our scientific works, and derive as much amusement from the mistakes they may be found to contain, 120 years hence, as the reader may have now out of the honest Warrington doctor's "Solo on the Serpent?"

A. Fonblanque, Jun.

RICHER THAN EVER.

A WIFE'S STORY.

A sneer upon another's lip—
  A foolish, fancied slight,
O'er the young summer of our lives
  Had cast estrangement's blight;

And courtesy usurped the place
  Where wedded love should reign—
Ah! mocking wealth! thy gauds were flung
  To *such chilled hearts in vain!*

There came an hour, the changeful god
  Revoked his gifts and fled;
And Ruin, with her cruel eyes,
  Sat brooding in his stead.

Then, to my couch at night *he* came,
  And with a lingering kiss,
"Poor girl!" he said, "I never dreamed
  Thy fate would change like this!

"The little fortune leaves is thine—
  Myself, I will not care,
Where this now homeless form may stray,
  Or what fresh sorrows bear.

"Yet hope my aimless life had stirred,
  Couldst thou have loved as I"—
He paused. "Perhaps 'tis better thus;"
  Yet ended with a sigh.

With joyful tears and broken words,
  My arms were round him thrown;
Oh, ecstasy! what recked I else,
  If he *was* all my *own!*

Now, blessings on my cottage home!
  Where, when my babe's at rest,
I fling my work aside to go
  And lean upon his breast;

To press the hands that toil to make
  My own a happy life;
And list unwearied to the voice
  Which calls me dear, dear wife!

Louisa Crow.

ANA.

Easterling Money.—A manuscript in the Cottonian Collection, "Faustina," E. V., art. x., fol. 52 A, written by Arthur Argade, derives the term "sterling" money as follows:—"I suppose the name by meanes of Easterlings from vs, being Germaynes brought up in the mynes of sylver and copper there, were vsed here in England for the reducynge and refynynge the diuesyte of coynes into a perfect standard. As in the beginning of the Quene's Mat. raigne they were brought hyther by Alderman Lodge (wth whom I was famylyarlye acquaynted) by her Ma^ts.^ order for the refynynge of o base coignes. And this he toulde me, that the mooste of them in meltynge fell syke to death wth the saoure, so they were advised to drynke in a dead man's skull for theyre recure. Whereupon he, wth others who had thoversyght of that worke, procured a warrent from the counsaille to take off the heades vppon London Bridge, and make cuppes thereof, whereof they dranke and found some reliefe althoughe the moost of them dyed."

When Lord Erskine was admitted a freeman of the Fishmongers' Company, I partook of the inauguration dinner, and, of course, he made a speech on the occasion. On coming home, he said to me, "I spoke ill to-day, and stammered and hesitated in the opening." I said, "You certainly *floundered*, but I thought you did so in compliment to the fishmongers."—M. J.

THE SETTLERS OF LONG ARROW.

A Canadian Romance in Thirty-one Chapters.

CHAPTER IX.

About six o'clock, the evening of the day he had brought home Coral, Keefe went to Nick Brady's shanty. A table was placed just inside the door on which the remnants of the afternoon meal were lying, and Mrs. Brady was sitting outside, smoking her pipe, for she believed in the "rights of women" to make use of tobacco as firmly as any Boston lady lecturer, or "fast belle" of New York or Charleston can believe in their right to any other masculine privilege they may take it into their heads to desire. As Mrs. Brady smoked, she muttered to herself at intervals, and an irritable movement of foot and hand, a shaking of her head, and knitting of her brows showed that her temper was ruffled too far to be calmed even by the soothing influence of her favourite solace. On seeing Keefe, she broke forth with angry complaints against Denis, whose unaccountable absence was the cause of her present annoyance. Coral and Denis, both, having been missed much about the same time, the enraged and indignant woman at first concluded they had gone away together; and, even still, though Coral had returned, and in answer to Mrs. Brady's questions simply assured her that she had not seen Denis since she left Long Arrow, there was still a lurking suspicion in Nelly's mind that her son's sudden disappearance had been in some manner owing to the Indian girl; so she talked on, mixing the reproaches she showered on Denis with angry hints that his infatuation for Coral was at the bottom of all his faults, and vehement wishes that the unlucky little savage had never darkened her door.

It was very clear that Coral had not told Mrs. Brady the secret of her birth, and knowing the woman as well as he did, Keefe could not help

smiling at the thought of the great change a few words from him would make in her regard for the little Indian girl. And he was not mistaken. It took some time to make her comprehend the strange tidings he brought, and at first she could only stare at him in breathless amazement.

"But it is in earnest you are, Keefe Dillon?" she asked at last, "or are you only romancing?"

"I never was more in earnest in my life," said Keefe.

"Well, if ever I heard the like!" exclaimed Nelly; "why, it beats the story books all to nothing!"

As soon as her astonishment had a little subsided, her selfish and greedy nature began to speculate on the advantages Coral's altered fortunes might bring to herself and her family.

"Well, you see," she said, "that ought to teach us that we never know what's for our good, poor blind creatures that we are. Many a time I thought it a hardship to be bothered with the girl, though old Louis paid for her keep, and more, in skins and maple sugar; but then she was queer in her ways, and so nonsensical in her notions, that oftentimes I felt as if it was a fairy, God save us! I had in the house, and not a human being. And then, Denis broke my heart entirely running after her, and no wonder; for sure the world knows she'd make a pitiful wife for a poor man. But she'll be rich now, and that alters the case from first to last. She can afford to pay for her fancies now. My old man was right enough for once in his life, and a blessing will come with her, sure enough, as he often said. Denis will be roiling in his carriage yet. She just wants a steady boy to manage her; and, Denis was always that same."

"You forget that she's half-Indian yet, Mrs. Brady," said Keefe, mischievously, "her mother was only a savage."

"Oh! well, never mind that now, Keefe Dillon. What need we care about that now, when her mother's dead and gone, and her father such a great man, and able to make a lady of her at once. I only wish Denis was home. You see, they ought to get married at once, in case her father should object to it when he gets her; and the poor thing's so fond of Denis, she'd be sure to break her heart, if she wasn't let to have him. And now goodness knows where he's gone, or how we're to get him back."

"You needn't fret about that, Mrs. Brady," said Keefe; "you ought to know Denis better than to think of proposing anything so mean and dishonest to him."

"Mean and dishonest!" cried Nelly, angrily.

But Keefe's steady manner and cool temper could always hold her violence in control.

"You may as well keep quiet, Mrs. Brady," he said calmly; "it won't do to quarrel with me, for you won't be likely to find Coral's father, or prove her to be the child he lost, without my help."

"Maybe, you intend to take her to him, and claim the reward we've a right to," said Nelly, getting angry; "I wouldn't be a bit astonished if that was your plan, though you pretend to be such a great friend to Denis."

"Nonsense, Mrs. Brady; you know perfectly well what I mean; I intend to write to the Count, and tell him that you'll take her to Toronto, if he'll meet her there; that's all I've got to do with the matter; you and he may settle the rest between you. But where is Coral now?"

"How on earth can I tell? In the bush as she always is, I suppose; very considerate and grateful it was of her to run off there the minute she came home, without letting me know a word of what she had heard, me that was the same as a mother to her!"

And so Mrs. Brady talked on to herself, enlarging on the ingratitude of Coral, the perverseness of Denis in being out of the way when he was most wanted, and the pride and insolence of Keefe; raising her voice more loudly as Keefe got farther away, while, deaf and indifferent to the torrent of words poured after him, he walked away in search of Coral.

Entering the bush near a spot which he knew was one of her haunts, he began to whistle a little Indian air which Coral often sung, and soon the clear and musical sounds were heard ringing through every cleft, glade, and hollow. After a little while he paused, and then tones, which at first might have seemed the echoes of his own, repeated the air, gradually swelling sweeter, fuller, and more distinct, till the notes of a human voice, silvery, clear, rich, and soft, came through the arches of the wood. Following the sound, Keefe quickly came on the object of his search. She stood in a little opening, in the centre of which was an old lime kiln, its white sides covered with all that profusion of verdure, fruit, and flowers, with which the American summer wreathes every nook of the forest, every fallen tree, and pile of stones. A spring of water bubbled up through the crumbling lime-stones, and ran away through the clearing, glittering like silver, and singing gaily as it danced and sparkled through the channel it had worn. Under some tall white birches that grew on its brink, a bed of sweet phlox, white and lilac, grew so thickly as to scent the whole opening, and a few early strawberries showed their scarlet fruit peeping from out "green honeycombs of leaves." There Coral was standing, her long curls in the sunlight, her cheek glowing with pleasure, her eyes bright with hope, and she was gazing eagerly in the direction of Keefe's whistle. Around her were collected a myriad of little winged creatures, blue-birds, yellow-birds, brown-birds, devouring grains of corn and crumbs of bread which she had brought them; but as Keefe came near, they took hasty flight, hopping and chirping about at a little distance, as if waiting to see if they might not return to their feast without danger.

"You look like the queen of Fairyland, with all your small subjects about you," said Keefe, sitting down on a stone at her feet.

"Do I?" she answered, laughing; "then take care that I don't throw some enchantment over you."

"I have been afraid of it before now," said Keefe, in the same tone.

Then he added, more gravely.

"Coral, I have brought you the braid of your hair Denis used to wear on his arm. He sent it to me before he went away with the Indians; see, there it is," and he laid the glossy tress across her fingers.

But she shrank back from its touch.

"I don't want it," she said hastily. "What did you bring it to me for?"

"Are you not sorry for Denis, Coral? Can't you imagine what pain it must have given him to part with it?"

Coral knew better than Keefe what Denis had implied by sending that tress of hair to his friend; he meant him to understand that in giving it up to him he gave up Coral to him also. Confused and agitated, she turned away her head; but Keefe did not comprehend her emotion, he was thinking less of her than of Denis, just then.

"Are you not sorry for Denis, Coral?" he repeated.

"No," she said, impatiently, "I did not want to make him unhappy; I cannot care for him as he wanted me to do."

"If he were to come back perhaps you might, by and bye?" persisted Keefe, wondering how a girl, so soft-hearted as he had always thought her, could be so totally indifferent to such a strong affection as Denis felt for her.

"Do you think so?" she said firmly. "I know myself better than you know me, Keefe; and I never could."

Her tone set Keefe's doubts at rest. It was plain she did not love him, and it was certainly better for both that it should be so; for if the Count de Lavillon received Coral as his daughter, he would never consent to her marriage with Denis Brady.

"Well, I suppose by the time he comes back to Long Arrow you will have become a great lady, and an heiress, and gone to live with your new father, and Denis must learn to bear his fate bravely."

She started, looking at Keefe with a frightened, eager eye, and grew very pale.

Keefe turned away his eyes, and went on resolutely.

"Nick Brady and Nelly will take you to Toronto in Debster Brown's schooner, and your father can meet you there."

Nervously crumbling the bread she held in her hand, and still gazing with a beseeching expression at Keefe, she tried to speak two or three times before she could succeed.

"Must I go, Keefe?" she said, at last.

"Of course you must, Coral."

"And won't you come with me?"

"I would like to see you safe with your father, but I think it would be better not."

"Better not?" she exclaimed, in her quick, impulsive way, "why not? if he welcomes me, he must welcome you; if he loves me, he must love you; for if it had not been for you he would never have seen me. You have saved my life twice; the day I fell out of the canoe, and yesterday again, for you know I would never have lived to be O'Brien's wife."

"Dear Coral," said Keefe, "you speak as if it was my merit, and not my good fortune, that I was able to come to your help when you most wanted me."

"Well, we need not talk about that now," she said; "I want you to promise that you will come with me, if I must go away from this. How do you know what sort of man this French Count is? how can you tell that he is not hard-hearted and cruel, and will make me miserable, unless you come and see for yourself? You used to call me your little sister, and say that you loved me, and now you cast me off without a thought, and throw me on the mercy of strangers."

"You must not talk that way, Coral. Don't you know it is not what you or I like, is the question, but what it is right for you to do. Since you were stolen from your father, his life has been wasted in grief—you told me O'Brien said so—he has had but one hope on earth, the hope of finding you again; he is old, with no one to love him, and no one whom he can love. Don't you long to comfort him, and make him happy?"

"If you would come too," was all she said.

"But that cannot be. You must learn to do without me, and to love your father, better than any one in the world."

Her rigid attitude, her averted head, her small fingers tightly interlaced were a more eloquent answer to this speech than any words. But Keefe went on steadily.

"He will be so fond of you, and so proud of you, and you'll have new thoughts and new pleasures, and learn to know everything worth knowing, and to be clever and wise, and you'll be so changed that when I see you I won't know you."

"If I thought that," she exclaimed impetuously, "I'd never go! I don't want to be changed; I don't want to learn new things. Wisdom and knowledge are not happiness and love. I'll go to my father since you say I must; but the only change that can ever come over me is to fade like that green leaf would fade, if you plucked it from the tree. I'll wither and pine—perhaps I'll die quickly; in no other way can I change."

"But you must not wither, you must not pine," said Keefe, her passionate words seeming only childish folly to him, "for if you do, when I see you again, I'll think it is your ghost, and run away from you."

"But will you come to see me, Keefe?"

"Sometime or other, I surely will; but there will be time enough to settle all that," said Keefe, jumping up. "I want to see Abel Hackett to-night, and it is getting late. Take your beautiful braid of hair," and he twisted it round her passive fingers, "I have no right to keep it, for it belongs to Denis, and I don't want any keepsake to make me remember you, you'll forget me far sooner than I'll forget you."

"Keefe!" she said keenly, "you know better!"

"Oh! you think that now; but wait till you get to Quebec, and see all the fine people there. Now I must go."

He would not look at her; as he turned away,

the image of her pale excited face and pleading eyes seemed before him, and he felt that the actual sight would grieve him more than he liked to acknowledge. He set off with a brisk step and a blithe whistle; but before he had gone far, he stopped and looked back. There she still stood, her head bent down, her hands clasped, as his fancy had vividly pictured her: still as death.

"Coral!" he called out.

She locked up with a start.

"I have told Nelly what a great princess you are going to be, and I think she'll never survive her astonishment."

She made no answer, looked down again, and when she did look up for a moment, he was gone. Pressing her hands wildly on her heart, she threw herself on the ground, and burst into a convulsion of weeping.

She had often felt that while Keefe was all the world to her, she was only the plaything of an idle hour to him, but this conviction had never before been forced upon her so painfully. She had loved him without a hope or an object; to love him had been a delight, a necessity, that asked no return, no reward, and as long as she could be near him, and sometimes receive a pleased smile, a kind word, or a cordial grasp of his hand, she had been content. At times she had felt his careless indifference bitter; but the worst pang it had ever caused her was light compared with the agony of leaving him for ever. She said to herself that if she might only remain where she could sometimes see him, she would have asked nothing more, though he never bestowed on her a glance or a word. Wild denizen of the woods though she was, she had now no regrets to spare for the freedom she was going to lose, no terror at the thought of going among strangers and aliens—she only felt and knew one thing—she was going to leave Keefe, going to leave sun and stars, light and life! No wonder that she wept till she could weep no more. The sun's last rays glittered on the stream, the trees were flooded with gold, the sky grew rosy-red, the birds sang their evening hymns in the forest coverts, but she saw no brightness in the air, heard no music in the voices of the birds, and the merry sound of the brook seemed to her ear a mournful dirge. Taking the braid of hair off her fingers, she tore it into fragments, and scattered it on the ground. The little birds that were still twittering round her pecked eagerly at the pieces as she threw them from her; she watched them apathetically at first, and then mechanically felt in her pocket, and taking out some bread that still remained there, crumbled it among them. At sight of the eager joy with which the hungry little creatures devoured every mite, her heart softened, and though her lip quivered, and her smile was sadder than tears, her pain seemed to grow less bitter.

"Poor little things," she said, mournfully, "I can make you happy yet."

Soon the sun's setting splendours vanished, and every bright tint died away; the birds ceased their songs and nestled to sleep among the leaves; the last little brown-bird had eaten the last crumb and flown away, but poor Coral sat still. The grey twilight, the brown shadows creeping round the trees seemed to partake of a sad life kindred to her own; the light winds softly sighing among the boughs, the flow of water muffled by the long grass and fern sounded soothingly in her ears; the cold dew felt like balm on her hot brow; night, pale and clouded, seemed to have veiled her bright stars in pity for the wounded heart, now bleeding beneath her quiet canopy; and thus Nature's gentle influences soothed and comforted her, to whom no other comfort was given.

CHAPTER X.

Henceforth the varying moods of gaiety and pensiveness, so sweet in their manifestations, which had thrown such a charm round Coral, were all merged in stillness and gloom. The child of impulse and feeling, she gave way to the sorrow that overwhelmed her without a struggle. Keefe saw her grief, and though he tried to hide the truth from himself, he could not remain quite ignorant of its cause. But he little guessed how strong and lasting her feelings were.

"He jests at scars who never felt the wound!" and Keefe assured himself that when once Coral was with her father, new scenes and circumstances would restore her to her former light-heartedness; he could not see that his image was graven so deeply on her heart, that no influence of time or change could ever efface it.

A few days before she left Long Arrow her pet squirrel drooped, and died without any apparent cause, and Keefe found her sitting near Brady's barn, holding her dead favourite in her lap.

"Is Skif dead?" he asked. "Poor little fellow, I'm sorry for him."

"I'm very glad," said Coral, bitterly; "it's better for him. He won't be taken from his own free woods; he'll be in the sweet, fresh earth, and the green moss will cover him lightly. It's better for him than for me; it would be better for me also to die now, and sleep under the trees with Skif."

Keefe endeavoured as well as he could to soothe her grief, and give her hope and interest in her future life; trying to awaken her sympathy for her father, and painting her new home and its pleasures in the brightest and most attractive colours his fancy could command.

She listened to him quietly, but like the wounded eagle—

> Her looks betrayed
> The unaltered anguish of her heart.

Yet she never dreamed of resisting Keefe's decision; she loved him so truly, she must obey him.

In the meantime, Mrs. Brady expatiated day after day on the great luck and good fortune that had happened to the child, and the grand lady she was going to be, with the best of beef and wine to eat and drink, and the finest of silks and diamonds to wear, like Cinderella in the story book, and elegant music and dancing to please her fancy, and no end of servants to wait upon her from morning till night; and much Nelly marvelled at the dullness and want of feeling which could remain indifferent to such magnificent prospects. She forgot not to intersperse the harangues which she poured into the regardless ears of the young girl, with mysterious allusions to Denis,

true love, and constancy; muttered complaints at her son's unaccountable delay, and devout prayers for his speedy return, being invariably the key-notes of the strain. But Nelly's eloquence could not elicit word or sign from Coral; who, if she heard the speeches addressed more at her than to her, gave no more symptoms of doing so, than if she belonged to the dead; and sometimes when, after standing silent and motionless for an hour at the door of the shanty, she walked slowly away through the woods, her eyes vaguely cast on the ground, and a mute helplessness in her whole aspect, utterly heedless of all Nelly's efforts to attract her attention, the woman's rage was sobered by a dim feeling half of pity, half of fear, and she muttered to herself:

"I guess she ain't long for this world, and it's my belief she never rightly belonged to it; the saints between us and harm!"

The morning she left Long Arrow, she and Keefe stood together on the wharf, waiting till Mrs. Brady had finished bidding farewell to a group of her friends and gossips, who had come to see her on board the schooner. He held her hand in his, and talked to her kindly and encouragingly; she was not crying, she was too much excited to shed tears; she tried to listen to Keefe, but she could not understand his words; her thoughts would wander away to the time when she should be far from him; when she should hear his voice and touch his hand no more.

"Now, I know how people feel when they are going to die," she exclaimed at last. "I, too, am going from the warm sun, the blue sky, the green woods, the shining water, to a strange land, dark and dreary, full of cold mists and gloomy shadows, where the day has no sun, and the night no moon or stars,"

"Coral, you must promise me something."

"Yes, what is it?"

"Promise me that for six months you will keep yourself from fretting after your old home and your old friends, and will try to make yourself happy with your new ones."

"Keefe, do you mean that I am to forget Long Arrow?"

"No, not to forget, I hope you won't forget; but I want you not to be sad or melancholy. Promise me that for six months you will try to be happy and gay; just for six months."

She looked at him with a passionate, imploring entreaty, which spoke in every line of her fair young face. He had not seen the change the last fortnight had made in her so clearly before; her cheek was pale and wasted, her lips had lost their rich crimson hue, and round her eyes the dark circles, that are so sure an index of mental or physical sufferings, were deeply traced; above all, in the eyes themselves, there was an expression of settled mournfulness more touching than tears.

"And when those six months are over, will you come to see me?" she asked with trembling eagerness.

Keefe could not resist the intense earnestness of her voice, the pleading of her sad wistful eyes.

"In six months she will not care much about seeing me," he thought; "it will not do her any harm to see me then, so I may as well make her the promise she wishes, poor child."

She was watching him, as if on his answer depended her escape from death.

"At the end of those six months will you come to see me, Keefe?"

"Yes, Coral, I will."

"Then I will not fret, I will try to be happy —I will hope"—and hope was not in the tone of her voice—"are you satisfied?"

"Not yet, you must promise me another thing —that you will try to love your father. You must not be cold and shy with him, but you must try to make him happy, and to trust him, and open your heart to him. Do you hear, Coral, promise me that you will love him?"

Her head had drooped again, and she squeezed her fingers hard together in the effort to preserve her calmness.

"I hear you, Keefe; I will try."

"Hallo! Keefe Dillon!" cried the rough voice of the skipper of the little schooner, "don't be keeping the girl there all day, talking soft music to her. If you're so loth to part you'd better come along with her. Bring her on board, will you? Mrs. Brady, come aboard, or I'll leave you behind."

"Coral, you must go."

She did not answer, but suffered him to lead her to the side of the schooner, and help her on board. Heedless of the bustle and noise going on round them, Nelly's orders and counter-orders to her husband—who received them with his usual indifference, his composure always becoming more marked and imperturbable as his wife's excitement and irritability became more violent, and her wrath growing hotter and hotter at the sight of his coolness—and all the confusion preparatory to the schooner's departure, Keefe stood beside Coral, who pale as death, leant against the side of the boat, and desperately struggled to keep down the agony she felt.

"Good bye, Coral," and he stooped and kissed her tenderly.

She held his hand with a wild clasp.

"Say it once more, say again that in six months you will come!"

"In six months, if I live, I'll see you again, Coral."

"Now then, go!" She pressed her lips passionately on his hand, dropped it, and hid her face.

As Keefe sprang away, some one touched his shoulder.

"Mr. Dillon, sure you won't forget to hurry off Denis after us, if he comes while we are away. Make him sensible that there's no knowing what may happen if he lets her forget him, I depend on you, Mr. Dillon."

Neither knowing nor caring what the woman had said, Keefe broke from her hold with a fierce vehemence, that for a minute frightened even Mrs. Brady into silence; and leaping on shore, he was soon beyond reach of the explosion of rage which had followed her first astonished quietude. Finding Keefe already out of hearing, she tried to relieve her mind by abusing him to Coral, who

was still in the same attitude in which he had left her. But nothing would have been heard by Coral then, and there was not much chance of Nelly's senseless gabble, which she had for years been accustomed to hear as indifferently as the cackling fowls, attracting her attention. Finding it impossible to make any impression on the still and silent girl, Nelly swallowed the anger she felt at her impassiveness with a power of self-command which might have afforded those philosophers who hold self-interest as the strongest principle of human nature a fresh nail with which to clench their doctrine, and carrying her rage to another part of the vessel, left the poor girl in quiet.

Meanwhile, the schooner receded rapidly from the shore, and Coral at last uncovered her face and looked about her. The village, the farmstead, the fields, and orchards of Long Arrow soon began to grow dim in the distance; she gazed till the last fair outline had vanished, and then she let the tears she had hitherto so resolutely repressed flow fast and unheeded.

"Now it is night," she said, softly, "when will morning come?"

CHAPTER XI.

Later in the day the wind changed, and the Mary Brown, with Coral and the Bradys on board, as she beat heavily down the lake, was passed by a schooner sailing swiftly in the opposite direction. Vessels were by no means so common on the lakes then as now, and this one excited some curiosity on board the Mary Brown.

Much to their disappointment, she did not come within hail; but long after she had gone by, Debster Brown and his companions watched her course, and formed conjectures as to her crew, cargo, and destination. Coral, too, gazed longingly after the strange boat, as it sped on towards that western land where she had left love and happiness behind; and her heart yearned to follow in its flight and once again find rest beside Keefe. Yet no secret inspiration warned her that in that boat was one who was destined to exercise a powerful, though involuntary influence over her future fate. The schooner was soon out of sight, and as quickly forgotten by Coral.

Towards evening a fierce tempest of rain, lightning, and wind broke over the lake, and lasted the whole night, the wind increasing every hour in violence. Fortunately for the Mary Brown, she was near a safe harbour when the storm came on, and was soon in safety. But the schooner she had met that afternoon was not so lucky; no port was near when the storm broke over her, and she was obliged to face its fury. The night was black as pitch, except when lit up by the lightnings, the rain fell in torrents, the wind blew fiercely, and the schooner ran almost helpless before it. In the cabin were two passengers; one an elderly man, who had lately purchased a lot of wild land at Long Arrow, and had hired the schooner to take him there, with some furniture and agricultural implements; the other, his daughter, a girl about twenty.

A short time before, Mr. Lennox had been one of the richest merchants in Canada; but two or three great and unexpected losses succeeding each other rapidly, had reduced him to poverty, clouded his mind, and broken his health; and the fatigues and discomforts of his journey from Quebec had rendered him so ill, that from Toronto, where he had hired the schooner, he had been unable to leave his berth. The faint, dull light of the oil-lamp hanging in the cabin, made its rude and scanty accommodations look still more wretched and dreary, and gave a ghastly appearance to the thin and worn features of the ruined merchant; but it could not greatly mar the loveliness and grace of the young girl who sat beside him. The wild rush of the wind, the crash of the thunder, the fierce waves breaking against the vessel's side, the shudder and groan with which the poor little schooner yielded to the shock for a moment, and then again struggled onwards through the foaming water which enveloped her, would have filled Ellen Lennox with terror, had she been alone; for she had never before been on the water, except when it was sleeping beneath a calm sky, or sparkling and dancing in a light summer breeze: but now she thought more of the uneasiness the rolling and pitching of the vessel, the noise of the storm, and the loud cries, and tramping of feet over head, would occasion her father,—all her thoughts and feelings were absorbed in anxiety for him; and the terrible dread that his illness might prove fatal, for want of proper care, left no room for another fear. He was the only relation, the only real friend she had ever known; and though her heart was a most warm and sensitive one, no other being had ever shared it with that beloved parent. Her sympathy with him in the grief and mortification his commercial failure had caused him, her efforts to conquer his despondency and inspire him with hope and courage, made him dearer to her than ever; and now he lay tossing in restless fever, with ruined fortunes and broken frame, her heart, as she leaned over him, swelled not only with love, but with soft pity, which, when woman feels it for a manly nature, whose superiority it has been her pride to acknowledge, all the tenderest and most generous impulses of her being are moved by its flow.

At daybreak the storm seemed to reach its height. The mate had just taken the helm, and the skipper stood beside him, anxiously striving to pierce with his glance the thick mass of clouds and waves which enveloped the vessel. Eagerly he watched for the first gleam of morning that he might get some notion of his situation, for he feared that, in spite of all their efforts, the storm had driven them dangerously near the land.

"There's the day at last!" cried the mate; but the tone of exultation in which he spoke was instantly checked by an exclamation of horror from the skipper.

He had caught a glimpse of that reef of rocks which stretched out from the cliff, called Scalp Head, at Long Arrow, looming up within a few yards of the vessel's head.

"'Bout ship!" he cried. And springing to the helm he took it from the hand of the steersman. "Be alive, my hearts, or we're all lost!"

The sailors flew to bring the boat round with that energy which the fear of death gives, and a

moment of awful suspense followed; the next instant a tremendous squall of wind caught the mainmast and brought it crashing to the deck, and, the same moment, a huge wave broke over the stern and tore off the rudder :—with a groan as if she felt her coming doom, the little schooner fell back to her perilous position, and in another minute she struck the reef. The shock threw Miss Lennox off her feet, and nearly precipitated her father out of his berth.

"What has happened?" exclaimed the sick man with sudden energy. "Has the schooner struck a rock?"

"It must be morning," said Helen. "I'll try to get on deck, and see what has happened."

"Don't go farther than the top of the ladder, Helen," said Mr. Lennox; "you might get hurt on deck."

Having reached the top of the ladder, Helen looked about her through the dim morning light. The rain had ceased, but the wind still blew furiously, and the waves were tremendous. The captain and crew were grouped together gazing towards the shore, which lay about a mile distant. The cultivated lands and scattered farmhouses could be plainly seen in the growing light, and at the other side of the reef a glimpse could be caught of the village, mocking the storm-tost voyagers with its aspect of peace and safety. Every now and then the schooner struck the rocks with a force which threatened each moment to dash her to pieces, and which almost compelled Helen to let go her hold of the rigging to which she clung.

"I guess we had best take the boat and try for the land," said the mate, a surly, disagreeable-looking man.

"Better wait a bit," said the skipper, who was a good-looking young fellow, with light hair and blue eyes,—bright, keen, and fearless as those of an eagle, "the wind may fall as the sun strengthens."

"I guess the schooner will be in pieces before that. Hark how she's knocking her brains out; she can't hold together ten minutes longer."

"She'll last an hour or more yet," said the skipper, "she's getting jammed in among the rocks, and then she'll be steady. By that time, too, the people will be about on the shore, and may give us some help."

But a panic had seized the men, and they insisted on getting out the boat and leaving the schooner at once.

"Well," said the skipper, "I guess the boat we've got won't carry us all through such a sea as the one between us and the shore."

"She can carry four well enough, can't she?" said the mate.

"And the passengers?" said the skipper.

"Well, the passengers would be just two too many," said the mate coolly. "They can't come."

"They must for all that, if we go," said the skipper.

As he spoke his eye caught the figure of the young girl standing at the top of the ladder. Her long dark hair, loosened by the wind, was blown back from her face, which was as pale as death, but calm and quiet, and the intense light of her dark eye shone steadily as a star.

"There's the girl," continued the skipper, "I'll tell her to bring up her father."

A murmur of dissatisfaction ran through the men.

"It ain't reasonable to expect us to risk our lives for a strange gal and an old man that haven't got half a day's life in him," said one.

"I guess it would be more than risking them," said the mate, "it would be clear throwing them away. Four men's full as many as the skiff can carry."

The skipper's eyes flashed fire.

"Look at her yonder," he cried, "how brave and quiet she stands. If you had the smallest spark of manhood in you, you'd give your lives ten times over before you'd think of leaving her to the mercy of the waves."

Following the skipper's glance, the sailors turned their eyes on Helen, and perhaps her beauty, her helplessness, and her aspect of patient firmness moved them to some touch of pity, for they seemed to hesitate. They had been used to see women in moments of peril give way to tears, cries, and lamentations, and this young girl's calm, unshrinking attitude, her silence and stillness, inspired them with something like awe as well as surprise. They had all admired her bright young beauty when she first came on board, and some of them had noticed her watchful tender care of her father, and the pleasant readiness with which she accommodated herself to the inconveniences of her situation, and bore with its privations; and now, selfish and unfeeling as they were, their hearts smote them as they looked at her.

"Well, let the gal come," said one; "but where's the use of bringing the father? Her weight isn't much; but he's a big man, and as helpless as a log. Besides, he's dying: any fool can see that; and it's as well for him to die where he is, and a considerable deal safer for us."

"And do you think she'd save herself, and leave her father behind?" said the young skipper, scornfully. "I tell you, she'd die fifty times over first."

"Well, I don't know," said the mate, "life's sweet to us all; and I for one don't want to give it up for any old man or young gal in creation."

"Yes, life's sweet," said the brave young skipper, "and it's as sweet to me as to any of you, I guess; but it ain't worth the price you want to buy it at. We must all die some time or other, and to my mind, a brave death's better than a cowardly life, any day in the year."

"Well, we've spoke our minds," said the mate; "to bring the gal's risk enough, and too much; and I for one will never consent to any more."

"It's right enough," said another of the sailors; "we've wives and children depending on us, and we must think of them before strangers."

"It's my belief that those who show so little pity for their other fellow-creatures ain't likely to care much for their wives and children, except where it serves themselves," said the skipper, trying to keep down his rising passion.

"Enough said, Captain Bennett," said the surly mate, "we all know you can talk better than us,

but talking 's no use. If we reach the shore safe, we'll may be get some one there to come back for the old man, if the girl offers a proper reward. Come along, men, and let us launch the skiff."

"Not till you say you'll bring both the girl and her father," cried Bennett, springing forward; "let me see the man that dares lay hand on it against my will."

He was a remarkably strong, active young fellow, and though the odds were so great on the side of the sailors, they were not inclined to provoke a struggle which each man felt might be fatal to himself, however it fared with his companions; for whoever Bennett chose to single out, on the first attack, would be sure to get the worse of it. Withdrawing a few paces, they whispered sullenly together, and then one of the sailors came forward and spoke:

"We don't want to have no fight with you, Captain Bennett; you're a brave sailor and a generous, there's no mistake; and if there's any man on earth we'd be willing to run a risk for, it's you; but it's hardly fair to suppose we'd do as much for two strangers we never set eyes on till a week ago, and don't care if we never set eyes on again."

"They're no more to me than to you," said Bennett; "but I'd rather put a rope round my neck and hang myself at the mast's head than act such a cowardly part as to leave them."

"Well," said the mate, "let him have his way, let us all sink or swim together. Let the girl bring up her father while we lower away the skiff."

While this dispute was going on Helen remained in a state of agonising suspense, for she had gathered enough from their looks, gestures, and the few words that reached her, to comprehend the subject of their quarrel. Eagerly she looked into Bennett's frank face as he came up to her, believing that she could read there her doom. It was no time for many words, and the skipper's were quick and few.

"Get your father on deck at once, Miss Helen, we're going off in the boat. Make haste; and keep up your courage like a brave girl, as you are."

"God bless you—God reward you, Captain Bennett!" cried Helen.

"With renewed hope she hastened below, while he hurried to assist the men in getting out the skiff. It was soon launched, two of the sailors were already in it, and Bennett was handing them some of the oars, when the mate, who was behind him, seized hold of him with a suddenness which took him completely by surprise, and pitched him into the skiff; the sailors held him down till the mate cast loose the fastenings and sprang in after him, and then they shoved off from the schooner. At the same instant a woman's cry rang through the stormy air. Helen had just come on deck with her father as Bennett was forced into the skiff; she comprehended all in a second, and as her sharp cry of agony reached her father's ears, he, too, knew that they had been left to perish.

"My child! my child!" he exclaimed in despair, "they have left her behind!"

Overcome with weakness and the shock of disappointment he sank down on the deck, supporting himself against the broken mast.

"Wait here, dear father," said Helen, whose courage had only for a moment deserted her, "perhaps they have not really gone."

Darting to the vessel's side, she steadied herself by grasping a rope, and gazing after the skiff, which was already several yards from the schooner; the wind, blowing towards the shore, swept it on with fearful rapidity, but as she looked, Bennett stood up, and by his gestures she judged that he was urging them to return to the schooner. Still the boat held on its way; but just then a huge wave hid it from her sight, and when it again became visible, she saw Bennett leap into the water. The brave fellow was coming back to share the fate of those who seemed to have no earthly hope but him. He was a good swimmer, but the wind and the waves were full against him. No words could tell the breathless agony of mingled hope and fear with which Helen watched him, as he manfully fought his way against the furious waves; the passionate intensity with which she longed for some power to give him aid. In that moment of excitement she felt as if the infinite sympathy that filled her whole soul would have been as infinite in might, if she could but have reached him. But this torture did not last long. Strong and determined as young Bennett was, the waves were stronger, and more unconquerable; his efforts grew weaker and weaker, and he was swept under the billows, and she saw him no more. At any time to have seen a fellow-creature perish would have caused her great pain, but to see him die when she had watched his struggles for life with such intense sympathy that every effort had seemed her own, and when she knew that it was to save her and her father he had braved death, was almost too bitter to be borne. For the moment all thought of herself, or even of her father, all anxiety, all fear, were lost in the convulsion of grief and despair she felt when she knew he was gone; all hope and faith in a God who loves and protects the right seemed to die within her; and for the first time in her life she felt the shadow of that dark anguish, worse than any death, which a noble nature feels when it loses its trust in an over-ruling Providence, that designs and provides for the final triumph of goodness, fall over her. Dashing away her blinding tears, she looked after the skiff, now tossing like a weed on the billows.

"Will they escape," she cried, "when he was suffered to perish?" and she turned away her head with a bitterness of feeling such as she had never known before.

When she looked again the skiff had disappeared, and not a vestige of it, or its crew, was to be seen. A shudder of horror passed over her frame, and the sensations of awe and fear with which she gazed on the whirling waters, swallowing life after life before her eyes, brought back her thoughts from Bennett's fate to the consciousness that she and her father were destined soon to share it. Her heart, which a minute before had seemed transformed to ice, melted to all its natural softness, and going back to her father, she sat down beside him and wound her

arms round him, while she told him of young Bennett's generous self-devotion, and the desperate, though fruitless, strife he had waged with death rather than abandon those who could not help themselves.

While she told her tale she wept bitterly, but it was not for herself her tears fell, nor even for her father, but for the brave and true-hearted young sailor who had seemed so worthy of a better fate.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "it was terrible to see him go down. I trusted that God would have preserved him."

"My darling, there is no cause to grieve so bitterly for him," said Mr. Lennox; "he has died a death of heroism and self-sacrifice, and the life that ends in such a death cannot have been in vain. This earth is but a little spot in God's universe, and doubt not but in some other world, brighter, purer, nobler than ours, he will live again. He who has passed the dark gate of death by an act of such brave self-devotion, is more to be envied than pitied. That gate is opening for us, too, my darling; do you fear to enter it?"

She thought of her father, and love stronger than death gave courage to her sinking heart, and firmness to her failing nerves; twining her arms more fondly about him, she said firmly:

"No, father, I do not fear. God is good; let us trust in him."

Mr. Lennox could not answer, but he clasped her more closely to his heart, feeling a mournful comfort in the thought that, happen what might, they would share it together. During that minute, fresh hope and energy, in answer to her voiceless prayers for strength and support, sprang up in Helen's heart. Her brave and active nature could not give way to despair yet.

"Some one from the shore must soon see us," she said, "and surely they will make some effort to save us. If the schooner only holds together a little while longer we may be saved!" Springing up, she again crossed the deck, and looked towards the land. "Oh, father!" she cried, "I see people on the shore. Is there nothing I could do to let them know, there are living beings on the wreck?"

Her father, almost insensible from illness, and the agitation he had suffered, did not hear her, but filled with hope, Helen climbed to the highest part of the vessel she could reach, and untying a large scarf which she had wrapt round her when leaving the cabin, she waved it repeatedly. In a little while, she called out again.

"They are putting out a boat. Oh, my God! how it blows, and those awful waves! I cannot watch them any longer."

And pale and cold, trembling with agitation, she crept back to her father's side.

THE LAST OF THE CONDÉS.

Chantilly, the favourite residence of the Great Condé, stands at a convenient distance of only three or four miles from the Great Trunk Railway between Paris and Brussels, and is an easy *détour* even for people in a hurry *en route* from Amiens to the capital. Leaving the train at St. Leu, a diligence rattles over the hilly road leading to the village, and it was in this conveyance that, in the month of September, 1859, we made our entry—a party of three, with a great clatter—into the courtyard of the Hotel d'Angleterre.

The cold, dark, deserted *salle-à-manger*, with its bare stone floor, and great unlighted chimney, augured ill; but the speedy appearance of the landlady with a couple of flaming bougies—an illuminated edition of good-humour and hospitality—followed in the natural order of sequence by a blazing wood-fire on the broad hearth, and active preparations for a good dinner, soon brought about a restoration of confidence. The evening passed off pleasantly in that inexhaustible after-dinner fireside chat of travellers, the staple whereof is to-day's experiences and to-morrow's anticipations; and we went to bed fully prepared to enjoy that "*bon repos*" which every considerate French landlady wishes her guests.

Next morning the black-eyed fille-de-chambre showed us a short cut to the château. It was a pleasant road running along the outskirts of the village parallel with the main street within, and leading us, with considerable saving of paving-stones and distance, past a row of nice rural residences fronting the smooth plain that intervenes between the village and the forest of Chantilly. Presently we came to a grand ruin, whose vast proportions and imposing front, as it stood on an eminence of some distance from the town, led us to suppose that it was the remains of the great château which we knew had been destroyed in the old Revolution. But a reference to the guide-book proved it to be only ruins of the stables, which had been built in the most princely style to accommodate 180 horses; and even now, in their dilapidated state, roofless and crumbling, were a splendid pile, easily to be mistaken for a palace.

Further on we reached the gate of the park, and by virtue of a *billet d'entrée* were admitted into its enclosure, free to explore its beauties at will. The grounds are charmingly disposed, unlike the stiff magnificence of Versailles,—where

> Grove nods to grove, each alley has its brother,

with less regard to mathematics and more deference to Nature.

It was Condé himself who delighted to direct their arrangement and decoration. He had a natural fondness for gardening, which here found ample room for its exercise. The shady avenues, the entangled shrubbery, the crystal sheets of water, the cool retreats and sunny lawns, are all souvenirs of the hero. True it is that the Chantilly of to-day is sadly fallen from its high estate, and the glowing descriptions of Desormeaux and Gourville, who dwell on its magnificence as worthy of note even in the extravagant era of its creation, far surpass its present reality. The parterres and stately statues, the prodigious number of fountains which were heard night and day, and which were ever refreshing the air, the grand canal, whose works cost upwards of 40,000 livres yearly; of these the Revolution destroyed the most.

"But nature," says Lord Stanhope, who visited Chantilly with a reverent enthusiasm, "does not yield so readily to the violence of man who knows how to repair his ravages. Not long ago (in September, 1841), I could still find scope to admire the wild recesses of that unpruned forest; those limpid and gushing streams, those light-green poplars which have taken root among the ruins of the Grand Château, and which now surround it with their quivering shade; those mossy paths and those hawthorn bowers; those gardens restored with care, and where the most beautiful orange-trees and the most brilliant flowers are once more shedding their fragrance."*

In the midst of this luxuriant beauty stood formerly two palaces, the Grand Château and the Petit Château, as they were called. The indiscriminating ravages of the Revolution were fatal to the former. Its useless splendour, and the accumulations of art which it contained, found no favour in the sight of the republicans of '92. Its destruction was complete; a palace once, and now a ruin: such is its short history. But though its greatness is gone, the associations that surround its decaying walls, are neither few nor insignificant. It was here that an heroic career attained the summit of its grandeur in that calm retirement, which is the crown of a successful life.

After thirty-five years of action and renown, it was here that Condé, in the enjoyment of kind companionship, the recollections of an eventful life, and the practice of congenial pursuits, solaced and enlivened his old age. On his death, which happened on the 11th of December, 1686, Chantilly passed to his son, the Duke d'Enghien. The new proprietor enlarged and embellished the Petit Château, which stood at a little distance from the Grand Château, and which still remains. It is by no means insignificant in its proportions, notwithstanding its appellation, which was given only to distinguish it from its larger neighbour. It is surrounded by the waters of a little lake, in whose clear depths, its quaint, elaborate architecture is fancifully reflected. The old state-rooms in the interior look rather dingy and desolate; but there are many souvenirs of Condé still remaining to give them an interest, apart from their carving and gilding and Louis Quatorze furniture. Of these the most conspicuous is the ivory-hilted sword of the hero, a weapon of most formidable dimensions, a silent memento, not only of the courage of Condé, but of the daring and chivalry of centuries.

Chantilly became, on the death of the Duke de Bourbon, in 1830, the property of the Duke d'Aumale, third son of Louis Philippe.† How this souvenir, with all its greatness, its precious heirlooms of more than royal worth, came to pass into the hands of a younger son of an accidental king, forms a dark enigma difficult to solve—perhaps never to be solved; and a story of calamity—perhaps of crime—whose sombre details and minutiæ of certain horror, and conjectural guilt, fit it to be told in the deepest recesses of the tangled forest, which, within sight of the Grand Château, lifts its dark crest against the sky.

Louis Joseph Henri de Bourbon, Prince of Condé, and Duke de Bourbon, was born in Paris, on the 13th of April, 1756. His father, a zealous supporter of the throne, still survived when the Revolution of 1789 made a prisoner of the king and many of the noblesse.

Both father and son emigrated. The latter fought on the side of legitimacy, and during the campaign of 1793, was wounded at the attack of Berscheim. In 1800 he went to England and there awaited the Restoration. During this interval of exile, he received, in 1804, the news of the cruel condemnation and execution of his only son, the Duke d'Enghien, that unfortunate youth, the memory of whose tragic fate hangs like a curse over the dark walls and ramparts of Vincennes. It was thus that this unhappy man witnessed the extinction of his race, and foresaw in his own death the end of the most illustrious branch of the Bourbons. On returning to France his estates and rank were restored, and the aged prince divided his residence between his hotel at Paris, and his château at St. Leu, and Chantilly, living quiet and retired, taking no part in the politics of the day, or in public affairs of any sort.

Upon this life of tranquillity and repose broke the storm of the Revolution of 1830. The old man, a royalist at heart, and whose whole career had borne witness to his loyalty, was unequal at this time even to an avowal of his opinions. But not entirely owing to the feebleness of age, or the listlessness of ennui, was his irresolution. The last of the Condés, whose place in the moment of danger was at the side of the king, was chained to a spiritless inaction, through the artful intrigues of a cunning and unscrupulous woman.

For a long time the old Prince de Condé had been governed by that absolute and tyrannical sway which commences in the abandonment of passion, and is fixed by the force of habit. The Baroness de Feuchères, a woman of rare beauty, ready wit, and a resolute spirit, had obtained this empire over his will and affections. Of English parents, but of obscure and doubtful origin, she had risen from being a second or third-rate actress at Covent Garden to this position of fortune and influence. Such instances are not rare. In our own day we have seen a ballet-dancer hissed from the boards of the Opera House to reappear the reigning star of the most refined of continental courts. The Baroness de Feuchères was one of the most successful, and wiser than most of her class. Not unmindful of the fickleness of passion, and the caprices of fortune, she had turned to the best account the complaisance of her lover. A legacy of the domains of St. Leu and Bassy, in 1824, and of various sums in the next year, amounting in the whole to a million of francs, were the substantial proofs of his regard. But the limit of the Baroness's expectations were not reached by this princely munificence. The revenues of the Forest of Enghien, besides other estates of greater or less value, were then demanded from the resources and good-nature of her lover. But in the midst of this successful career a small but threatening cloud appeared on the horizon of

* Life of the Great Condé.

† After the last *coup-d'-état* it was, in conformity with the confiscation decree of Louis Napoleon, sold to the London bankers, Coutts & Co., for eleven million francs.

her prospects. The Princes de Rohan, the next heirs of the Duke de Bourbon, already looked with jealous eyes on the rapid encroachments which this ambitious woman was making on their vested rights. Little by little the inheritance of the Condés was being shorn of some its most lucrative dependencies, and bid fair to be despoiled of its most valuable features. The opposition of these expectant heirs to the validity of the legacies in her favour was too apparent in intention to escape the notice of the Baroness. Forewarned, she was forearmed: a coquette, with wit and an established position and still unwasted charms, she was not easily to be driven from the field by opponents whose rights were all contingent, and whose resources were only in expectancy. She set about devising means for her permanent security, with what success we shall presently see.

Between the Duke de Bourbon and the Duke of Orleans (afterwards Louis Philippe, King of the French) there existed little sympathy or friendship. A formal intercourse only was maintained between the two families. As to Madame de Feuchères, she was not so much as received at the Palais Royal, then the residence of the Orleans family. Scrupulous in the practice of domestic virtues, the irreproachable Duke regarded as a scandal her unconcealed ascendancy at the little court of St. Leu, and had refused to admit her into the correct and punctilious circles of which he was the centre. But of what avail are the rules of a conventional morality against considerations of absorbing interest? This same Madame de Feuchères, frowned on and repulsed in 1822, excluded from the *salons* of the Palais Royal and the less restrained familiarities of Neuilly, became in 1829 the friend and *confidante* of the exemplary Duke, and the correspondent of the pious Duchess of Orleans.* The paths that seemed so widely separated before, suddenly united, and the formidable differences of rank were merged in a common ambition. The explanation of this riddle is easy. Alarmed by the apprehensions alluded to, and anxious to ensure her doubtful expectations, and provide against fatal emergencies, no safer or wiser plan could be devised than that to which Madame de Feuchères had recourse. It was this: To secure the favour of the most influential family in France and their strong support of her interests in the nature of an active gratitude for benefits conferred. Her scheme was soon matured, and its development furnishes the solution of many difficulties, the reconcilement of many conflicting facts in this strange history. With the consent and active co-operation of the Duke of Orleans, and the assurances of a firm regard, and the gratitude of a mother on the part of the Duchess, Madame de Feuchères, in a letter at once artful, imperious, and tender, pressed upon her aged lover a strange and unanticipated step—no other than the adoption of an heir to his title and estates, and that heir the young Duke d'Aumale, the third son of Louis Philippe. This proposal was most obnoxious to the Duke de Bourbon. The advantage that the artful Baroness would gain he may not have fully discerned, or he might have been indifferent to; but to leave the inheritance of the Condés to a family which had been conspicuous amongst the enemies of the crown and the nobility, seemed to him "a forfeiture, and almost an impiety." Little accustomed, however, to resist the solicitations, or contradict the plans, of Madame de Feuchères, he found himself, in spite of his repugnance and better judgment, and the claim of his rightful heirs, gradually drawn into the desired acquiescence. Finally, as a last resource, he overcame the restraints of etiquette, and with a despairing candour threw himself upon the generosity of the Duke of Orleans, in the hope of extricating himself from the consequences of a promise extorted almost by compulsion. With this view he wrote a letter in which he characterised the proposed arrangement as infinitely painful to him (*infiniment pénible*); confessed that it was concluded by Madame de Feuchères, without his consent, and with premature haste, and appealed to the generosity, friendship, and delicacy of feeling of his kinsman to extricate him from an affair so tormenting and harassing, and to obtain from the Baroness what he himself was unable to gain—a promise of freedom from further importunity on a subject which threatened him with misery for the rest of his days. As the result of this appeal, and ostensibly to plead the cause of the Prince, the Duke of Orleans, soon after the receipt of this letter, had an interview with the Baroness at the Palais Royal, in presence of a witness. The father of the proposed heir, with a magnanimous and disinterested modesty, declined the offered inheritance, and implored the benefactress of his son to cease her efforts in his behalf. But the inflexible Baroness was deaf to his entreaties, and Louis Philippe resigned himself so far to the fortunate destiny that was thus thrust upon his family as to direct his *homme d'affaires* (M. Dupin *aîné*) to prepare, but in the most private manner, the draught of a last will and testament in favour of the Duke d'Aumale, to receive the signature of Condé. Thus the last hope of the Prince was cut off. At his next interview with Madame de Feuchères a terrible scene occurred, such as only a sense of confidence betrayed and affection repaid by ingratitude and treachery can provoke. At last the old man yielded—the chains were rivetted too strongly—he resigned himself to their inexorable clasp, and on the following day (the 30th of August, 1829) he executed in due form a testament in which the Duke d'Aumale was created his universal heir, and a legacy at the same time assured to Madame de Feuchères—a sum of 2,000,000 francs. Such was the state of affairs when the Revolution of July occurred; such, in part, is the explanation of the doubtful and unhappy position of the Prince of Condé, and such was the connection of mutual interest and expectation between the adventurous Baroness and the new dynasty.

The neutrality of the Duke de Bourbon secured him from the attack of either party. His person and property were respected, and the whirlwind passed on its destructive way without disturbing the outward calm of his existence. But the

* "It must have been," says Louis Blanc, "a sore trial for a woman like the Duchess of Orleans to associate her maternal hopes with such unequivocal advocacy."

internal contest had been severe and tempestuous. It was not only the choice between monarchy and liberalism, between the Bourbons and their enemies, that disturbed him, but the necessity for forsaking a family to which he was bound by those ties of kindred, loyalty, and affection, which it would be dishonour to violate, to another which he, in fact, hated, but to whose interests he was pledged by deliberate and formal acts, confirmed by sanctions universally regarded as the most emphatic in the power of man to give. But the restoration of peace rendered acquiescence in the new order of things necessary. The Duke de Bourbon gave in his adhesion to the government of Louis Philippe; his rights were confirmed, and he resumed the even tenor of his life so fearfully interrupted. Only his relations with Madame de Feuchères seem to have suffered strange alteration; towards her, though still affectionate, his manner was restrained and forced, his confidence reserved; the sound of her name even, seemed to strike him painfully. There was no open rupture between them, but it was evident that private quarrels were not unfrequent. The Duke's Venus had developed the latent virago qualities that are sometimes ingredient, as psychologists tell us, in the most seraphic tempers. These symptoms of dissension were apparent to all the inmates of St. Leu. Finally, the Duke surprised two of his most attached servants by the news that he intended taking a long journey—which, from the secresy with which it was to be accomplished, bore more resemblance to a flight. From the whole household it was to be studiously concealed, but from no one more strictly than Madame de Feuchères. Pending its arrangements some strange circumstances happened, which excited gloomy conjectures and apprehensions in the château. An inflamed eye (*l'œil en sang*), as to the cause of which the Duke first prevaricated, and afterwards inconsistently explained, was attributed to the lovely Baroness; a letter pushed secretly under the door leading from a private staircase into the Duke's chamber, which, when carried to the Prince, threw him into a violent agitation; most of all, a desire which he expressed to Manowry, his *valet-de-chambre*, that he should sleep at the door of his room. Manowry, though a faithful servant, objected on the ground of etiquette, saying, that it would appear very odd, and that such a duty fell to the lot of Lecomte, the *valet-de-service*. The Duke did not insist, but the order was not given to Lecomte. He had been introduced into the château by Madame de Feuchères.

Everything was finally arranged for the departure of the Duke. A million of francs in bank notes had been provided; a skilful plan of deception had been matured, to render delay or detection impossible; the 31st of August had been fixed upon as the day for carrying into execution the well-arranged movement; and the perplexed old prince hoped on the 1st of September to be well on the road towards Geneva, out of the clutches of his troublesome legatees and heirs *en totalité*. Once safely beyond the persecutions of Madame de Feuchères, and a few resolute strokes of the pen could undo the mischief he lamented.

The 26th arrived. The morning was signalised by another *scene* between the Duke and the Baroness, mysterious and violent; but its effects passed off, and at dinner, amongst a circle of friends, the old man was gay and unrestrained. In the evening he played at whist, Madame de Feuchères forming one of the party; he was more than usually lively and affable, and at a late hour retired from the *salon* with the cheerful salutation, "*A demain!*"

His physician, the Chevalier Bonnie, and the valet, Lecomte, attended him in his chamber. He retired as usual; and to Lecomte's question "At what hour will your highness be called?" replied as usual, "Eight o'clock."

The chamber of the Duke de Bourbon was on the second floor of the château. It communicated by a narrow passage with an ante-chamber. This ante-chamber opened on one side through a small dressing-room on the grand hall of the château, on the other upon a private staircase leading to the floor below, which contained the apartments of Madame de Feuchères and her niece, Madame de Flassans, and thence to a corridor conducting to the outer court. Immediately under the Duke's bed-room were the rooms of the Abbé Briant, secretary to the Baroness, and of some domestics attached particularly to her service.

During this night of the 26th of August, no unusual noise disturbed the inmates of St. Leu. The *gardes-chasse* took their customary rounds in the park surrounding the château, and found everything quiet and in order. Within, a profound calm reigned throughout.

In the morning at eight o'clock, the punctual Lecomte knocked at the Duke's door. There was no reply.

"Monseigneur is sound asleep," he said to himself, "it would be a pity to disturb him."

Twenty minutes after, he returned with the doctor; they passed through the dressing-room, of which Lecomte kept the key, and knocked again at the inner door which was bolted. Still no reply.

Alarmed at this strange silence, they roused Madame de Feuchères. She joined them in a moment or two *en déshabille*.

"When he hears my voice," said she, "he will answer." She herself knocked at the door, calling aloud: "*Ouvrez, Monseigneur! ouvrez! c'est moi!*" Still no reply.

The alarm spread through the château. The whole household assembled at the outer door. A bar of iron was brought. The panels were broken in. Bonnie and the others entered.

The room was almost dark. The shutters were closed, but a wax candle, placed behind a screen, still burned on the hearth. By its faint light they saw that the bed was empty; and, on further observation, the Duke de Bourbon was discovered apparently standing by the window, his right cheek leaning against the inside shutter, his head slightly inclined, in the position of a man who is listening.

They threw open the windows on the opposite side of the room. The light of the morning poured in and revealed a frightful spectacle. The Duke was not standing, but *hanging*—suspended from a bar of the shutters by two handkerchiefs, one tied within the other. His head had fallen on

his breast; his face was pale; his knees bent; his feet just touched the carpet. Succour was useless; he had ceased to live.

So dreadful a sight distracted the whole household. Madame de Feuchères was in hysterics. There was presence of mind enough, however, on the part of somebody to summon the authorities of St. Leu to take judicial cognizance of so fearful a catastrophe. Before ten o'clock, the chamber of the unfortunate Duke was converted into a tribunal of investigation. The state of the body was examined; Manowry, Bonnie, and Madame de Feuchères gave their evidence in due form; and, after a protracted deliberation, the Procureur-Général, who, on the news reaching Paris, had received instruction from the King to appear in person upon the inquest, reported to M. Dupont de l'Eure, the keeper of the seals, as the result of his researches, mainly as follows:—That the Duke de Bourbon had come to his death by strangulation; that there were no traces of violence on his person, or disorder in the furniture of the room; that the door leading into the chamber was bolted as usual; that the death of the Duke was his own act. Besides this summary, the Procureur-Général gave the depositions of the witnesses as to the events of the morning of the 27th, and as to the state of mind of the Duke previous to that date, which argued a certain evidence of suicidal intentions.

The obsequies of the Last of the Condés were performed with a just solemnity. His heart was carried to Chantilly; and there the Abbé Pelier, his almoner, delivered a funeral discourse. The audience was large and distinguished; a deep silence prevailed, and the impression was startling, when the preacher in a voice, full of solemnity and assurance, declared "that the Duke de Bourbon was innocent of his death in the sight of God."

In fact, not only in the mind of this priest, the mourner and eulogiser of an affectionate benefactor, but in the minds of many others, especially in the inquisitive circles of Paris, there lurked behind this idea of suicide, so convincingly displayed, by the court physicians, magistrates, and lawyers, a dark suspicion of crime, and undefined, vague conjectures of treachery and midnight murder. Sinister rumours multiplied; they gained ground; the decision of the authorised inquest was reviewed and appealed from; and, at last, became the subject of legal investigation in the proceedings instituted by the Prince de Rohan, to set aside the will of the Duke de Bourbon, on the ground of undue influence and coercion. M. Hennequin, in his brilliant arguments before the Court of *Première Instance* on behalf of the heirs-at-law, resumed the examination of the mystery, less in its bearings upon the civil claims of his clients, than as an act of justice to an illustrious name, stained with the reproach of a cowardly and ignominious death; for the purpose, too, of giving to the dread suspicions that enveloped this dark tragedy, a definite form and expression that might, perhaps, evoke from the darkness that sheltered them the actors and instigators of the crime. This review, searching and ingenious, disclosed an array of facts and circumstances, which, though hardly sufficient to fix the charge of ascertained guilt, cast a deep shadow of suspicion upon the principal *figurante* in the scenes we have described.

The explanation of the Duke de Bourbon's death by the supposition of his suicide had been assiduously upheld by Madame de Feuchères, from the moment of its fearful discovery. The door bolted from within; the silence that had reigned unbroken through the house during the whole of the night, so fatal to its master; the spirits of the Duke, shattered by the events of July, and ever after disturbed and unnatural;—these were advanced as indisputable proofs of his having died by his own hand, a victim to the exaggerated forebodings and chagrins that had oppressed him. But the whole tenor of his character and life, it was argued *au contraire*, were opposed to this hypothesis.

It is not common for old men to rush precipitately into the graves that wait for them at so small a distance; nor was there anything in the outward behaviour of the Duke to indicate the purpose of self-destruction. The journey for which he had made such elaborate preparations; the well-arranged plan of his departure, extending to the minutest details; it would be absurd to regard as only a ruse to cover the suspicion of his fatal intentions. Besides, the old man's spirits, however affected by the shock of the three days, had gradually regained their calm and tranquillity, and on the very night of his death had been noticed as more than usually vivacious. His leave-taking of his guests, that cheerful "*à demain*,"—could it be, that, beneath this sure expectation of to-morrow, there lurked the dismal purpose of a stealthy suicide? Following him into his bed-chamber, and examining the details of his behaviour, as they were gathered from the state of things, on the next morning, by a species of testimony, *ex necessitate rei*, and the notion of his suicide, however firmly a matter of belief before, seems, by imperceptible degrees, to vanish from the mind. Not one of the Duke's ordinary habits were interrupted at this time. His watch he had wound up as usual; the candles he had put out, with the exception of the *bougie*, which burned upon the hearth. It was his custom to make a knot upon his handkerchief on retiring, if he wished to be reminded of any engagement for the next day; and such a knot he had tied on this last night of his life, which was to know no morning. A strange attention to trifles on the part of a man determined upon death! It was evident, too, and admitted on all sides, that the Duke had lain down on his bed. But his movements from that time are unknown, and, saving such frightful conjectures as the imagination can form of that silent, secret, midnight death, so strange, so unnatural, requiring so much arrangement, and caution, and time,—suggest no possibility of its having been resolved on in the heat of passion, or accomplished with a sudden violence. His own act, or the act of another, it was artful, deliberate, and circumspect.

The Duke died, strangled between the carpets and the shutters; the room was found undisturbed, with the door bolted. But a simple experiment, with a thin piece of tape, showed how

easily that same bolt could be drawn and withdrawn by a person on the outside; and a few trials demonstrated the facility with which the assassin—if assassin there was—could have entered and escaped by this very door. The Duke's habit in sleeping was to lie close upon the outer edge of the bed, so close that, for fear of his falling out, as children do sometimes, a blanket, folded in four, was placed underneath the mattress on that side to give it an inward inclination; but, in the morning, the bed was found depressed in the centre according to the custom of nine sleepers in ten. Had it been arranged by some hand careful of appearances, but ignorant of the very habits of that it tried to counterfeit? A still more insignificant circumstance became, in a review of the combined minutiæ of the case, strikingly suspicious. The prince never used slippers; his feet were tender, and he had a sort of stocking-foot attached to his trousers; nevertheless, a pair of slippers was always placed by his bed-room door, and, in the morning, invariably found in the place where they had been put. How happened it that, on this morning of all others, they should be found carefully deposited by the bed, as if they had been used by the Duke on retiring or rising? Was the supposition of Manowry just, that the authors of the crime, which he believed to have been committed, thought, in repairing the disorder they had made, that they were most ingeniously eluding suspicion by the exactness with which they consulted probabilities, and re-arranged the tell-tale furniture even to the smallest article?

The Duke, as has been already stated, was found hanging by two handkerchiefs, forming two rings, of which the upper was attached to the bar of the shutters, while the lower surrounded his neck. But it was universally known that his wound received in the attack of Berscheim, had so disabled his right arm as to render it difficult for him to raise it even as high as his head, much more, it was argued, to complete such an arrangement as that described. A chair was indispensable to assist him, in any event; but he was so infirm as not to be able to ascend the steps of a *grand escalier* without difficulty. Moreover, the knot in the handkerchief attached to the bar of the shutters was difficult to unloose, so firmly had it been tied; but the *maladresse* of the prince was well known—he could hardly fasten his shoestrings. In this last moment of his life did his hand grow steadier, his limbs stronger, in the solitude of midnight and the presence of death?

But there was still another circumstance which must be added to the suspicious category. The position of the Duke's chamber has been already described, and mention made of the secret staircase which led from the ante-chamber to the lower floor, communicating with Madame de Feuchères' apartment and the entrance to the château. A door opened on this staircase from within. This door, the weight of evidence showed to have remained unfastened during the night of the 26th. Was it to hide this terrible circumstance that Madame de Feuchères, on the morning of the discovery, instead of ascending by the well-known private staircase, which would seem to be her most convenient route, half dressed as she was, carefully came round by the main staircase, and only regained her room by the secret passage?

The valet, Lecomte, who has been already mentioned as a protégé of Madame de Feuchères—whom the duke was unwilling to charge with the service of sentinel at his chamber door—who was the first to discover the death of his ill-fated master, contributed, in the sequel, less to the clearing up than the deepening of the mystery. His testimony was contradictory, and his behaviour suspicious. On the day of the funeral, when the body of the deceased Condé was exposed in the illuminated chapel, surrounded by solemn funeral symbols, Lecomte, with his fellow servants, was a witness of the spectacle. He could not restrain his emotions—the cry escaped him, "*J'ai un poids sur le cœur!*" "*J'en ai le cœur gros!*" Manowry, who heard him, advised him to confess whatever he might know. Lecomte was silent. Afterwards he tried to explain these strange expressions by attributing them to a fear of losing his place. But the question arises, might not these mournful exclamations have been the result of irrepressible remorse, quickened into utterance by a last sight of the lifeless victim?

Such were some of the interrogatories with which the advocates, no less of the rights of the heirs, than of the good name of the deceased, combatted the idea of the cowardly death of the last of the Condés. Nor did they fail to unfold, in all its complicated details of interest and expediency, and subtle management, the history of the forced legacy which has been already narrated. The most august name in the kingdom was coupled with that of Madame de Feuchères in this story of intrigue, now given to the world in all the publicity of a reported trial, coloured by all the partial eloquence of a zealous advocate.

But the suspicions of the legitimists did not quash the decision of the Courts. The Princes de Rohan failed in all their attempts to set aside the will of the Duke. The final decision was in favour of its validity; the young Duke d'Aumale was pronounced the rightful heir of the Condés; and Madame Feuchères was confirmed in her various possessions and expectancies. Mistress of an immense fortune, she repaired to Paris to enjoy its advantages at leisure. It is true that for some time after the catastrophe at St. Leu, her spirits were hardly equal to her good fortune. For fifteen nights at the Palais Bourbon, she made Madame de Flassans sleep in her chamber, and the Abbé Briant in the library adjoining, as though she feared the solitude and the images of terror which might chance to people it. But this passed away; and a gracious reception at Court placed her at once in a position of influence.

The Condé affair was soon forgotten at Paris, or remembered only by those whose business it is to preserve the record of events for the sake of future contingencies, personal, political, or public. But, after the fall of the Orleans dynasty, the old whispers of suspicion revived, and there were not wanting those who asserted their belief that a Royal personage had something to do with the assassination of the last of the Condés. But there

is no evidence to support such a charge ; and it is probable the mystery connected with the Duke de Bourbon's death will never be unravelled.

In the preceding narrative we have drawn largely from the details given in the "Causes Célèbres" in the case of Madame de Feuchères, and also from the "Histoire de Dix Ans," by Louis Blanc, who devotes the greater part of the second chapter of his second book to the investigation of this mysterious affair.

R. M. H.

THE THREE STATUES OF ÆGINA.

Chiron, the sculptor, night and day,
Toils o'er his heaps of Samian clay.
The years of anxious care are past—
A masterpiece is wrought at last.
He breaks the mould, and, lo ! appears
A rustic God, with wild goat's ears.

The judge condemns—and Chiron yet
Over the clay must sigh and sweat ;
"Not strength alone but beauty gives
The prize for which the sculptor lives."
A second trial—Venus he
Has shown us rising from the sea.

Again he fails—for sages say,
"In art that wisdom must have sway.
That beauty, true, is flower and root,
Wisdom alone the ripened fruit."
Again his lamp burns, day and night,
And, lo ! Minerva, mailed in light.

The judges meet—the Archon stands,
The oak-crown in his wrinkled hands.
"All hail to Chiron !" is the cry
That scares the white doves in the sky.
"Why sits he, then, with upturn'd face,
Nor moveth from his resting-place ?"

Pluto has call'd him. He is gone.
A shade that victor crown has on.
They bear hale Chiron to the pile,
Where the blue waves unceasing smile ;
And there, in sunshine and in gloom,
Those triple statues guard his tomb.

Walter Thornbury.

HOPPING IN KENT.

The rising rays of a rich September sun are rapidly dispelling the thick white mist that partially obscures from view one of the loveliest scenes to be found in the lovely "garden of England." Higher, still higher, soars the sun; thinner, still thinner, fades the mist, till, one by one, and row by row, the stately hop-poles, with their clinging, clustering burdens break from their dewy veil and stand revealed in all their rich autumnal glory in the full blaze of the morning light. North, east, south, and west, as far as eye can reach, they rise a perfect forest of smiling beauty, whose perfumed fruit scents the air with that delicious fragrance so peculiar to itself. The garden we have entered is one of the finest in Kent, and this bright morning witnesses the commencement of the hop-picking season, a period of the year which is looked upon by all the humbler portions of the neighbourhood as a time of holiday yet profitable occupation. As for the junior portion of the community, school is but a name to them during its continuance, and their toiling teachers can rest or employ themselves in any way that pleases them till the last pole is pulled and the last hop picked. To the tramp of St. Giles it is "partridge shooting," "yachting," and "out of town,"—all in one, and long before the day arrives, on which the season fairly sets in, he slings his kettle, saucepan, shoes, baby, and any other trifling article of housekeeping upon his shoulders, and pipe in mouth, stick in hand, bids a joyous farewell to his dark, dirty rookery, with its pilfered meals and squalid misery, exchanging its moral and physical pestilential atmosphere for the clear air of heaven, and honest though hard labour from morn till night,—parting, in fact, from all his old associations (save policeman A 1, or D 2), who affectionately await his arrival at his destination, with the kindly intent of seeing that his exuberant spirits do not rise beyond the moderate bounds of "hollering," shouting songs, and swearing.

It is now a little past six o'clock, and all engaged on the ground are falling into their proper places, and, taking up our position on a small rising ground that overlooks the scene, we observe its activity, without interfering with those who have more *profitable* occupation for eye and hand than scribbling for daily bread!

The hops are planted—if we may so describe it—in equilateral triangles, so that, which ever way we look, they rise in even rows about six feet apart, with plenty of space for light and air to penetrate between each line. One division has already been felled to make room for the pickers' bins which are ranged side by side, and row by row, down the cleared portion of the ground, the cottagers and homestead people standing in one line, the tramps in another, for even in hop-picking class prejudices have to be respected, and the bright-eyed, rosy-faced, neatly-clad peasant-girl, holds herself as much aloof from her ragged noisy sister as the proud daughter of wealth and fashion, from the poorer member of the class which does not possess the privilege of the entrée to her favoured circle. But there is great excuse for the country-folks' circumspection, as a rough giantess of a woman, loud-voiced, evil-tongued, with a pair of immense hands that can scratch and tear on the slightest provocation, quite as readily as employ themselves in useful labour, is not exactly the person to make a pleasant next-door neighbour, even for a few weeks.

A few words here as to technicalities may not be amiss. Pullers, the men who cut the line and pull the poles from the ground; pickers (who are almost entirely women and children) those who pluck the fruit from the plants; measurers (called in some districts) tally-men,—the persons who measure the contents of the bins as soon as they are filled, and are generally some responsible men belonging to the ground; hop-boys, little fellows who follow the pullers with baskets to gather the hops that may fall when the bine is cut; hop-dog, an instrument to wrench the pole from the earth when manual labour is not sufficient to effect it; tallies, small pieces of tin, one of which the picker receives for every bushel gathered; pockets, but another name for small sacks in which the crops are sent to market; the host, the house where the crop is dried; bins, wooden frame-works with sacking fastened all round, sufficiently loose to form a large bag to catch the fruit as it falls from the gatherers' hands—a double bin has room for four people to stand at, a single only admits of two; the hair, a horsehair carpet on which the hops are placed to dry.

The heavy tramp of the pullers betokens that work has commenced in right good earnest, and soon every bin has a large pole resting across its handle, and swiftly and skilfully the women strip them of their scented burden, stopping every now and then to rub their hands together, for it is terribly cold work, picking hops, with a thick dew drenching both leaves and fruit.

As the sun rises higher in the sky, both pullers and pickers warm with their work, and songs, laughter and merry voices fill the air with not unpleasing sounds, although it must be admitted that, so far as the songs of the tramps are concerned, "distance lends enchantment to the sound;" for "the Ratcatcher's Daughter," "Villikins and his Dinah," and all the very choice collections of modern songs of the same class that have of late years taken such prominent hold of the public taste, are elegant refining ballads, compared to the rude ditties of this untaught, uneducated, neglected class.

Somewhat tired of watching the monotonous fall of the hops into the receptacles prepared for them, we stroll away to a more distant part of the ground where pulling is in full operation. Here, sickles in hand, the rural lords of the creation reign paramount, ordering the little hop-boys hither and thither, in no very mild terms, as the children hover round the poles, and interfere with the free use of their cutting implements. A tall gaunt Irishman now seizes one of the finest poles, and dexterously brandishing his weapon, cuts the bine about nine inches from the ground, then, exerting his strength, he wrenches the pole from the ground, and in a few moments, it is borne upon his shoulders to the bins. One

after another, in quick succession, the leaf-covered supporters are uprooted and the short-cut bine, and trampled open ground, mark the spot where so very lately they stood in all their stately splendour.

By this time the sun is high overhead, and the hour of dinner approaches, preparations for which have been going on in different parts of the garden for the last two hours. There is no *fixed* time for the welcome meal; but, by tacit consent, when twelve o'clock arrives, work pretty generally ceases, and the pleasanter employment of refreshing the inner man commences. The cottagers who reside near return to their homes for dinner; those from a distance have brought their meals with them, and, under the shelter of the hop-rows, speedily dispatch their frugal repast. But the tramps enjoy a better and more plentiful supply of refreshments than their more civilised neighbours, for, having neither house nor home to support, every penny they can earn is devoted to eating and drinking. Sticks, gipsy-fashion, have been supporting kettles and pots, from which very savoury perfumes are wafted by the wind, and now both old and young hasten in the direction of the fires. Old knives, tin plates, mugs and spoons are called into requisition; beer, in no small proportion, is produced from large kegs and stone bottles; pipes filled ready for smoking, and, without any ceremony, the hungry hoppers fall upon their food like half-famished animals. Seen from a little distance the scene is very picturesque; the clear blue sky over-head, with the bright sun-light playing amongst the foliage of the deep background formed by the unfelled hops, the leaping fires, with the witch-like cauldrons suspended above them, and the wild, weird-looking groups surrounding them form a picture not easily forgotten.

Here an old man, already worn out with his half day's work, has fallen asleep, and a little curly-headed boy is carefully covering his face with his tattered pinafore—"to keep the flies from grandad's face." There two sturdy strapping young fellows are flirting with two equally sturdy strapping young lasses, whose natural dark-eyed beauty not even the rough exposure of their lives has as yet totally obliterated; whilst still lingering close to the fires are the husbands and fathers, wives and mothers of the fraternity, with barefooted, bareheaded children crawling, sleeping, or playing around them.

At length the meal is concluded, and all, save, the old man, return to their labour, the two young men referred to having agreed to pull quicker—"that old daddy may rest awhile." The children now cluster round the dying embers, aud smoke pieces of bine stick, &c., in precocious imitation of their elders; till, one by one, they fall asleep or wander away to the active scene elsewhere.

On returning to the spot whence we first started, we find the bins have been moved nearer to the standing hops, and some of them are overflowing with the fragrant produce.

"Measurer, measurer, ho, ho!" call out half-a-dozen voices together, and in a few minutes the person named appears, with a large sack, into which he empties bushel after bushel of fruit, and for every measure gives the picker a tally. This important functionary departed, work is resumed as before, whilst the gatherers compare notes as to the quantity they expect to pick before night-fall. And speaking of earning, we may as well state here that two grown persons, with two children to help them, will pick between forty and fifty bushels a-day, at prices varying from 1½*d.* to 2*d.* a-bushel in a good year. In a bad one the prices rise much higher, even 6*d.* a-bushel has been paid in some seasons; and though this would seem more profitable to the picker, the trouble of finding the hops concealed beneath the leaves, and the constant harass of continually changing and shifting the position of the pole, renders a shilling to be earned at 6*d.* a-bushel far more difficult than at 1½*d.* The pullers are paid in some grounds so much a-day, the prices varying, but 2*s.* 6*d.* is about the average; at others, so much per 100 poles.

Nothing conduces so much to sharpen the appetite as the fresh sweet air of one of these gardens, unless it be the spectacle of others enjoying the repast you would yourself like to partake of. So, with these powerful provocatives of appetite, we hasten to the nearest cottage, where a simple dinner awaits our arrival, provided for us by a kind friend. Rising from our rural fare, we feel sorely tempted to follow "old dad's example," and indulge in a long nap; but conquering the lazy feeling, we take our way once more into the field.

On entering the garden an angry voice falls upon the ear, exclaiming—

"Sure, now, Pat, and ye're giving that —— girl" (it is necessary sometimes to omit Mr. and Mrs. Pat's expressive adjectives) "all the best poles, ye blackguard."

And with these words an irate, red-faced woman forces her way to the cottagers' bins, where her lord and master has just arrived with a magnificent pole, which, with true Irish gallantry, he is presenting to one of the prettiest cottage-girls, to the intense indignation of his angry spouse, whose experienced eye not only detects nearly two bushels of hops on the bine, but the glance of admiration which her giant husband bestows on the handsome picker.

"Sure now, darlint, and it's your own true Pat will find you a better and bigger pole than this little one," cries the penitent puller, edging most judiciously at the same time out of the reach of his wife's fingers, that seem suddenly to have discovered the secret of perpetual motion, and open and close with a rapidity perfectly alarming to a nervous beholder. The foreman of the ground here interposes, and, with muttered oaths, Mrs. Pat returns to her work. The quantity of fruit varies considerably on the poles, and when we remember that the richer the bine, the swifter fill the bins, this angry virago had some cause for ill-temper, as her recreant lord left her side to attend on the laughing girl, leaving her to the care of a stranger of very inferior strength of arm, and who pulled the weakest poles he could find. Leaving the ill-used lady to recover her good temper on the peace offering of a pipe of "rale tobacco," we turn our steps towards the host, from whose

cowl-surmounted chimney thick white steam is pouring fast, betokening that the dryer is already at work. Large gardens generally contain two or three of these buildings, small ones but one. They are circular in shape, and some eighteen feet in diameter; on the ground floor are lighted three charcoal fires, a little sulphur being thrown on them to colour the hops. The ceiling of the room is composed of timber joists, about two feet apart, crossed with laths at the distance of every two inches or so, and over this the hair is firmly stretched, on which a layer of fruit, two feet in thickness, has just been laid. It will be some hours before they are thoroughly dried, but the time varies according to their dampness, the dryer taking good care to keep them constantly well turned, for on the successful accomplishment of this operation depends in a great measure the value of the crops. A good dryer, with indifferent hops, will show a better sample than a bad one with those of superior quality. And many are the growls of dissatisfaction from disappointed young beginners, when year after year some experienced old practitioner carries off prize after prize at the horticultural shows of the neighbourhood. When thoroughly dried, the hops are placed in the stowage-room, which is also on the same upper floor as the hair, to cool; and here they remain for some days. They are now ready for stomping, a man and a boy being told off from the farm for that purpose. In the floor of the stowage-room is a circular trap-door, and when the trap is down a pocket is placed below the aperture (which is about the size of the sack's mouth-piece) and fastened by strong hooks to the wooden ridge that runs around the hole. The boy then shovels a quantity of hops into the pockets, the man, jumping in, stamps or "stomps" them into the smallest possible compass. When the sacks are full they are sewn up; and now not a single bag may be removed till the supervisor of the district has seen them weighed, on account of that little 18*s.* 4*d.* which Government demands on every cwt. grown. When once stamped with the royal mark, the grower can cut his samples, and send his crop to market as soon as he pleases. Each pocket contains on the average one cwt. and a quarter. The samples are cut in small compact squares from their contents, the bag being unsewn for that purpose. Notwithstanding the heavy duty, and great risk it may be of almost a total failure for two years running, there is no crop pays the farmer so well, on the whole, as hops; one acre of ground yielding from ten to thirty cwt., according to the seasons; and when we mention that in middling years each single cwt. will realise 10*l.*, 120*l.* or 140*l.* is not so bad a return for labour expended and capital laid out; and after duty and all expenses are paid, a very handsome balance remains in the proprietor's hands. For it must be remembered that a garden once arrived at maturity will last for a hundred years; for the hop, like the everlasting pea, springs up afresh, year after year, with undiminished strength, although it is four years before it arrives at its full growth. So soon as the crop is carried in the autumn, every hop-hill (for so each little cluster of roots is termed) is carefully examined, to see if any symptoms of weakness or injury appear; and where such is the case, a "hop set"—a piece of the old bine —is cut, and placed in the room of the decayed or fragile limb; the grounds are carefully cleared, and everything as far as possible prepared for the next season. It is not every place where hops will grow; and they require plenty of good manure to thrive well. In the spring the hills are again inspected, and all the young shoots plucked up with the exception of three runners intended to climb the poles, this being considered a sufficient quantity to cover them entirely. These most luxuriant and beautiful specimens of vegetation have many enemies to contend against. The black and green flies are their sworn foes, destroying and feasting upon their inviting foliage to a most fearful extent. The "mould," also, is very fatal to them. The poles of these aspiring climbers are seldom more than 14 feet in height, growers having discovered that if they rose to 20 feet or more in altitude, the hops never begin to bear until they have reached the very top of their supporters. The price of these last-mentioned articles varies in different localities, but from twenty-eight to thirty shillings a 100 is a common price. Anyone wishing to farm a hop-garden would not take the trouble to plant sets over 7, 10, 30, or 40 acres of land, as the case might be, but buy, from some small cottager, so many thousand two-year-olds; for almost every peasant who owns a piece of ground in the neighbourhood of the hop-gardens spares a portion of it for a hop-nursery; and there may be seen little one-year-olds trailing on the ground: those of two seasons' growth supported by four-feet sticks. It is not till the third year of a new ground the fruit is worth the trouble of gathering, though not of sufficient value to warrant pulling the six-feet poles on which it hangs, and steps are therefore used, on which the picker mounts to pluck the hops—on the fourth year, as before observed, the bine is fully developed. The most generally cultivated varieties now are the "Goldings," "Grape," and "Golden Drop," all of them producing fine heavy fruit.

But hark! what is that hoarse cry, borne upon the evening breeze? "Money, money! Who wants money?" and quitting the host, we hasten to the spot whence the noisy voice proceeds. Throngs of pullers and pickers are fast hastening in the same direction. In a few minutes we are in the presence of the foreman, who, seated on a sack, with a bag of money before him, holds his evening court. "Money, money! Who wants money?" he shouts out again. It is not very long before his question receives a reply, and crowds of applicants surround him. All the tramps demand and receive their full day's wages. Not so the cottagers, who as a rule prefer having their tallies entered in a book, waiting till the Saturday for their liquidation. This important settlement of affairs concluded, all gladly hasten to their homes. The cottagers, dispersed in quiet little groups, wend their way peaceably along to their own or parents' cottages. The noisy tramps, on the contrary, shouting and singing aloud as they turn their steps in the direction of the Hop Houses, places prepared (if we may use the word)

especially for their accommodation: and of these dens called houses, the less said the better, for unless they are better managed and looked after than they were some very few years back, they are a disgrace to a country calling itself Christian and civilised.

The glorious sun is fast sinking behind the western horizon, to shed his all-cheering influence on other lands; and the little loving lamps of night are one by one twinkling in the unsullied sky; and, turning our steps in the direction of the railway-station, not ill-pleased with our day's amusement, we arrive just in time to secure our seat in the London train, with bright visions of green-waving leaves and merry faces still floating before us.

Isabella Kentish.

JUSTINE'S GAGE D'AMOUR.

The Duke of —— had a passion for diamonds. He was allowed to be an excellent judge, and no doubt he deserved to be so estimated, for there were many reasons why no excellence, unless deserved, should be accorded him. His name had been connected with many infamous scandals, and it was said that he had fled from his duchy in a balloon. Yet his undoubted judgment in diamonds, and his unique collection of those fascinating gems, made him tolerated by many who would otherwise have given him the cut direct. The Duke of —— was seated at one of the small tables near the south window of the Kursaal at B—— B——, sipping an orgeat, to which his Highness is particularly partial. On the other side of the same table was M. Placquet, a young Frenchman, a third-rate actor of the Theatre of Varieties at Paris. He pretended to be nothing more. His style of living was in accordance with his position, and he had come to B—— for the purposes of his art. He said so to those who had been curious about him, and the Duke of —— had been one of the number. He was enjoying a modest cup of coffee, and dallying with the spoon, when the Duke's attention became fixed upon a ring worn on the fourth finger of the young man's left hand. The Duke evidently desired to ask M. Placquet a question, but his politeness restrained him. The Duke struggled in vain. The ring fascinated him like the eyes of a basilisk, and M. Placquet played with his spoon most provokingly. The Duke could bear it no longer, and therefore gave a short hem! to attract M. Placquet's attention.

"I hope you will pardon me," said the Duke, "but I have a passion for diamonds."

M. Placquet smiled, bowed, and looked strangely puzzled.

"Excuse me," said the Duke, "but would you allow me to examine the one upon your finger?"

"Monsieur is disposed to be pleasant," replied M. Placquet, a shade of displeasure passing over his face. "I am not in a position to wear diamonds."

"My dear sir," said the Duke, "I assure you I had no intention to offend you; and, believe me, the ring you wear is a brilliant of a very pure water."

"Poor Justine!" half muttered M. Placquet, shrugging his shoulders; "you give diamonds!"

"You seem to doubt my judgment, sir!" said the Duke, his dark eyebrows contracting, and his eyes—he had terrible eyes—glowing as they always did when he became angry. "I say it is a diamond, sir!"

M. Placquet drew the ring from his finger, and, presenting it to the Duke, said:

"Satisfy yourself, sir! It is only one of the excellent imitations made for stage use, and was given to me by a little ballet-dancer—some day to be my wife—as a *gage d'amour*. It cost ten francs, sir, a large sum for her to expend even upon me. I went with her to purchase it, and selected it from a hundred others equally brilliant and valuable."

The Duke held the ring to the light, then shaded it with his hand, and put it to all the tests usually employed by connoisseurs.

"My opinion is still unchanged, sir," said the Duke, "notwithstanding all you have told me, and I am prepared to lay any wager you please that I am right. This diamond is of great value."

"M'sieur," replied M. Placquet, with a deprecatory shrug, "I am only a third-rate actor at the Varieties, and cannot pay wagers if I lose them; but I will justify what I have told you. You are a stranger to me—my ring, you say, is of great value—take it away, and submit it to other judgments, and when you have found that my ten-franc ring is only glass or paste, return it to me to-morrow at this hour, for the sake of my little Justine."

M. Placquet considered he had delivered a first-rate *exit* speech, so, leaving the ring with the Duke, he made a capital bow, and withdrew to an imaginary round of applause.

The Duke was right in his judgment. Lewis Emanuels, the diamond-dealer of Hamburg, chanced to be at B—— B——, and he pronounced the stone to be worth 10,000 francs, and cheap at the money. M. Placquet and the Duke were equally punctual. The poor actor turned pale when the Duke told him the result of his inquiry, and offered to become the purchaser of the ring at the price set upon it by the Hamburg dealer.

"You are very good, M'sieur, very," said M. Placquet, "and will perhaps form a bad opinion of my intellect if I hesitate to accept your liberal offer, and for the reason I am about to give. I told you the ring was the gift of my fiancée Justine. You do not know her—how should you? She is the soul of sentiment and of affection, and she might blame me did I part with her *gage d'amour* without her consent. If you will allow me to write to her in Paris, and await her answer, should she consent, the ring is yours. In the mean time, pray take charge of it, and if possible, confirm your judgment, for I cannot believe in my good fortune."

The Duke refused, then hesitated, and at last consented to become the custodian of the ring, after giving M. Placquet an acknowledgment in writing.

When M. Placquet saw the Duke's signature, the poor fellow was overwhelmed at the honour he had received in his recent association with so

great a personage, and he uttered a profusion of apologies for the freedom he had used in the intercourse. The Duke dismissed him very graciously, and M. Placquet proceeded to write to his distant and much-beloved Justine.

In a few days M. Placquet received an answer from Justine, not by post, but through the agency of that young lady's venerable grandpapa, and who had journeyed expressly from Paris to assure Auguste (M. Placquet) that he could do as he pleased for their mutual advantage.

A meeting was arranged, and the Duke and M. Placquet were alone. Five hundred golden louis jingled in the pocket of M. Placquet, in exchange for poor little Justine's ten-franc purchase.

"Here is the little box they gave me with it," said M. Placquet, taking the ring from the table, and pressing it fondly, very fondly, to his lips, and then placing it in the little casket, which he returned open to the Duke.

The Duke closed it, and put it into his pocket. M. Placquet was evidently much moved by his good fortune, and the Duke, observing it, very soon released him from his presence.

The same night M. Placquet and the venerable grandpapa of poor little Justine left B—— B——. The next morning the Duke of —— invited the Princess of A., the Countess of B., and the Margrave of C. to inspect his new purchase. When it was produced the Duke could scarcely believe his eyes; the ring was the same in size and in setting, but it was changed, changed to paste, and might have been bought in Paris anywhere for ten francs! The Duke demanded M. Placquet to be sent for. M. Placquet, as we have said before, had left the night preceding with the Duke's five hundred golden louis jingling in his pocket, accompanied by the venerable grandpapa of poor little Justine. Yes, the swindle was plain enough. M. Placquet and his confederates had heard of the Duke's passion for diamonds, and had clubbed together to purchase one of great beauty. This the Duke saw, examined, and purchased; but Justine's venerable grandpapa had travelled *malle poste* from Paris with an exact imitation of the same diamond which M. Placquet sold the Duke, and the pretended *futur* exchanged it over the parting kiss which he so lovingly bestowed upon it. No one pitied the Duke, he was so unpopular; but no one laughed at him to his face, he was so vindictive.

L.

KNOCKING DOWN AN OLD FRIEND.

Travelling, as I often do, upon the Hastings branch of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, the question has more than once been asked by my fellow passengers, "Pray, sir, what are those round things." I reply, not without a glance of indignation, and a conscious pride of proprietorship in the fortifications of my native county, "Sir, those round things are Martello towers."

Then ensues a perfect deluge of questions, and I have to submit to a fierce cross-examination as to—Who was Martello? When did he build those towers? Why did he build them? How did he build them? What are they made of? What are they now used for? How many shots from an Armstrong gun would it take to knock one of them to pieces? And so on.

Now it is almost impossible for any person who is not a native of the county of Sussex, to imagine how irritating such queries as these are to those, who, albeit they may regard these stout little forts as a necessary part and ornament of their home landscape, if not an important item in the efficient defences of their coast, yet are compelled to listen with such patience as they may, to the numerous, and apparently unpardonable mistakes which arise in the minds of strangers who view them for the first time.

For instance, when I was once pointing out with some pride to an elderly lady the view from our dining-room window, which commands the noble sweep of Pevensey bay in the far distance, dotted with its numerous tiny forts at regular intervals, and said, "And there, beyond, you see the sea, don't you, Mrs. Malaprop?"

"The sea, my dear, where?" she replied. "Oh, is that the sea? Yes, yes, I see it now—quite plainly, too. Why I do believe that I can see—yes, to be sure I can—I can see the bathing-machines."

Bathing-machines, indeed! Bathing-machines? Why those are coast-defences—solid towers with walls nine feet thick towards the sea, and six on the land side. I had all the measurements by heart, you see; and well I might, for had I not gone to bed every night of my boyhood's life, and slept in the conscious safety of a line of impregnable forts which no enemy could ever approach, no Frenchman ever pass? Had not a Martello tower defied the efforts of the English Engineers in the Peninsular war? And was it likely that any foreign foe could encompass their destruction on British soil?

And then, of course, I enter at considerable length into their history. I relate, with graphic description, how those snug little towers were "instituted in the time of man's innocency;" that is to say, somewhere about the year 1813, when a certain troublesome neighbour of ours across the water was supposed to be desirous of anticipating Waterloo by invading the sacred and perfidious shores of Albion.

I proudly point to the result. I remind Mrs. M. that Waterloo was not anticipated—that the sacred and perfidious shores of Albion are still intact—that Britons never shall be slaves—that the flag will still continue triumphantly to brave a thousand inconveniences—that Waterloo can never be avenged in this direction, at least so long as our coast shall bristle with artillery mounted upon those impregnable—bathing-machines, as she calls them.

Yes, whatever opinions may elsewhere prevail upon the subject, there is no doubt whatever in the mind which has been illuminated by the nurture of the downs and marshes of eastern Sussex, of the complete efficiency of that form of resistance known as a Martello tower. You may be sure, therefore, that when I heard, a few weeks ago, that some private experiments were to be made against one of my old friends with an Armstrong gun, I made up my mind to be present

at the sight. Full of confidence was I; such confidence as might have inspired the friends of Mr. Sayers when they anticipated the appearance of their champion against his herculean antagonist, or the backers of Mr. Mace in his encounter with an opponent still more overwhelming. With a heart therefore beaming with patriotism, and a pocket not devoid of sherry and sandwiches (for hunger reaches a long range), I betook myself on the appointed day to the retired village of Bexhill.

The platform at the Bexhill railway station is not an exciting spot. I have long hardened my heart against the appeals of Mr. Thorley; no amount of advertisements will ever persuade me to buy another gallon of parrafin oil; no letters of enormous size shall induce me to go to Brighton and back for half-a-crown. Cut off, therefore, from the only subjects of contemplation which presented themselves, I was vastly relieved by the arrival of "the special" from Dover, conveying two neat Armstrong guns of twelve pounds, each as trim as a London swell's umbrella, and not much bigger; but with horses and men and officers, in numbers quite out of all apparent proportion to the engines to be employed.

It was soon very evident that my observations were not likely to be interrupted by the overcrowding of anxious spectators, for no one was present excepting a few small boys and one or two clergymen, those constant attendants upon all gratuitous exhibitions, from a fatal accident to a fantoccini-show. Fortunately, also, it now began to pour with rain, and continued to do so for the rest of the day. Fortunately, I say, because, by this means, curious and inquisitive individuals who might have been attracted by the presence of the military were kept in-doors, and I was also enabled to offer the shelter of my umbrella to a young officer of Engineers, who appeared to know more about the experiments to be made, than any one else; and from him I gathered the interesting information that the object of the day's work was to test the power of a 12-pounder Armstrong, as a breaching-gun opposed to solid brickwork at a short range, in comparison with some similar experiments recently made in France with rifled cannons of the same calibre.

And now my mind began to waver. Was I most anxious that the English gun should beat the Frenchman, or that my old friend, the Martello tower, should maintain its character against the onslaught of the most powerful English weapon of modern warfare? I hardly know myself to what conclusion I arrived; but I think—I think that, on the whole, my sympathies were on the side of the tower. That bathing-machine mistake was still sticking in my throat.

In vain did we remain at the railway station in hopes that the rain would cease, or that the select committee of the Board of Ordnance who were to superintend the proceedings would arrive; each break in the clouds, each approaching fly, was regarded with the most intense interest, but with equal disappointment. The fine weather never came; the select committee never came, at any rate to the railway station. Certainly, in the course of the afternoon, two damp individuals were found seated on an empty hamper under the shelter of the tower, and these were reported to be the long-expected committee, select at least in their numbers, and it is to be hoped in their language too, for they must have gone through a great deal in the way of wind and rain before we arrived.

To reach the scene of action it was necessary to undertake a walk of about a mile and a-half along the sea-shore. Every one was wet through, but that did not matter: the guns were soon in position, and every preparation made for the attack from a distance of only seventy-one yards.

All was ready — the guns were pointed, and every eye was anxiously directed to the tower, on the top of which were observed—greatly to the surprise of the civilians at any rate — two individuals coolly watching our proceedings with the utmost indifference to the apparent danger of their situation.

"We are going to fire!" calls out the officer in command.

"Fire away!" replied the intrepid spectators whom he addressed.

I could have embraced those men with enthusiastic admiration. There were others besides myself who had confidence in the strength of the tower, who did not object to an Armstrong gun peppering away at seventy-one yards range, while they comfortably smoked their pipes in the interior. That one touch of nature made me feel considerably more than kin to them in a moment.

"Fire away!" was their reply. And we did fire away accordingly. Bang!—smash!—a good deal of smoke—a little brick-dust—a neat round hole about six inches in diameter, and there stood the sturdy little fort firm, defiant, and smiling. More smoke, more brick-dust, more neat round holes. Thirty-two rounds have been fired. The first part of the experiments is concluded; the tower does not look much the worse for it. We now begin anxiously to probe the wounds and measure their depth.

"What is the extreme penetration?" I asked.

"Twenty-six inches," says the artilleryman in charge of the measuring-rod.

"And pray, sir, what was the extreme of penetration of the French rifled cannon at the same distance?" I inquire of my friend of the Engineers.

"Nearly four feet," is the reply.

Upon which piece of information I immediately retired and found it necessary to catch a train which would be returning presently. I was not altogether easy in my mind at the idea of the Frenchman leaving us behind again; but I felt a certain inward satisfaction at the toughness of my little Martello.

The question in my mind was, is the unsuccessful result of the odious comparison with the French gun due to the inferiority of our cannon, or the impregnable strength of my tower?

To the strength of the tower, of course.

And with this assurance I went home and passed a good night's rest with a perfect sense of security from invasion, and a full confidence in that form of defence which I hope never again to hear mistaken for bathing-machines.

RED SEAWEEDS.

Of the three great divisions of the algæ, the rhodosperms or red-spored seaweeds are those of which the general public knows most and the marine botanist least. And the reason of this is very obvious. The green seaweeds are so simply constructed, and their tissues are so transparent, that their examination presents little difficulty even to the most inexperienced eye. In them the whole plant is but a repetition of any one of its component cells. We find in them scarcely a trace of that principle of division of labour, so common in plants a little higher in the scale of creation, by which different parts of the plant are modified and set apart for the performance of different functions, so that to one is assigned the office of nourishing the plant, to another that of producing seed. There is, as physiologists term it, no differentiation. We have, therefore, only to cut a fragment from any part of one of these plants and place it beneath the microscope, and so far as its structure is concerned we see at once all that is to be seen. But the case of the red seaweeds is very different. Here the fronds of the plant are often so opaque that little can be made out under the microscope without previous dissection, or the preparation of very thin sections. Again, the green seaweeds will grow almost anywhere; they will bear excess of light and deficiency of water, so that we can keep them for any length of time in our aquaria, and watch the changes which they undergo. We can even, as we have seen, keep a fragment of a plant growing in a single drop of water on a slip of glass, and observe with the microscope the method of its growth. In the same manner we can trace the development of the spores and zoospores, and learn how each becomes a plant. Thus the solution of the various problems presented by the green seaweeds is a matter of comparatively little difficulty, though even in their case many points still remain doubtful. But the red seaweeds are far less hardy, and far more susceptible of injury from unfavourable external circumstances. Few of them can be cultivated successfully, and fragments of plants detached for examination will not continue to grow. Nor have the attempts which have been made to raise the red seaweeds from their spores been in many instances attended with success, so that we can scarcely wonder that the true nature of the fructification of these plants is still a matter of dispute among marine botanists.

In most, probably in all, of the red seaweeds two kinds of fructification occur, called respectively spores and tetraspores. The tetraspores derive their name from a Greek word signifying four, and are thus termed from the very curious circumstance that they are always divided into four parts called sporules. They are generally oblong or spherical bodies, and the fourfold division always takes place on one of three different plans. Either the tetraspores are cut into quarters by two cuts at right angles to each other, just as we usually divide an apple or an orange, or they are divided by radiating lines drawn from the centre of the spherical body, or, finally, in the case of the oblong tetraspores, division is effected simply by three parallel cuts. The tetraspores are generally hidden in the substance of the frond, and are then only to be detected by careful examination with a lens. Sometimes, however, they are external, either naked and attached to the branches, or contained in pod-shaped cases termed stichidia. The spores are always contained in a more or less perfect case, differing in construction in different families, and called a favella, a coccidium, or a ceramidium. These different kinds of spore case are very important in the classification of the red seaweeds. The first is simply an external tubercle containing a globular mass of spores, the second is a similar body containing a tuft of spores attached to a central column, while the third is an oval or urn-shaped case open at the end and furnished with a tuft of pear-shaped spores. It is universally agreed among botanists that of these two kinds of fructification both cannot be regarded as true spores, and that one must be looked upon as gemmules or buds, but whether the spores or the tetraspores are the true fruit is still an open question. In addition to the spores and tetraspores there are found in some of the rhodosperms certain organs termed antheridia, which have been supposed to play some part in the fertilisation of the spores, and which are said by some observers to contain minute globules, having a power of spontaneous motion, like the zoospores of the green seaweeds. This, however, is denied by most authors. The antheridia may be easily seen in any of the common species of polysiphonia, in which they form rather long white cells, collected in great numbers at the ends of the branches.

It will be seen from what has been said, that the accurate study of the red seaweeds is by no means easy. The mere identification of specimens is often to the beginner a matter of no small difficulty; depending, as it does, on the shape and arrangement of the minute cells of which the frond is composed, the construction of the spore-cases, and the division and disposition of the tetraspores. But to this branch of knowledge there does exist a royal road. The fortunate possessor of "The Nature-printed Seaweeds," may easily identify his specimens, without troubling his head about coccidia and favellidia, spores and tetraspores, or fatiguing his eyes over the microscope in making out the shape and arrangement of infinitesimal cells. Those to whom this work is an unattainable luxury, will find "Harvey's Manual of British Marine Algæ," a good guide. It is generally a matter of little difficulty to determine to which of the three great orders a given specimen belongs, since colour, as has before been observed, is here for the most part a safe guide. But though the members of the different orders agree thus remarkably in this respect, so that whenever we see a red seaweed we know at once that it possesses tetraspores, and is constructed on the model of one or other of the families into which the red seaweeds have been divided, and whenever we see a green or brown seaweed, we may safely predict the absence of both these qualities, yet this statement is true, so long only as we confine our attention to healthy plants, growing in a situation favourable to the development of the species to which they belong. For the colouring

matter of these seaweeds is so easily affected by external influences, that only in such plants can we expect to find it unchanged, and the change which it commonly undergoes is to green or brown, the colours which respectively characterise the two other great divisions of the seaweeds. Now, the red seaweeds are, for the most part, deep water plants, and their rich and brilliant colours are only developed to perfection in situations where they are never exposed to the injurious influence of air or light. Thus the well-known Chondrus crispus, or Irish moss, when growing in deep water, or in shady pools, is of a dark purple colour, but in shallow rock pools, exposed to the rays of the sun, it becomes bright green, pale yellow, or sometimes nearly white. Another of the red seaweeds, Laurencia pinnatifida, known in some parts of Scotland as the pepper dulse, is still more variable, and specimens of this plant, gathered from different localities, show well the influence of light in altering and destroying the red colouring-matter. Thus plants growing near low-water mark, are of a deep purple, or red, where they are a little more exposed the red fades and becomes tinged with brown, while near high water, the red entirely vanish, and is replaced by yellow or light green.

Still more remarkable changes are produced in the colouring matter of these plants by long exposure to the air, or by the action of heat, or of fresh water. The effect of exposure to the air varies strangely, not only in the case of different species, but even in that of individuals of the same species, gathered in different localities. There is one British seaweed, naturally of a bright crimson, whose colour, in specimens gathered on the west coast of Ireland, becomes brighter by exposure, while in specimens taken from the east coast of Ireland, or the south coast of England, it almost entirely fades. The common Plocamium coccineum, which every reader knows is originally dull red, but after a short exposure to the air, it assumes the bright scarlet tints which so often attracts the eye in specimens thrown up by the tide. Dasya coccinea, another not uncommon plant, is an instance of a similar change. There is an African species, common at the Cape of Good Hope, which after a short exposure to the air, presents the most splendid varieties of colour. The original colour of this plant is dull pink, but the dying frond passes gradually through bright red, orange, yellow, and green, to white. Our English Chysemeniæ derive their name (golden membrane) from the property which they possess of assuming a golden tint, on being placed in fresh water. On many others of the red seaweeds fresh water produces a marked effect. Some are changed almost instantaneously from rich pink or crimson to bright orange. Several instances of this peculiarity occur in the beautiful and well-known order of the Delesseriaceæ, one species deriving its name, versicolor, from its liability to be so changed. The pretty little Griffithsia setacea, whose colour is a fine transparent crimson, on being placed in fresh water instantly discharges its colouring matter, the discharge being accompanied by a crackling sound produced by the bursting of the membrane of the cells. The colouring matter of this seaweed, and of some others of the same family, stains paper a fine crimson, which remains for a long time unchanged. It has been suggested that a valuable pigment might be prepared from these plants, if they could be procured in sufficient quantity. Perhaps the most singular change produced by fresh water occurs in the case of a South African seaweed which, when growing, is of a dull brown colour, very slightly tinged with red, but which on being placed in fresh water instantly discharges a considerable quantity of brilliant purple powder, and almost immediately becomes putrid. Some of our English Polysiphoniæ discharge in fresh water an offensive black juice, and these may with advantage be steeped for some time before being dried, as the natural colour is much better preserved after the plant has been freed from this dark pigment. Almost all the red seaweeds may have their colour changed to green, by placing them for a few minutes in boiling water.

There are certain of the Rhodosperms with whose names and properties everyone is familiar. These are the plants which in legal phraseology are parties to the petition which so often meets the eye in the shop-windows of our seaside towns. They owe their popularity to the possession of two qualities, a brilliant colour which does not fade in drying, and the power of adhering firmly to paper. The seaweeds most in request for the construction of the cards to which the aforesaid petition is appended, are those which belong to the family of the Delesseriacieæ, particularly Delesseria sanguinea, Delesseria alata and Plocamium coccineum. Perhaps the most generally known of all the red seaweeds is the beautiful delesseria sanguinea, whose bright crimson leaf-like fronds cannot fail to attract the least observant eye. This is its summer form: in winter few of its admirers would recognise it. For with the approach of cold weather the membrane of the leaves withers, and only the midrib and nerves remain. But in this ragged and forlorn-looking state it is more interesting to the student than when clothed in its summer dress. For now the midrib and the stem are fringed with small tubercles placed on short stalks, each containing a tuft of filaments bearing the spores. In other plants, instead of these tubercles, we find small leaf-like projections, also attached to the midrib, and containing the tetraspores. The two kinds of fruit are never found growing on the same plant. When the leaf-like membrane has once decayed, it never grows again; but in the spring new leaves shoot out from the old stem, so that the midrib of this year's frond becomes the stem on which next year's fronds are borne.

Another very beautiful plant of the same family is the Nitophyllum punctatum, the spotted Nitophyllum, so called from the frond being covered with minute dots, containing the tetraspores. It is distinguished from the Delesseriæ by not possessing a midrib, and from some other seaweeds which slightly resemble it by the extreme delicacy and transparency of the frond. This plant is worthy of notice, as being probably the largest of our English seaweeds, occasionally attaining a size far surpassing that of the largest oarweed.

Some fronds were gathered at Cushendall Bay, in the north of Ireland, which measured five feet in length and three in breadth. Such gigantic specimens are, however, of very rare occurrence, the frond seldom exceeding a foot in length.

Many other of our English Rhodosperms, which are little inferior to the Delesseriaceæ in beauty, are less generally known, either because they are of less common occurrence, or because the rapid fading of their colour on exposure to the air renders it impossible to see them to advantage anywhere except upon their native rocks. Very beautiful forms occur among the family of the Ceramiaceæ, seaweeds which are characterised by their frond being constructed like that of the confervæ of a single string of cylindrical cells. The simplicity and transparency of these plants renders them very favourable subjects for miscroscopic examination. Seen with a low power, each cell appears like a tube of the clearest glass, filled with a bright crimson liquid. The spores, too, and tetraspores, especially the latter, are often very beautiful objects. In one species, belonging to a closely allied family, the tetraspores are described as forming strings of bright red beads, brilliant as rubies, and each marked with a faint St. George's cross. Many species are clothed with transparent or coloured hairs and prickles, invisible to the naked eye, but adding much to the beauty of the plant when magnified.

Beautiful as are these and many other of our native Rhodosperms, they are not to be compared in beauty with some exotic forms. There is one Australian species which bears a close resemblance to the skeleton of an oak leaf, except in its colour, which is a fine crimson. Another forms a beautiful lace-like frond, each fibre of the network consisting of a minute leaflet, and the points of these leaflets growing together on a regular plan to form the net. Some tropical species have a similar lace-like frond elegantly coiled in a spiral around a central stem, while in others the lower half of the frond is plain, the upper beautifully reticulated.

Very curious, though not strikingly beautiful (at least in our English species), are the seaweeds belonging to the family of the Corallinaceæ, which are characterised by their property of absorbing lime from the water in which they grow, and depositing it within and around the cells of which they are composed, so that when the plant decays, a perfect cast of the frond remains. Every one knows the common coralline; but there are some other plants of the same family which, though equally remarkable, often escape notice. These are the nullipores,—solid, strong, shrublike masses of lime, fixed to rocks between tidemarks, or thin crusts spreading like lichens over stones or over other seaweeds. The most common of these plants is the Melobesia polymorpha, which is everywhere to be met with, forming thick shapeless lumps, upon the rocks, or sometimes rising into short thick branches. On some coasts, one species of nullipore forms extensive submarine fields, and is obtained in such abundance as often to be used as manure. It is said to be applied with great advantage to soils which are deficient in lime. Few people would imagine these strange organisms to be plants, and even naturalists were long in discovering their vegetable nature. Examination with the microscope, after removing the lime by the action of weak acid, shows them to be composed of cells, and leaves no doubt of their true nature. To the family of the Corallinaceæ belongs the curious little Lithocystis Allmanni, the smallest of the red seaweeds, which grows as a parasite upon other seaweeds, forming minute dots only to be recognised as plants by the aid of the microscope. The corallines differ from all other English seaweeds in having their tetraspores contained in ceramidia or pitcher-shaped cases. In the common coralline these ceramidia generally occur at the ends of the branches, the last joint being hollow, and containing a tuft of oblong tetraspores.

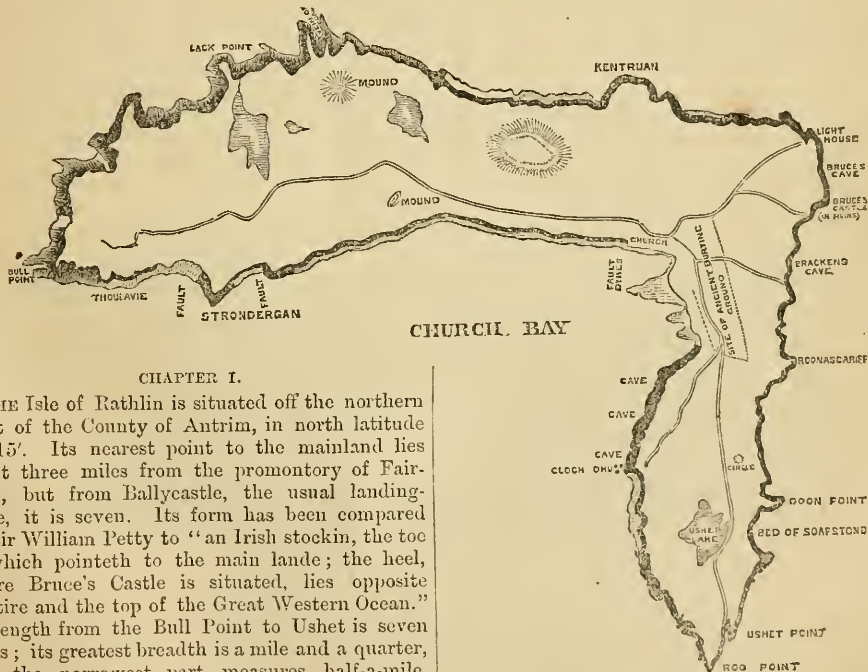
The Rhodosperms are pre-eminently the seaweeds of the temperate zones, the number of species diminishing rapidly as we approach the equator or the poles, and their place being supplied in the one case by brown, in the other by green seaweeds. On our own coasts the red seaweeds equal in number of species the green and brown seaweeds taken together. The distribution of the different species depends principally upon climate, but is also affected to a very considerable extent by other causes, with which we are at present imperfectly acquainted. The occurrence of corallines in large quantities is said to be injurious to the growth of other forms. Probably the causes which favour the growth of these plants—the presence, for instance, of much lime in the water of the sea—are unfavourable to the development of other families which do not possess the same property of depositing this mineral between their tissues. Many of our English seaweeds are found only on our southern coasts, while others are confined to the extreme north. On some coasts only common forms occur; while on others, plants elsewhere rare are comparatively plentiful. The coasts of Cornwall and Devonshire are peculiarly favoured localities, an advantage which they owe in a great measure to the influence of the Gulf stream. The mineralogical nature of the coast has no doubt its effect, different species preferring to attach themselves to different kinds of rock; but there are some peculiar cases of local distribution for which no cause can be assigned. Thus, Polysiphonia variegata occurs abundantly at Plymouth, while it is rarely, if ever, found elsewhere.

Many of the red seaweeds are employed, in places where they occur plentifully, as articles of food. Perhaps the best known and most extensively used is Chondrus crispus, or Irish moss, which by long boiling is converted into a jelly-like substance, and may then be employed as a substitute for isinglass. Rhodymenia palmata, or dulse, is another edible seaweed, largely consumed by the poor in Scotland and Ireland. It is simply washed and dried, and is then eaten without farther preparation. This seaweed has a rather sweet taste, unlike the Laurencia pinnatifida, or pepper-dulse, which is hot and pungent. Iridæa edulis, another common seaweed, is eaten both raw and fried, and when thus cooked is said to resemble roasted oysters in flavour. An East Indian species,

Gracilaria lichenoides—known in this country as Ceylon moss—is an article of some importance in ts native countries, being much used both for making a nutritious jelly, and as a size and varnish. The edible birds' nests, of which the Chinese make their highly-prized birds'-nest soup, are said to be, in a great measure, constructed of this or some similar species. To these we may add Porphyra vulgaris, the purple laver, which, notwithstanding its close resemblance to the ulvæ, is now classed among the Rhodosperms, with which it agrees in the possession of tetraspores and antheridia. The nutritious properties of these seaweeds are chiefly due to the presence in all of them of a substance named gelose. According to M. Payen, a French chemist, to whom we owe the discovery of this nutritious principle, one part of pure gelose dissolved in five hundred parts of boiling water will afford ten times as much jelly as the same weight of the best animal gelatine. In addition to gelose, most of the edible seaweeds contain more or less starch, mannite, and albumen. There seems, however, to be little chance of the use of seaweeds as an article of food ever becoming common, even on the sea-coast. To the majority of palates they have all an unpleasant marine flavour, and though this might doubtless be removed or disguised by the art of the cook, in spite of the prize which, a few years ago, was offered for an essay on the best methods of preparing these plants for food, the Soyer of the seaweeds has yet to arise. Very savoury compounds may, with care, be prepared from Irish moss, but the prolonged boiling which it, in common with most edible seaweeds, requires, is a considerable objection to its general use.

But, setting aside their esculent qualities, the red seaweeds are by no means useless plants. They all form a valuable manure, and may be used as food for cattle when other pasture is scarce. One species is converted by the Chinese into a vegetable glue, which is sold in Canton at a price of sixpence per pound. It is this cement which is used in the manufacture of the well-known Chinese lanterns. From Chondrus crispus bandoline is made, and a similar plant is employed by the Chinese ladies to give a glossiness to their hair. Several species have been employed as medicines, and though their virtues seem to have been much overrated, we may at least say of them, that they are free from vice, since the whole class of the seaweeds does not, so far as we know, include a single poisonous plant. C. C.

RATHLIN ISLAND.



CHAPTER I.

The Isle of Rathlin is situated off the northern coast of the County of Antrim, in north latitude 55° 15′. Its nearest point to the mainland lies about three miles from the promontory of Fairhead, but from Ballycastle, the usual landing-place, it is seven. Its form has been compared by Sir William Petty to "an Irish stockin, the toe of which pointeth to the main lande; the heel, where Bruce's Castle is situated, lies opposite Cantire and the top of the Great Western Ocean." Its length from the Bull Point to Ushet is seven miles; its greatest breadth is a mile and a quarter, and the narrowest part measures half-a-mile. With regard to its name, Dr. Hamilton justly remarks, that it has suffered so many variations in its orthography as to render it now very difficult to determine what may be the most proper. It is called Ricnia, by Pliny; Ricina, by Ptolemy; Riduna, by Antoninus; Raclinda, by Buchanan, the Scotch historian, who classes it among the Ebridæ, or Western Isles of Scotland; Raghline, by Sir James Ware; and Rathlin, by Sir William Petty and others of modern times. It has also been called Recraind, Rachlaind, Rachra, Rachrine, and Ruecrain, and in the "Ancient Topography of Ireland" it is stated that all these

names are derived from Rach, Ridh, and Reuda, a tribe, or habitation; and ean or lean, water; whence, "the habitation in the water,"—the present isle of Rathlin.

Colgan, writing in the middle of the seventeenth century, says: "This is the island of Rachrea, between Ireland and Scotland, but belonging, as it always did, to Ireland, from which it is separated by a very narrow channel. It is now (A.D. 1647) the property of Reginald, Earl of Antrim, who valiantly 'labours to maintain the rights and faith of his ancestors against the enemies of the faith.'"

The church continued to flourish under its bishops and abbots until the year 973, when the Danes, who were infesting the Irish and Scottish coasts made a descent upon the "Isle of Rachran." They pillaged and ransacked the church, and burned and destroyed what they could not remove, so that, as a contemporary author writes, "this and other islands had not so much as an anchorite on them." St. Feradach, the abbot, also was, at this time, crowned with martyrdom by the Danes, and we hear of no further attempt to restore the church nor any mention made of Rathlin until the year 1210, when King John, being at Carrickfergus with some of his nobles, bestowed the northern portion of the county of Antrim together with the Isle of Rathlin (cum Insula de Rachrun), on his friend and ally the Scottish Earl Galloway, who on that occasion took the additional title of Earl of Ulster.

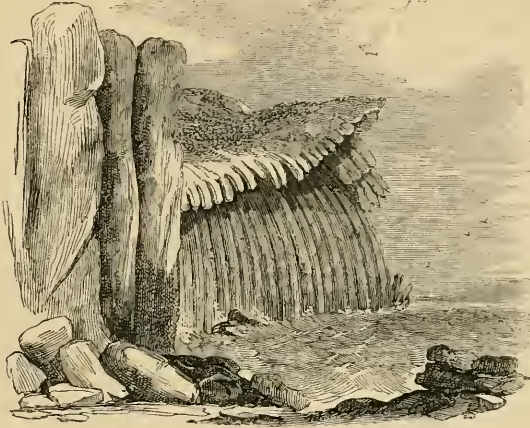
In 1279 it was found by inquisition that John Bisset held of Richard, Earl of Ulster, "Insulam de Racry," which was valued at 4*l.* 8*s.* 5½*d.*; a property, it must be acknowledged, worth owning. Such as it was, however, it was held by the Bissets until that family forfeited all their possessions by joining the Scots, who, under Edward Bruce, had invaded Ireland, but were defeated, and their leader slain by an English nobleman, the Lord of Athy, or Atheury, who in return was created by the king (Edward II.) Earl of Louth, and put in possession of all the lands which had belonged to Hugh Bisset, and which he had forfeited by his rebellious conduct. Among these, it is stated that the lands in the island of Raghline were, in 1319, granted by King Edward II. to John de Athy, whose ancestors, as well as himself had been remarkable for their zeal in the English cause. Robert Bruce had a few years before (1306) spent the winter and spring in Rathlin as an exile, having been compelled to fly from Scotland on account of the murder of Comyn; and here it is stated by some writers that the incident of the spider occurred, which had the effect of raising his hopes and instigating him to new exertions which every reader of history knows proved successful. The castle in which he resided during his brief sojourn on the island, is said to have been one of those fortresses built by King John along the north-coast of Ireland for the purpose of defending it against the attacks of pirates who were very numerous at this period, and were not unfrequently joined by the Scotch islanders in their expeditions. There was a rival claimant to the sovereignty of Rathlin at this time. The Lord of the Isles, who was a warm friend and advocate of Bruce, and the same who is designated by Scott, in "The Lord of the Isles," as Lord Ronald, although his name in reality was Angus Macdonnell, a less interesting appellative, it must be admitted, than that chosen by the poet, but whether or not Angus succeeded in making good his claim, it is somewhat remarkable that the next possessor of Rathlin whom we hear of was a descendant of this same Lord of the Isles, Randal, Earl of Antrim, whose father had come over into Ireland as an adventurer, and the son happening to render good service to King James I., in assisting to put down the rebel Earl of Tyrone was by that monarch endowed with a large territory in the county of Antrim, including the "entire Island of Raghlius," and this property continued to be held by his successors till the year 1740, when the island was purchased by the grandfather of the present proprietor.

Rathlin appears to have been in a very neglected state during this period. There was no church nor any means of instruction for the people, as will appear by the following entry in the Ulster visitation: "The Isle of Raghline, possest by the Earl of Antrym, has noe vicar nor curate, it not being able to maynteyne one, neither can the people come to be served ellswhere, it being remote, and a island in the sea."

Matters continued in this state until 1721, when a "state of the case of Raghlin" was published by Dr. Hutchinson, bishop of Down and Connor. It was then annexed to the parish of Ballintoy, on the opposite coast, but it was formed afterwards into a separate parish, and subscriptions having been raised, a church was built on the ruins of an old one (probably the remains of the monastery), and a clergyman was appointed to take cure of the island, since which time there has been a succession of rectors, if not bishops and abbots to attend to the spiritual wants of the inhabitants. The people were at this period in a very primitive state,—there were no roads nor enclosures of any kind, and very little land was under cultivation. They had no mill for grinding their corn, but they were in the habit of using the small querns or hand-mills which were common in the highlands of Scotland. This practice continued for many years, till, on the erection of a mill, it gradually fell into disuse. Their boats were composed of wattles or light frames of wood covered with hides, such as is still used sometimes by the fishermen on the west coast of Ireland. From the unfrequency of their intercourse with the main land, they made but little progress in civilisation, and were easily imposed upon by those who were more knowing. On one occasion Lord Antrim had directed his huntsman to transport a couple of foxes into the island, that the species might be propagated and afford future amusement. The islanders were terrified at the prospect of having such enemies to their lambs and poultry, and they agreed to offer the huntsman a bribe of a quantity of yarn from each house if he would consent to destroy the foxes. This was accordingly done, and the man departed well laden with yarn, but he took care to return annually with a fresh supply of foxes, the sight of which renewed the fears of the people, and the tribute was willingly paid to secure another year's respite from the threatened danger. The

population at that time numbered about 1100. It is now reduced to less than one-half, chiefly from emigration, the people having discovered that they can live more comfortably on larger farms, so that the younger branches of families in place of being content to settle down on a small potato field, seek their fortunes in other countries as tradesmen and emigrants.

Rathlin is in general a healthy spot, and many of the people have attained to a good old age. When they are attacked with rheumatism, which is rather a common ailment, they have recourse to a remedy of very long standing, which, from its proved efficacy, has continued in use up to the present time.



Curved Basaltic Pillar at Doon Point, Rathlin Island.

In several parts of the island small buildings, called "sweat houses" (in more refined language they would be Turkish baths), are constructed of stones and turf, the roof being formed of the same materials, and put together with great precision. They are built in the shape of a bee-hive, and have a small hole in the roof, with another aperture below sufficiently large to admit one person on his hands and knees. When required for use a large fire of turf is lighted on the floor in the centre of the house, and allowed to burn out, the entrance having been carefully closed. When the house has become thoroughly heated, the ashes are swept away, and the patient goes in, having taken off all his clothes with the exception of his shirt, which he then throws outside and is ready for his bath. The hole in the roof is then covered with a flat stone, and the entrance is also completely closed up in such a manner that the heated air within can have its full effect on the patient who remains there until he begins to perspire copiously, when he comes out, and if young and strong plunges immediately into the sea, but the aged or weak retire to bed for a few hours.

This primitive vapour-bath has frequently been successful in removing pains of long standing, besides other ailments, and strangers have sometimes come for the express purpose of trying its efficacy. It is not, however, applied exclusively to the cure of disease, as the young women frequently resort to it as a means of clearing their complexions after having been exposed to the heat of the sun in their out-door work, and especially if a fair or market should be near at hand, which they generally contrive to attend. In other respects their habits and customs do not differ at all from those of other parts of Ireland or Scotland, with both of which countries they hold constant intercourse, and which has no doubt been the means of effacing many of the peculiarities and superstitions of former times.

The geological structure of Rathlin corresponds with the adjacent coast of Ireland, the principal strata in both being limestone and basalt. On the range of cliffs running westward, and forming the northern boundary of Church Bay, the limestone rises abruptly from the ocean, overlaid by basalt, forming, as Dr. Hamilton enthusiastically remarks, "a line of coast fantastically beautiful." The limestone appears alternately raised and depressed, till at the north side of the island it almost entirely gives way to the basalt, which rises in cliffs of great height and varied form. From Bruce's Castle to the Ushet point, the limestone

Arrangement of Basalt at Runascariff, Rathlin Island.

entirely disappears; and it is on this part of the coast that the most perfect columnar formations occur. Doon Point and Runascariff are the most remarkable, although the same appearance, in a ruder form, may be traced wherever the basalt predominates. Our map will show the situation of these strata with regard to each other, where the alternate elevation and depression of the limestone may be distinctly traced all round the island.

Sandstone, coal, iron ore, &c., the substances which form the eastern side of Ballycastle Bay, and which appear different from the common mineral productions of the country, may also be traced directly opposite, running under Rathlin, which, in connection with other circumstances, would tend to confirm the opinion entertained by some geologists of their being a continuation of the same general strata. The limestone traverses the island from west to east. This chalk, or white limestone, when crossed by a basaltic dyke, often undergoes a remarkable alteration near the point of contact, the limestone becoming granular marble, highly phosphorescent when subjected to heat. On the western side of Church Bay the chalk is intersected by these basaltic dykes, and has been converted, in each instance, into granular marble. Dr. Hamilton, from the sandy texture of this marble, calls it calcareous sandstone, which he remarks occurs near Larne, on the opposite coast, but in point of phosphorescent qualities that found in Rathlin is much superior.

A mineral resembling the puozzalana of Italy has been found chiefly on the east side of the island, in connection with the basalt. Dr. Hamilton describes it as being of the character of a basaltic cinder broken down. Specimens had been forwarded for experiment, as it was supposed it might serve the same important purposes as those volcanic products found at Naples and in the Canary Islands, but on examination it did not appear likely to answer general expectation.

(To be continued.)

RICHARD GRAINGER.

I HAVE petitioned for space in these columns to rectify a mistake I have been led into, by special information as well as common report. I rejoice to find that both are wrong, and that I have been wrong in assuming them to be trustworthy. That such a mind as Richard Grainger's should have given way was a painful thought to many who will now be thankful that a faithful and intimate friend of his can bear such testimony as the following that it was not so. Mr. Fenwick writes to me thus, under date of October 12:—

"Your sketch of my late worthy friend, Mr. Grainger, affected me very much. I admired it greatly, except in one particular, where I am sure you have been misinformed. You state that 'when he had worked too hard, and allowed himself too little sleep, his brain gave way.' Now, no person beyond his own family knew Mr. Grainger so intimately as I did. He perpetually resorted to me as a friend on whom he could rely for advice; and although, as you may suppose, he felt embarrassment from his affairs, yet he never lost the equanimity of mind which ever distinguished him; and he worked through his difficulties in a manner which astonished me."

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

ANA.

SERFDOM AND EMANCIPATION IN RUSSIA.—There are amongst the Russian nobility some who possess from 70,000 to upwards of 100,000 serfs. Count Schermetyeff is considered the richest nobleman in Russia. He possesses 120,000 serfs, amongst whom are several whose wealth amounts to millions. His annual income is estimated at 1½ million silver roubles (250,000*l.*). Every serf pays to his master from 10 to 15 roubles annually, so that the annual income of a possessor of 100,000 serfs cannot be less than 400,000*l.*, independent of the income he derives from forests, mills, fabrics, &c. The total number of serfs now in Russia is upwards of 23,000,000, and taking the value of each serf at only 300 roubles (50*l.*), the loss sustained by the owners, by the emancipation, is certainly not less than 1,150,000,000*l.*! or half as much as the National Debt of this country. Taking the interest at 5 per cent., the loss of annual income to the nobility cannot be less than 67,000,000*l.*, or more than double the interest we pay for the National Debt. M.

A REVERSE OF FORTUNE.—During the confinement of the last Earl of Cromartie in the Tower his nephew, although taking no part in the rebellion, was imprisoned with him, and on his uncle's discharge was permitted to leave with him. The earl and countess (earl and countess no longer now) resolved to reside in London, at least for some time, and as simple Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie fought earnestly against their misfortunes. Their nephew and his two daughters had also to struggle bravely for daily bread. In the end, George III. restored some portion of the attainted property to the earl's daughter, on whose neck was plainly visible the mark of a blood-red axe, and admitted his nephew into the Charter-house. But the earl's two great-nieces had to fight the battle of life alone, and obtained a precarious living by making shirts and mending linen for their friends, and taking care of sets of chambers for gentlemen of the law. In Cannon Street there is a house that looks out upon a little railed-in grave-yard, and there these patient, suffering ladies resided for some time, nobly fulfilling the duties of their fallen station, and dying at length honoured and lamented by all who knew them.

"READY, AYE READY!"—We all remember that when, during the Indian mutiny, it was thought necessary to despatch Sir Colin Campbell to Calcutta to assume the command of the forces, the gallant old general gained great credit for having demanded only twelve hours to prepare for his departure. In this, however, he was outdone by the late Earl Cathcart, who when asked by Lord Hill, the then General Commanding-in-Chief, what time he would require to prepare himself for active service, and proceed to Canada with despatches, replied, as he rose to take his departure, after a moment's hesitation, "Half-an-hour, my lord; but if necessary I will be quite ready in twenty minutes."

THE SETTLERS OF LONG ARROW.

A Canadian Romance in Thirty-one Chapters.

CHAPTER XII.

Keefe Dillon's feelings were more moved by his parting with Coral than he was willing to let himself own, and to banish his unusual dulness and melancholy, he went to a logging bee given by one of his neighbours, worked hard all day, and danced half the night. He slept longer than usual the next morning, and was only just out of bed when a lad, breathless with haste, rushed into the house, crying out, as soon as he could speak, "Mr. Dillon, there's a schooner on the reef!" Keefe caught up his cap, and darted out, followed by the eager messenger.

Several men, women, and children were collected on the shore, and fresh stragglers were continually adding to the number. The sun was now bright, and the sky tolerably clear, but the wind was as high as ever, and the waves pouring faster and more furiously on the shore. Just as Keefe reached the beach one great wave threw at his feet a sailor's woollen cap, and an oar, waifs of the drowned mate and his comrades.

"I guess they took to their boat, and have all gone to the bottom," said one of the men.

"There's some one on the wreck still," said Keefe, examining the schooner with his keen eyes; "don't you see something white waving? There —I see the figure plain enough now; I guess it's a woman."

"God help her," said a woman near him; "can nothing be done to save her?"

"Something must be done," said Keefe, decisively; and as he spoke every eye turned on him.

For an instant his steady energetic glance and clear voice communicated to the crowd a portion of his own courage, but it was only for a moment; the wild billows breaking on the shore, the fierce gusts of wind, the memorials of the drowned men at their feet, overcame the impulse of daring and generosity his words had kindled.

"One of you come with me, lads, and we'll see what the Mother Cary can do; she's stood many a stiff gale."

The men shook their heads.

"It can't be done, Keefe; she's the best boat on the lake, and you're the best sailor, but nothing could live in those waves."

"We'll try that," said Keefe, coolly; "if no one will come with me, I'll go alone."

Every voice was instantly raised to denounce such a resolution as the wildest madness, and when they saw him going off with unmoved determination, some of the women caught hold of him, and the men closed round him, as if resolved to prevent him from such a hopeless undertaking.

"Just wait a bit," said some one, "the storm can't last much longer."

"It will last till the schooner goes to pieces," said Keefe; "there's no use in your trying to stop me, for go I will;" and with a sudden exertion of his great strength he shook off the women, broke through the circle, and ran towards the little cove, where his skiff lay.

"Where's Mr. Dillon going?" asked a boy who had just arrived as Keefe went off.

"He's going to the wreck by himself," answered a girl, who was looking after Keefe with all a woman's admiration for bravery: "they say he'll be drowned, but I don't know; I wish I was a man, and he shouldn't go alone at any rate."

"He ain't going alone," said the boy, stoutly, "I'm going with him."

"No, you ain't," said a man, catching hold of the boy as he was running after Keefe; "if Keefe Dillon's mad, and going to throw his life away, that's no reason why you're to do the same; you'll just stay where you are."

"Let me go, Hiram Cooke, let me go! I *will* go!" and the boy kicked, shouted, and struggled. But his captor, a strong man, held him firmly; and, finding all his efforts to break loose useless, the boy began to try persuasion. "Oh, for the love of heaven, Hiram Cooke, let me go! I'll kill myself as sure as the sun's above us if anything happens to Keefe Dillon. Oh, he'll be gone if you don't let me go, and what will I do then? There now, you are choking me—let me loose and I won't stir."

"I guess I ain't so soft as to trust you, you young rascal. I know you well enough. Stay quiet, will you, or I'll make you. Now, here's your mother."

"Oh, mother, mother!" cried the boy, distractedly, "Mr. Dillon's going to the wreck, and there's no one to go with him, and if I went I could help him, I know I could. I was often with him in a squall. Tell Hiram Cooke to let me go, or it will be too late. Sure I wouldn't be here now, only Keefe saved my life when I broke through the ice, and was nearly lost himself saving me."

"You're right, my brave boy," said his mother; "shame befal me and mine if we ever saw him in need, and didn't risk life and limb to help him. Let the boy go, Mr. Cooke; go with Mr. Dillon, Con, my jewel, and the good God will watch over you and him."

Hiram Cooke loosened his hold, and the boy shot away like an arrow. A murmur of admiration followed him, and the women gathered round his mother, but she seemed unconscious of their presence or their words, and throwing herself on her knees, in a sort of frenzy of excitement, she poured forth prayers as fast as her tongue could utter them, beating her breast in frantic invocation, and keeping her face steadfastly averted from the waves on which the boy was now being tossed. Keefe was shoving his skiff into the water when Con reached him. He was quite alone, for the other men, ashamed of their own faint-heartedness, contrasted with his heroism, had not followed him when they saw they could not prevent him from going.

"I'm just in the nick of time, Mr. Dillon," said the boy, joyously, "let me help you."

Keefe looked round hastily.

"Keep back, Con," he said, "you can't come, this is a desperate venture; it's too great a risk for you."

"Not if it ain't too great for you," said Con.

"Yes, it is. If I'm lost there's not a soul to cry for me, but you've got your mother."

"She knows I'm going; she bid me go. Don't ask to stop me, Mr. Dillon. How would you like to be stopped yourself; and as little as I am, I guess I'm just as positive as you."

"Yes, I dare say, but you don't know the danger as well."

"I know it right well, but if there was no danger where would be the credit of going? So now let me in, Mr. Dillon, you've no right to stop me; why shouldn't I have my chance to do a brave thing?"

"Well, come along then; it's not the first stormy voyage you and I have had together, and I hope it won't be the last."

"No fear of that," said Con; "we'll do bravely," and he seized the paddle to steer.

"Hurra! she rides like a gull! She has need to do her best, and so have we, too. Now be steady, Con, mind hand and eye. I know you are brave, let me see if you can be cautious."

"I will, sir; you'll see I will!"

Con kept his word, behaving not only with coolness and courage, but with prudence and skill, obeying Keefe's slightest sign or word with ready promptness, and almost appearing to divine his thoughts before they were spoken. His hardy, daring, buoyant nature seemed insensible to doubt or fear, and when they lost the shelter of the shore, and felt the full force of the huge surges which came tumbling towards them, and the furious wind which impelled them, his bold, brown, saucy visage, with its black elf-locks blown about by the gale, glowed with a wild exultation at the perilous excitement of the scene. No reckless lightness of nature like that of his young companion screened Keefe from a full perception of all the chances against their safe return, but strong in the consciousness of his own powers of mind and body, so often tried in danger, and never found wanting, he felt a proud, stern joy in taxing them to the uttermost. Every fibre of his frame, every pulse of his being, seemed imbued with a more vigorous and sentient life; his nerves seemed braced with tenfold hardihood and strength, his brain inspired with tenfold clearness and might, his heart filled with more indomitable energy and daring than he had ever known before, and every faculty seemed to put forth its utmost powers and capacity to conquer in the deadly struggle. He knew the merits of his little skiff well, and had braved as fierce a storm in her more than once before. She was almost as long, light, and narrow as a canoe, and now she shot over the waves like a meteor, scarcely seeming to touch the foam-wreaths that curled round her path.

Guided by her master's strong hand and stout heart, aided by the fearless little fellow who sat at her helm, she carried them triumphantly through their hazardous course, and as Keefe rowed her under the shelter of the wreck, Con gave a wild hurrah, rising shrill above the tumult of the winds and waves. But it was scarcely heard by Keefe, for at that moment he had caught sight of the beautiful face of Helen Lennox looking down at him. Her dark, flashing eyes, dilated with feverish excitement and high-wrought feeling, her long

dark tresses falling loose about her, dashed here and there with a speck of white foam from the boiling waves that broke on the rocks around, her delicate white fingers interlaced in the rope by which she held, thrilled him as he gazed up at her, with a strange magical charm. He had come to save a woman, it was true, but it was such a woman as the rough uncultured beings among whom his life had been spent had made more familiar to him than any finer or more delicate type of womanhood, and could this fair vision be nothing more? No syren just risen from the wave ever seemed lovelier to the dazzled eyes of wandering seamen than the beautiful girl he now gazed at seemed to Keefe Dillon. Ferdinand could not have felt more wonder and admiration when his eyes first encountered Miranda. But he quickly recovered his self-possession ; this was no time for fancy or fooling, but an emergency which required the firmest nerves and promptest energies. He had seen as he neared the wreck that its frame was rapidly opening, and he knew it could not hold together much longer.

"Is there any one else but you ?" he asked.

At first Helen could not answer, her lips moved, but they uttered no sound. Unable to endure the tortures of uncertainty, she had steeled her nerves to watch the progress of the skiff she had seen leave the shore, and though she dreaded every moment to see it go down, she continued to gaze as if spell-bound, till it reached the wreck ; and now the certainty that she might really hope again, agitated her so much that it almost deprived her of breath and sense. But at last words came :

"My father ! But he cannot move without help."

"Mind yourself, Con, till I get on board," said Keefe. "There, now, all's right."

Following Helen to the spot where her father lay perfectly passive, and almost insensible, Keefe tried to rouse him.

The young stranger's clear and manly voice, his air of courage and determination, and the look of hope and animation that had returned to Helen's eyes, partially revived Mr. Lennox, and Keefe managed to get him safely into the skiff with less trouble than he had expected. Then he helped Helen to descend.

"Make haste, Mr. Dillon," cried Con ; "there won't be a bit of the wreck together in another minute."

Helen looked up for Keefe in an agony of terror, but it quickly passed as she saw him spring into his place, seize his oars, and bring the boat round. In a minute they were flying over the waves with greater speed than even before, for the wind and sea were now in their favour, and there was not nearly so much difficulty in keeping the skiff from falling broadside to the waves.

"If we take in water you must bale," said Keefe to Helen, pointing to a tin dipper beside her.

She nodded promptly, but so skilfully did he and Con manage the boat that they scarcely shipped a cupfull ere they reached the shore amidst the cheers of the crowd assembled to greet them, and the answering hurrahs of Con. Then Keefe looked back for the schooner, but she was gone ; they had scarcely left her side when she parted asunder and disappeared among the breakers. Helen's glance had followed Keefe's, and as she saw by how short a space she and her father had escaped death, she shuddered. Then she looked at Keefe.

"Thank God," she said, "and you !"

Never while he lived did Keefe forget that look.

But Helen's joy was saddened by anxiety on her father's account. He lay at the bottom of the skiff, his head resting on her lap, unconscious that their perils were over, insensible to his daughter's tender care, and scarcely giving any sign of life, except the breath he feebly drew.

"Father ! dear father !" said Helen, "we are safe. Father ! don't you know me ? Speak to Helen !" But he remained silent and motionless.

"He does not hear me—he does not know me !" she exclaimed in great alarm.

"He's only tired and worn out," said Keefe, gently. "When he gets warmth and sleep he'll soon come round."

Foremost of all the crowd to welcome them was Con's mother, laughing, crying, and praying in her ecstacy of joy.

"Sure I knew he'd come back safe !" she cried. "I trusted in God's goodness and in your strong arm, Mr. Dillon, the brave, generous man that you are !"

"It was good luck more than good management brought them back, Mrs. Doyle," said a well-dressed, consequential-looking man in a very supercilious tone of voice.

"Good luck !" cried the woman, scornfully ; "let me see the man who says he could do the like with all the luck was ever given to cowards, and I'll know what to call him."

"It has been a madman's deed," said the supercilious gentleman, "and Dillon has had a madman's protection."

"Fortune always favours the brave, Mr. Nibbs," said Keefe, gaily. "Now, some of you, help me to place this sick stranger under the shade of those cedars, till we get some way of carrying him to my house."

"But why didn't you wait for me, Keefe ?"

"Why didn't you send for me ?"

"And for me ?"

"And for me ?" Cried three or four young men who had not come down to the beach till Keefe and Con had put off for the wreck.

"If I had, I might as well have stayed away," said Keefe; "there were not many seconds to lose. Why did you dance so late last night, and sleep so long this morning? Con, if you have done kissing your mother, run and tell Mrs. Wendell to have a bed ready. Davis, let us get a door from that old shanty, and when we put some coats on it, it will carry the sick man comfortably."

Meanwhile, Helen sat beside her father, supporting his head, and the women gathered round her, partly from pity and sympathy—partly from curiosity ; all pouring forth such condolences as they thought the case required, and asking such

questions as their inquisitiveness prompted, as fast as they could speak.

"Well, do tell! I guess you've had a pretty narrow chance of it; there ain't no one but Keefe Dillon could have brought you through. And what is it ails the old gentleman?

"I expect it's the fright has overcome him. You must have had a pretty stout heart yourself to have stood it so well. I guess I'd never have come through such a time alive. You do look kinder pale though. And the captain and sailors all left you, did they? Well, they hadn't the hearts of men in them. And you saw the boat go down, did you? Well it was just what they deserved. You must have felt real bad when you saw them go off. I expect you did. And what's your name? And where were you going to? And where did you come from?"

These were a very small number of the words crammed into Helen's ears, but she scarcely heard them. The rude though not unfeeling gaze of the crowd, their rough language and demeanour, were unnoticed, though, at another time, she would have felt so uncongenial a scene very painful. She tried once or twice to answer their expressions of kindness gratefully, but her air of grace and refinement, her gentle reserve, and sad quietude of manner insensibly operated as a check on the wondering and inquisitive group surrounding her, and at length, to her infinite relief, they drew somewhat away, and left her in quiet. In a short time the door of the shanty was brought, Mr. Lennox was placed on it, and, assisted by two or three other men, Keefe carried him to his house, Helen walking by his side. As they were moving away from the shore, Mr. Nibbs, who had been attentively examining Helen's dress and appearance, walked forward, and, in a stately manner, offered her his arm, but she quietly rejected it, and Keefe, who had seen the offer and refusal, smiled to himself as he watched the air of offended dignity with which Mr. Nibbs walked haughtily away.

CHAPTER XIII.

KEEFE'S dwelling was a large log-house with gable-ends, a wide space in front, wreathed with wild vine and clematis, a group of butternuts at one end and an orchard at the other, and at each side of the path which led up to the house were rose-bushes, now covered with half-blown buds.

They were met at the door by Keefe's housekeeper, a tall thin woman with sharp features and sallow complexion, but with an aspect of order, neatness, and serenity, with also a grave kindness impressed on every line of her face and figure.

"Well, I thank God I see you safe, Mr. Dillon," she said in a voice whose harsh Yankee twang was aggravated by the unusual earnestness with which she spoke. "This has been a great deliverance for you all. I guess you had best carry the stranger to his bed; it's all ready for him. This is his daughter, I reckon. Poor gal, you've had a bad time of it, and no mistake; throw off that wet cloak and go to the fire, I do suppose you're tired out,"—and she pointed to the blazing fire of logs which filled the large open fire-place; "dry your wet clothes, poor child, and leave your father to me; I'll take care of him."

"Thank you, but I can't leave him," said Helen. And throwing off her cloak and twisting her loosened tresses of hair round her head she followed Mrs. Wendell into the room prepared for her father.

In a few minutes Mr. Lennox was placed comfortably in bed, and Mrs. Wendell, whose experience had taught her some knowledge of diseases, their symptoms and treatment, such as women often possess in those remote settlements where a regular physician is not to be had, felt his pulse, examined his countenance, and shook her head.

"You think him very ill, do you?" said Helen.

"Well, he's real weak," said Mrs. Wendell, "but a little rest may do wonders for him."

"Can you send for a doctor?" asked Helen.

"Well, there ain't no doctors nearer than forty miles; no doctor ever comes here. But you needn't feel bad about it, dear; a good sleep would be the best cure for him, I reckon; and if it is God's will, he may get that without any doctor. But you must be real tired and hungry yourself, I guess."

She was gone before Helen could answer, and quickly returned with bread and butter, tea, fried ham, and preserves, which she placed before Helen, pressing her to eat with earnest kindness, but finding that she could not eat, Mrs. Wendell urged her to go to bed.

"You must have rest some time or other," she said, "and you'd best try and take it now when he can't feel your absence; by and by, when he comes to his senses, he'd miss you more."

But Helen declared so earnestly that she could not sleep, and so firmly that she could not leave her father for an instant, that Mrs. Wendell ceased to urge her to do so; but the good woman would not leave her till she had made her exchange her wet shoes for a pair of dry moccasins, and bathe her face and hands in cold water, which somewhat refreshed her; then placing a rocking-chair for her beside the bed, and softly repeating, "'Even as a father pitieth his own children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him,'" she left the room. Those words had been familiar to Helen from childhood, but now they impressed her with a power which she had never felt in them before. In this hour of bitter grief, her heart fainting within her at the dread of a woe which seemed too heavy for her to bear, the sacred promise fell upon her aching heart like softest dew upon the burning earth. Falling upon her knees beside the bed, she hid her face and wept; and then a few words of earnest prayer strengthened and calmed her mind.

All day she sat beside her father, watching every restless movement, listening to every heavy breath with that sickening anguish which the sufferings of a beloved one inflict on the heart that, while it would give its own life-blood to relieve the pain it beholds, can only watch in helpless despair; struggling to keep down the agony that at times threatened to overwhelm her self-control, and calling on God for hope and courage. Mrs. Wendell sometimes came into the

room with noiseless steps and kind gentle words, brought her coffee, and even coaxed her into taking some. She did not again ask her to leave her father, for she felt that to know she had watched him in his last hours would soon be the poor girl's only comfort.

As the day wore on the wind calmed down, the sun shone gloriously in the blue sky, and the clouds disappeared beyond the horizon. About sunset Mr. Lennox appeared somewhat easier, and Helen, believing that he slept, began to indulge a faint and trembling hope. The setting sun fronted the window of the room in which she sat, and now came streaming in through an opening in the blind, forming a shining bridge to the opposite wall, and as she watched it, thoughts filled with faith and hope, bright promises of peace and joy, seemed ascending and descending on its golden threads, like the angels in Jacob's dream. At last it paled, faded, vanished, twilight fell, and then darkness, and still he seemed to sleep; but just as Mrs. Wendell stole in to ask if Helen would like a light, he raised himself feebly, and called her.

"I am here, father, I am with you," and she clasped his hands and kissed him.

Still he looked about him with a puzzled air, and then a look of returning memory and consciousness came into his face.

"I remember it all now," he said, "we were saved. But it is too late for me. I am dying, my darling."

"Oh! no, no, dear father, you are weak, but you will get better soon."

"Never, Helen. But whose house is this—where are we—who is that person?"

Helen told him.

"Is there a clergyman here?" he asked, addressing Mrs. Wendell.

"Well, no, there is not."

"And this brave young man, what is his name? Has he a father or mother here?"

"I guess he's got no living kin in this country."

A pause ensued, so long, that Helen feared he was relapsing into stupor, but at last he broke it by asking to see Keefe.

"Dear father, wait till to-morrow," said Helen; "you will exhaust yourself by all this exertion and excitement."

"I guess your daughter's right," said Mrs. Wendell; "I'll get you a drink, and then you must try to sleep."

"Let me see this young man first," he answered, impatiently; "I shall have time enough to sleep afterwards."

Summoned by Mrs. Wendell, Keefe came immediately.

"Let him come close to me," said Mr. Lennox, "and bring the candle near that I may see his face."

The scene was altogether a strange one, full of strong contrasts.

Keefe stood beside Helen, in his working dress of gray homespun, the soil of his day's labour still hanging about him; but the dignity of a clear strong mind and a brave noble heart speaking in his face. Mrs. Wendell, at the other side of the bed, held a candle that threw its light on the group, her prim and sallow visage surmounted by a starched and snow-white cap; her angular figure clad in a blue and scarlet striped woollen gown, and her keen, though not unsympathising eyes, closely and sharply watching the strangers—no one could have looked into that homely chamber, and gazed on the persons it contained, without curiosity and interest.

After a long and earnest look into Keefe's face, Mr. Lennox said, turning his dimmed eyes from the young man's clear and candid look to the keen shrewd face of Mrs. Wendell:

"He has a face I can trust, but he is very young, yet I feel he is true. And you, too," he added, after examining Mrs. Wendell's face as closely as he had scrutinised Keefe's, "you look firm and kind. God grant that you may prove so to her."

Then his glance rested on the pale and anxious countenance of his daughter.

"My child! my beloved! my only one! can you forgive me? I little knew the fate to which my selfish pride was bringing you."

"Father, father, you did rightly; it is my pride and glory to be your child."

"My darling! my darling! I must leave you alone, unprotected in this wilderness. I could almost wish we had died together.

"You will not die, my own dear father; you will get better; God will have mercy!"

"He has mercy, my child; he does all things well. Never forget that, Helen, never doubt it; cling to that faith through all things; it is an anchor which will save the soul through tempests and floods; let it go, and when trouble comes, what is to save us from sinking into the gulf of despair? That faith, that certainty, that all things work for the good of the creatures whom a God of love has called into being, has been my support through life, and on it I lean now, when the grave is opening at my feet."

Dashing away her tears, Helen struggled for composure, that she might comfort her father.

"My darling father! do not fear for me," she said, "I have strength, I have courage. I will show you that your lessons have not been thrown away on me. I fear nothing in the world only losing you, and God will spare me that."

Mr. Lennox gazed upon her tenderly and sadly, then he cast an appealing look on Mrs. Wendell and Keefe.

"Look at her!" he said, "and promise me to watch over her while she is near you! Her own good sense will be her best guide, God's protection her best safeguard; but she will want a friend while she remains here; some one to take care of her till she can return to Quebec."

"I will do as much for her, as if she was my own daughter," said Mrs. Wendell, fervently.

A look of satisfaction passed over the dying man's face. He then turned his eyes on Keefe.

"You saved her life," he said; "will you promise me to take care of her, till you see her safe with her friends?"

Keefe met his gaze with an earnest, steadfast look.

"All you could ask of me," he said, "I will do, as far as man can do it."

It was impossible to doubt the truth expressed in the earnest tones of the young man's voice, the fervour that glowed in his dark eye; and there was, besides, so much firmness and power in the character of his face, that it gave assurance his word was never lightly given, and never broken. A smile passed over the ghastly paleness of Mr. Lennox's face; he put out his hand to grasp that of Keefe, but before he could touch it, a shudder convulsed his frame, his hand fell on Helen's head, and he breathed his last in one deep and heavy sigh.

CHAPTER XIV.

The shock of her father's death was the greater to Helen, because, in spite of his own assurances, she had not believed him in any immediate danger.

She had mistaken the "lightening before death," the last flicker of the expiring lamp of life, for a true amendment, and it was long before she could really believe that he was dead. When at last convinced that there was no hope, that he could never more feel her caresses nor respond to her love, her agony of grief might have melted the sternest heart. Keefe could not bear to see it.

"How can I comfort her? What can I do for her?" he said to Mrs. Wendell; "it kills me to see her suffer this way."

"Well, you can do nothing," said Mrs. Wendell, "nor no one else; no one can comfort such sorrow but God, and his help will come to her at the right time. It would only do her harm to come between her and her grief. Let her cry on, poor thing; her tears will do her more good than anything else could."

Helen did not hear them, she was in a stupor of grief; she was conscious of nothing but that her father was gone far beyond the reach of her yearning heart.

Some hours later, when Mrs. Wendell again came to entreat her to go to bed, she found her buried in a repose almost as profound as that of the lifeless form by which she lay. Deeply touched at the sight, Mrs. Wendell called Keefe softly, and he carried her to the bed prepared for her, and laid her there, without disturbing that death-like hush of exhausted anguish; a mother could not have placed her babe in its cradle with more tenderness and care.

Every one that has known sorrow has felt the bewildering, torturing sensations of doubt and fear struggling against the nightmare-like oppression of grief weighing upon the senses, which comes after the first interval of rest has been broken, and the fresh agony of woe which follows the full return of memory and consciousness.

All this Helen felt when she woke the next morning, but after this crisis was over she grew calm; her mind had regained its power of self-control, and though she instantly resumed her place beside her father, and would not leave him again, silence and darkness alone witnessed the tears she shed. Mrs. Wendell anxiously entreated her to go into the open air, to take more food, for she scarcely tasted any, and when night came again, to go to bed, but nothing could induce her to give up her loving watch; and shaking her head, Mrs. Wendell told Keefe that the poor thing was likely enough to be ready for her coffin before her father was put into his grave.

Keefe said nothing, but he would have given half his allotted years to have had the privilege of sharing and soothing her sorrow.

When at last he saw her, the day before her father was to be buried, she came into the orchard, where there were some beds of flowers, to gather sweet violets, primroses, and "the beautiful Puritan pansies," to strew in his coffin. Coming home from his work about seven o'clock in the evening Keefe found her there. The heroism with which he had risked his life to save her and him who was now at rest, their dangerous passage through the wild waves in the little skiff, and the night he had stood beside her, and listened to her father's dying words, all rushed on Helen when she saw him; emotion stifled her voice, she could only hold out her hand. It was a lovely evening, rosy light filled the orchards, the blossoms of the fruit-trees perfumed the air, and bees from a stand of hives placed beneath two fine old peach-trees were humming among the branches. The sweet summer air, the soft light, the rich fragrance soothed and refreshed Helen's sad heart, nor was she insensible to the deep, silent sympathy expressed in Keefe's look and manner. As for Keefe, a strange transformation seemed to take place in him, all his finest and best emotions were stirred in her presence, and the roughnesses with which that "mis-creator," circumstances, had crusted his nature, disappeared.

"What a lovely evening," he said; "I think it is the first true summer's day we have had."

"It is lovely, too lovely, too bright; nature will not mourn with me."

"She does better," said Keefe, "she smiles to cheer you; will you let me help you to gather the flowers? I know where the finest grow."

He brought her a handful of half-blown roses, and as she took them, he saw tears fall softly and silently over their bright blossoms.

"He always loved me to bring him the first roses," she said, "and now I shall lay them in his coffin."

"I know," said Keefe, gently, "you like still to do what pleased your father when he was with you, and if you will only think how it would pain him to see you destroying your health with grief, I am sure you would not do so."

"Oh! I know it is wrong to grieve so much for him, when he is but gone to that God who is his Father and mine; but you can't tell," said poor Helen, "how much we were to each other."

"I think I can imagine it; but can those who love ever be divided? Is not your father's love as much yours in that unknown land to which he has gone as it would have been if only the Atlantic had separated you?"

"Do you believe this?" asked Helen, raising her eyes earnestly to his.

"Yes; the only one who ever loved me is gone to that spirit-land, but I feel and know that her love is with me still; when I do right I know she is glad, when I do wrong I know that it grieves her. And if your father sees you now, will it not pain

him to see your eyes so heavy, and your cheek so pale? Mrs. Wendell tells me that you neither eat nor sleep."

"Indeed I have tried to do both, but I cannot. And you forget how soon he will be taken from me; let me watch beside him till then."

"At least stay out a little longer," entreated Keefe, for she had turned as if to re-enter the house, "the sky is flushing brighter every moment, and listen—the clear, ringing notes of that bird, like little silver bells, always remind me of the fairy chimes for which I used to listen when I was a child, though I never heard them, nor did I ever catch a glimse of the elfin knights and damsels for which I used to watch in every lonely glen."

"Then you are not an American," said Helen, "for who, in this prosaic country, believes in the wonders of fairy land."

"No, I was born in Ireland; and in that wild land, in the clefts of its rocky mountains at whose feet the stormy Atlantic comes tumbling in, and round whose top the eagle soars, on the shores of its lonely cliffs, and in the recesses of its green glens, all those mystic legends and dark superstitions which here are scornfully scouted, are believed with the firmest faith. In Ireland I believed them too, and even now I sometimes wish I could summon up the thrill, half of terror and half of mysterious delight, with which I used to watch in hopes of seeing the fairy folk dance on the old rath by the light of the new May moon; still I love to recall the old tales and ballads with which my nurse fed my fancy, and bewitched my senses."

"Then your childhood was a happy one?" said Helen.

"While my mother lived, it was as happy as a dream of Eden, but when she died—the difference could hardly be greater, if one of those little ones who is in heaven, always beholding their Father's face, should suddenly be cast into hell. All the feelings I had inherited from her, all the principles she had taught me, were mocked and outraged till I learned to hide them in the deepest centre of my heart, and I myself almost believed them extinct. Oh! children can suffer agonies undreamt of by those around them, more bitter, perhaps, than they can ever know in after-years, for it seems to me a child's feelings can be as strong as those of any grown person, and his power to control or combat them is much less."

"But you had your father," said Helen; "was he unkind to you?"

"No, not unkind, but he neglected me. My mother's death was a dreadful one—some other time I will tell you about it, if you care to hear, and I think his anger and grief at her sad fate hardened his heart against God and man. But my physical sufferings were never worth mentioning. I had, naturally, a strong, tough nature, which made light of toil and privation, and never knew fear; all my misery sprang from the want of that love which my mother had so tenderly lavished on me, and my innate and unconquerable disgust at the scenes of coarse vice among which I was thrown. I said unconquerable, yet I do not want you to think me better than I am, Miss Lennox, and I sometimes think that if I had not often *felt* my mother's presence, and the touch of her hand, when I lay down at night, I might have been as bad as any of those about me. But why should you care to hear all this about me?"

"I like to hear it," said Helen, "it has done me good. I, too, will try to believe that the love which on earth was so true and strong will be still treasured up for us in heaven; and that it is only the mists of earth which hide from us those we have loved and lost."

"And, look," exclaimed Keefe, with an earnestness which shook his voice, "look what a glory of loveliness rests now on the sky and earth, and what a soft calm seems breathing all around. How can we doubt that a presence of peace and love hovers over us?"

"Yes," said Helen, "but the beauty of this hour will soon fade."

"And then the stars will come out. See! there is one star. It has often been my guide home when I have lost my way in the bush, and I always look on it as an omen of hope and good."

"Ah!" said Helen, "now the cloud hides it."

"But the star is there still; and, look!—now it shines out again, as bright as if its lustre had never been dimmed. Think of that star breaking through the cloud when your thoughts are sad, and take it as an omen of hope coming after sorrow?"

"Yes. Now I must go. Good night."

She walked a few paces away, and then turned back.

"I have not once thanked you," she said, in an agitated manner, "for all your kindness; but I know you will not think me ungrateful."

She could not say any more.

"If you think you owe me anything," said Keefe, very gently, "repay me by taking care of yourself. If I could only see you comforted, I should feel so glad."

"I am comforted," she answered, and so they parted.

Keefe remained strangely excited. He was in a new world, teeming with new emotions, hopes, and desires; he scarcely knew himself, all within and around him had changed; the earth, the heavens, his own being. The fetters that had hitherto held his finer faculties enthralled were loosened, a divine spark had kindled within his soul, chasing the dark mists that had till now clouded and dulled it, and opening to his view visions of higher aspirations, nobler emotions, and purer joys than had visited him before; he could not bear to leave the spot which Helen's presence had so lately made enchanted ground, and throwing himself on the grass, he remained in a waking dream of sweet thoughts, till the deepening night and the chill winds of the early summer at last drove him into the house, where he found the pancakes which Mrs. Wendell had prepared for his supper completely spoilt, and her patience quite worn out by his unusual delay.

Nor had their meeting been without its effect on Helen: the genuine sincerity of Keefe's sym-

pathy had made itself felt without words. That invisible but powerful affinity which draws two hearts of the same mould to each other with irresistible force had exerted its influence over her as well as over him, though she did not know it; and the peculiar circumstances which had thrown them together had been better calculated to strengthen and develop the sympathy which nature had formed them to feel for each other, than years of common intercourse could have been. Besides, she was yet too young, her heart was still far too warm and expansive for one sorrow, however deep and intense, to shut up all its beautiful life in "cold abstraction," and freeze its abundant springs of life and love. The tears she shed as she scattered the flowers Keefe had helped her to gather, in her father's coffin, were less bitter than those that had preceded them; already the young buds of hope were springing up beneath the memories of her past happiness.

(*To be continued.*)

PRINCE KAUNITZ.

Of the many quaint characters that flit through the history of the eighteenth century, not one affords a more marked individuality than the subject of my memoir. Most of the writers who have left accounts of this Austrian Prime Minister dwell maliciously on his foibles, and while we are told exactly of his multifarious cloaks and wigs, his vanity and ostentation, the better side of his character has been unduly neglected.

Wenceslaus Anthony von Kaunitz was born on February 4th, 1711, and as he had any quantity of elder brothers he was, after the fashion of the good old times, destined for the Church. Fortunately for Austria nearly all his brothers died, and Kaunitz was called upon to represent the family. From the outset of his career we find him obeying two great purposes to which he adhered throughout life—the first being the expulsion of the Jesuits from Austria, the second a reconciliation between the Courts of France and Vienna. To effect the latter object Maria Theresa sent him as her ambassador to Versailles, where he paid assiduous court to the Pompadour, keeping her continually "posted up" as to the sarcasms of Frederick the Great. That monarch, as we all know, was not very choice in his expressions, and his imprudent remarks on the King of England and the Empress of Russia eventually led to the Seven Years' War.

During his residence in Paris, Prince Kaunitz was an immense favourite: people began by laughing at his eccentricities, but ended by fearing his tongue. After a round of dissipation and extravagance, which brought the French Court entirely round to his views, Kaunitz returned to Vienna, where a more difficult task awaited him in breaking the stiffnecked pride of the old régime. It took him three years to induce Maria Theresa to surrender, and he only effected it at last by persuading the Empress that the French alliance would infallibly lead to the recovery of Silesia. Maria Theresa, the haughty Hapsburg, condescended to write a letter from Kaunitz's dictation to the Pompadour, beginning, "Madam, my dear sister and cousin," to which the Royal mistress very coolly replied, "My dear Queen." When the Emperor heard of this correspondence he was furious; and, as he was only the husband of his wife, he vented his fury on the chairs and tables. Maria Theresa was quite astonished at this outburst, and simply remarked, "Did I not before this write to Farinelli, the singer?" A volume would not describe Maria Theresa's character better than does this sentence. An offensive and defensive alliance between the two countries was formed, and the Jesuits, who feared the influence of French ideas in Austria, did their utmost to thwart it. Thus commenced the second great struggle in the life of Kaunitz.

The Prime Minister, knowing the people with whom he had to deal, henceforth took his precautions. From the moment of declaring hostilities with the ultramontanists, Kaunitz never touched a dish which was not prepared by his own *maître d'hôtel*, and served by a domestic entirely devoted to him. If invited to dinner by the Empress, or any personage of rank, he abstained from all food placed on the table; his faithful servant brought him his repast, including bread, wine, and water, and his great temperance was of service to him. After a desperate struggle in the dark Kaunitz gained the victory, but it was chiefly by working upon the ambassadors of the foreign powers at Vienna. Pombal, Aranda, and Choiseul, who expelled the Jesuits from Portugal, Spain, and France, had all three represented their nation at Vienna, and yielded to the influence of the great politician.

In private life the Prince was a strange compound of good and evil. Although thoroughly versed in diplomacy, he had an utter aversion from falsehood, and regarded it as an expedient employed by fools. I find in Dutens' Memoirs that the Prince once held him in conversation for a long time, though he had nothing particular to say. When Dutens attempted to retire, Kaunitz stopped him. "Stay," he said; "I see over there the Prince de ——: he is watching for the moment when I am alone, but he is a liar, and I cannot endure him."

His imitation of French fashions the Prince carried to an inordinate extent: he sent to Paris for all the articles of his toilet, and he only spoke in French and honoured French literature. He was the first Austrian noble who recognised talent as a claim to distinction, though I am bound to add that he displayed his predilections in a peculiar way. Thus, on one occasion, he put off his dinner hour for Noverre, a French dancer of great repute, though on the previous day he had refused to wait for an ambassador who was behind his time.

According to the Baron von Gleichen, Kaunitz was tall and well built, and, although his peruke with its five rows of curls was rather comical, there was a certain look of grandeur about his person. This peruke, by the way, was the object of his worship. Being anxious that all the curls should be regularly powdered, servants wielding puffs were arranged in a double row, and the Prince walked up and down between them, reflecting on political affairs. Each servant sent

a cloud of powder over him as he passed, and after several turns his peruke was of an immaculate hue.

As his whole life was spent in reflecting and working, the Prince took immense care of his health. The milk, coffee, and sugar that formed his breakfast were scrupulously weighed like drugs: at one o'clock he took a cup of chocolate, and his dinner consisted of the simplest dishes. He tried to keep all care aloof, and sacrificed all possible considerations to his convenience, habits, and comfort. In his early days he accustomed Maria Theresa to see him shut all the windows in the palace, and put on a small cap when he found that the draught was too strong. Whenever, therefore, he was seen crossing the courtyard (which he only did on the hottest days with a handkerchief placed to his mouth), the Imperial footmen would fly to close the windows, shouting, "Here he is! here he is!"

After each meal, whether at home or abroad, the Prince produced a box containing a quantity of implements for cleansing his mouth, small mirrors to examine every corner, and towels to wipe it. This ceremony he performed in all company, and it generally lasted a quarter of an hour. One day he was about to commence this operation at the table of the Baron de Breteuil, the French Ambassador, when his Excellency rose, saying to his guests, "Let us go, gentlemen, the Prince wishes to be alone." When left by himself the Prince completed his task with Olympian serenity, but never dined out again. Accustomed to retire at eleven P.M., he did not care more for an archduke than he did for the Emperor, and if that hour surprised him playing a game of billiards with one of them, he would make his bow, and leave him in the middle of the game.

The Prince detested perfumes of any description, and if a lady, even a stranger, who used them happened to sit down by his side, he would say to her, "Retire, madam, you smell unpleasantly." The esteem in which he held his own person had something so simple about it that he would speak of himself as of a third party. The Emperor Joseph had the busts of Field-Marshal De Lascy and Prince Kaunitz sculptured, with Latin inscriptions beneath them. Some one happening to commend the style of the latter in the presence of the Prince, he said very quietly, "I am the author of it." He was a great admirer of horses, and every afternoon he mounted three horses in turn in a private riding-school, and nothing pleased him better than to be complimented on his horsemanship. Lord Keith sent a countryman of his to visit the Prince at the *manège*, recommending him to overwhelm him with compliments, and put plenty of seasoning in them. The Englishman could find nothing else to say but, "Ah, your Highness is the greatest horseman I ever saw in my life."

"I believe it," the Prince coolly replied.

The Chancellor's excessive self-love allowed him no rest, and he fancied he could do everything better than others. Thus he always insisted on dressing the salad, and had a bottle expressly made for blending the oil and vinegar. One day he let this bottle fall, and destroyed the dresses of two irate ladies; but so slight an incident did not disturb his serenity. He was also very vain of his skill in popping champagne corks, though it did not prevent him from frequently spurting the liquor over his ruffles. Nor was he particular as to his remarks: one day, the company at his table happening to be silent, he said to Madame De Clary, who undertook to invite the guests, "It must be allowed, madam, that you have brought together a precious company of stupids." On another occasion, when there was a silence at his table, he said, "I would sooner hear nonsense than nothing at all." Whereupon M. de Mérode, one of his flatterers, at once remarked, "It must be confessed and proclaimed that Mr. Pitt is the greatest statesman now existing in Europe—does that satisfy you, Prince?"

It was especially toward those whose rank was at least equal to his own that Kaunitz displayed the greatest *hauteur*. When Pius VI. went to Vienna and offered the Chancellor his hand, which, according to prescription, he should have kissed, Kaunitz contented himself with taking it and shaking it with cordial familiarity. When Joseph II. assumed the reins of power, he insisted that henceforth the Emperor should go to the Minister to carry on business, and nothing of any importance took place without consulting him. The Prince enjoyed the same credit under Leopold the Second; and Baron von Gleichen himself saw that monarch and the Emperor proceed into the Minister's garden to introduce to him the King and Queen of Naples. And the old Chancellor deserved it, for he had restored by his energy Austrian finances, which the Jesuits had allowed to fall into the most frightful state of disorder. In 1765 he reduced the rate of interest to 5 per cent., and in 1777, or five years after the expulsion of the Monks of St. Ignatius, he brought it down to 3½ per cent. His position was also strengthened by his unimpeachable probity, which formed so striking a contrast with the universal corruption prevailing in church, court, and camp. One instance is worthy quotation.

The government contracts produced enormous profits, and at a ministerial council Kaunitz strongly opposed one gentleman to whom the rest were favourable, including Joseph II., as the terms he offered seemed advantageous. The contractor, anxious to secure the bargain, proceeded to the Chancellor's private house, and offered his chamberlain a large bribe, stating that he had a much larger one for his master, if he were permitted to say only one word to him. Kaunitz was so amused at the proposition, that he let the contractor come in, who walked up to him, laid a purse on the table, uttered the one word "Silence!" and stalked out again. The next day Kaunitz had not a word to say against the contractor at the council, at which the Emperor expressed his surprise. Kaunitz produced the money he had received to hold his tongue, and left the Emperor to judge how much his colleagues had received for speaking. The trick was considered so clever, that its author obtained the contract.

Kaunitz never laid aside his taste for dress, though he displayed great simplicity, and could never be tempted to wear embroidery. On the

very morning that terminated the reign of Maria Theresa, while the Empress was wrestling with death, he had himself dressed with his usual care. To protect himself against changes of temperature, he constantly had within reach nine silk cloaks, which he put on or off according to the guidance of a thermometer hung in each of his rooms. He had a horror of the open air, and it must be very warm indeed for him to be seen sitting for a few moments in the garden of his palace. Still this privation of fresh air only injured his complexion, which was pallid, but not his constitution, for he lived to be eighty-four.

Kaunitz only feared one thing, and that was death, and this fear necessarily increased with years. The word "small-pox" caused him a shudder, for he had been attacked by it himself in youth, and had seen Maria Theresa on the point of death from the disease. When his reader came to that word, or to "inoculation," or "vaccine," but, before all, "death," he had special orders to pass it over. So far was this carried, that strangers of distinction who arrived in Vienna were warned to yield to the Chancellor's wishes on this point, and no allusion must even be made to his birthday. No one had the courage to tell him of the death of Frederick the Great, until one of his readers said in his presence, as if inadvertently, that the courier had arrived from Berlin with letters from King Frederick William. When Joseph II. expired, the Prince's chamberlain laid before him a document which should have had the imperial sign-manual, saying in explanation, "His Majesty no longer signs." The Prince was in the habit of sending dishes from his table to a favourite aunt, and this went on long after her decease, as no one cared to tell him she had been dead for four years. When his eldest and best-beloved son died the Prince only learned the fact by the deep mourning laid out for himself to wear.

With advancing years Kaunitz began to grow very troublesome and fractious. But not even the Emperor dared to deprive him of the power he had held for forty years. As he became very deaf, moreover, it was found impossible to impart any secrets to him, and the garrulity of old age was a tremendous annoyance to all connected with him. Thus he would repeat to foreign diplomatists in the evening the secrets he had read in their letters during the morning, and all the news about their intrigues and habits he had obtained from the police. At last he was quietly ignored, and from 1779 Baron Cobenzl, the vice-chancellor, transacted public business in his name. It was without his knowledge, for instance, that the treaty of Pilnitz was signed, which led to the invasion of France by the Duke of Brunswick.

A crowning insult still awaited the old Chancellor: his signature was forged and applied to state papers entirely opposed to his views and politics. When he heard of this contumely, Kaunitz determined on death, in spite of all the terrors it had for him. He deliberately refused all food, abstained from all remedies prescribed to him, and starved himself to death. He expired on June 26, 1794, the day after the battle of Fleurus, which overthrew the policy of his life—the alliance between Austria and France—and was buried at his estate of Austerlitz. A few years later and the two nations fought a desperate struggle for supremacy over his grave.

LASCELLES WRAXALL.

MY LONG VACATION.

SAYS the doctor, "She must go to Devonshire or the Isle of Wight, and you must go, too!"

Says I, "If you send me so far from London I shall probably spend my winter in the Queen's Bench, and *you* will never be paid. Why not try some of the hill country near London?"

Now it does not matter who *she* was, nor what the doctor said in answer to me; but he gave in, and I started on my travels in search of an English Madeira within thirty miles of London. My guide was the faithful Thompson, who has walked every inch of suburban hill country.

"I will tell you of a Paradise," exclaims Thompson. "There is wood, water, hill, dale, a cricket-club, and good fishing close to a cottage which I know of; the man who owns the cottage is a Frenchman, who was cook to a nobleman, and you will live daily as well as if you were at the Star and Garter or Lovegrove's; there are no fleas or creeping things. When the worthy proprietor is not cooking he will esteem it a favour to wheel any number of children in a perambulator, or to roll about on the grass with them—he is an old man with a light heart. Besides this, you can get donkey carriages and pony carriages for next to nothing; there is an excellent tap of beer at the village inn, and—"

I stopped Thompson's description, for I had heard enough. "What ho! cabman, a shilling extra to catch the mail train."

Quietly ensconced at "mine inn," in a pretty country town not far from my Paradise, with a cheerful heart I sat down opposite to the whitest table cloth, on which were placed the best cold chicken and the finest ham which hungry traveller ever enjoyed, flanked by a jug of the home brewed. The *élite* of the town, who used the common room, allowed me to make one of them, and I had the pleasure of hearing thelocal politics, and a very fine philippic, delivered by the fattest-headed man I ever saw, about the iniquity of removing the town pump. I am bound to admit that in my sleep that night I committed the most awful murder I ever heard of—I cut the throat of a beautiful young lady with my carpet-bag, and when we arrived at the station she fell out stiff and cold on the platform. So much for a hearty supper!

On the following morning Thompson arrived, and we started for the Frenchman's cottage. The landlord was charmed to see Thompson. How were the delightful lady's charming children? How was the baby? The little man bowed to me with the air of a French Marquis. We must go in—he would make us a little luncheon. Oh! horror of horrors. In the passage stood a perambulator, and through an opened door we saw a dinner-table laid for a large party, many of whom evidently were children.

Yes; Monsieur was fortunate—a large family had come the evening before for two months. And so my vision faded. The stranger had

stepped in before me, and that merry little Frenchman was the idol of the stranger's children instead of mine.

Monsieur knew a place even more charming, a mile off. Thither we went, through a glorious old park, thickly studded with old elms and oaks, and in a picturesque corner of that park stood the pretty little house which we were in search of.

I knocked boldly at the door, and whispered enthusiastically to Thompson, "This will do, my boy." The door opened, and there stood another perambulator, and through another open door we saw another table, laid for another large party of little people.

Then I thought I should have fainted. What comfort was it to *me* to know that if I had come yesterday morning I could have had the place for three months? Half a mile further on was Paradise No. 3. A smiling widow woman came to the door. On inquiry, she had *not let*, but a lady from London had answered an advertisement in the paper, and was coming the next day to see the rooms. I cannot express the revengeful pleasure with which I struck a bargain for two months' possession of this good widow's cottage, with the knowledge that the lady from London would be *sold*, as I had been.

Now my firm impression is that this cottage from which I am writing is situate in a parish which was either the scene of Miss Mitford's tale of "Our Village," or else the scene of some of those pretty little stories which Miss Edgeworth wrote. Lazy Laurence might have robbed poor Jem; or Tarlton might have robbed the Farmer's orchard here; and Miss Mitford's cricket match might have been played on *our* village green.

I say *our* village green advisedly, for any man who was born and bred in a country village drops into his place as naturally in a little rural parish as if he had a settlement there.

Now supposing that I had not combated the doctor's advice, what would have been my fate? It would have cost me ten pounds to have moved my belongings to Devonshire, and five pounds to the back of the Isle of Wight, besides the expenses of running backwards and forwards myself. I should have been worried to death by the delay of the post, and been under constant fear of losing a client by my absence. On the other hand, I have accomplished all that the doctor wished, namely, change of air, scene, and mode of life, by going five-and-twenty miles from London.

I believe that amongst the hill-country near London, north, south, east, and west, there are climates which are unsurpassed in England for the softness and purity of the air, and picturesque English scenery which cannot be excelled. From the window of the cottage where I am writing this I look on a real old English village green, which is separated from me by a little garden, which is blazing with bright autumn flowers. The village green is skirted on two sides by cottages and two or three pretty villas. At the top of the green stands the village church, and the remaining side is screened by a background of grand old elms. We are shut in from all cold winds by a range of hills about half a mile distant, from the top of which there is a view extending nearly to London on one side, and to Portsmouth on the opposite side.

There has been just sufficient progress in our village to make it desirable. There are two posts a day to and from London, and I can reach my place of business in two hours from my own door, including a half-hour's walk to the station. With the exception that the cottagers' children are better educated, and the labourers' better fed, paid and clothed than they were when I was a boy, everything is as primitive here as it is in Cornwall or Northumberland. The cottage, which is our home, must have been built at odd times—anyhow by anybody—without the slightest regard to architecture. It appears to have been furnished on the same principle, as with the exception of the bedding (which is excellent), there is not an attempt at anything like uniformity. I don't believe that all the chairs and tables in the house, and the druggets, which do duty for carpets, would fetch twenty pounds; the chimney-ornaments are glorious,—there is a Highland lassie in true cottage china, and a Troubadour in *ditto*, while a great china Mogul, with a perforated crown, does duty as a pepper-box, and his twin brother, of a similar material, does duty for a mustard-pot, by a simple process of decapitation.

In spite of the simplicity of these creature comforts, no nobleman could be better served than we are. Our kind widow—who was seventeen years in a good family, as a servant—keeps her house as clean as the best house in London; is always cheerful and attentive, and is much more honest than I am; as to my astonishment the back of a cold duck re-appeared at breakfast only yesterday morning, and I will frankly admit that if I was trusted alone with the back of a cold duck, a lodger's chance of seeing it again would be small.

Now, I wonder if some dreary Smith or Brown will throw down this number of ONCE A WEEK, on the club-table, and exclaim—"How the doose is a man to get through his time in a place like this?"

My friends—Smith and Brown—I will tell you of a new pleasure. If you have never mixed with village folks, you may—although a thorough-bred Cockney—do so even now. You must put aside all London slang and humbug, and foolish pride, and come with me, and I will introduce you to splendid company.

At the corner of the green, next to the village inn (from which they can hand the beer through the window into the smithy, and which you must stand as the new comer), is the village forge. There I will introduce you to my friend the blacksmith, who is a liberal conservative, as far as I can understand his politics. I lend him my newspapers and talk politics to him on the following morning. The sturdy Vulcans will make horseshoes, whilst you and I — Brown or Smith — as the case may be, discuss Louis Napoleon with him, and we should hear this style of talk.

"Ah, sir [*bang, bang!*], my idea is [*bang, bang!*] that *Lewis* aint half so bad [*bang, bang!*] as he's painted [*bang, bang!*]. I heer'd tell that he could shoe a hoss as well as [*bang, bang!*] any farrier in our army."

From the Blacksmith's we would go to my friend the village cobbler, who is very radical, and we would renew the topic of the Emperor of the French. The cobbler is doubly dear to me, as he is naturally — being a cobbler — the best fisherman in the parish. Now, shoeing a horse does *not* raise the French Emperor in the eyes of the cobbler, and I fear that the excellence of the French boot-makers aggravates my friend, for he always gets on the old sore.

"What business have those beggarly French boot-makers to come here?"

"What business indeed?" say I.

(N.B.—I never wear anything but French boots myself.)

"Ah, damn un! if *Lewis* came here I would stick this into un!" And our friend the cobbler would brandish a shoe-maker's knife with about half-an-inch of blade left.

And then—Smith or Brown—I could show you the oldest and deafest old Newfoundland dog you ever saw. This old dog sits at the top of the green looking up the road—probably for his master who died five years ago — and three or four strong-lunged men at a time can go behind him and roar in his ear, and unless the only eye, with which he can see, is towards them, the old dog sits looking into space quite unconscious. And yet this old dog, who, to all appearance is only a stuffed animal, winks his old blood-shot eye at any small company of children who want to play with him, and carries dolls on his back, and does anything that they wish him; and my impression is that he is in second puppyhood, and can only understand their childish prattle. Then, again, friends Smith and Brown, if you ever knew what cricket *was* before the times of betting, cricket slang, and three-day matches, you would find it here in perfection. We don't talk dreary slang about Jones's bowling not being "on the spot," or Brown not being "in good form," or Buffer "collaring the slows," but we play cricket—and good cricket too—with neighbouring parishes, before a goodly circle of spectators who are heart and soul in the success of their village, and I am as anxious to get a good score, for the credit of our village, as I ever was, years ago, when a boy at Winchester, in our contests at Lord's against Eton and Harrow. And then, Smith and Brown, if you wanted some good company, you would only have to sit down at one of our cricket-dinners after a match, where you would have the society of all the village tradespeople who played in the match; and when, if you could sing a good old English song or propose an honest toast, you would be applauded to the echo; but woe be unto you if you ever come amongst us with the London "*haw! haw!*" swagger.

Perhaps, my friends, you would be doubtful how to get through Sunday in our village. Come, now, I will honestly admit that going to church is very slow work in some parishes in London. It is dreary work when the rector has a swarm of young curates who deplore the extinction of church discipline, and who write to the "Guardian" about the tonsure of the clergy and ecclesiastical dress; and again, it is dreary when the parsons are all red-hot "Exeter Hall-ers," or when the rector is a fashionable preacher who *draws much carriage company*. In fact, it is always dreary unless the rector combines a little common sense and scholarship with his other requisites. I think, however, if you spent Sunday with me, you would not find it dreary to go to church even twice on a Sunday. I could show you a pretty village church where a pleasant old gentleman in a smock-frock tolls the bell, and afterwards puts on a large pair of horn spectacles, and does "clerk" in a magnificent rural twang; you would see a nice sprinkling of smock-frocks amongst the congregation, and some coats of wonderful cut. There is a very old man, a cut above a labourer, and a cut below a farmer, whose best coat was made in the reign of George the Fourth. I can swear to the fact, for it is a fac-simile of a coat which appears in the pages of "Tom and Jerry." The coat was evidently made for some "Corinthian" in the Georgian era, when superfine cloth *was* superfine cloth, for the gloss is still on it in spite of age. The careful reader of "Tom and Jerry" may remember a wonderful picture of "Tom and Jerry sporting a toe amongst the swells at Almack's." In that picture is the figure of a "swell" in a mulberry-coloured coat ornamented with two buttons, one on each shoulder blade, and a collar about ten inches deep. *That* is the very coat which my old friend wears. There is a great deal to hear in church besides what one sees. The singing is as good as most London churches can boast, and our pleasant village-parson preaches such delightful rural sermons, of twenty minutes in length, that I feel quite bucolic, like the elder Mr. Pendennis, and think, that like him, I could "go to the market town and munch corn, punch geese in the chest, and weigh them with a knowing air."

Well, Smith and Brown, I could go on for pages enumerating the many pleasures which are yet to be found in an out-of-the-way country village. I could expatiate on the innumerable kindnesses which strangers of all kinds have shown me. With the exception of trout fishing, and partridge and pheasant shooting, (which nobody but a *snob* would ask leave for, and nobody but a fool would grant to a person whom he did not know) the country gentlemen and farmers seem to be overflowing with kindness in granting every favour which I ask of them. The key of the park is lent, or leave to fish for jack granted, on my simple application as a stranger staying in the neighbourhood; and I am for the time being—as far as enjoyment goes—as absolute proprietor of some miles of fishing, and in as perfect possession of a large extent of a magnificent park, as if I paid the keepers, or was heir to the property. I still believe in the large-heartedness of the country. In some villages you may sometimes find a snob, who is a half-breed between a country gentleman and a farmer, who thinks himself "a somebody," but the breed is fortunately scarce; they are a class of men who have about ten acres of their own, and rent three hundred of some one else, and try to merge the tenant in the freeholder; but the metal is not true, and won't ring, and the largeness of heart is wanted which alone makes the gentleman, whatever be the cloth of his coat.

"Cui bono, are these gossiping details of our

village?" perhaps you may ask, Smith and Brown, my old friends.

For the good of you, and such as you, I answer—I speak as a Cockney *by domicile* (for I fear I have no *animus revertendi* from London, although born and bred in a country village). Oh, brother Cockney, if you have never tried the peace and quiet of a two or three months' residence in a real English country village,—not one of your villages which abound with "Anastatia Villas" and "Laurel Lodges,"—take my advice, and do so at no distant period. You would feel yourselves humanised by living in a place where your fast London stories and scandal would fall dead on every ear, and where you would, if simple and unaffected in your manners, receive a cheerful greeting from high and low. If you have a heart to sympathise with the pleasures of others, it would do you good to see and hear the village children play and laugh upon the green; and if you feel lazy, why, you could sit in your garden in an easy chair, and sleep very comfortably under the influence of the humming of the bees, and the music from the blacksmith's forge.

The Smiths and Browns who go abroad, or to watering-places for the sake of quiet and health, are to be respected for their motives; but I think if the Smiths and Browns who rush abroad, or go to some fashionable place of resort, for the sole purpose of changing the venue of London dissipation, and who hope to acquire by a *twopenny-halfpenny* gentility a grandeur which is not their own, were transported for a short period to some quiet country village, they would come back to London with better health and better morals than they can possibly acquire by swaggering about and bullying Continental landlords, or by displaying their vulgarity at Brighton or Scarborough.

F. G.

THE HOSTELRY.

1700.

Bay-windowed, pendant-gabled, broad,
It stood beside an ancient road,
By squire, and hind, and farmer trod.

The Tudors from the stones did speak;
The quoins were curled in fret and freak,
With griffin's head and vulture's beak.

Red glowed the roof in crimson tiles,
From ridge to eave; save where, in whiles,
The black rain blurred the channelled aisles.

And all around brown mosses clung,
And blossomed trailers looped and swung,
From crocket-tops, where linnets sung.

The diamond sashes of each room
Were half turned back into the gloom,
And mufled half in jasmine bloom;

Great honeysuckle blooms that share
A jealous odour with the air
When noons are wet, and April's fair.

High at the chamber windows stood
Three flower-pots, as red as blood,
With precious plants in leaf and bud.

All day within the chambers old
Great squares of sunlight paved with gold
The floor, and upward, slantwise, rolled;

Touched the brown portraits, thick with dust,
The helmet, black with battle rust,
And scent-jars, rich in Indian must.

Under the vane-top, slim and hoar,
A cracked clock beat for evermore;
Three elm-trees sentinelled the door.

A broken dial; and beyond,
The fresh brim of the cattle pond,
Hidden in weed and elder frond.

Thereby, on benches in the sun,
When half the day to rest had run,
The gossips chattered, smocked and brown.

Plump was mine host, and pleasant-faced,
Given to laughter, sober-paced,
His keybunch jangling at his waist.

He leans across the garden rail,
His right hand cupped with yellow ale,
To tell his guests the latest tale

Of busy London. Close behind
His brave head, shiver in the wind,
The privet blossoms white and kind.

And right and left the highway goes,
A streakèd glare that winds and flows
By streamlet edge and hamlet rows.

Thence, looking westward, you might see,
Broad tracts of corn and purple lea,
And windmills whirring dreamily.

The low manse with its crooked eaves,
Black in the dusk of walnut leaves,
And the gold lights of wheaten sheaves.

The night is cold. Above, below,
On window-sill and poplar row,
A blank, bright glory falls the snow.

Or, lifted by the warring wind,
There glimmer on the window blind,
Three elm-trees, with the moon behind.

A moment there, with branches crossed,
They glimmer keener than the frost,
And then, in sudden gloom, are lost.

Beside me, couched in fireside ease,
Dreaming, the miller sleeps and sees
His dead child sitting on his knees.

The bearded fiddler doses near,
Nods to-and-fro; starts up with fear,
Searching the room with eyes severe,

And hearing nothing but the din
Of stormed roofs, sleeps, his fingers thin
Beating a phantom violin.

Keen-witted, cunning, trinket-wise,
Full stretched, the footsore pedlar lies,
His broad hand clasped across his eyes.

Anon, the courtyard door swings back,
And, thickly-snowed, on head and back,
In trots the miller's mastiff Jack.

And shaking off the smoking sleet,
He coils him at his master's feet,
Pointing his broad nose to the heat.

Then comes mine host into the shine,
With pipes and cups of spicèd wine,
And mellow jests, rich, ripe, and fine.

He hath a quip for every hour,
Brimful and sweet, of genial power,
For him the seasons always flower.

Across his sleeping guests he steps,—
Then sits him down; the spiced wine sips,
Blinks both his eyes and smacks his lips.

Bravely he talks, and chuckles hoarse,
When I opine the times grow worse,
And that the world has gone to nurse.

"Marry," quoth he, "your wit's ill-spent,
If both the good and bad are blent,
We have the middling; be content."

And so he prates, whilst I lean back,
Watching the oak ribs hiss and crack,
Blurring the walls with bright and black.

Till vague and vast the chamber seems,
And, downward, from the knitted beams,
Falls the sweet rest that breedeth dreams.

J. F. O'Donnell.

THE ENGLISH IN PARIS.

Un Anglais à Mabille.

A gentleman, under the signature of "G. U.," has been writing to the "Times," complaining in the most indignant terms of the slovenly manner in which our countrymen and countrywomen dress immediately they put the straits between them and home. He sees and, according to his own

account, shirks his best friends because they appear in the streets of Paris in the costumes of cab-drivers. The ladies are offenders of a deeper dye; they mount battered round hats, and save up their old dresses for the sake of appearing perfect drabs in the polite city of Paris. Our proud G. U., who we should surmise to be one of those resident Britons who have become more French than the Parisians, is deeply hurt at our bad habits, and is evidently very much ashamed of his touring fellow-countrymen, and dreadfully afraid of what the satirical Parisians will think of them. Having myself returned from a month's holiday on the Continent, a week of which was spent in Paris, I was not a little astonished at the frightful pelting which I, in common with the rabble rout of Englishmen, have received at the hands of G. U. Having a desire for a few weeks climbing, I took pattern by the great Napier, and thought that when I had reduced my impedimenta to a piece of soap, a towel, and two flannel shirts, I had done a clever thing. In this light marching order I had the audacity to return home by way of Paris; had I had the honour of G. U.'s acquaintanceship, possibly I might have been received by courteous cut direct; but as I only know an inferior sort of people, who don't

An Englishman and his Belongings, from the Meridian of Paris.

judge friends by their clothes, I happily escaped that infliction. I must candidly confess that my own impressions of my fellow-countrymen abroad did not by any means tally with those of G. U., who is so very sensitive for the honour of his fellow-subjects. When I strolled up the Champs Elysées, if amid the crowd of natives in lacquered boots, dress coats, and the other etcetera appertaining to the full mufti in which Parisians will appear abroad before dinner, if, I say, I observed a particularly manly-looking fellow in a light lounging-coat and lace-up boots, I was pretty sure to find, on looking into his honest face, that he was a young Englishman. If a brighter young Hebe than usual passed by, in "maiden meditation fancy free," it was sure to be a dear young English girl. Amid the arid faces of the Parisian fair, to my eye the bright cheek of our English rose was as the waters of some oasis to the traveller after the dreary desert. They might have had round hats, but what of that? I am quite sure they were not "battered," and also certain that they crowned the face with more grace than the best bonnet of Paris would have done. It is pretty well conceded that the young Englishman is the best dressed man in the world (a fact which G. U. evidently does not know); but I mean to assert, what will doubtless be contested, that the

English gentlewoman carries the palm for the ease and simple elegance of her attire. The grace of the human frame is less disguised in her by the milliner; you see more of the woman and less of the mode. Possibly there may be a reason for this in the finer condition of the raw material, if we may be allowed such a phrase when speaking of the gentler sex. We know very well that cooking has arrived at such perfection in France as only to disguise the badness of the meat.

But letting this pass, and returning again to the sensitive feelings of G. U., let us see what evidence he has to give of the sneers of the Parisians at our slovenly appearance in their fair city. He tells us that we are caricatured in every printseller's window, and that the Palais Royal is full of plaster statuettes which jeer us as we pass. We may remark *en passant* that, in the caricature line at least, the Parisians—the acute, sarcastic Parisians—are the dullest dogs in Europe. If an actor, taking the *rôle* of a Frenchman, were to talk of eating frogs at the lowest theatre in London, he would be hissed off the stage for the staleness of his joke; but in the best Parisian theatres the Englishman is still represented with top-boots and belcher-handkerchiefs, either beating his wife, or exhibiting her for sale in the market-place with a rope round her neck. This is considered capital fun in Paris to this day, and is sure to bring the house down. When "Punch" touches up the Frenchman, or when Wigan brings him on the boards, they hit him, we fancy, a little harder. But let us see what their caricaturists can do. G. U. tells us that our slovenly outlandish dressing is the constant theme of their pencil.

At the head of the chapter is the gentleman who holds the mirror up to nature, and shows us just as we appear in that delightful spot, the Jardin Mabille. At a glance the reader perceives there is not much of the cabman about him; on the contrary, in his dress, at least, there is somewhat of the *petit-maître*. But where, by all that is gracious! did our Englishman get that hat? Could he obtain it at any price here? Did Lincoln and Bennett or Christy ever see such a specimen? That necktie, again. Come, now, G. U., confess that cabmen do not do the thing in that style. And the coat, waistcoat, and flower—why Jimmy Jessimy never turned out in brighter trim. If this is the Frenchman's typical Englishman, he certainly is far removed from the "cabman" of G. U. The only ghost of a joke, as far as we can see, is the delightful mixture that "Un Anglais" is indulging in—coffee, claret and rum-and-water (by the lemon floating in it)—warranted, we should say, to take the bloom from his cheeks next morning. Is it a fact, we may ask, that the Adam's-apple in the Englishman's throat is more *prononcé* than in other people's, or is the exaggeration of the picture another of our Parisian friend's brilliant jokes?

But what have our friends across the water to say to the English ladies? This is the reply in the shape of one of the innumerable clay statuettes, which abound in the shops of the Palais Royal, and a specimen of which will be found on the previous page. Of course, our critics don't neglect to hang the ladies on the arm of their conductor, like two panniers. We know in good society this is voted dreadfully provincial, and we don't think well-bred people are guilty of such a solecism; nevertheless, the custom has its charm, the cavalier is nearer to his work, and no advantage of position is given to either fair. Moreover it is a very pretty position to find yourself, as it were, the battle ground across which the nimble fire of feminine tongues is exchanged. But let that pass; we will plead guilty to the possibility of Paris being shocked by this kind of coupling; but are these the round battered hats of our censor? Are these the slovenly English? The man is evidently a prig got up at a great expense by Mr. Moses; but he certainly runs into the opposite extreme of cabbyism. Of course, the Parisians must poke their fun at the English coiffure. In the majority of the statuettes, the English lady wears the hair in single ringlets down to the waist,—the French face can't stand the hair thus dressed; moreover, the French hair won't curl so kindly as ours; hence the sneer;—but here we have the very agony of dishevelled locks, and the very Quakerism of braids, not very true as to the ladies' coiffures, but yet not quite an absurd caricature. But those waists, and those ridiculous polka jackets, falling over those crinolineless skirts! Are they a libel, or not, fair reader, on English ladies' costume abroad? If I can believe my own eyes, they don't dress so in the ball-room-village of Interlachen, at Spa, or Baden-Baden. We never met any of them on the boulevards in Paris; and even if we had, they do not carry out G. U.'s atrocious libel upon fair Englishwomen's costumes abroad, that it is slovenly and slipshod. An idea strikes us. We know that in France and other continental countries, luggage is always paid for box by box. We have seen Paterfamilias standing aghast at the pile of trunks he has to see weighed in foreign railway stations. We know this forms a very important source of revenue of their railway companies; is G. U., we ask in all good faith, bribed by them to pile up this mountain of impedimenta still higher, and does he do his work accordingly by abusing, in the "Times," his fair countrywomen for their shabbiness? If I know anything of my fair countrywomen, I think I am not far out in believing that their instincts to make themselves as taking as possible are not likely to be dulled by a visit to Paris; and, of this I am certain, the English gentlemen who dress like cabmen, are confined to the personal friends of the fine gentleman who signs himself G. U. in the "Times." A. W.

DEEP CALLING TO DEEP.

All poets, from Job, the ancient Arab, to the laureates of nineteenth-century kings, have spoken of great calamities as floods. The image is so apt as to have almost a literal character; and we may find the homeliest rustic using it, unaware that he is not relating a plain fact when he tells how the fever, or the fire, or the bad year have ruined him. It seems natural that the people of each region of the earth should adopt the imagery suggested by their climate and terrain. And so they do. The Red Indian, and far-west Americans

after him, describe a rout of numbers or a flight of fugitive slaves as a stampede, like the rush of buffaloes or wild horses. The same people speak of any social calamity under the imagery of the prairie-fire—the most awful, perhaps, of natural spectacles. In southern Italy the volcano is the name for terror; in Switzerland it is the avalanche; in South America it is the earthquake; in Arabia it is the sand-storm; in Siberia it is the snow-drift; among all the world's sailors it is the hurricane and the water-spout; and among all wayfarers it is the storms and tempests of the region in which they are. But, amidst all this variety, the idea of flood still prevails, so that even these several images are themselves likened to the sudden irruption or malignant trespass of waters out of bounds. So large a proportion of our ideas is derived from the eastern world and its races that it is not surprising if this kind of imagery should have a stronger hold upon us than it otherwise would: and it probably has, seeing what inundation is when it does occur in the countries which have yielded us the most ancient literature we possess. The rush of the sand-storm, the sweep of the pestilence, the mortality from famine, tropical rains, the heat of the ocean on open sands, are all as extravagant in their character as the intensity of the sunshine, which again is constantly described as a deluge of heat and light. To one country, however, above all others, is the imagery of inundation due. The older the world grows, the more is Egypt found to pervade its human history: and Egypt has been from the dawn of tradition the land of inundation. The story of the rise of the Nile, and the sense of what depended on it, was as common when Joseph discoursed about the fat and lean kine which came up out of the water as in our day when Englishmen are seen every season examining the Nilometer in the island of Rhoda. Some persons have inquired whether Joseph did not understand the matter better than we do, judging by his anticipating a course of good or bad years; whether he had not learned from the priests of Memphis, among other learning of the Egyptians, enough about the causes of the overflow of the Nile to be aware that there were alternations of dearth and sufficiency or excess. However this might be, the fact seems clear that through the whole course of Egyptian history, from that day to this, the Nile overflow has been so generally sufficient and no more, that the exceptions are the salient points in the history of the country. When Herodotus was there, four centuries and a-half before our era, the priests could tell him exactly how high the waters had risen every year for as many centuries as they pretended to account for; and when Abdallatif, the Arabian physician, was there in A.D. 1199, he was enabled to form a list of all exceptional years, which were so few as to make the world wonder at such regularity in an element usually so uncertain. The regularity did not induce a thoughtless confidence—at least, among erudite Egyptians—for Herodotus found them full charged with facts about the depth of the mud and the levels of its surface at various periods, and drawing some very anxious conclusions thence as to what would become of Egypt when the deposit of soil should require a larger and larger deluge to cover it. If eight cubits of rise had once been enough to fertilise the country below Memphis, which then (while Herodotus was there) required sixteen, and was actually barren under fifteen, what could be expected when the deposit has increased as much again? Here we are at a distance of 2000 years from the day when the Greek and the Egyptian held that conversation, and the Nile still fertilises its singular valley: and in this year, A.D. 1861, the local consternation is about not the lack but the superabundance of water. The old time seems indeed to be reproduced in several of its features, so as to convey as strong an impression of the immutability of Egypt as its pyramids and royal tombs.

There are inquisitive travellers down that way, as eager as Herodotus himself to find out whatever is known or imagined of the source of the inundation. The difference is that explorers like Speke and Petherick are better qualified to get knowledge at first-hand, than the Egyptian *savans* whom Herodotus questioned. There are plenty of people still in the Nile Valley who pity the English and the French, as their predecessors pitied the Greeks, 2000 years ago, for depending for food on the fall of rain, and who wonder that the human race in Europe does not come to an end every few years: while, on the other hand, travellers who look across the valley from the roof or deck of their luxurious boat, may be conscious of some compassion for the peasantry who have every year to undergo the solemn and wearing suspense of the rising of the river,—now fearing that it has stopped, now afraid lest it should not stop, and always aware that famine is outside of either line. Rain is sure to fall somewhere at home; and, up to the last moment, there is hope of what it may do: but absolute, irretrievable barrenness is the consequence of a deficient overflow of the Nile, or of an excess beyond a certain point. The differences between the periods are, that the valley is much less populous now than of old; and that, as Egypt is not now the granary of the East, the failure of a crop is not so grave and wide-spread a misfortune. In nothing, however, are the whole series of centuries more alike, throughout their course, than in the spectacle of the waiting upon the rise of the Nile.

When the middle of June is near, there has always been a keen watch set on earth, air, and sky, by day and night. The dykes are examined, and mended as well as the dusty soil permits. The atmosphere at sunrise and sunset affords infinite speculation as to the state of matters in Abyssinia, where the sacred gush is said to take place on the night of the 17th of June (Coptic reckoning). Substances laid out on the housetop at night are weighed in the morning; and prognostications are formed accordingly. Falling stars are counted by watchers, succeeding each other through the night; and every extraordinary meteor is regarded as a curse, because the sign of a curse. Every deficient inundation is held to be preceded by fiery signs in the sky; or, as philosophers put it, by sultry weather. If the meteors tended towards the south, indeed, all might be well, because it portended a north wind,

favourable to the inundation; but if they flew all abroad, or darted northwards, calamity might be looked for.

When proclamation is made that the river is rising, the people, in every age, rush to the banks to see and smell the waters. If there is, day after day, any green tinge, and any bad smell, men's hearts fail them for fear; and yet more if live creatures are found in any portion which is drawn from the river. The current is then slow; and there is little hope. If the water is sweet and of its natural brown, there is plenty, so far. While this is observed, a priestly dignitary is anointing and perfuming the Nilometer, —the graduated column which is to mark the rise of the flood.

For some days, no result can be even conjectured: but the people cannot keep away from the river. They come to the banks, to see their kine go into the flood, and come up again,—to see their acquaintance go by on floats of reeds,—to watch the rising line of the surface. Then they go and open the sluices of their fields, and fetch and carry news between the villages and the river bank.

At length, the channel is filled in one place or another, and the waters spread over the dusty land. By degrees the people are driven to the causeways for communication; and busily they throng the dykes. The most active of the men and boys are gone towards Cairo, or are acting as news-carriers in the space between. There are endless disputes about the marks on the palm stems or the rocks, which indicate eight, ten, or twelve cubits being reached; but the cannon from the heights at Cairo will settle that point. Meantime, as soon as the water is seen to assume the true Nile tint, the family cisterns are everywhere opened; and water for domestic purposes is secured for the year to come. Thus passes the time till September arrives,—a few nervous persons fancying that the tide has not advanced since yesterday, but the fact being that there has been more or less rise every day.

By this time the current is very strong, and it sweeps down portions of the cracked banks, and wasted or neglected embankments: such accidents are easily borne in full prospect of plenty; but they revive the tradition of every landslip which at any time has caused loss of life. News now travels up the river, and back to the convents in the mountains, that the flood has reached sixteen cubits: in other words, there will be produce enough next year for the support of the country, and to pay government dues. Then, among the timid, hope is fulfilled, and at once begins to turn—the least in the world—to fear. Their neighbours remind them that eighteen cubits will afford a double provision of food. This is true; but it will also throw down all the weaker dwellings, and drown some of the live stock of the peasantry: and if it should not stop at eighteen! And nineteen is famine at the other end of the scale. The optimists are in full swing at such times. If some mischief is done, and the accustomed fields cannot be sown, there are other lands, behind and above, which will be fertile for once: and so they comfort their neighbours.

The waters continue to rise: and now the rarer aspects of Egyptian life appear. The village groups leave their dwellings, and cluster on any ground which may be high and dry. Some are weeping, some are noisy, some are still. By day they see one dwelling after another melt down into the mud: the square chevaux-de-frise of boughs which mark the pigeon houses begin to tumble; and the birds flutter abroad, and hide among the palms. Messengers ride through the water, bringing food or tidings: the sun goes down behind the Lybian mountains, leaving broad flushes of orange, crimson, lilac, and green hues on the heaving mass of waters. When these die out all is colourless and ghastly; but in that remarkable climate the afterglow lights up the scene again for ten minutes or so; the rocks are again orange with blue shadows; and the groups on the hillocks are again brought out by the radiance which lights upon them. Then the twilight deepens rapidly, and the Arabs, who dread cold and damp, shiver at the thought of the night they must pass. Those who have dwellings on some exceptional rise of the ground may sleep under a roof; but every hour now adds to the number of those who have no home.

The night spectacle then begins; and the Coptic monks, in their convents on pinnacles of the rock, must have the best view of it. Fires are kindled from terrace to terrace, as far as eye can reach, north and south; torches are waved over the rushing waters; and their yellow flare contrasts strongly with the blue light of the moon. The splendid planets (by whose position the dates of traditionary inundations may be fixed) and the magnified stars (as they appear to foreign eyes) have a new majesty and charm when they shine out above rushing floods and agitated lights, and find quiet nooks in the world of waters in which to mirror themselves. The islands of shadow here and there are from clusters of palms intercepting the moonlight. In some point or another within view darkness is broken up, and the roar of the flood is mixed with other sounds. The Governor of the district comes down with his band of soldiers to learn the real state of the case. Now they find standing room for their horses on the bank; and now they are wading from point to point, the white dresses of the soldiers and the foam of the stream shining out in the torchlight. The people look up wistfully to the Governor; but what can he say? He can only promise food as long as the stock lasts. The still-rising flood chokes the voice of hope.

Thus do the people wait, day after day, night after night. They can see for themselves that the turning-point is not yet passed: but they almost dread the confirmation of this from Cairo. From Cairo the news is that nineteen cubits are reached; and then the peasants know that they cannot sow their lands this year. They are pauperised,—hundreds of thousands of them in a night. It is not stopping at nineteen cubits. Carcases of beasts now come swirling along, and palm-roofs and walls of reeds floating by tell of villages destroyed. What will become of everybody? It seems like the whole earth melting back into chaos, as it once arose from it. When the fear, hunger, and cold have become almost unbearable, an echo passes along the valley, from

the Delta to the First Cataract: the gun has fired at Cairo; and voice after voice tells the fact beyond the range of its boom. The Nile has stopped rising. Will it not go on again? No: by sunset it has begun to subside. It is by hair'sbreadths at first; and for some time the people have to take the fact upon trust; for there is nothing left for them to measure inches by. After a while, however, somebody points out an emerging line of dyke or edge of rock at the base of the mountains. Then palm-tree tops wave over the water, instead of swaying about in it. The grades of the nearest pyramid reappear. The main divisions of the district become distinguishable, and people begin to see exactly where they are. All is dreary, beyond words to express: everything in ruins and swamped. So it was in ancient days of excessive inundation; and so it is now. Instead of Coptic monks looking abroad from their steep, as for fifteen centuries past, there were priests of Ammon and priestesses of Isis stationed on the pylons of the temples: but the waters were from the same everlasting source, and the devastation produced the same misery.

It is so this year. When the height of the Nile is given as above 24 cubits, we must suppose that some people are talking of one kind of cubit, and some of another. The Jews had one cubit of 18 inches, and another of 21 inches: and the cubit of the Nilometer is 19½ inches. It is by this last measure that 19 cubits are found to be equivalent to famine; so that we must suppose the estimate of 24½ this year to mean something else. The destruction, though not total, is very severe. Fifty villages, we are told, have disappeared; and palaces of princes have melted down like huts of mud. Before the highest point was reached, one-third of each crop was given up,—grain, pulse, cucumbers, cotton,—everything the soil produces. As for the live stock, the question is whether any remains. It is only lately that beef has been procurable in Egypt, since the murrain of 1837, after which the killing of cattle of any age was forbidden by government till the valley should be replenished with kine. But sheep were then to be had. At any settlement on the river, a sheep in its fleece was to be had for six shillings; and the fowls and eggs were innumerable. It is to be feared that these are nearly all gone. The sorest lamentation is probably about the cotton crop, which promised new wealth to the peasants this year, but which is said to be to a great extent destroyed. For many dreary months to come, the people must see before them only the dirty ooze where the green crops should be springing. Every other year, they have been going forth by this time to cast their seed upon the waters,—upon the last vanishing film of them,—sure of finding bread there after many days. In a few hours the early blade should be visible; in a few days every embankment and every enclosure should be green. This year it will be only the lines of the recent desert that will be green: and all lower soil will be stagnant water till it must become a baked desert in its turn. The water-wheels and sakias must be swept away in great numbers, as the dykes and sluices are. The novelty on this occasion is the railway. The "silent highway" has risen up against the noisy one. Old Nile has not only put out the engine fires, but carried off the rails. The telegraph posts are down, and the wires broken; and altogether the scene must hint a doubt whether the spirit of old Egypt has not come up against our century, and resolved to swamp innovation altogether. It is certain that when the people were most confidently looking for fat kine, as lean ones as ever were seen have come up out of the river.

This is not the only untoward Egyptian deluge of the year. Some years ago there was a gush and spread of speculation in that region which was promised to render it fruitful in wealth beyond all precedent. When the isthmus of Suez was cut through, and a sea-passage all the way to India was opened, half the commerce of the world would pass through the gates of Egypt; the tolls would be the fortune of any country that had them: and the whole eastern portion of the Nile valley to far above the Delta would be as populous and prosperous as any part of ancient Egypt ever was.

Under the stimulus of such promises, the ruler of Egypt became deeply involved in the Suez Canal scheme: and he supposed himself warranted by his prospects in spending largely on his army and its manœuvres. The Suez canal is not paying; and the world is coming round to the English opinion that it never will pay. The difficulties are rising up before the eyes of the involved parties, as they rose up before other people's eyes to prevent their involving themselves; and now the Pasha, standing on the high ground near Suez, overlooking the course of the unfinished canal of ancient days, may well wonder how he ever could believe that a trustworthy ship-channel, fit for the passage of a world's commerce, could be carried through those sands, and out beyond the miles of shallows at the head of the Red Sea. Far away there lies the Indian packet, at the nearest point of approach. Will he ever see great ships pass through either the Mediterranean shallows, or these, or the intervening sands? And, if not, his fortunes are wrecked. He suspects perhaps that the old "ship of the desert" will not yet be driven from its home and function. The steam-horse has partly displaced the camel; but that merchant-ships will may be believed when it is seen. The Pasha perhaps has but a dim notion of what merchant-ships may come to be, and has supposed them all to be such vessels as could pass the Suez Canal. The necessity of transshipment may have been disclosed to him;—the necessity which would be fatal to a scheme otherwise practicable, as it renders the passage by the Cape the more profitable of the two. However this may be, the cold waters of discouragement have risen in the Pasha's mind, and are still rising so as to have chilled his very heart. Poverty has overtaken him as a flood: he does not know which way to turn himself for help. Like a sensible man, he is retrenching in his personal and court expenses: but he has buried vast sums in the sands and mud of French speculation; and he may well doubt whether there will be any resurrection. His money has produced a crop of French settlements within

his frontier, a crop of discontents among his peasantry, carried from their homes to toil at the works; and there will be eventually a great crop of world's jokes at the second failure of an Egyptian canal from sea to sea: but beyond such sorry crops the impoverished Pasha need look for no result. If he lingers on the memory of the prospect once spread fair before him, the waves and billows will only swamp his hopes the more drearily.

Egypt is indeed inundated with calamity. The waters will go down some day, and leave her fresh and fertile, as she will be while the Nile flows; but the people deserve all sympathy and compassion while awaiting the subsidence of the flood.

In many countries there have been devastations from literal floods of late. In France, Spain, and Germany, rivers have brimmed over their banks, torrents have rushed from the high lands, canals have burst their embankments; land-marks are swept away, and corn and seed-fields are turned into stony deserts. The condition of Holland, a few months since, when the whole country seemed likely to be swallowed up in the sea, is full in our memories. Worse even than the fate of the poor villagers sitting on the dykes in the rain, seeing their perch crumbling down into the dashing waves, must be the fate of the miners who were the other day swamped fathoms deep in the earth. At Bessèges, in the south of France, a waterspout destroyed the machinery of the mines, and sent a torrent over the edge of the pit, like a cataract. The gas exploded, all was confusion; and when the prefect of the department and his officials were moving about with torches at midnight, amidst a pallid crowd who watched their proceedings with jealous eagerness, it was because hundreds of men and boys were buried below. Day after day did pick and spade work (if they are not working still) to let out the living; and wonderfully strong were the voices of the prisoners of the flood: but there must have been many who died a death in comparison with which the strangulation of drowning is an easy end.

In India there has been a literal deluge overflowing the fertile districts of Bengal,—the indigo, cotton, and grain,—and plunging peasantry and landowners to the lips in poverty. But the worse calamity further west,—the famine and pestilence which were incessantly likened to a deluge,—has so far subsided as that a new growth of prosperity is already apparent. A blasting air seemed to have passed over the region, and the drought left a desolation behind it very like that of a ruinous flood. All was bare, baked brown earth where crops should be waving: and all was lifeless where man and beast should have been plying their industry. Then came pestilence, such as we find in our damp corners and villages on marsh land: and disease swept human beings into eternity as the Nile or the Scheldt flood carries the cattle out to sea. This was our latest inundation of calamity as a nation: and it is nearly gone past. We are warned to expect a flood of trouble in the coming months, from the bad weather in Ireland, impoverishing farmer and labourer for the season; and from the distress anticipated in our chief department of manufacture, we may expect to have a rising tide of Lancashire poverty to deal with, which we shall, I trust, meet with the best skill and kindliness we can muster for so great an occasion. There is another menace which will be met in a different temper. When we hear or read that a flood of Socialism is sweeping over the country, we may think the expression too strong; but nobody disputes the fact which it means to express. The tyranny and ruinous folly of the socialism of the hour, as manifested in the strike in the building-trades, is too large a topic for these pages: but it must have a word of notice as one of the devastating calamities of the time.

To the worst of all it is enough to allude. The Americans have cut their dykes, and destruction is foaming in, as some of us gave ample warning that it would. If one party cut the dyke, both were guilty of damming up the stream which should naturally have carried off the danger. Both are responsible for the existence of slavery at this day: and where slavery exists there is always a gathering of waters of wrath going on; and the eventual rush of destruction is only a question of time. The difference between them now is that the one section proposes to continue the damming practice, while the other has had enough of it, and is thinking of insisting on making all safe, and keeping the control of the tides henceforth. The spectacle meanwhile of the ravages of civil war in that favoured country is like what a severe Nile inundation would be in Prince Rasselas' Happy Valley. And it is a calamity not limited to one seed time and harvest.

Here are floods, literal and symbolical, more than enough for a year. FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

AWAKE AT LAST.

"DEAR OLD BOY,

"I am in a frightful mess again, and want you to pull me through. That, of course; for having mentioned the first, the second follows as a natural consequence. The worst of it is that I cannot get away from this place just now, and as you have been seedy, I won't ask you to come all this way. But if you could manage to come over to Oldforest for some shooting towards the end of next week, I will meet you there. That will be time enough for us to decide on our next move. The whole thing is so brutally complicated, that it is no good my trying to tell you anything about it by letter. I should only confuse your mind. But it *is* a buster this time, and no mistake—worse than Augustine or the Pelham Park Steeple Chase.

"Yours (with dishevelled hair),
"FREDERICK MOURNINGTHORPE.

"York, Tuesday."

"I wonder what the little beast has been doing now," said Charlie Rochford, as he threw down the foregoing epistle on his breakfast table, after a third perusal.

The "little beast" stood six feet two in his stockings, and was Charlie's dearest friend; but the better he liked people, the worse names he called them. This is a peculiarity not confined to him, in the present day.

"I suppose I must go," he said, continuing his soliloquy. "It is a horrid nuisance, though. I hate the place, and all the people in it — the

whole set—everything and everybody, except Fred himself. However, I must go, that is clear; so I won't think anything more about it." A resolution which of course he kept by thinking of very little else until the time came for his journey.

Rochford was a young barrister, and a rising man in his profession. It was curious how he carried the spirit of the advocate into his private friendships. In any matter in which he was personally concerned, he was the most good-natured fellow imaginable—too ready to sacrifice his own interests to those of others; but if acting for, or advising a friend, the change in him was wonderful. Cold, stern, unflinching, we might almost say unscrupulous, he at once became blind to every consideration except the interests of his friend.

As he never abused a man for the past, or gave him good advice for the future, but confined his attention to what was to be done at the present crisis, his counsel was much sought by his friends. He had already brought young Mourningthorpe out of more than one scrape triumphantly. That young gentleman was the eldest son of a baronet of the same name, by his first wife. The old gentleman had now become very infirm, and Fred's stepmother ruled at Oldforest, with whom he was not on the best possible terms. She did not make the place very agreeable to his friends when they went there, and hence arose Rochford's disinclination to go.

When he arrived at Oldforest, he found matters even worse than he expected. Fred had not arrived, nor had he informed Lady Mourningthorpe that Rochford was coming. Lady Mourningthorpe received him politely, though very coldly.

"She regretted that she had not been informed of the honour which was intended them, and she must apologise for the room in which she should be obliged to place him, as the house was very full."

Accordingly Rochford found himself located in an attic, which he characterised as "a something dog-kennel," an arrangement which did not improve his frame of mind.

Rochford was a man of a very impressionable disposition. When with his own friends, or people he liked, he was gay, graceful, almost brilliant, and considered the best fun imaginable. When, on the other hand, he happened to be with people he did not like, or did not care about, he was stately, cold, silent, and very absent. The whole effect of his countenance was changed; for though always intellectual-looking, he only became handsome when he smiled.

Lady Mourningthorpe requested him to take down to dinner a stout elderly lady, of serious views. If she intended to mortify him by this device, she failed, for Rochford paid her more attention than he would have given to a younger companion. Indeed the hostess began to regret her own tactics, when she perceived that they involved his sitting next to Miss Lutterworth, the great heiress. She became quite reconciled, however, to the state of affairs, when she perceived that Rochford made no effort to engage that lady in conversation, but allowed her to be monopolised by Alfred, Lady Mourningthorpe's son, who had taken her down to dinner.

But Miss Lutterworth was not so well satisfied with this state of things. She had begun to get very tired of Mr. Alfred, and, to confess the truth, perhaps that gentleman's attentions were a little too pointed. So she turned a little towards Rochford—turned in a manner which has but one meaning: "You, too, might talk to me a little, if you liked."

But, alas! the careless swain neglected the opportunity.

Then she asked for the salt. This manœuvre was also unattended by any satisfactory result. Determined not to be beaten, at last she made a remark herself. Rochford made such a reply as politeness rendered absolutely necessary, but made no effort to continue the conversation.

Then a thought crossed her mind, which almost brought the tears into her eyes. "He does not know who I am, or else he would talk to me fast enough." For Miss Lutterworth was not accustomed to be neglected.

Then she turned to Mr. Alfred, and rattled on with him more affably than usual.

She did Rochford injustice, however, as she found the next day, when, though cognisant of her name and position, he made no effort to be sociable. Then the idea occurred to her that he might be trying to pique her by a show of indifference. She looked at him for a moment, but he was evidently so unconscious of her presence, that she blushed at her own vanity. Then she could not help feeling a little angry—then a little scornful.

"How ridiculous it is of me to take such silly fancies into my head; after all, perhaps the poor man is stupid, and has not got anything to say. I wish I had some one else sitting next to me, that I could talk to, besides Alfred Mourningthorpe."

It was the interval between dinner and dessert. Mr. Alfred's attention was occupied for a minute by the lady on his left. Rochford was leaning back in his chair evidently lost in thought. Miss Lutterworth took advantage of the opportunity "to take a good look at him, and see whether he looked stupid or not."

"It is impossible," was her decision, as she noted the broad brow and the deep dark eyes; "but I am determined I will put it to the proof."

Helen Lutterworth was a clever girl, so clever that she had seen through the motives of the many men who had proposed to her almost too clearly.

For some of them would have made very good husbands, one at least would have been glad to have married her without her wealth, though he might have been first attracted towards her by its fame. For she was good-looking and agreeable, but she had a morbid fancy that she should prefer some one who would love her for herself alone. On the other hand she had been accustomed to so much attention for so long a time that she did not feel quite comfortable without it. Fred Mourningthorpe said of her that she was never happy except when she had just refused somebody, or was just going to perform the operation.

For a minute or two she reflected by what means she should draw her neighbour into conversation, but she was not long in deciding on a line of action which did credit to her generalship.

It was a time when all free hearts in Europe were mourning for the death of one of her greatest statesmen. But yet, amidst the general lamentation, you might sometimes hear a discordant note of triumph or some harsh voice raised to insult the memory of the mighty dead.

Miss Lutterworth was remarkably well read in all the leading topics of the day, and she easily recalled to her memory a critique on the deceased statesman which had been written in this spirit. Turning suddenly to Rochford she said:

"Oh, Mr. Rochford, there was something I wanted to ask you about, which I am sure you can tell me."

Rochford bowed to show that he was attending.

"About Count F——," she continued, "I always admired him so much; I thought him so noble, so true, so inflexible in the right course,—so far seeing, so self-sacrificing. But lately I have been told—" And then, with considerable ingenuity, she indicated a few of the principal points of attack on the Count's policy and character, saying as she finished, "You must excuse me, but you know that ladies do not understand these things very well, and I am really anxious to know whether I ought to admire him or not, for I am quite a hero-worshipper, and it does grieve me so when I am obliged to pull down my idols from their pedestals."

The play of Rochford's countenance as she was speaking told her that her attack had been well planned. For he was as complete a partisan in politics and in literature as he was in friendship. His eyes positively seemed to blaze with light as he listened to her résumé of the attacks upon the Count. And, at last, when she had finished, he replied with an enthusiasm, which the low tone of voice a dinner-table tête-a-tête requires could not hide.

"You have indeed been misinformed, Miss Lutterworth," he said; and he proceeded to give her a brilliant sketch of the Count's life and character, which would have done credit to a rising barrister with a good case. He had the material ready to his hand, for he had written a leader on the same subject for the "Wednesday Warmer," just before he set out for Oldforest.

The ice once broken, the lady imagined that there would be no difficulty in prolonging the conversation, and they did talk about new books for a few minutes in a sufficiently agreeable manner. But, by degrees, each reply of Rochford's became shorter than the one which had preceded it, and at last he crowned all his previous shortcomings by making an answer which proved that he had not been listening to his fair neighbour for the last three minutes.

Up to this time she had only been amused, but now she became really angry. "If he is not stupid, he is very rude," she thought, "and I will never speak to him again if I can help it."

And so she turned once more to Alfred Mourningthorpe, to the inexpressible relief of that young gentleman and his mamma, who had both begun to think that she was getting on a great deal too well with "that sulky fellow, Rochford."

It is necessary to explain that Rochford would not have behaved quite so badly if he had not happened to overhear an observation about Frederick Mourningthorpe, which was made on the opposite side of the table by Mr. Deedes, the family solicitor.

"From what I have heard, I think it is doubtful whether he comes at all."

And then something more was said in a lower tone which Rochford was unable to catch.

Fred and Fred's affairs were always uppermost in his mind, and in his anxiety to ascertain something about them, he forgot all about the fair lady at his side.

Mr. Deedes, however, soon passed to some other subject. Then it did occur to Rochford that he had not been very polite, and he turned to Miss Lutterworth with a dim idea of making some kind of apology, but he found that lady so deeply engaged in conversation with Alfred, that it was impossible to interrupt her, and he very soon forgot all about it.

Four or five days passed away and there was no sign of Frederick Mourningthorpe. Nobody in the house knew anything about him or his movements.

"Certainly he had been expected,—he might come at any time; but, on the other hand, he was always so uncertain, that he might not come at all."

So said Lady Mourningthorpe.

Rochford had tried to pump Mr. Deedes on the first opportunity that occurred after the conversation he had overheard at dinner. But a very little talk with his brother lawyer convinced Rochford that that gentleman did not know anything about the matter, or that, if he did, he was quite determined to keep his information to himself.

Rochford began to get very tired of Oldforest. Some of the guests were agreeable enough, but he had been so prejudiced against everybody when he first arrived, that he had not taken the slightest trouble to find them out.

He certainly had not achieved an enviable reputation for himself at Oldforest.

George Chaffington said that he had heard in town he could be amusing when he liked, but that he had never been fortunate enough to meet him when he was "in form."

This was not true, but it was ill-natured, which is notoriously the next best thing.

Lady Mourningthorpe said she did not know why he came, or why he stayed, or who invited him; he said Frederick had,—if so, she thought it very strange that Frederick did not come to entertain his own guest.

Rochford had always plenty of writing to do, so he seldom showed himself, except at breakfast and dinner. Sometimes he played pool in the evening. When he did, he talked very little, but attended to the game. He played very well, and seldom missed a division. It may be doubted whether this tended to increase his popularity.

But on the morning of the sixth day he began to think that he had sacrificed enough of time and

comfort on the altar of friendship, and that he might as well return to town.

As he was returning from a long and solitary walk, he made up his mind that he would start on the morrow. He had wandered along in his usual absent way towards the front door, and was ascending the steps, without having noticed that a carriage was drawn up in front of them, from which a lady was about to alight.

He had got about half way up, when to his intense astonishment and disgust, his hat was driven suddenly over his eyes by a slight but steady blow planted most scientifically upon the top. When he had dragged it fiercely off, by no means improved by the operation, his indignation suddenly melted beneath the gaze of a pair of the brightest blue eyes imaginable, carefully placed within about three inches of his own.

"When I had done it," said their owner, "I began to be afraid that it was not you after all, and that would have been disagreeable, would it not?"

"I do not see that follows at all," said Rochford, looking at his hat.

"But I cannot tell you how delighted I am to see you, Charlie," continued the lady.

"You don't seem to care about my seeing you—extinguishing the light of my eyes in that way."

"But it is nice to find you here—I had made up my mind to be bored to death—and I was obliged to come, but now, as I heard an omnibus driver say to Lady Snuffleigh's coachman, we will wake them up."

And Lady Fanny Trelane finished this sentence by executing a *pas seul* in the hall, winding it up with what young ladies call "a cheese," during which her whirling skirts coming in contact with the housekeeper, who had come forward to receive her, they very nearly cut that respectable personage off her legs.

Lady Fanny was a first cousin of Rochford's. They had been brought up together as children. During the time he was at Harrow and Oxford, Rochford had always spent his vacations at the house of his uncle and guardian, Lord Camborne, who was Lady Fanny's father.

The cousins had always lived so much on the footing of brother and sister, that it never occurred to them to fall in love with one another. Indeed, their friendship bore some resemblance to that of clown and pantaloon. It was always at the strongest when they were engaged in planning mischief for the edification of somebody else.

Three years had passed since they last met. Lord Camborne had been obliged to remain in Italy for the benefit of his health, and had found his mischievous daughter the kindest nurse in the world. The father's health was now restored, and the daughter's spirits came back with it.

When her aunt, Lady Jane Polwhistle, told her father with lengthened visage the story of some new escapade of his daughter's, the old earl would only laugh, and say—"You must make some allowance for her, she has got to make up for three years of lost time."

When Lady Fanny had got half way up stairs she turned round, and seeing Rochford still in the hall, she attracted his attention—by dropping her parasol on his head; then leaning over the banisters, she said, "I have a message for you from Fred Mourningthorpe; I met him at the Rugby Station. He told me to tell you that the little matter about which he wrote to you is squared, but he hopes you will stop till next week at least, when he will come over for certain. I told him I would make you. Give me my parasol." And the young lady clapped her hands together to show she meant to catch it.

Rochford tossed it up, and the lady fielded it beautifully, to the astonishment and horror of Mr. Alfred Mourningthorpe, who was then entering the hall.

"Shall I stay any longer," said Rochford to himself, as he was dressing. "I may as well, now Fanny is here—and I suppose my uncle is either come or coming—I shall try if I can't enjoy myself even in this hole, now I know Fred is all right. The young scoundrel, to serve me such a trick as this."

And he walked into the drawing-room a few minutes afterwards with an expression on his countenance so different from anything it had worn during the preceding week, that Miss Ashford whispered to her sister Constance, "Look at Mr. Rochford, he looks positively handsome."

Rochford's eyes met hers, as she lifted them after making this communication.

The young lady blushed, as Rochford crossed the room, and sitting down by her, began to converse in so animated a strain, that she imagined she had made a conquest.

The illusion was dispelled, however, as soon as Lady Fanny Trelane came into the room.

When she had seated herself, Rochford took his position on an ottoman a little behind her.

"Now," said the lady, turning her head a little, "I want to be amused after my journey; tell me everything you have been doing since I saw you last—that is to say, all the fun."

Obedient to command, Rochford began to describe his life in chambers, the eccentricities of his laundress, the idiosyncrasy of the greengrocer's assistant who waited at his parties, with many particulars, all of which were novelties to his cousin. Lady Fanny was in fits of laughter, which she made no effort to restrain, when the door opened, and Miss Lutterworth entered the room.

Lady Fanny had met the heiress in Rome during the preceding winter, and they had become great friends. They greeted one another with feminine affection.

"I am so glad to see you again," said Lady Fanny, "and in this stupid place too, where we shall be sure to see so much of one another, compelled to form an alliance offensive and defensive against the forces of Boredom. How long have you been here? A whole fortnight? I suppose Charlie has kept you awake this last week?"

"And who may Charlie be?"

"Don't you know my cousin, Charlie Rochford?"

"I have had the honour of being introduced to Mr. Rochford, but I did not know he was your cousin, and certainly I should never have guessed that there was any relationship, for, to tell you the truth, his forte seems rather to be the sending

people to sleep than the keeping them awake. "At any rate," Miss Lutterworth continued, "if any one was somnolently inclined he would be far too polite to say anything to arouse them."

"He has been flirting with somebody else," thought Lady Fanny; but for once she kept her reflections to herself. Turning round, she walked off to Rochford, and pounced upon him in her usual unceremonious style. "What do you think?" she said. "My old friend, Helen Lutterworth, says that you are the most stupid person she has ever met. Now, don't look angry, because it is no use. But I can't allow this at any price. People say that we are very much alike, and therefore I feel personally interested that you should do credit to the resemblance—so come at once, and show her that she is mistaken."

She had seized him by the wrist as she was speaking, then twisting his arm under her own, she carried him off in triumph to the other side of the room, and deliberately jammed him down on an ottoman by the side of Miss Lutterworth, to that young lady's surprise and horror, for she guessed at once that her observations on Rochford had just been repeated to him.

If, however, she imagined that this would occasion any awkwardness on his part, she was quite mistaken, for though he had been piqued for a moment he was the best natured fellow in the world, and it had at once occurred to him that he had given too much reason for the lady's strictures. He was therefore quite prepared to obey his cousin's commands, and endeavour to redeem his character.

Lady Fanny seated herself on a low chair opposite to the ottoman, and in half a minute the trio were deep in conversation, which was soon variegated by bursts of laughter from the ladies. At dinner, Rochford sat in his old place, Lady Fanny was on the other side of the table. Miss Lutterworth and Rochford talked incessantly about everything and everybody; the unfortunate Alfred was not even able to slip in a word edgeways. Lady Mourningthorpe looked daggers at them, and determined that they should not be such near neighbours again if she could possibly help it. But, alas! in a country house, if you separate people at dinner, you cannot help their being together all the rest of the day.

When the ladies retired, Lady Fanny said to her friend, "I watched you two all dinner time, but I did not detect the slightest signs of somnolency."

"Ah," said Helen, laughing, "it was only by constantly asking him questions that I could subdue the symptoms."

"I see, just as when people have been taking too much laudanum, you must always make them 'move on.'"

The next day but one Fred Mourningthorpe arrived. When all the respectable members of the household had retired to rest, he carried off Rochford to his sanctum. There was a gigantic bowl of Curacoa punch steaming on the table.

"Now, old boy, we can walk into the affections of this little lot, and smoke some cavendish I have just got in, until an azure hue pervades all things, which, being interpreted, means till all's blue, or till daylight doth appear, you pays your money, &c. Now, I know you are longing to hear all about it. This is how it was. It was at a ball given by the Clodshire Militia—all of ours went. Now, I never can stand the champagne you get at those places—too filling at the price. I meant to have stuck to malt all the evening, but the beer ran short after supper, and I was obliged to take to the gooseberry. Well, I had been dancing a good deal with Polly Fluffington, sister of old Fluffington, of ours; finished girl, but five-and-thirty if she is a day. I know it was the third galop after supper. There was a little room off the ball-room that one or two adventurous couples used to back into occasionally; you could hear the music all right, by distance made more sweet, &c. Well, somehow we got in there, how I never knew. I think she backed me in without my knowing where I was going, but I won't swear to it. We were the only couple there, and were taking it easy until we got into our second wind, when all at once, instead of keeping her head over my shoulder, as is seemly in a Christian young woman, she drew it back until her lips were close to mine. Of course I kissed her—upon my life I thought she expected it. Besides, through some mysterious intervention, that kind of girl always looks better after supper. But what do you think she did?"

Rochford made a feint of planting "one, two," in the most approved fashion.

"No;" she said, "'Oh, Frederick, this indeed is happiness,'" and fainted right off.

"Well, I handed her over to the proper authorities. They soon brought her round, and I gave her a tumbler of champagne, to which she took very kindly. I had forgotten all about it, when the next morning, just as I was doing some soda and B, in rushed her brother, the old major, shook me by both hands, and went off at score in the heavy father style, called me 'his dear boy,' told me she had three thousand pounds, and that there would be his little savings when he went off the hooks. I don't believe the old scoundrel has anything beyond a second pair of spurs in the world. I was so taken aback, I had not got a word to say. The moment he was gone I sat down and wrote to you. Then Sluicer came in. Not a bad fellow, Sluicer. I told him about it, and asked his advice. The only thing he could suggest was that I should drink myself into a fit of *delirium tremens*, then I could say, that my health would not permit my forming a matrimonial connection at present. 'And if you like to try it, old fellow,' he said, 'I don't mind drinking glass for glass with you, for the first week.' Friendly of Sluicer, was it not?"

"But how did you get out of it at last?" said Rochford. "I hope I am not taking Sluicer's place to-night."

"Oh, no! that is all over," said Fred (filling his fourth tumbler). "The luckiest thing in the world. Young Huggins, son of a button-maker, who left him half a million at least, had been away on leave. He had been rather sweet in that quarter before, and when he came back they nobbled him and threw me over. His delight at the idea of cutting me out let him in for it."

Frederick and Lady Fanny suited one another capitally, and became great friends. Rochford was no longer mischievous enough to satisfy his fair cousin's requirements. But Miss Lutterworth and he often formed the quieter element in a very happy quartet. Time slipped away, and another fortnight was nearly gone. Rochford felt that he must return to town. The day before his departure, however, he said: "I am a hard-working man, Miss Lutterworth, and now I go but little into society. I am, therefore, going to say what, perhaps, it would be more proper for me to defer, until our acquaintance was of longer standing. I have little to offer you save my love, but I think you will believe me when I tell you that is yours. I hope that a career lies before me, which will some day give me a name a woman may be proud to bear. Will you share my struggle—or if the laurels are ever worn, may I hope to be permitted to lay them at your feet?"

"Since I have been at Oldforest," replied Helen, "I have known two gentlemen who bear the name of Rochford. One moody, silent, abstracted, indifferent to those around him, sometimes almost rude; the other—the other—" but here she detected something like a glance of triumph in Rochford's eye. "Well, the other is a little better, though he might be improved."

"By a wife who would take him in hand," suggested Rochford.

"Seriously," she continued, "I should like to know which Mr. Rochford addresses me to-day?—which Mr. Rochford would be found *at home?*"

Then Rochford told the story with which our readers are already acquainted.

"Well," said Helen, "if I could believe that you would show the same anxiety for your wife that you have done for your friend, I might be induced to say yes. At any rate," she continued, giving him her hand, "I must have your solemn assurance that you are AWAKE AT LAST."

HERBERT VAUGHAN.

THE TEMPLE CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

WHEN a many-acred, well-timbered country gentleman leaves his ancestral home in Blankshire for his annual fortnight in London, during the month of May, he is rather pleased than otherwise with the metropolis. He thinks the park and Kensington Gardens beautiful, the trees and the flowers worthy of Blankshire itself, and so on. But let a letter from his family lawyers—Messrs. Kaisay and Fyfay, of Grabbem's Inn—summon him to town on urgent private affairs, towards the beginning of November. As the good squire grumbles forth his disgust at the aspect of London, tell him that within a stone's throw of those filthy streets, under that murky, foggy atmosphere, and on the borders of that pestiferous stream, which he would sooner die than venture on, there is to be seen the finest collection of one of the most beautiful flowers in cultivation, growing and thriving, like the gods and goddesses in "the Groves of Blarney," "all standing naked in the open air," and, at the end of October, simultaneously flowering into millions of most lovely blossoms of all sorts, in lively welcome of their lords, the lawyers, to their dens in the Temple—what will he think of the sanity of his informant? It is odd news enough for a country gentleman to be told that in a London climate such delicate plants as the calceolaria, the scarlet geranium, and the clove carnation live and flourish; that on the walls of a certain parsonage in Tothill Fields is as large and healthy a fig-tree as is to be found in most parts of England, as also a noble vine, of which its reverend owner receives none of the abundant fruit only because like Ovid's walnut-tree, it grows by the wayside, and juvenile depredators steal the tempting bunches before they are ripe; and that some of the choicest and best cultivated plants are to be seen outside humble window sills, in Spitalfields and Bethnal Green;—but a flower-show—and such a flower-show—in November, down Fleet Street way—preposterous!

About the time when these pages find their way into Blankshire, our young Prince, after opening the library of the Temple, and being duly elected a Bencher of one or both of its Inns, will pay a visit to the famous gardens, which by the talent and perseverance of two intelligent horticulturists have been, within a very few years, made the pride of the Inns, the paradise of little children, and the delight of the weary clerk and the jaded servant of Captain Pen. The annual chrysanthemum show has not, I believe, been held for more than fifteen years, while the pompone, which is the favourite flower, is of very recent introduction into this country.

The chrysanthemum (χρυσεὸν ἄνθος) or golden flower, is of the order *compositæ* in the natural system, and in that of Linnæus comes under the head of *Syngenesia superflua.* It has only been common since the beginning of this century, but it was introduced from China in the year 1764. Neglected for a time about the first quarter of this century, it has again become very popular of late years. It will grow in almost any soil, but to be cultivated with success, a compost of three parts sound loam and one part well rotted dung should be prepared for its reception. For specimen-flowers liquid manure (a spadeful of horse droppings or half a spadeful of sheep droppings to four gallons of water) should be occasionally used. In the earlier days of the flower's popularity, it used to be planted in composts of goose-dung, sugar-baker's scum, decayed willow shavings, and goose blood, but that is never done now, I am informed. Planting commences about the last week in March. In April and May the plant likes a south aspect best, but, in the summer months, should be kept a good deal shaded. When eight or ten inches high the young plants are pegged down to prevent too tall growth, and when at a height of one foot or one foot six inches may be tied to slender sticks. During the month of August the plants are watered copiously with liquid manure until the buds are as large as Spanish nuts, when only pure water should be given them. From about the middle of October they are covered over at night, the frosts retarding the swelling of the buds and the free expansion of the flowers, and when the flowers are quite open they should be covered during the day also, as is now to be seen in the Temple Gardens.

Gardeners divide the chrysanthemums into three classes — the incurved (the petals turned inwards), the reflex (the petals turned outwards), and the anemone flowered, which has a centre like a German aster. Of these species the anemone flowered are the most rare and difficult of cultivation, the incurved are the nearest to perfection, and the reflex are somewhat out of fashion. The little plants called pompones, which, as I have said before, have very lately been introduced from France, are, as their name implies, button-like flowers, the *pompone* being the button which certain French regiments are privileged to wear in front of their caps. These are the *pet* flowers with all horticulturists.

The height of the Chrysanthemum varies from seven to three feet. The Anaxo (red orange) and the Temple de Salomon (yellow) grow to the former height—the Anakim of the race,—while the Queen Victoria (delicate peach) and the Princess Royal (rose) only attain the minimum of three feet.

There are now in cultivation about 100 of the large varieties of the flower, of all colours, blush and pale pink, rose and lilac, rose and carmine, red and crimson, orange and red, &c., &c. ; of the pompones more than 100 also, plum and violet, rose and carmine, buff and salmon, scarlet and brown, &c.

Favourite as our flower is, like all good people it has its enemies,—who must be named in defence of its rights—mildew and earwigs, sparrows and aphis, or green fly. The greatest care should be taken to guard the young plant from these foes.

In Messrs. Broome and Dale's collection of chrysanthemums it is noteworthy how many of the names are French. It is true that we have Antigone, Mr. Dale, Bob (late, good habit), Frederick Peel (dwarf, very free), Old Princess Royal, Goliath, and Mrs. Coombes ; but these are flanked on all sides by Le Grand Napoleon (good border flower), Eugenie, Voltaire, General Marceau, Madame Godereau, Julie Lagravere, Leon Lequay, and fifty other Gallic cognomens.

About this time the beautiful gardens of the Temple present a most brilliant appearance. The flowers are in perfection, both under the protecting tent and in the open border. Bend your steps into the gardens as soon as you find there is such a sight within earshot of Fleet Street. Find out the three gems of the year, Florence (pompone), a red reflex flower; Phidias, lilac and rose, large reflex ; and Queen of England, large incurved. Thank Messrs. Broome and Dale for providing such a treat for you in the month sacred to *ennui* and suicide, as well as to lawyers and Lord Mayors, and—*mind you don't smoke over the flowers*.

C. B. B.

A WALK FROM ROCHESTER TO MAIDSTONE.

Among the scenes of natural beauty, combined with antiquarian and historic interest, that are now easily accessible from London, the lower part of the valley of the Medway claims an important place. A summer day's excursion to this portion of the "Garden of England" has left some pleasant memories, which we would now, for the information of pedestrian readers more especially, endeavour to revive.

The Mid-Kent Railway, traversing, first, the undulating woody district around Bromley and Beckenham, and afterwards the fair meadows and rich hop-grounds which diversify the smiling valleys of the Cray and the Darent, lands us finally at Strood, within sight of the ancient towers of Rochester. That old city, rising boldly from the right bank of the broad and navigable Medway, at once impresses the beholder by the strength and dignity of its position, as well as by the lofty and venerable towers which surmount its other buildings. Its commanding situation, doubtless, gave it that importance which it possessed in the days of the Heptarchy, and even during the period of the Roman occupation. The internal aspect of the town, notwithstanding its proximity to the dockyards of Chatham, and the changes which railway operations have effected in its neighbourhood, is still in tolerable harmony with its picturesque site. Ancient houses and gateways meet the eye while we ascend its steep and winding streets, and bright glimpses of the river and the surrounding green hills are obtained from unexpected openings. Near the centre of traffic we observe a market-house in the quaint style—half French, half Flemish—which prevailed, at least in provincial towns, towards the close of the seventeenth century. An inscription records the fact of its erection at the expense of one of England's unforgotten worthies—the valiant Sir Cloudesley Shovel, at that time one of the members for Rochester. Remembering his important services to his country and to the cause of freedom in the days of King William and Queen Anne, and the tragical fate which overtook his fleet and terminated his career on the rocks of Scilly, we hasten towards the objects of highest interest in Rochester—its castle and cathedral. The former, crowning the verdant and here well-shaded bank of the Medway, is admirable on account of its massive yet elegant tower and the pure and magnificent Norman architecture of its interior. No assemblage of buildings in England, indeed, affords a better study of this interesting style than does this castle, together with the adjoining west front of the cathedral. The latter, especially, with its interlacing arches, rich ornamentation, and singular statuary, leaves a peculiar and lasting impression on the mind. Though rebuilt in the Norman period, it suggests, by the great antiquity and originality of its style, thoughts of that earlier and more national Saxon period which witnessed the foundation of the see and the first erection of Ethelbert. If we miss the aspiring elevation and the grand comprehensive unity of the subsequent pointed styles, we have here not merely the interest of variety, but also a distinct impression awakened by the solemn and mysterious massiveness, the cloistral depth and seclusion which seem to prevail. Those ponderous arches, those barbaric but rich capitals and mouldings, seem to bring us into contact with a remoter and more primitive state of society, when the bold free life of the northern races was but newly engrafted on the expiring civilisation of the old nations. Entering the cathedral, we find the western end still completely

Norman, chiefly the work of Bishop Gundulf in the days of the First Henry; but, as we proceed eastwards, the succeeding styles prevail, the characteristic simplicity and grace of the Early English predominating. Below, the spacious crypt—a forest of pillars and gloomy vaults—is worthy of attention, and certain dungeons may be visited, which look even now sufficiently awe-inspiring. Leaving the precincts, we are not unmindful of Bishop Fisher, the learned adversary and victim of Henry VIII.; nor of a subsequent occupant of the see, Bishop Sprat, now, perhaps, less remembered for his learning and his political notoriety in 1688 than known as the author of some dreary and affected poems.

Quitting the city, and taking a road nearly parallel with the river, we ascend a steep hill whose summit commands a wide and magnificent prospect. The "Medway smooth" of Milton is seen issuing from the barrier of chalky hills which traverse the county and cross several of its river valleys. Pursuing its majestic course, in many a bold curve, through the narrow but fertile vale, at length it widens seawards to complete that union with "Father Thames" so sweetly sung by Spenser. The numerous towers and spires of Rochester and its suburbs are seen rising above trees and shipping, and lower down the busy dockyards and great arsenal of Chatham. The distinctive features, both ancient and modern, of English scenery and civilisation are seen grouped together in striking and comprehensive unity.

Pursuing our pilgrimage across the country, and keeping as long as possible in sight of the "lovely Medua," as Spenser has termed the river, we admire its green banks, its mazy sinuosities, and the numerous antique churches seated near it, even where extensive lime-works contribute more to utility than to beauty or atmospheric purity. Soon, however, a very different region is reached, for we have to cross the hilly barrier already mentioned, whose steep sides, sprinkled with aged and gnarled yew-trees, are haunted by fresh and cool breezes; hedge-rows and ragged copses are gay with the green clematis, the white-blossomed cornel, and the ever-graceful briony. As we rise towards the open downs the wild plants, which delight in the soil of the chalk formation, display their bright and varied hues. The botanist cannot fail to observe the unusual size and beauty of the wild milkwort, with its calyx of dark blue, pink, or white enclosing its singular and delicate blossom.

On reaching the summit of these heights a truly noble prospect expands before us. The great central plain of Kent, through which the Medway here flows, is seen spreading wide eastwards and westwards, not with that monotony which wearies the eye in some of our agricultural counties, but exulting, as it were, in all the rich variety of cornland, pasture, and hop-grounds, alternating with luxuriant orchards and dark woodlands, while, enclosing the glowing picture with a noble frame, the far-extending downs of Kent and Surrey rise blue in the distance. As we descend into this great inland basin the interest of the journey does not diminish. Winding country-roads lead through this blooming, undulating country, past many an elm-shaded hollow, and along many a breezy ridge, where innumerable larks welcome the sunshine; while old mansions and granges, amidst vast walnut and yew-trees, contribute, with quaint timber cottages and old mills, to enliven the varying scene. At length we reach Maidstone, the capital of this fine district, a town which unites to an aspect of considerable antiquity all the tokens of modern activity and prosperity. It is, indeed, the centre of the Kentish hop-district, and, from its position at the head of the Medway navigation, it has become the seat of various manufactures and considerable local traffic. The bridge commands a pleasing view of the Medway, on whose eastern bank rises an ancient and stately church. Old timber-fronted houses, decorated with fantastic carving, are conspicuous in some of the principal streets. In history, however, Maidstone has not obtained much celebrity, the only recorded event of importance being the storming of the place by Fairfax in 1648.

We bid farewell for a time to the pleasant old kingdom of Kent, leaving Maidstone by the North Kent Railway, which affords frequent glimpses of the Medway and Thames. W. B.

PROFESSOR BESSEL AND HIS TAILOR.

Bessel, the celebrated astronomer and professor at the University of Königsberg, till his twentieth year, was a clerk in a mercantile house at Bremen, where he devoted the whole of his leisure time to the study of that science which subsequently rendered his name European. By his mercantile engagements he had acquired a taste and knowledge of manufactures, which distinguish him to this day for the elegance and neatness of his wardrobe. Family affairs having called him, a few years ago, for a short time to Leipsic, during the great Michaelmas fair; while sauntering there one day amongst the numerous magazines, and looking at the various articles exposed for sale, with the eye of a connoisseur, he was struck with the beauty and pattern of a piece of a new fabricated cloth which had just been patented at Bradford, and a small sample of which had been sent to Leipsic. Bessel at once bought a few yards for a dress coat. On his return home, he sent for his tailor, and showing him the cloth, the latter admired the article, but declared that the quantity procured was not sufficient. Bessel knew perfectly well that he could not possibly get at Königsberg the stuff required, and in his despair he sent for another tailor, who declared the quantity quite sufficient, and actually brought in a few days the ready coat to the entire satisfaction of the astronomer. On his walk to the University one morning, a schoolboy passed him with his books under his arm, and clad in a jacket of the very same pattern and cloth he was so proud of; stopping the lad, he inquired of him to whom he belonged, and was not a little surprised to learn that the father was the very tailor who made him the coat. There was no doubt now, that the tailor had found the quantity ample enough, to cut out of the excess a jacket for his boy. He asked the boy to accompany him home for a few minutes, whence he sent for his first tailor; the latter having

arrived, he told him to look at his coat, and at the jacket of the boy, and say whether both are not made of one and the same piece. The tailor having affirmed the fact, Bessel told him that the boy belonged to the tailor who actually made him the coat,—"And, now, I ask you, my good fellow," continued the professor, in a serious tone, —"how comes it, that you thought the quantity insufficient even for my own coat, while your brother-tailor found it even enough to spare something for his boy, how do you explain that, man?" "In the most simple way, your honour; my Fritz, is by several inches taller and bigger than this boy."

M.

TWILIGHT.

Dewfall—and I sat and read
A letter wet with tears *she* shed:
First grief like a blight-wind blows,
Blistering life's summer-rose.

Gun-fire—and I tried to weep
O'er a face that seemed to sleep—
Far away from home and those
Who saw our love grow like a rose.

Sun-down—and a grey-haired man
Pores o'er life's torn chart and plan;
Traces lines almost erased,
Traces letters half defaced:
By his side a faded rose,
Yellow, withered,—"one of those."

Walter Thornbury.

THE SETTLERS OF LONG ARROW.

A Canadian Romance in Thirty-one Chapters.

CHAPTER XV.

The day on which Mr. Lennox was buried was heavy and dull; leaden clouds hung over the sky, and the air was oppressed with the weight of an approaching storm. Keefe and three other young men carried the coffin, and Helen followed it with Mrs. Wendell; she would not stay behind; she would not desert the beloved remains while one office of love could be performed. Keefe knew Helen would wish the funeral to be as private as possible, so no stranger was present, except those who assisted in carrying the coffin. Slowly the little company wound along the base of the hills in the early morning, and turning into a path which led up an opening in them, soon reached the sheltered hollow where the burying-ground lay. It was railed in, and sheltered by a few tall pines standing there like perpetual mourners, sighing with their sad and spirit-like cadence to the passing breeze, and bearing aloft their "sculptured cones," so much reverenced by the fire-worshippers, as holding latent so large a portion of the sacred flame which they adored as typical of the immortal and pervading spirit of the universe. A few wooden tablets and rude headstones tangled with juniper bushes were scattered here and there among the mounds. The grave was already dug; no priest was there to perform the rites either of faith or superstition; no prayer was said, except those breathed silently by Helen and Mrs. Wendell; no word spoken. The coffin was reverently laid in its resting-place; the clay shovelled in, the sods smoothed over. Then every one turned to depart except her whose heart still clung to the dearly beloved tenant of that narrow bed; she could not bear to leave the form so much loved beneath the cold, dark, heavy earth. With drooping head and clasped hands she stood by the grave, motionless as stone.

"Come now, dear," said Mrs. Wendell, "let us go away."

"Not yet, not yet," pleaded Helen; "leave me here a little while, it will do me good."

"It's best as she says," said Mrs. Wendell to Keefe; "I'll wait for her outside the gate."

"Let me wait," said Keefe.

Mrs. Wendell made no objection, she rarely did to anything proposed by Keefe; but before she left him she warned him not to let Helen stay too long, as it looked like rain. Sitting down near the gate of the burying-ground, Keefe waited for what seemed to him a long time, unwilling to intrude on the sacredness of Helen's grief; inwardly tortured by a sense of his insufficiency to comfort her sorrow, and yet at times daring to indulge in wild hopes of a future when he might permit himself to give utterance to the tender sympathy which filled his heart; when the sound

of thunder made him start up and hasten to bring Helen away before the storm should burst. Her head was resting on the grave, and the sound of Keefe's quick steps did not rouse her. He stood for a minute reluctant to disturb her, for he thought she was praying, but another peal of thunder, and the rapidly darkening sky dispelled his scruples.

"Miss Lennox, there's a heavy thunder-squall coming on," he said; "if we don't make haste we'll not get home before it breaks."

She did not answer. Terrified at her strange silence and movelessness he bent over her, and becoming bolder as he grew more alarmed, he gently raised her head. Then he saw that he might have called her long and loudly without being heard or heeded. Her eyes were wide open, but swollen and meaningless; her lips parted like those of one gasping for breath; she had fallen into a sort of stupor, and was as unconscious of Keefe's voice and touch as if she had been already dead.

Raising her in his arms Keefe carried her home; the thunder came nearer and nearer, and the lightning darted across his path, but he neither heard the one nor saw the other. His feelings as he held her close to his heart were such as a parent might feel overwhelmed with the dread of losing her only and idolised child, or a miser who had found the pearl of countless price and sees it about to be torn from his grasp: he had saved her life, and in saving her had found a new life himself, and now she was not only to him the first and only woman he had ever loved, but something on which his very existence depended. Every moment of delay seemed a chance of her recovery lost, and fear and love giving treble strength to his vigorous frame, he was scarcely conscious of her weight as he flew along. At last, and just as the rain began to fall in torrents, he reached the house, and bursting into her room laid her on the bed; then rushing to Mrs. Wendell, who, calm and unexcitable as she generally was, had screamed with terror on seeing Helen apparently dead in his arms, he dragged her to the bed, exclaiming, "Look at her—is she dying?"

Mrs. Wendell took Helen's burning hand in hers, and looked at the poor girl's flushed face and swollen eyeballs, while Keefe watched her with an intense anxiety that quivered in every limb.

"It's a brain fever she's got, I guess," said Mrs. Wendell; "but you needn't be so scared, dear; she's young and healthy, and with God's help she'll get over it. Mercy on me, I thought she had been struck by the lightning."

Fatigue, grief, loss of rest and food, and the violent efforts she had made to struggle against the weakness she could not overcome, had been too much for Helen to bear; and for some days it seemed impossible that she could recover. Mrs. Wendell nursed her with the most judicious care, and though filled with compassion at seeing one so fair and young thrown on the mercy of strangers, at a time when sympathy and affection were so much needed, (and under any circumstances her promise to Mr. Lennox would have been religiously kept,) her solitude was rendered more anxious by her conviction that Keefe's happiness hung on the slender thread which bound Helen to life.

Very sad it was to hear her wild delirious ravings,—more melancholy still to listen to her plaintive moans. The whole scene of her shipwreck was acted over again by her excited fancy; the red lightning, the crashing thunder, the furious blasts, the foaming waves, were all present to her senses; and again she saw young Bennett struggling with the waves, while her spirit, like a bird straining at the string which bound it, vainly strove to break its bonds and fly to his aid.

"There, there!—I see him now!" she cried, springing up wildly; "he is sinking; he's going down. Is there no pity in heaven! Now I have caught him;" and she would grasp the bed-clothes frantically; "help me to hold him, or he will be gone! Are you men, are you friends that you can see him perishing before your eyes, and not try to save him? Oh! now he is gone!"

And her shrill cry of agony would ring through the room.

"Look at them lying at the bottom of the lake!" she would exclaim at another time; "see the dead men holding them down with their skeleton fingers; see the white foam choking up their breath! Oh, they are all dead, dead, dead! and why won't you let me die too? Why are you holding me in this burning fire? Let me down into the cool water; look at it sparkling and shining; see its bright clear waves rippling upon the white sand; listen to them murmuring and sighing among the stones; they are calling me now—hearken!" and in a voice which, though shrill and strained, was full of the saddest pathos, she sang:

> "Come, mariner, down to the deep with me,
> And hide thee under the wave,
> And quiet and soft thy rest shall be,
> In a cell of the mermaid's cave!"

Then her wild frenzy wandered to her father's grave, and she would call to Keefe, with the most pathetic cries, to take him out of the earth, declaring that she knew he was alive, and that she heard his voice entreating her to release him from the horrors of his living tomb; and then she would dig with her hands at what she believed to be his grave, and implore Keefe to help her, in an agony of frantic grief that might have touched the hardest heart. At other times she was gentle, and her thoughts wandered back to the happy days of her childhood, to birds, and streams, and flowers, and green trees and grass; and she talked as she had talked to her father in the innocent, playful words of infancy, sing baby-songs, or repeat the prayers she had been accustomed to say at his knee every night, and ask for his parting kiss, as if time had gone back, and she was again but four years old.

On the night her fever was at the worst, Keefe was watching outside her chamber-window, (it was open to admit the air,) and every word and moan she uttered reached his ears. It was hard for him to listen to her wild ravings and cries of terror and

anguish; worst of all, it was to hear her frenzied calls on his name—her piteous entreaties to him for the help he was powerless to give; it was bitter to feel that while he would have gladly bartered all the joys of earth to have been able to clasp her to his bosom, and soothe all her pangs away, he could not lighten her sufferings of one single pain. Yet nothing could have tempted him to leave the spot or close his ears to the sounds that tortured him so acutely. He devoured every groan and cry which she uttered with jealous avidity, and felt some faint comfort in thus sharing her anguish. Had he been a poet, he might perhaps have uttered such a cry as that of Mrs. Browning:

> "And is this like love to stand,
> With no help in my hand,
> When strong as death I fain would watch about thee?
> My love-kiss can deny
> No tear that falls beneath it;
> Mine oath of love can swear thee
> From no ill that comes near thee,—
> And thou diest while I breathe it—
> And I—I can but die."

At last she began to sing.

> "Oh! that I had wings like a dove, for then
> I would swiftly flee away, and be at rest;
> Then would I make haste to escape far off,
> Because of the stormy wind and tempest."

Soft, sweet, and low she began, like the sigh of the west wind before summer rain, her voice gradually rising and swelling into the inspired energy of impassioned faith, with a full richness of tone, and fervour of expression, which Keefe thought must be like the music of the angels. Heavenly seemed the strain as it floated on the breath of the summer night, and no night more beautiful ever "held back her dark grey hood" to listen to "the touches of sweet harmony;" the sounds soothed Keefe, as if by magic; the fiery anguish that had been torturing him seemed suddenly softened; a divine calm seemed to fall over him; and a holy influence, gentle as the wing of that dove of which the sufferer sang, seemed to diffuse a soft and sacred peace around him; and then a faint gleam of hope, like the first streak of blue sky coming out when the storm-clouds have passed away, stole into his heart, and he felt as if the tempest had indeed gone by. Ere long the chant paused, died away, was renewed again, faltered once more, and then finally ceased. There was a dead silence. It brought back all Keefe's fears, and he almost believed it the silence of death. The legend of the "pale, faint swan, chanting a doleful hymn to her own death," rushed upon his memory;—had her soul passed away in that flood of celestial melody? Starting forward, he looked through the open window into the chamber. The candle had burned low, and its long unsnuffed wick threw a strange uncertain light around; the woman whom Mrs. Wendell had hired to assist her in nursing the patient, sat in a rocking-chair, fast asleep; her obtuse senses undisturbed by that unearthly music which was still vibrating in Keefe's ears.

Mrs. Wendell was letting down a curtain at the head of the bed, when suddenly she caught sight of Keefe's shadow on the wall. She started at the sight, but still more when she turned towards him, and beheld his pale, anxious, haggard face. Coming close to him, she whispered:

"She's better, I guess, poor thing; she sang herself to sleep like a child."

"Are you sure she is better?"

"Well, she is; the crisis is passed, and now she'll get well."

She would have tried to make Keefe come in, and go to bed; but he had vanished. Rushing away, he plunged into a thicket of pines, where he had gone many times during Helen's illness to hide his agony, and now went to hide his joy.

The tide was full in his swollen heart, and flowed over in happy tears; he thanked God, and throwing himself on the grass, fell fast asleep.

CHAPTER XVI.

Next day, Helen awoke with her senses perfectly restored. Her recovery might now be confidently expected, but her strength was so completely prostrated, that it was many weeks before she could leave her room. During that time a great change had taken place in Keefe.

After Mr. Lennox's death, Mrs. Wendell found a book in his coat pocket, which Mrs. Wendell showed to Keefe. It was a small edition of "Paradise Lost," and on opening it, Keefe found Helen's name written in the fly-leaf. He had hitherto rather scorned reading as an effeminate pursuit, fit only for preachers and schoolmasters, but a book belonging to Helen possessed a magic charm for him, far greater than any ever attributed to those which Faust's types produced, and which would have encircled a child's first primer, had it been hers, with as bright a halo as a volume of Shakspeare or Dante. In reading this book he fancied he was holding a sort of mystic communion with the spirit of his idol, instead of with the soul of the "sky-ensphered" poet enshrined in its pages. Keefe had his inspiration as well as Milton, and, like all high enthusiasms which raise us above self, the sacred fire so lately kindled was rapidly purifying and exalting his whole being. At first, he thought only of Helen as he read, but soon the wonderful power and beauty of the poem began to exercise their influence, and other feelings woke within him. The terrible sublimity of the two first books, the infernal world of "solid and liquid fire," its fallen spirits, and their dark-throned leader, towering in lurid grandeur over all, powerful in intellect, mighty in will, strong against defeat, torture, despair, unconquerable in pride, tameless in energy, godlike even in his degradation, touched, too, with some softer feelings which win pity for him in every gentle heart,—all excited and improved Keefe's daring and ardent nature; while the beautiful picture of Eden and its happy lovers, dwelling in primitive purity and bliss, its fair bowers and grottos, its clear streams and soft airs, its thornless roses and Hesperian fruits, its blissful birds, and beasts owning glad subjection to the peerless pair moulded in perfect beauty and grace, walking through the garden of God, half human, half divine—human enough to win the sympathies of mortals, divine enough to raise us to a more ethereal clime than that we inhabit—

charmed and elevated his mind. New worlds rising out of chaos opened to his view, new perceptions of beauty, new aspirations after what was great and good, a disgust for all that was low, coarse, and vicious, rose up within him; the slumbering depths of his strong soul had been stirred by the breath of love, and his excited faculties eagerly grasped at the wide range of ideas and profuse variety of imagery suddenly presented to him. Again and again he read the passages that most deeply interested him, and each time with a truer appreciation of their grandeur and beauty, and at the same time a clearer consciousness of his own deficiencies grew within him, and a keener perception of his immeasurable inferiority to her, who was in his eyes the personification of all that was most beautiful, pure, and good. The brighter, the fairer, the more gifted she appeared to him, the more he exaggerated his own rudeness and want of culture, and the farther did all hope of ever winning the right to tell his love recede beyond his sight. Yet with all this he felt a proud conviction that he had both the power and the will to think truly and act nobly, and that prophetic burning impulse which urges the intense will onwards by whispering of the might within and promises of eventual reward, stirred strongly in his breast. Hitherto he had only had the vague promptings of his own struggling energies to excite him, but now an irresistible force had thoroughly aroused his dormant faculties; now a deep, steadfast passion had taken possession of him, infusing a new life and soul into his being, and giving him not only the wish and determination to raise himself to the sphere of that fair planet, which had shed such pure and holy radiance on his path, but the power to do it. In the first place he resolved to improve himself as far as he could while Helen was confined to her room, that he might be somewhat better fitted for her society when they met again. He had given up his house to Helen and Mrs. Wendell, when Helen was taken ill, and he now occupied a shanty at a little distance, which had been formerly inhabited by O'Brien. It was still in the state in which the schoolmaster had left it, but it contained nothing of the slightest value, except a couple of shelves filled with books, which Keefe would not now have exchanged for their weight in gold. Some were Greek and Latin classics, a good many were French works, but there were a few volumes in English. A history of the Greek mythology satisfied the curiosity Milton's innumerable allusions to the beautiful divinities of the cloud-capped Olympus had created; Bacon's Essays and Goldsmith's works were also there, others not worth mentioning; but to Keefe their riches seemed inexhaustible.

It is not the number of books read, but the exercise they give to the intellect, the ideas they impart, the thoughts they awaken, that develope and nourish the mind; and his was of that rare and vigorous order whose virtues "grew like the strawberry under the nettle," and its powers

> "Like the summer grass,
> Fastest by night."

Strengthened by the free and energetic life he had led, it seized with avidity the aliment best fitted to ripen and unfold the innate fine qualities it possessed.

The change a few weeks of hard study effected in Keefe might almost have seemed miraculous to any one ignorant of the progress a powerful mind can make under the influence of a strong stimulus and a determined will. His face, always open and intelligent, now beamed with expression; his air had gained something of grace and refinement, without losing its frank self-reliance and manliness; his voice had been always clear and well toned; his language was no longer deformed by slang phrases, or oaths, and his manner had grown more gentle and less abrupt. The unwrought gold of his nature was rapidly refining and brightening beneath the skilful touch of that matchless artist, Love.

CHAPTER XVII.

Great was Helen's delight when, for the first time after her illness, she crept to the window, leaning on the kind arm which had so tenderly ministered to her wants during her long illness, and looked on the fair face of Nature, so long hidden from her eyes, and now resplendent in the glory of summer. The flush of roses before the house, unexhausted by the daily bouquets which Keefe had furnished to brighten and perfume her chamber; the blue cloudless heaven; the broad mirror-like lake; the glowing sunlight spread over all, seemed to her eyes a scene of enchanted beauty; and all past sorrow was for the moment forgotten in the vivid enjoyment with which she felt her renovated life. The next day she was able to see Keefe; but Mrs. Wendell, before she admitted him, made him promise that he would only stay a few minutes, fearing that his presence would awaken in Helen memories too painful and agitating for her weak state to bear. His heart throbbed joyously as he followed Mrs. Wendell into the room, but it stood still with the shock Helen's pale, wasted, worn looks inflicted on him. She sat in a rocking-chair by the window, wrapped in a large woollen shawl, a little lace cap which her good nurse had made for her, partly covering her hair, which had been cut short during her illness, but still hung in soft curls from her temples, its glossy blackness contrasting not more with the snowy lace, than with the pale cheek it shaded. Weak and wan she looked, but serene, smiling, hopeful, and pure as an angel,

> "Freed from dying flesh and dull mortality."

But Keefe could not at first believe in her convalescence; the dimmed lustre of her large dark eyes, her thin hand, and hollow cheek seemed to deny its reality, and his heart sank as he looked at her.

She saw his emotion, and when her eye met his wistful, anxious glance, a beam of its old brightness kindled in it, and her cheek flushed.

"I look very ill, I suppose," she said, "but I know I am getting well, so you must not be frightened, and think it is a ghost you have come to see, instead of a sick girl."

The touch of her wasted hand, the low music of her voice, drew forth Keefe's heart, as if it had been a mother's yearning over her pining babe.

"Are you better—are you really better?" was all he could say.

"Yes, indeed, nearly well, and able to eat nice strawberries, and to admire the beautiful roses you sent me. How glorious the lake looks, and the sky, and the whole world! Were the trees ever so green, or the sky ever so blue before? I am longing to get out. Mrs. Wendell, when may I go out?"

"Well, dear, very soon, I expect."

"The sooner the better," said Keefe, with animation, gathering hope that she was actually getting well, from her lively tone and brightening looks.

"This warm sun and sweet air will be your best cure. You must pick some strawberries for yourself before they are all gone, and gather the roses that are in bloom now, before they fade."

"Not so fast, Mr. Dillon," said Mrs. Wendell, "we mustn't hurry Miss Lennox. She's got to be a baby now, and to creep before she can walk, and to walk before she can run, and she mustn't be tired with too much talk yet awhile either."

"That's a hint for me to go: must I take it?" said Keefe.

"Oh, I am not tired yet," said Helen.

"Nor I don't want you to be either, dear," said Mrs. Wendell. "You must do as I bid you, till you're quite strong, and it's best not to do too much at first."

"I should be the most ungrateful creature in the world, if I did not do as you bid me, dear Mrs. Wendell," said Helen. "What trouble I have given you, what a burden I have been to you, and how good and kind you are. And you, Mr. Dillon—but I won't speak of it; thanks are but mockery for such benefits as I owe you."

She stopped, very much agitated. Keefe could not trust himself to answer. If he had spoken at all, his full heart would have said more than he dared give utterance to. But Mrs. Wendell quietly laid her brown and bony hand on Helen's small white one.

"Hush!" she said, in her calm, steady voice, "no looking back to the past. Let us look forward. God does not like us to look backward. Remember Lot's wife! An angel of blessing and promise you have been to me, warming and comforting my old heart, and bringing back to me feelings that I thought were dead and buried long ago, so never talk more of being a burden or a trouble to me. As to Mr. Dillon, I guess he doesn't think the debt's all on your side; but there's no time to settle accounts now, for he's been here long enough already. Do you hear, Mr. Dillon, clear out, will you?"

"I suppose I must," said Keefe; but he lingered till Helen held out her hand and asked him to come again to-morrow; then he went away happier than he had ever been in his life before.

About a week after, towards the close of a lovely day, Helen sat in the stoup, and Keefe leant over a high-backed wooden chair close at her side. Grasshoppers chirped in the warm summer grass, and birds filled the orchard with their songs, while at intervals the hoarse sounds of the bullfrogs and musquito hawk boomed in the deep under-notes of the concert. The cattle came winding along the bank, the boss-cow's bell tinkling as she led the way with steady tread down the sandy beach to drink at the lake, a faint smell of water-lilies floated up from the water, a light skiff or two moved over its surface, flushing crimson under the sun's setting glories, and the distant drop of the oars seemed like the soft throbbings of its mighty heart. Health and bloom were now rapidly returning to Helen, and as she sat in the golden sunset, her beauty, her grace, her refinement, and the soul's light flashing out of her eyes, seemed almost divine to Keefe. She held in her hand a pretty little basket of Indian bark-work, one of Coral's presents to Keefe. He had filled it this evening with the last wild strawberries of the season, and given them to Helen, and he now stood watching her as she eat them, and praised their sweetness with almost childish delight. Then she admired the tasteful workmanship of the basket, and asked who had made it. Keefe told her, and she listened with interest to the romantic story of the little Indian girl. Alas! for poor Coral! Though he talked of her, he thought only of Helen; and in his eager longing to gain a pleased glance or bright smile from his beautiful listener, the heart his little playmate had laid at his feet, the love that from her distant home still followed him with passionate devotion, was quite forgotten. Then Helen reminded him of his promise to tell her something of his childhood and his parents. It was a sad story. His father had been one of the leaders of the Irish rebellion, and was taken prisoner by a party of yeomanry, who were deliberating about hanging him on the next tree, when a party of United Irishmen came up and rescued him. Full of fierce rage at his escape, the yeomanry returned to his house, and in the dead of night set it on fire. A servant woman, who was much attached to Keefe, was roused from her sleep by the smoke and smell of fire, and rushing into the room in which he lay, dragged him out of bed and out of the house, calling on his mother to follow. But she either did not hear, or was too frightened to make her escape, and perished in the flames, with an infant six months old, who slept by her side.

"When poor Judy had dragged me what she thought a safe distance from the house," said Keefe, "she stopped, and clasping her hands, and uttering wild cries, she sobbed and wept over me. It seems like a wild dream. The day was just breaking, and through the gray light of the dawn glared the red flames of the burning house. Bewildered, frightened, half-asleep, not understanding what had happened, or where I was, I looked at the blazing pile for a minute; then part of the truth rushed on me, our house was on fire, and my mother in the midst of the flames. My agony was so great that I wonder it did not destroy my reason for ever. Frantic with grief and despair, I tried to break away from Judy, and go back to search for my mother, but she held me fast; she was a strong woman, and I was only seven years of age; and, in spite of my struggles, she forced me away to a house, where she knew she would find safety and protection. What a sight it was for my father to see when he returned

home !—his house in ruins, his wife and child a heap of ashes in the midst. No wonder his whole nature should have been poisoned for ever. Oh! when I think of it even now, my brain seems on fire. It seems so hard that she who was so tender to every living being should have suffered such a dreadful death."

Though the tenderest sympathy spoke in Helen's looks and the tones of her voice, she could only say timidly and softly :

"Her sufferings are all over—she is happy in Heaven now."

"I believe it," said Keefe, earnestly; "if I had not believed it, what might I not have been now?"

His lip quivered, and the tears gathered in his eyes; but dashing them hastily away he quickly regained his composure. Afterwards they talked of Helen's father, and of the circumstances which had brought them to Long Arrow. His pride, which had been long centred in his mercantile fame, had been deeply wounded by his failure, though no bankrupt had ever failed with a more unblemished reputation; he felt a morbid aversion to everything connected with his old pursuits, and his strongest wish was to remove far from the scenes which had witnessed his prosperity, and where all the fruits of a life of anxiety and exertion had been torn from his grasp. He felt a longing to go forth into the woods, and there cast off his old life "as the snake his slough," to apply the balsams and anodynes Nature bears in her bosom for the relief of all her unhappy children, and to seek a new happiness in a life of harmony with her dictates, in a free intercourse and communion with her beauties, and in a more pure and unselfish human interest. Helen had been left a legacy of some few hundred pounds by a relation who had died when she was a child, and with part of this sum Mr. Lennox made arrangements for purchasing a lot of land at Long Arrow, having heard very favourable accounts of the fertility of the land and the beauty of its situation, and finding in its distance from his old residence and connections a still stronger recommendation. After the sum necessary for this purchase, he still possessed funds sufficient to build a small log-house when he should reach his new home, to furnish it on an economical scale, and to buy such agricultural implements and stock as would be indispensable to a farmer. Yet in spite of his new hopes, and Helen's affectionate efforts to cheer him, his spirits and health seemed to grow worse every hour from the day he left Quebec, till at last the wreck of the schooner, and the loss of everything he possessed in the world, brought his sufferings to a climax, and his broken frame and shattered energies could endure no more. The first part of her story Helen told calmly enough, but when she spoke of her father's illness and the wreck of the schooner she could not, in spite of all her efforts, restrain her tears. She related young Bennett's brave and generous conduct with sad yet eloquent enthusiasm, and when she alluded to the agony of pity, admiration, and grief with which she had watched the struggles, a pang of jealousy smote Keefe's heart, and he almost envied the gallant young sailor the fate which had won for him such grateful and compassionate sympathy; but when, soon after, she spoke of himself, and the gratitude and admiration that filled her heart, too full for words, beamed in her earnest eyes, and coloured her glowing cheek, he envied no one.

Helen now grew rapidly better, and no day passed that Keefe did not spend part of it by her side. His spear drew the finest fish from the lake, his gun brought down for her the best game in the forest, he brought her rare fruits and flowers, and day after day he saw with delight a brighter beam in her eye, a deeper rose tint on her cheek, and beheld her form regaining its strength and roundness. She was soon able to walk with him along the lake shore amidst the lovely lights and soft tints of the summer eves, and what enchanted evenings they were to them! He described to her the wild scenes in which he had mingled; related anecdotes of Indian and forest life, their sports and occupations, with a fresh, vivid eloquence which increased their interest. He told her legends of his native land, which, heard in early childhood, still held tenacious place in his memory; tales of the fairy folk dancing round some old rath or ruined castle in the dewy summer twilights to the sound of unearthly music, whose spell drew all that heard it within their magic circle; or riding through lovely glens clad in robes of emerald colour and sheen on milk-white steeds, sometimes bearing off unchristened babes into fairyland, and leaving in their stead strange, unhallowed changelings; of the ominous Banshee, tall, lily-fair, with long golden locks, coming to the dwellings of men in the dead of the night, in pallid moonshine, through the tempests of rain and wind, or amidst frozen snow-drifts, and in a wild, wailing melody, preternaturally beautiful, but burdened with woe and death, giving warning that some member of the family is about to pass away from earth; of the Leprechaun, keeping watch over hidden treasures in some desolate spot; of demon sprites lurking in caverns and in the beds of mountain rivers, bearing the form of animal or bird, but betraying in their fiendish eyes the evil spirit lurking within, and watching to lure some belated traveller to his doom.

But Keefe was not the only speaker. Hele had many things to describe to him about whic he knew nothing, but which had often excited hi curiosity. Though she had been brought up in very quiet manner, still she knew more than h did of cities and their inhabitants; she had mixe occasionally with men of large information an wide experience, and with her father she ha enjoyed the companionship of an enlightened an cultivated mind; she had enriched her though and imagination by reading; she had seen beau tiful works of art which she had learned to appr ciate, and when she met with any one in who sympathy she confided, she could talk so ple santly that, even if he had not loved her as he di Keefe might well have found pleasure in listenin to her. As it was, he hung upon her words as he found in them a voice that answered to all t secret longing his heart and soul had ev known. His own fancy kindled at the flash

hers, and all that was inharmonious about him vanished before the light of her eloquent eyes, leaving the fine and noble spirit within to rule his being. Sometimes they climbed Scalp Head, and seated themselves on Coral's favourite resting place, gazing on the silvery lake, its fringing woods and the blue glory of the sky, and talking on many a spirit-stirring theme: but Keefe liked best of all to hoist the Mother Cary's sail, and with Helen seated opposite, glide far away from the shore, wrapping himself in a wild feeling of bliss, as he thought that they two were alone together, far removed from the sights and sounds of all other life, while love illumined the shining heavens above, the gleaming waters below, with his own glory. At such times all memory of the past, all thought of the future, were absorbed in the happiness of the present, and his heart echoed the words of Thekla's song, though of Thekla he had then never heard:—

"I have enjoyed the happiness of this world;
I have lived and have loved."

(To be continued.)

THE FOUNDRY AT MOORFIELDS.

In a preceding number * an account was given of the singular accident through which the Royal Gun Foundry at Moorfields was abandoned by the Government and the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich originated. After its abandonment by the Government, it remained in a ruinous and dilapidated condition for some years, until at length it was repaired and fitted up as a chapel for the Rev. John Wesley, M.A. At that time the doors of most of the churches in London and Bristol were closed against him and his brother Charles. To provide accommodation for the religious "societies" under their care they had to seek separate buildings.

In 1739, the erection of a chapel in Bristol was commenced, and during the same year a lease was taken of the old Ordnance Foundry, at the suggestion of two gentlemen (Messrs. Ball and Watkins), who advanced a portion of the requisite funds for the lease and alterations.

These gentlemen were unknown to Mr. Wesley, and it was owing to their generosity that the first Methodist chapel was opened in London, in a portion of the foundry buildings. The remainder of the buildings were arranged as dwellings for the Rev. J. Wesley and a porter, a "book-room," day-school, and dispensary.

Although the purpose of the building was changed so materially, the original designation was retained, and when, in 1777, the chapel in City Road was erected, it bore the name of the "New Foundery" for many years. The "Foundery" continued to be the head-quarters of Methodism for nearly forty years. It was there that Wesley lived, and that his mother died. It was there, too, that Thomas Maxfield, the first of Wesley's "lay helpers," commenced his labours. In the precincts of the old foundry Charles Wesley composed some of his noblest hymns, while from its "book-room" were issued the almost countless pamphlets, sermons, hymns, and serials of John and Charles Wesley and their helpers. So numerous were the associations connected with it, that it has been deemed one of the starting points of Methodism, and when the Wesleyan body celebrated their centenary the period was calculated from the opening of the foundry in 1739. An account of the history of the "Foundery" Chapel would comprise much of the early history of Methodism itself. Few places are remembered with deeper interest by the Methodist, as being associated with the formation and early growth of that system of ecclesiastical organisation which, weak and despised in its beginning, is now so extensive and so flourishing. And at the same time it furnishes a connecting link between a distinguishing movement of the last century and the history of London, adding one to the thousand links which unite our world-city with everything that is noblest and most precious in our civil and religious liberties.

* See page 439.

REPRESENTATIVE MEN.

The Soldier.

THE MACCABEES: WALLENSTEIN: THE NAPIERS.

There are some qualities which must be common to soldiers of every age and nation: but in no class is there a more marked modification of character under the changing phases of civilisation. This will appear very plainly, if we contemplate the career of such eminent soldiers of different social periods as may be accepted as a type of the military quality of their time.

The first appearance in history of the Soldier,—the man of distinct military value,—is in that early period of national life when conquest is the same thing as greatness, and when chronicles are made up of records of attack, and, consequently, of defence. Great soldiers stand out from the multitude in the early history of every considerable nation, because the greatness of that time consisted in an overwhelming influence over other peoples; and that influence was then obtainable only by arms, and the prestige they conferred. From our advanced post we may sometimes find it difficult to enter into the merits, and appreciate the career of the great conquerors of former ages; but we can sympathise with the military quality of ancient society when it takes the form of defence. A period of ambitious attack was, of course, a period of valorous defence. The philosophical historian ought to be able to regard both with interest and complacency, as true and natural manifestations of human character in their own place: but it is only persons who are very philosophical indeed who can now care as much for conquerors who aggrandized their country as for patriots who defended it.

In that early period, the great soldier came out of any social order or class; or rather, he added his military quality to his hereditary dignity or occupation. Now and then, but rarely, a man of the servile or ignorant classes rose to be a general, by dint of valour, or inborn military genius: but usually one of the privileged orders,—the King, the Priest, the Counsellor,—came out great in the field, and was henceforth known as an eminent Soldier. The Priests, to be sure, engrossed all the nobler occupations where they could. Kings

issued from their body only; and they were the statesmen, the physicians, the philosophers, and the great captains of their time. When any one became a mighty soldier, his other quality was lost behind his military glory. This is a case very unlike anything we see in modern times. But the objects of war were different: the mode of warfare was so different as to demand a different cast of character; and it is because patriotism is nearly the same in all times, while warfare is not, that we can now sympathise so much more readily with the defenders of old territory than with the conquerors of new, even in the natural age of conquest. As the fact is so, it is fair and right to look for the Representative Soldier of the ancient world among the opponents of conquerors. None can answer better to the term than that immortal band of brothers, the Maccabees.

They were the five sons of the priest Mattathias, a descendant of Aaron. They were brought up in an upland village, a mile from Joppa, where they had the sea spread out before them, while the hills of Samaria rose behind. In their early years the prospects of their country were more cheerful than for some generations past. The traces of the Captivity were nearly effaced,—the Temple at Jerusalem rebuilt, and a new store of holy wealth laid up in it, and of splendid adornment beautifying it. By wise statesmanship, enough of the country families had been attracted to Jerusalem to repeople it. The rural districts were restored to their fertility. The heads of families went up to the feasts at Jerusalem in peace and rejoicing. The authority of successive High Priests was sufficiently imposing to conceal from common eyes the foreign control to which the High Priests themselves were subject; and Hebrew life would have been much what it was of old, but for certain tendencies in the popular mind which rendered statesmen, and especially the priests of both sections (the Pharisees and Sadducees of the coming time), uneasy about both their faith and nation. There had been a hankering after some of the rites and worship of the East, ever since the return from Babylon, among some of the people: and every time that any Greek soldiers passed through Palestine to Egypt or elsewhere, there were traces of an inclination among those who had entertained or conversed with them to dwell with admiration on the genial and beautiful worship of the Greek gods. Mattathias was full of forebodings about the consequences; and the best hope entertained by him and other priests was, that the Jews would be forgotten by the great potentates who were making war upon each other on all sides. The Jews were keeping very quiet in their own valleys. They desired to be left in peace, to restore and repeople their country; and there was hope that they might remain hidden among their hills, forgotten, or remembered only as a pillaged and humbled nation whom it was not worth while to attack. If they could be thus spared to make all ready for their Messiah, who was looked for within one or two centuries, and who might appear at any moment; and if the people could be kept steady to their own privileged faith, all would be well: but every clear-sighted and patriotic Jew was on the watch incessantly for the calamities which came only too surely and too soon. Whatever might have been the sincerity of Alexander the Great in greeting the High Priest as the messenger of the only Supreme God, he had carried away such an impression of the wealth of the Temple, and of the industry and capacity of a people who could produce such wealth, that his successors and generals were always looking towards Palestine as a region which they must annex some day, and which must meantime be occasionally visited, to improve the Greek tendencies of the people. Macedonia would descend upon Palestine some day: and already there was perpetual risk from collisions between the Egyptians on the one side, and the Eastern sovereigns from whose predecessors Palestine had already suffered so much.

As the five sons of Mattathias grew up in their father's house at Modin, they heard enough of wise men's hopes and fears for their country to understand its case thoroughly, and to have their hearts devoted to its welfare. As they tilled their fields, they thought what it would be to see their Holy Land again laid waste. When they fell in with caravans, going to or from Cœle-Syria (the tract which is contained between Lebanon and Anti-Libanus), they gathered news of the movements of the Greco-Syrian kings and generals; while travellers from the south, hospitably entertained as they passed by, were questioned as to the prospect on the side of Egypt, or any rumours of marches through Idumæa. Like all the religious men of the nation, this family went up two or three times a year to the Temple feasts; and those feasts were always a kind of national council, where all news was made known to everybody, and the High Priest made his estimate of the state of the national mind. While the five brothers were still youths, indications began to arise that extreme danger to their faith and their country was impending.

King Antiochus had determined on making Greeks of all tribes and peoples he could get within his grasp; and he superseded the power of the Jewish High Priest, as far as it could be done by agents of his own, secured by bribery. When the news arrived at Modin that men of priestly family and function had taken Greek names,—that Joshua now called himself Jason, and Onias Menelaus,—it was clear that the Temple and its worship were in danger: and in a few more months, Antiochus had taken Jerusalem, slaughtered eighty thousand persons, and pillaged the Temple of its gold and silver vessels, and its chests of treasure. He soon after fortified the Castle, whence he commanded the Temple, so that the people dared no longer go up to worship, nor the priests perform the service. It was in the month of June, 167 years before Christ, that the smoke ceased to go up from the daily sacrifice. After that there was nothing to induce the inhabitants to remain; and Jerusalem was actually vacated. The remnant of the citizens dispersed themselves among the nearer Gentile nations; and thus again their attachment to their faith was weakened. The test was applied to every man when the king next proclaimed the gods of Greece as objects of worship throughout all lands. Pagan

peoples made no difficulty; for the change was to them little more than a change of names. To the Jews it was a final test of their fidelity to God and their country. Many of them were glad of an excuse to do what they had before been inclined to: and many others yielded at once through fear. A master was sent to Jerusalem to instruct them in the new rites; he dedicated the Temple to Jupiter Olympius; set up an altar to that deity on the altar of Jehovah; forbade the keeping of the Sabbath; destroyed every copy of the Law that could be found; and compelled the people to eat swine's flesh, and to attend the sacrifices to Jupiter in their own Holy Place. The story of the old scribe Eleazer, ninety years old, and of the mother and her seven sons, tortured to death because they would not worship Jupiter, is remembered by us all. How it must have wrought upon Mattathias and his sons we may conceive.

Their own day of trial was approaching; and they saw it coming. Every day groves were consecrated to heathen gods and goddesses; altars were set up in the highways; and the people of the villages and farms were compelled to carry the ivy in the processions of Bacchus, and bound over to eat swine's flesh once a month. At last, the king's officer, Apelles, came to Modin,—all graciousness in manner, and full of splendid promises, if Mattathias would be a good subject to the heathen king. The old man not only refused, but made public announcement of his intention to live and die by the faith of his race. He took his stand near the altar set up by Apelles; and, as a Jew approached it to offer sacrifice, he struck him dead,—not in a transport of passion, but under warrant of the Law. This was the first act of the Maccabees in their immortal defence of their Holy Land. Apelles was next struck down; and the old man called upon all true men who heard him to follow him to the mountains. Many joined him at the moment; and more followed, from day to day: but the enemy had learned the secret of conquering in that strange country where the people would not fight on one day in seven. Above a thousand of the Maccabees' followers were watched to a cave in the limestone hills, and slaughtered on the Sabbath. Staunch as the family were, while all was giving way around them, they saw that this was a point which must be yielded, for the service of Jehovah and His Temple: and henceforth they encountered the enemy on all days alike. For a time they made the mountains their head-quarters, keeping watch over the country below, and swarming down upon the towns and the plains, overthrowing the heathen altars, restoring the synagogues, collecting every copy of the Law that could be heard of, for preservation in the hills; and punishing apostates, and cheering up all faithful Jews who had feared that all was lost. The Temple was indeed no place now for the Messiah to appear in. It was utterly defiled, and in heathen hands; but what had been once might be again, and the Holy of Holies be sanctified once more.

Mattathias was too old for such leadership as this. He soon sank under it, leaving it in charge to his sons to fulfil the task he had begun, and selecting Judas, the third, to be their general. It is a proof of the impression already made on the enemy, that the body of Mattathias was allowed to be brought down to the family sepulchre, and deposited there with all the honours of his name and rank, without any opposition from the soldiery of Antiochus.

For twenty-six years did the Maccabees carry on the war, through the reigns of five hostile kings. They destroyed 200,000 of the best troops of their enemy, and established the independence of their country, with all the religious restoration which was implicated with it.

Judas was chosen by his father for his military qualities; but Simon, the next eldest, was joined with him for prudence in counsel. The others seem to have co-operated as if no personal jealousy could enter into so holy a cause.

Their first act, after their father was buried, was to unfurl the banner of the Maccabees, by which Judas proclaimed his pretensions, and afforded a rallying point for all patriots. Next, he exercised and proved his small force by secret and rapid expeditions against towns, which he invariably seized and fortified, leaving garrisons in each. When sure of his hold over his soldiers, he adventured a pitched battle, in which his small force defeated that of the cruel Apollonius, who had made Jerusalem run with blood, and who was now Governor of Samaria. Judas slew him, and ever after used his sword, as a sort of talisman in the eyes of his followers. The name of the great Maccabee spread through neighbouring countries after one or two more considerable victories; but the effect was only to multiply his enemies. Antiochus himself travelled into his eastern provinces to raise money, and direct future attacks thence, while a vast Syrian army poured down by Cœle-Syria. The general of that army brought with him a large company of slave-merchants, having made proclamation that he should soon have, for the slave-market, the insurgent remnant of the Jewish people, whose price was wanted for arrears of tribute to Rome. The next conflict affords us the fullest information we have of Judas as a military commander. He summoned his force (which was only 6000 men, against 47,000 of the enemy) to a service of fasting and prayer, reminding them of the desolation of the Temple as the most intolerable of their humiliations. At the close of the observances he informed them fully of the danger, which would allow of no half-hearted men being employed; and he insisted upon the withdrawal of all men who had married, or built houses, or planted vineyards, and of all who were more or less afraid. This reduced his 6000 to 3000. With this handful of troops he marched towards Emmaus, where the enemy were encamped: but the enemy did not intend that he should ever reach their camp. A commander, at the head of 5000 men, was detached to cut him off in the hills; but the news was carried to Judas, who eluded the force in the night, and fell upon the camp in the early morning. The Syrians fled, but the Jews were so well under command that they abstained from plunder till the detachment had returned, and was conquered. It returned weary from its search for Judas and his band among the mountains: the camp was in a flame,

and the Jewish force before instead of behind; and in such circumstances the picked troops of the Syrian general made little more resistance than the rest. The treasures of the camp remained with Judas; and the fate of the slave-traders has been preserved on record. They were sold into slavery. The next day was the Sabbath; and its services were animated by new hopes of recovering the Temple.

Much had to be done first; and years passed before that hope was fulfilled. Next year, a vast army had to be met beyond the Jordan; and the year after, another, on the southern frontier, in the direction of Edom. The victory each time remained with Judas; and one consequence was, that his name was in itself a strong force, so that the Syrian commanders recruited only in distant countries where the fame of the Maccabees was as yet unknown.

The day came at last (B.C. 165), when Judas found himself master of Judæa, and at liberty to turn to Jerusalem. At sight of the Temple the soldiery cast ashes on their heads, and wept aloud. In that climate desolation proceeds rapidly; and the courts were full of tangled shrubs and weeds, like the underwood of a forest. Instead of the golden vine over the portal, there was this dank vegetation below. But there was no enemy now. The pavements were renewed; the defiled altar was carried away, and a new one consecrated: the priesthood was reorganised, and the daily sacrifice resumed; the restoration being celebrated by a Feast of Dedication of eight days long,—decreed to be an annual festival from that time forward.

In the next year, King Antiochus died; and the general sent by his successor was defeated by Judas with such tremendous slaughter that the Syrians regarded the Jews as truly invincible. An offer was made of absolute religious freedom, if they would be loyal to the state; and the terms were sufficiently favourable to justify the truce which ensued. One of the Maccabees had just fallen. In the last battle, the Syrians had exhibited a troop of elephants, to the amazement of the Hebrews. The parade was very imposing,—a body of five hundred horse, and a thousand foot soldiers being attached to each elephant, their armour and weapons glittering in the sun, over all the hills in front, as they moved down to the plain. Eleazer, the fourth of the brothers, fixed his eye on one elephant as probably bearing the king, made his way to it and under it, stabbed it in the intestines, and brought the dying beast down upon himself, crushing him in a moment. Thus died the first of the brothers.

Though one great champion was laid low, the land rang with triumph. "On every hill and under every green tree" the idols were cleared away; the synagogues were opened, and the Lord's Song was sung in His own land. From the snowy peak of Hermon to the Egyptian desert, the territory was free:—that is, all on the western side of the Jordan. Judas found it necessary so far to concentrate and secure his forces as to call in all from beyond the Jordan, where they were liable to attacks from both the east and the north. Along the whole valley of the Jordan, however and among the religious communities already existing by the Dead Sea, and even in half-hearted Samaria, where the schismatics had been disposed to trim, and compromise with the heathen worship, there was rejoicing at the comparative independence of the country, and the cessation of the religious persecution. As for Jerusalem,—the people delighted to enrich the Temple again; and the Syrian garrison in the Castle, over against the Temple wall, listened by night with wonder and pleasure to the glorious music which came on the wind from the military bands in the city, as they played triumphant marches, and celebrated the acts of the Maccabees.

A foreign garrison in such a position was, however, fatal to a continued peace. During no part of the truce had Judas any rest; for the late enemy was for ever stirring up neighbouring tribes to aggression; and the Maccabees were all kept busy in punishing their raids. When Judas returned from such an expedition towards Petra, he found that some renegade Jews who had joined the Syrians in the Castle on Mount Zion were guiding the foreigners in impeding and insulting the Temple worship; and the great Captain at once besieged the citadel which he had never yet succeeded in reducing. A few of the garrison got out unperceived, made their way home, and complained that the Hebrew general was breaking the terms of the peace. Such hosts then came down upon the country as were at first irresistible; and Jerusalem itself must have fallen once more but that the hostile king and his generals were called home by a civil war. They renewed the terms of the peace, and departed; but they threw down, before they left, the strong walls which had enclosed the Sacred Mount. There were still difficulties to be managed, from the religious schisms which were encouraged by the heathen enemy. The Maccabees were of too strait a sect of High Churchism, as it was in those days, to satisfy the large portion of the people who held by the Law alone; and while Judas carried matters with a high hand, on the authority of the tradition on which his party relied, the monstrous innovation grew up of Temples being founded elsewhere. The Samaritans had one before, and had admitted into it a modified worship of Jupiter, as one with Jehovah. A less objectionable, but wholly unauthorised one was now founded in Egypt, with an ignorant audacity very shocking to the Maccabees. The founder was the hereditary claimant of the High Priest's office at Jerusalem, who was set aside for political reasons. The illicit temple and its priesthood thus founded by Onias, under the patronage of the Egyptian king, lasted nearly as long as the true Temple; but even the Egyptian Jews used only in the intervals of their visits to Jerusalem, where alone every Jew still believed that Jehovah could be worshipped with perfect efficacy.

When Judas was Governor of the whole country, he was still in the first place its Commander-in-Chief; for he could not give the nation peace. The paltering and renegade Jews were perpetually tempting the pagan enemy down upon him; and in B.C. 160 he was fighting the same Syrian general, with the same array of armed men and

elephants, that he had conquered five years before. This time he slew that general, Nicanor, besides dispersing his enormous force, and slaying fifty thousand of them. Seeing no end to this kind of conflict, and having understood that Rome could make peace by giving her mere protection, Judas applied to Rome for an alliance which should serve that purpose. Rome was always gracious to such applications; and a treaty was made without delay; but Judas never heard of it. His followers had left him, weary of the war; and he had only eight hundred men when attacked in vengeance for Nicanor's defeat and death. He was conquering in one part of the field when assailed in another; and he soon lay dead among his bravest comrades. It was not far from the home of his childhood. His brothers Simon and Jonathan made a truce with the enemy, and laid him, with all funeral honours, beside his father, in the family burial-place at Modin.

It was under the apprehension that Jerusalem would be hopelessly defiled, that Judas had applied for the Roman alliance. The Syrians had declared that they would burn the Temple, and rebuild it to Bacchus. To save it was now the aim of his surviving brothers. But John, the eldest, was soon after slain in the desert by a party of Arabs, while he was acting as escort to the property of some allies. Jonathan was now to be the great Maccabee. At first there seemed to be no hope of a rally, while renegade and wavering Jews were everywhere in good understanding with the enemy: and Jonathan lay for many months hidden in the wilderness of Tekoah with a band of warriors, protected by the Jordan on one side and a swamp on the other. From their retreat they waged a guerilla war, supported by Simon's success in holding some strong posts.

In following the story of vicissitude, we find Jonathan after a time Ruler of all Judea but Jerusalem and two or three cities, where his authority was still defied; and at length he appears supreme, and honoured for his holy uprightness as much as gloried in for his military greatness. He was High Priest when he stormed Joppa, and destroyed the great temple of Dagon at Azotus, and Simon became Captain-General of the whole country. The fortresses were built up, the treaty with Rome was renewed, and Jonathan had a strong and proud army before Ptolemais when he found a fatal enemy where he least looked for it. The general of an ally, Tryphon, invited him to a conference about getting possession of Ptolemais; and he went. But his host aspired to hi master's crown, and dre aded Jonathan's honesty as an obstacle. He made him prisoner. Simon was instantly called to the command of the troops, and he sent the ransom demanded for Jonathan, and two of the children as hostages. But Tryphon murdered instead of releasing his prisoner, after accepting the ransom and hostages. Simon recovered the body of his fourth slain brother, and laid him beside the old father at Modin.

Simon's rule was worthy of his early reputation for wisdom. He raised his country to a high state of prosperity and strength, maintained a good understanding with Rome, and kept up the military efficiency of the nation while encouraging its agriculture and commerce. More than all, he rendered the Temple secure by at length taking the citadel, and destroying not only the castle but the hill on which it stood, so that the Temple courts and buildings could no longer be commanded from any point.

He, too, was slaughtered, and by an even blacker treachery. His son-in-law was bribed by the Syrian king with the offer of the sovereignty of Judea; and he murdered the aged Simon and his eldest son at a banquet at Jericho. The plot failed, for another son escaped, and became High Priest: but the last of the band of brothers was gone.

There remained in one of the courts of the Temple a pillar bearing a brazen inscribed plate, on which the honours and offices of Simon were recorded, with the pledge of the Jewish nation that they should belong to his posterity for ever. There arose also a landmark on a hill on the shore near Joppa, well known to mariners for centuries after. It was the sepulchre of the Maccabees at Modin, a structure supported by seven pillars consecrated to the memory of Mattathias, his wife, and their five warrior sons.

Such was the life of great patriot-captains in the olden time. Of the great Soldier of the middle-ages there is perhaps no better example than Wallenstein.

If we call him a soldier of fortune, it is not in the lower sense of a man who sells his sword and pawns his life for money, because he does not know what better to do with himself. Albrecht Wallenstein was not an adventurer of this sort; but he was intensely ambitious; the career of arms was then the most open road for ambition; and Wallenstein was the man to take that road, whether there was a holy cause, or no cause at all, in view at the end of it.

His pride showed itself early. He exclaimed against being whipped at seven years old, because princes are not whipped, and he, meaning to be a prince, considered himself one already. He was of an old family in Bohemia, and the son of a baron. He neglected no preparation for greatness, and mastered all that he could of the learning of his day. Astrology was one of his studies, and the favourite one,—partly perhaps because it flattered his hopes of greatness. A youth of indisputable genius, who improves his powers, and has a passion of any kind, is sure to be ministered to, in regard to that passion, by everybody about him, from his teachers to his trencher-man.

Thus, from the stars in their courses to the hounds in the baron's kennels, all boded greatness to Albrecht Waldstein, as his family name was written in his early days. But his relatives did not know what to think when he early disappointed them in the tenderest point of all. Bohemian Protestants as they were (at the end of the sixteenth century, when Protestantism was a passion in central Europe), it was a dreadful blow to them to hear that some Jesuit tutors had made Albrecht a Catholic. Next, he returned home, and, at three-and-twenty, married an aged widow, apparently for her wealth. At the end of eight years she was dead, and he was lord of fourteen landed estates which

she had left him. For another year he continued his life of a country-gentleman, and then considered himself wealthy enough to begin his military career. He raised a body of dragoons, and offered his services to a Duke of Styria, against the Venetians. He played host to his own soldiers, and was adored by them: his command increased accordingly; and he obtained rank and honours at the end of the war, in which his was the winning side. A second marriage, entered into with a view to the favour of the Emperor, gave him the rank of a Count of the Holy Roman Empire. When the Bohemians went to war with the Emperor, they reckoned on their countryman Wallenstein as a champion, and offered him a high command in their army; but he disappointed his Protestant country and clan, and took service on the other side. When the Emperor's funds were exhausted, Wallenstein supported his cause by his own wealth; and when the war ended,—again favourably for him,—he found himself Lord of Friedland, and richer by three millions of our present money for this Bohemian war. He was not yet a prince; but in four years more he found that early dream fulfilled. In the interval he relieved the Emperor from two rebellious vassals, one of whom he compelled to surrender his claim to the crown of Hungary; and he saved the imperial army in a critical moment. In consideration of these services, he was made Duke of Friedland, and a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire. This was in 1624, when he was forty-one years old.

He had then only eleven years to live; and his greatest distinctions were yet to be won. He was the shield and weapon of the empire in the Thirty Years' War; and in that conflict he soon won the reputation of the greatest of commanders. He began with raising and paying his own force; but he soon led them forth to subsist on conquered territories; and they found their warrior-life such a gallant one, and so extolled their captain, that soldiers flocked to him from all the countries of Europe. However wild they might be on arrival, he trained them into a pattern force. His marches and victories are a conspicuous feature of the history of his age. He drove the Danes across the Belt, and sat down to rest on the shores of the Baltic, the proprietor of new provinces, and Admiral of the Baltic and German Sea, with his head full of projects for creating an Imperial navy, in co-operation with the Hanse towns, to keep Gustavus Adolphus from obtaining a footing in Germany. He early warned the Emperor against the Protestant King of Sweden. But Wallenstein had many enemies; and never has any man been hated by a greater variety of foes at once. All who were envious or jealous of him—all whom he had eclipsed and mortified, and whom he had dispossessed of lands; all whom he had offended by his own haughtiness; all foreigners, because he openly disliked them; all priests, because he secretly distrusted them;—these and his Protestant countrymen joined in common action against him, under the lead of Duke Maximilian of Bavaria. On their urgent appeal to the Emperor, to humble the great general who was too like a master, Wallenstein was dismissed from his command at the moment when Gustavus Adolphus was starting for the invasion of Germany.

All went wrong without him, and the Emperor had to sue to him to resume the command on his own terms. He was in no hurry; and the terms he imposed were abundantly galling. The campaign in which he and Gustavus Adolphus measured their forces against each other is one of the most interesting in military and political history. When his great antagonist had perished, the enemies of Wallenstein went to work again; and their hostility was aided by his intolerable haughtiness and perilous ambition. He was accused of conspiracy and treason: his appeals to the Emperor were intercepted, lest he should obtain a hearing. He was proclaimed a rebel, and his estates confiscated. He was betrayed in the castle in which he had taken refuge, a band of Irish mercenaries being admitted to murder his whole band at a banquet. Wallenstein was in bed, sick, instead of at table: but they went to him after killing his comrades. He met them in his night-dress; and some recoiled at the sight of his helplessness: but the leader, Devereux, lifting his partisan, called him a traitor who was going to ruin the Emperor. The great Captain disdained to reply, but opened his arms to the blow. He fell pierced through the chest, and died without speaking a word.

Much mystery invested his projects, if not his character, for two centuries: but documents have been brought to light which prove his innocence of any kind of unfaithfulness to the Emperor. As a man at once original and representative of his time and order, Wallenstein is an interesting study: but it is needless to enlarge on the difference in the emotions caused in us by the contemplation of a military career pursued from avowed personal ambition on the one hand, and devoted patriotism on the other. The story of Wallenstein falls cold on the heart after that of the Maccabees.

Of a widely different character from either is the model military career of our own time. Here we have again a band of warrior brothers, comrades in duty and honour, and in genius and heroism. The Napiers, adequate in all modern fitness and freshness, were the Paladins of the 19th century. They were the heroes, dauntless yet considerate, who showed us the old warrior type under the modifications caused by the changes in the art of war. In the ancient days men fought hand to hand, after the first flight of arrows; and the heroes of the battle-field were those who contended with and laid low the greatest number of individual antagonists. If such had been the method still, the Napiers would have been so many Maccabees. In Wallenstein's time, the art of war had assumed a scientific appearance; the movement was ponderous, and the rules severe; and each antagonist understood the plans of his opponent almost as well as his own. Firearms took long to discharge; a very small per-centage of shots took effect; and to modern eyes, the great marvel of the campaigns of three centuries ago is that each produced usually so little result. In that age, the Napiers would, like Wallenstein, have astonished the world by miraculous marches, and a marvellous handling of the cumbersome baggage which was a dead weight upon everybody else.

They would have won the hearts and fixed the sceptical faith of all the wandering soldiers of fortune who came across them; and they would probably have forestalled that method of rapidity, and concentration of speed and force which Bonaparte introduced, and which they so cordially and liberally admired when he, their enemy, afforded them the spectacle. They would have been leading warriors in any age, and under any method. As it happened, they were born under a system which renders the power and habit of instant and exact obedience the only opening to eminent individual enterprise and distinction in the field. These brothers, each endowed with as strong a power of will as ever existed in man, turned that power in the direction of military obedience, and, in days when armies have become a machine, showed how much dignity there may be in the thorough subordination which renders every man a sound element in the working of the machine. Their fiery spirits flamed up on the kindling of the strife, as if they had been at Platæa or at Crécy; but they manifested the true military spirit no less by their obedience to the requirements of a method by which the antagonism is more abstract, as it were,—when the slaughter is impersonally conducted, for the most part, and there is more to do in managing men and arms than in seeking out a hand-to-hand foe. They were soldiers made for any times, and for all time.

There were five brothers of them, three of whom were soldiers, and one a sailor. All were accomplished men—knights of the pen as well as of the sword—skilled in civil administration, and thoroughly fitted for the business and pleasures of private and domestic life. Of the three soldiers, William was ruling the Channel Islands, George the Cape colony, and Charles ruled Scinde, at the same time. William has immortalised himself in literature by his "History of the Peninsular War," and Henry, the sailor, produced a full and complete "History of Florence." All readers of good biography know the charm of Charles's letters from India, as given in the Life and Correspondence published by William. William was an honorary member of the Royal Academy, on account of his statue of the dying Alcibiades; and he was a painter. In manners, their match was hardly to be found in their day and generation. High-born and high-bred they were, it is true; but no advantages of position and training could have given that charm of gentleness with heroism breathing through, and of sleepless yet tranquil intelligence which made their conversation and bearing winning and imposing beyond that of any other men.

When they lost self-command, and showed how they could be stirred by passion, it was always through some moral disgust. They fired up at the remotest scent of any deed of oppression or of meanness. If the strong encroached upon the weak, or self-interest induced cant or slyness, the spectacle might be seen of the Napiers incensed—and it was a sight never to be forgotten. In these qualities and attributes, in their clannish attachments, and in their relations with servants—domestic servants being settled in Napier households to the third and fourth generation—they were like the ornaments of chivalry in the Middle Ages; and yet in their military service there was nothing old-fashioned. They were up to all the impulses of their time, and foremost in the recognition of all professional improvements. "My colonels" Wellington loved to call them. They were his comrades as well as his aids and instruments. But he was so shocked at the amount of wounds—grave wounds—which they sustained that he gave his opinion that they had had enough, and should remain at home. In that particular case his opinion did not prevail with them, and as soon as they were fit for duty they were again in his train. In 1811 Charles had ridden ninety miles to an expected battle-field, his head bandaged for a dreadful wound in the face, received at Busaco, when, on nearing the scene of conflict, he met soldiers bearing a litter of branches covered with a blanket. It was George with a broken limb. Presently he met another litter. It was William, declared to be mortally hurt. Charles looked after them, but rode on into the fight. William's wound was not mortal, but the pain of it remained for life. He was wounded four times in the Peninsular War, received seven decorations for that service, and was made K.C.B. We all remember how Charles was sent for when India was in a critical condition, as the only man who could retrieve the military rule; and how "all the young men were chafing to go out with him," as was said at the time; and what he did to enable us to survive the mutiny which he would have prevented if he had had the whole power in his own hands. We all probably remember Wellington's letter to Lady Sarah Napier, announcing that George had lost an arm at the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo. Most of us, it is to be hoped, know William's "History of the Peninsular War," which, read aloud by firelight, kept our soldiers awake and happy in the trenches before Sebastopol. We are all aware that we have always regarded the Napiers as soldiers for England to be proud of. In contemplating Representative Soldiers of various ages it is well to gather up and put together what we have known of this group of brothers, to substantiate to ourselves the pride and satisfaction of having seen in our own country the model soldiers of our time.

One characteristic trait in Sir William Napier was, that he never let pass among his intimates such expressions as "the lower orders" and "common soldiers." When assured that the expression "lower orders" referred not at all to quality, but only to social arrangement, he was pacified; but in the other case he stood his ground. He insisted that there *is* no such thing as a common soldier in England; we have "privates," but we have no "common soldiers." This lofty and vigilant military spirit, appearing in daily discourse, is the same which manifested itself in an admiration of his enemy too chivalrous for his age to comprehend. We certainly dissent, one and all, now from his estimate of the first Napoleon; but it was an error on the right side at the time; and to honour and learn from the genius of the foe always has been, and always will be, regarded as a

sure sign of a generous and elevated military quality.

It is not long since we parted with the last of these hero-brothers; and the civilian brother, Richard, who manifests the family spirit and accomplishments in his own way, still survives. Sir George Napier died in 1855, Sir Charles in 1853, and Henry a few weeks afterwards. Sir William lived, in spite of his wounds and an unequalled number of challenges arising out of his History, to the age of seventy-five, dying in February of last year. Their wonderful countenances are familiar to most of us through the frontispieces in Sir Charles's "Life and Correspondence" and the print-shop windows. The fiery-eyed Charles, and William, a perfect Jupiter Tonans, once seen can never be forgotten; and the impression of their heroic quality, shown in every intellectual and social act, leaves the same kind of ineffaceable impression on the imagination as the gaze of that eye and the glory of that brow. In the age of the Napiers, England may be as proud as ever of her soldiers.

Harriet Martineau.

SEA-BATHING IN FRANCE.

I saw it at St. Malo, where it is said to flourish. There was nothing very particular in the shape of the machines which were drawn up on the beach. Except that they were made of canvas instead of wood, and had much lower wheels than ours, they had the same bald, gritty look which those vehicles generally wear. They were twenty or thirty yards from the edge of the water, and therefore, as I was not thinking much about bathers, but idling along in a promiscuous sort of way, I supposed that the day's dipping was over. Judge of my surprise when, on passing close by a machine, the door opened, and a short, stout gentleman, in a jacket and drawers of a large staring check flannel, stepped out with a smile and a shudder—like a clown. I almost expected him to put his head on one side, and say "Here we are again," before turning a summersault.

But it was the mayor. The mayor of St. Malo, going to bathe. Or if it was not the mayor, it was as good, for I saw him afterwards, and he had a red ribbon in his button-hole, to which no end of people took off their hats. Perhaps he was a Préfet. At any rate, he had on nothing but breeches and a shortish jacket, of flaring check flannel, and proceeded to paddle down to the water after a few minutes, with Mrs. M., who popped out of a neighbouring machine similarly dressed, on his arm; and I can assure you Mrs. M. did not owe all her charms to crinoline.

Bless my heart, I said to myself, this is worth coming to France to see. So I brisked up, opened my eyes, got a chair for a sous, sat down, and took it all in. Let me reflect—no, not reflect—but consult my notes, which I made on the sly, lest a ferocious gendarme, who paced about, should suspect me of sketching a fort, and sabre me on the spot.

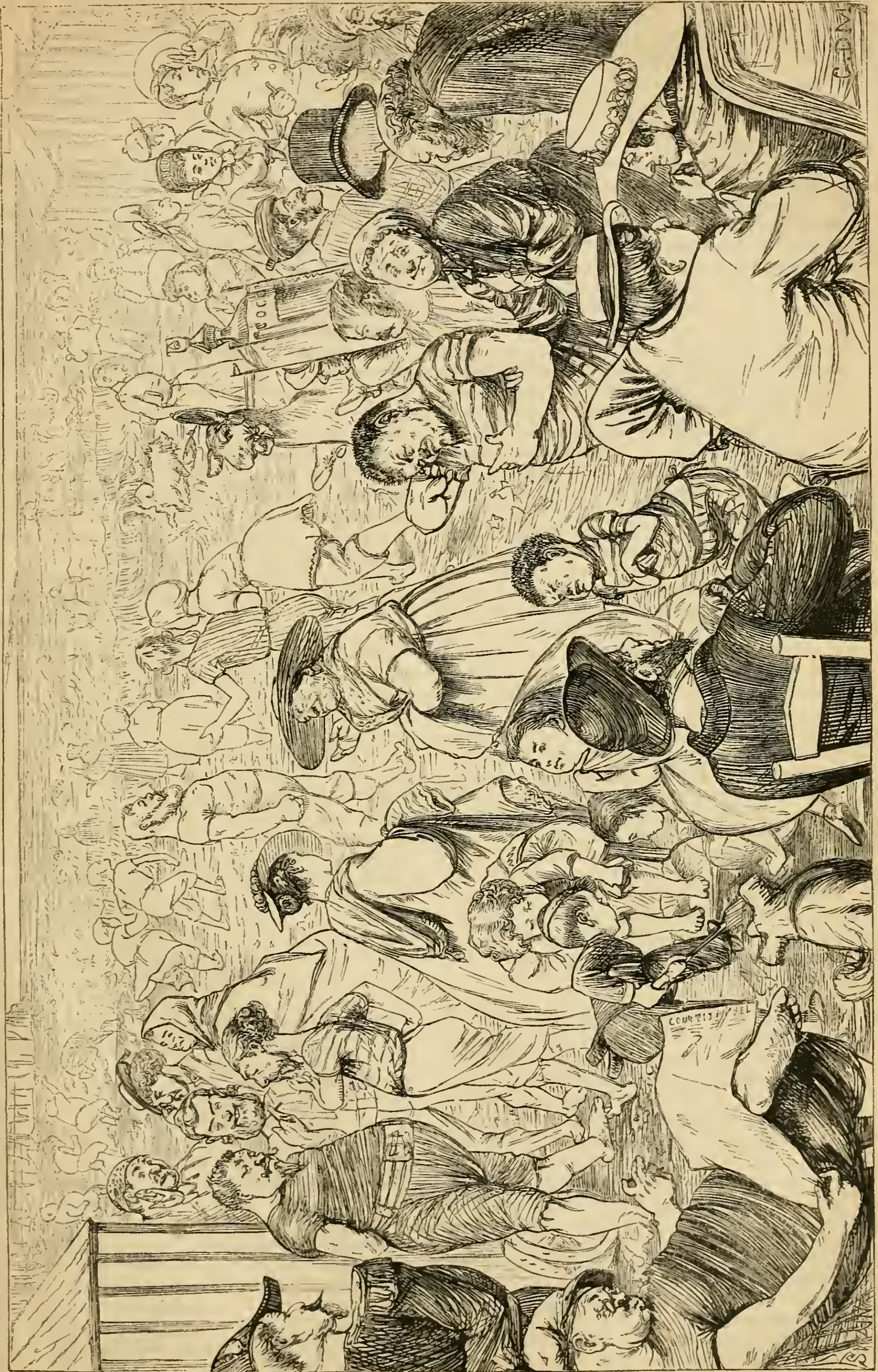
Let me see. There were about fifty or sixty machines in this village, all of canvas, and upon very low wheels, the floor of the hut not being above a foot from the ground. They are seldom, if ever, taken into the water, and of course, a plunge from one of them is impossible even then, as they cannot draw above six inches.

There are rafts moored at different distances from the brink, so that those bathers who want to take headers may be suited—there being always a raft in about three or four feet water, and another further on.

But whatever you do when you are fairly afloat, you must paddle in like a goose.

The ladies and gentlemen all bathe together, often walking down to the sea, or up from it, arm in arm. When Mr. and Mrs. M. came out thus, and his aldermanic proportions were more developed by the clinging of the wet flannel (I won't mention her), the effect was so odd, the contrast to English habits so grotesque, that I laughed—respectfully. At first, I thought that several figures in the water were boys, but they turned out at last to be young ladies—who came up dripping from the ocean, like so many Venuses in flannel dittoes.

Many of them evidently wore their own bathing dresses, which fitted so jauntily, and were so prettily trimmed and ornamented, that I have no doubt they were made to measure—women tailors, I presume. When I came to think about it, and had seen through the novelty of the "costume," as it is called on the beach, I saw how decent and sensible it was. The suit was really nothing but Bloomer. In many cases a trifle more close fitting and short-skirted; but the lines of the model were Bloomerian. Many of the men wore dresses as tight as an acrobat's; and, indeed, looked so like them, that you half expected to see the mat and pole produced; or, at least, a "pyramid" made. By the time I had sat there an hour, the number of bathers increased fast. There was quite a crowd of expectants and friends. The former, with their dresses rolled up under their arms, ready to get into the next vacant machine, the latter reading, working, or sitting in chairs, idly waiting till the bath should be over. Fresh bathers paddled down in twos or threes, while others continually emerged, and came up the beach dripping; the suit was so complete in some cases, that the wet figure looked as if the bath had been taken by accident, not choice. Everything was well organised. There were three or four sunburnt women with bare feet, and hats with "Service des Bains" on the band, like the name of a ship; and men who gave lessons in swimming, or helped to shove the heads of recusant children under water. A "Buvette" on the beach provided glasses of liqueur to those who wanted to take the chill off themselves, and there was a large copper of hot water on wheels, to supply bathers who wished to wash their feet after walking across the dry sand to their machines. One tremendous woman, who was mistress of the ceremonies, directed her crew where to take these little addenda of baths, and dispensed the dresses to those who brought none of their own. Moreover, she arranged the order of procedure, and insisted strictly on the rule, "first come, first served." She was a tremendous woman, with a voice like a speaking-trumpet, and knitted rapidly all the time she was giving her orders, or listening to the



petitions of bathers. But she had a tender heart. All at once, I may as well give the cries and conversation in English, for though I can scramble on with French—after a sort—I honestly confess I funk the spelling of short conversational speeches with unnecessary *y's* in them; all at once, then, there was a great shriek, and the idle crowd rushed to the edge of the water, wildly excited in a moment. Two children had got out of their depth, and were being carried out and under by the tide; their little black dots of heads sunk beneath the surface. Then the big woman's colour went, she stopped her knitting, and putting her right hand to her side, I thought she would have fainted, as she cried in a half-choked voice:

"Good God! the poor little infants! look! Oh—O——h!"

But the acrobats splashed in, and plucked them out, for they were as yet only in five feet water. This episode over, the directress went on with her knitting, and shouted out directions to the bathing men in the water, two hundred yards off.

To-morrow, thought I, I will come and have a dip here, myself, for I was eager to experience the whole sensation. When I went back to our hotel, and told my wife how they bathed in France, she thought it shocking, but after two or three visits admitted that the arrangements were both convenient and decorous.

But about my own bath. Next day I repaired to the beach, and going to a place like an Aldershot hut, with a notice outside, "Billets pour les Bains," found an old man with a big book at a desk just within the entrance, taking down names; he had two large bunches of tin labels before him hung on wire, like keys. The building was fitted up like a large bottle-rack on the shelves of which lay bathing suits, rolled up, accessible and dry. When the old gentleman had, with a great display of precision, disposed of the group which was being served when I entered, I went up to his desk, and asked him for a ticket.

"One?" says he.

"One," said I. "And 'costume,'" I added, and he repeated.

Then he slowly took two of the tin labels, one from each ring—his hands were rheumatic—put down their numbers in his book, looked over his spectacles, and said:

"Eighteen sous."

So I paid him, and he handed me the tickets, with directions to get them cashed on the beach. The big one represented a machine. The little one a suit. Then I sought out the Amazon, and presented my credentials. For the smaller "billet," I got a suit with a towel rolled up inside it. The other was exchanged for a fresh ticket, marked No. 5.

"You will have the fifth chance," said the Amazon, so I attached myself to her at once. As the machines became vacant, she called out the name of the next number loud enough to be heard by the whole crowd, for there were many bathers, and the edge of the water was alive.

"Nu—m—ber two!" she cried, pronouncing the numeral short and sharp. Not there! You must look sharp, or lose your turn. Num—ber three! likewise out of the way. Num—ber four!"

An elegant lady, with a servant following her, and a long train of muslin, too, responded to the summons, and squeezed herself into the machine, which she must have filled when she got in.

"Num—ber five!"

"Here you are," says I, and entered the next tent to my grand lady's.

When I stepped out, in a short suit of mauve check, I saw Madame also emerge, seriously thinned. I never felt more odd and incongruous in my life. There were knots of well-dressed, fashionable people, through whom I had to pass before I reached the water. It was like escaping from a fire at night—only it was broad day—but the oddest thing was that nobody noticed me.

The scene in the water was most absurd. Whole families were bathing together in a circle, hand in hand. Where I went in, Mr. and Mrs. Briggs, just their figures, and all the little Briggses, were crowing and splashing in a shallow. Now and then, you could see friends meet, and acquaintances bow; a young lady who thus met some partner at the last ball, making a fashionable sweep in the water. Sometimes a party of young men would come down together, full run, and dash in like mermen, who had been confined in the town, tumbling head over heels, and otherwise throwing themselves into the arms of the sea.

The tide advanced so much while I was in the water that the machines were all drawn off the beach on to the paved road beneath the walls of the town before I came out. It was a spring-tide, which rises very high here. The result, however, was most grotesque when the dripping bathers emerged, and in several cases could not find their machines again for some time, wandering about in the crowd, sticky and cross. Mine was high and dry on the pavement. It was something like bathing in the Thames, and coming out to dress inside a cab in the Strand. However, I was more fortunate than several, for my wife had followed the machine, and showed me where it was.

The inconvenience of grit, from walking across the sand, is, as I said, removed by a little tub of water—cold or hot—for which last you pay a sou, or halfpenny, extra. I do not know, however, what Robinson Crusoe would have said to the beach, when he was so much astonished at the print of *one* naked foot. The place was dimpled with toe-holes.

When I had recovered from the novelty of the thing—from seeing ladies of all builds, from Mrs. Gamp to Ophelia, paddling down in scanty Bloomers, without shoes or stockings—when I felt that these gentlemen in check shorts were neither acrobats nor clowns, but sober, steady men of business who bathed on principle (for the liveliest and more sportsmanlike swimmers went to some distance where they could enjoy themselves without encumbrance), I decided in favour of the French fashion over the English. There is nothing indecorous or inconvenient in it. The system is well arranged. The ladies' dresses must be much more comfortable than the shifts of freeze which they wear in our watering-places, and they are more completely *dresses*. Much care is used to prevent accidents; there is generally a boat some short distance off where the water begins to

deepen. Everybody is served in turn, and the greatest pains are taken by the attendants to make the bathers comfortable. By dressing in machines which are drawn up the disagreeable access to them by plank is avoided, and the toilette is never spoilt by a wave bursting the door open and floating out your shoes. This dressing on shore, too, enables servants to come and assist their mistresses more easily. The machines are comfortable and roomy; there is a hanging-place for your watch, a pincushion and looking-glass beside abundance of pegs; moreover, being of canvas, you do not knock the skin off your knuckles when flourishing about with the towel. You may depend upon it that—much, as I confess, Mr. and Mrs. Mayor astonished me when I first went down to the beach at St. Malo — the French method of sea-bathing, as practised in public, is far preferable to that which is common in England.

HARRY JONES.

"AND BACK AGAIN."

"THE sentence of the court is," said the Judge to a very hardened criminal, "that you be tied to the cart's tail, and whipped from one end of this town to the other."

"Thank ye, my lord," instantly exclaimed the culprit, impudently. "Thank ye, old Wigsby; now you've done *your* worst."

"*And back again*," added the Judge, composedly, and as if in continuation of his speech.

It is not on record whether the criminal made any further observations, or whether this display of the resources of the bench induced him to hold his tongue, lest the sentence should receive another member.

The story always comes back to one's recollection when a certain newspaper arrives from New York. One cannot help wishing, in the interest of the two great and glorious nations whose common language is prostituted to the use of the journal in question, that its conductors stood in the place of the individual for whose benefit the Judge appended the four syllables to his sentence. At this moment, when every honest man on both sides of the Atlantic is doing his best to prevent the irritability and soreness, which have been produced between England and the Americans, from becoming an incurable wound, it is difficult to express, with becoming moderation, a just judgment upon such a print as the "New York Herald." Such a mouthpiece as the Judge could most fittingly convey English sentiment upon the subject. But as the brief address which he could make to the parties interested is not likely to be delivered at present, the next best thing is to show some of the reasons why it would be peculiarly appropriate. If one cannot get an offender whipped, it is something to point out to society that he richly deserves it.

English readers rarely read an American paper. The aspect of the article is not very inviting. The exceedingly small print deters most persons except those who have an object in struggling through it, and the staring summary of the contents, in large letters at the commencement of the journal, gives an idea of vulgarity and clap-trap. This idea, of course, arises from mere association. We are accustomed to our own broadsheet, with its eminently readable columns, and to the absence of any attempt at "sensation," to use an odious word which had better be left to the play-bills. The American paper is, in many respects, a triumph of typography, and the mass of printing which is presented to you for a nominal price is extraordinary. But it is difficult even for a determined reader to become as pleasantly familiar with a New York journal as he is with his own "Times." He has to master a good deal of local phraseology, and a good deal more of less tolerable local slang, and he is seldom quite sure that amid the ever-shifting sands of the small politics of the States he is safe on his nomenclature. The nickname of to-day may mean something else to-morrow; the modifications of Whig and Tory which have taken us a century would take the Americans a fortnight to effect. Then the contractions and abbreviations which a fast nation likes are troublesome unless you keep the eye in constant practice, and can recollect instinctively that Mr. Brown, V^a, and Mr. Jones, K^y, means gentlemen from Virginia and Kentucky. But all these difficulties are comparative trifles—an American is not bound to produce a paper that shall be pleasant reading in London—and if you like to stick to the files as they come over, you will soon be tolerably easy with your American reading. Was it not Porson who complained that, although he knew as much Greek as most people, he could not exactly skim off the meaning of Greek at sight as he would the meaning of a newspaper? Work hard, and you will read your American newspaper about as comfortably as Porson could read Greek.

These remarks apply generally to the American press. The "New York Herald" assumes to be the leader and type of all the rest. The assumption is as impudently false as most of the statements of the journal, for many American papers are written by gentlemen, and their temperate and scholarly writing presents a pleasant contrast to the ignorance, and violence, and brutality of the "Herald." But its sale is enormous, and its influence upon the half-educated millions—educated up to the unfortunate stand-point of being able to read and understand, but not to judge—is very great. At the present time the efforts, scarcely disguised, of the "Herald," are directed to the object of producing or increasing ill-will between the North and England. Whether that paper is actually hired with Southern money to do this, or whether its policy be merely dictated by a desire to extend its sale by pandering to the worst feelings of the worst men, we have no means of knowing. The "Herald" was, but a short time ago, entirely in the interest of the South, when the Southerns had the mastery in the Government. The foulest abuse was lavished upon the present President, and he who is now the Herald's "honest Abe," and "our manly and patriotic chief governor," was then an "ignorant old wood-chopper," a "stupid clown," and a "Forcible Feeble." The conversion of the paper was effected with weather-cock celerity, and it is now as vituperative in behalf of Mr. Lincoln as it used to be against him; but its dearest sympathies are with

the slavery-men, and it still keeps up vollies of slang against all who desire the abolition of the slave-system. Mr. Horace Greeley is always nick-named "Massa Greeley," and many names of a coarser description are perpetually stuck upon any one who disbelieves in man's right to sell his fellow-man. The Bible has been most profanely dragged into the fray, and scriptural quotations are flung about, in support of slavery, by writers whose scoffs at the deep and real religious feeling of the States show the blasphemous hollowness of their advocacy. It is therefore a moot question whether the "Herald" is simply a hired tool of the South, or a reckless and selfish speculation.

We have, of course, no hope that our remarks will be read in America by many whom they are likely to disabuse of the belief sought to be promoted by the "Herald." Those who read what we write will not need to be told either that we thoroughly understand the object of the "Herald," or that England has no such designs or feelings as are lyingly attributed to her by that journal. Yet, having the opportunity of entering a protest against the atrocious system which the "Herald" is pursuing, it is satisfactory to make such entry, and it is also well that the English reader should have some illustrations of the character of a print which is striving to widen the breach between himself and his American brother,—which is poisoning the mind of the latter with incessant allegations that England desires the destruction of the Republic, and that English gold has produced the war, and which continually assures Americans that as soon as the war is over, the conduct of England in refusing to lend aid against the South shall be punished by the sweeping away her flag from the New World.

Files of the paper lie—in every sense—before us, and it is the wealth of dirty material which makes selection difficult. But it may be well that Englishmen should at once understand that the war now raging in America has been brought about by the Americans themselves. That there may be no mistake on the subject, it should be known that Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Palmerston's friend and confidant, distinctly stated to

"The Reverend Mr. Newman, of the Bedford Street Methodist Episcopal Church, that it would be impossible for England to permit the existence of an overshadowing empire like that of America;"

and therefore, of course, Lord Shaftesbury, a friend of the abolitionists, supplied the South with gold, in order to get up a rebellion, which should sever a large portion of the overshadowing empire from the rest. It was, however, in keeping with Lord Shaftesbury's known highmindedness and frankness of character, that he should make this revelation to the first Methodist Episcopal who demanded to know the views of Lord Palmerston.

But the key-note having been struck, let us go on with the music. Here is the solemn commencement of an article on the recent fast day—the article will be found in the "Herald" of the 28th September.

"*By the intrigues of the British Anti-Slavery Society and the gold of the English aristocracy*, by the propagandism of American abolition societies, playing into their hands for the last thirty years, and by the anti-slavery disunion doctrines preached from the pulpit, and reiterated by the fanatical press, *civil war has broken out in the American republic*, and two hundred thousand insurgents on the banks of the Potomac, stimulated and inflamed by the abolition crusade against Southern domestic institutions, stand ready to march against the Union army, to seize the national capital, and to advance as far northward as the success of their arms will warrant. We know not the moment when the terrible collision will take place between four hundred thousand men in arms, all Americans and brothers. In the midst of this national calamity the President, whose wise, patriotic and conservative course has won golden opinions for him throughout the land, issues a proclamation for a national fast, in the hope that such of the people as had been led astray by the demagogues of the pulpit and the press would consider the error of their ways, and make up their minds to return to the ancient landmarks of the constitution—a departure from which is the cause of our present misfortunes."

Do not fail to observe the adjectives applied to the President; who, until he signified that he would "stand no nonsense," and made it a little unsafe to abuse him personally, was the "ignorant old woodchopper," and the "stupid clown." But let us go on. The article is directed against one of the most earnest of the abolition clergy.

"Beecher, it seems, was afraid to preach, but Cheever, who has just come over from England *with his trunk full of British sovereigns*, amply makes up for the omission. He is more impudent and audacious than ever. He maintains that slavery is the damning sin which has brought affliction upon us, as it brought similar judgments upon the Jews of old; though, if we are to believe the Bible, that institution was expressly sanctioned and provided for by the Almighty in the laws which he gave to Moses for the Israelites."

And at the end of the article the same senti ments are reiterated.

"The aristocracy and abolitionists of England *are in league with the abolitionists of America to break up the Union;* and hence the anti-slavery presses and pulpits of the North are giving utterance to the most treasonable sentiments against the Union and the constitution, and are denouncing the Chief Magistrate for his patriotic and conservative action in modifying the proclamation of Fremont."

There is scarcely a copy of the "Herald," in which this doctrine is not preached. The British aristocracy is the great bugbear which half-educated Americans are taught to fear and to hate. It will be remembered that among the manifold lies by which Napoleon Bonaparte sought to incense the French against us, a similar charge was incessantly made, and the English nobility and the gold of England were stereotyped enemies of France. Even the City article of the English "Times," is dictated in one of our fashionable squares.

"Foreign capital, as was expected, is coming here for investment in these securities, in spite of the silly efforts of the organs of European aristocracy to break down American credit."

But here the charge is put more plainly than ever.

"Nearly four hundred thousand men stand arrayed against each other upon the banks of the Potomac,

prepared, before the expiration of many days, and, perhaps, within a very few hours, to plunge forward into such a ferocious and sanguinary conflict as has not been witnessed, in the civilised world, since the terrible struggle of Waterloo. Rivers of blood will flow of citizens, engaged but a short while ago in peaceful pursuits, and valuable lives will be sacrificed by thousands if not by tens of thousands. A cry of mourning will arise from untold bereft families throughout the land, and whichever side may triumph a pall will hang over the most glorious trophies of victory. No one will be at a loss to know who is responsible for so calamitous a state of things. *Under the tutelage of an aristocracy, in Great Britain, jealous of the success of American institutions*, the Garrisons, Tappans, and Leavitts of thirty years ago began those machinations which, under Greeley, Beecher, Raymond, Cheever, Wendell Phillips, and others, culminated in the creation of a party which denounced the constitution as "a league with hell and a covenant with death," and never relaxed its incendiary efforts until the slaveholding States had been goaded into overt acts of treason. *Northern fanaticism fostered by British gold*, and the discontent and rebellion in the South which it engendered, are the sources of all our evils, and both are still seeking, at the present hour, to reap the fruits of their iniquitous labours."

We could easily multiply quotations of this kind, but these amply suffice to show what the leading journal of America is incessantly telling readers who, predisposed to believe in any origin of the war, save one, the assignment of which is wounding to self-complacency, have no means of arriving at the truth. It is no light matter that a public opinion, destined to spread among millions, and perhaps to endure for centuries, should be left to be constructed by scoundrel hands like those of the "Herald," but we know not how the mischief is to be prevented, unless by some manly and simultaneous action by the honest journalists of America—by an outspoken repudiation of the vulgar falsehoods of the "Herald." The latter, says, in another number:

"It is true the republic is on its trial. We are struggling against the effects of the anti-slavery poison installed into the community by British propagandism, and when we have succeeded in this the republic will be stronger than ever, and continue to be worshipped by the down-trodden millions of Europe as the star of empire which is to light them to liberty."

Deducting the fine writing, and expunging the lie, the sentiment is one which England thoroughly shares, that is to say, she rejoices to believe that an example of true liberty, as set out in America, and more vividly in our own constitution, may ever continue to offer hope to the subjects of despots; but assuredly an estrangement between the two nations must be a bad omen for liberty and for the world. If we have done anything towards exposing the cruel and wicked treason which the "New York Herald" is steadily committing against the Union, against England, and against liberty, the purpose of these lines is answered.

OUR LODGERS FROM ABROAD.

While confessing myself a daughter of that much reviled race—the lodging-house keepers of London—I have not the smallest intention of writing their defence, or apology. So many of our best modern authors have described their amusing peculiarities, and strange definitions of *meum* and *tuum*, that no one disputes the truth of sketches, evidently drawn from reminiscences of those days when *celibacy* condemned them to pine in "comfortable apartments for single gentlemen." But I may be permitted to hint that we rarely hear the other side of this vexed question represented. Granted, that landladies are selfish and rapacious, —does it follow that lodgers are all excellence and forbearance?

Is there not the thoughtless lodger, who—best hearted fellow in the world, as every one knows him to be—seems totally oblivious of the weary journeys up and down the steep fligh of stairs which his repeated summons inflicts on the poor maid-of-all-work? This well-meaning young gentleman too frequently forgets to return to the dinner he has ordered, at *six precisely*, until the clock in the kitchen has chimed seven, and cook's patience has entirely evaporated; and it is of him also that the neighbours make such loud complaints, for his hours are sadly irregular, and his rings and knocks long and loud before the sleepy inmates can be aroused to let him in. It is true that, for "peace and quietness' sake," the landlady has reluctantly presented him with his freedom in the shape of a latch-key, but what avails that when it is generally left in the wrong pocket, and consequently is not comeatable?

Then there is the fidgetty lodger, who detects dirt, draughts, and unpleasant smells, where no one had ever dreamed they existed. He has numerous small antipathies, which include birds, children, music, and canine or feline pets. It is difficult to make him believe in the proper airing of beds; and all his colds and rheumatic attacks date their commencement from his lodgings.

He frequently summons the landlady to his breakfast-table to request her interference in his behalf, when "that very heedless young woman" has done too much, or too little during her morning avocations in his apartment. A book has been displaced that he was reading, and his mark suffered to fall out; or the volumes have been undisturbed so long that his hands were soiled, actually soiled, with the dust on the covers; or he should feel so deeply indebted to the good lady, if she would draw the housemaid's attention to the careless manner in which his blinds were drawn up two mornings running; he had been obliged to alter them himself, and it really gave his windows such a disreputable appearance! &c.

Then, worse than either of the above, is the suspicious lodger, who saps and mines for convictions. He comes home at unusual hours to assure himself that no Box and Cox tricks are played with his rooms; counts his collars and handkerchiefs twice a-week; makes private marks on his joint of meat to ascertain the attacks of poachers; keeps strict watch over the tea, butter, coals, &c., and often descends to more meannesses than those he seeks opportunities to accuse.

There is also the careless gentleman, whose clean white counterpane bears the impress of

his wet coat, whose muddy boots have left trails on the horsehair or chintz of the sofa; whose Macassar oil may be traced on the carpet in great patches of grease, and who daringly infringes the rules by introducing a dog, whose dirty paw-marks figure on the stair-carpeting and the paint of the doors, which are defaced by his scratching for admittance.

Nor must the irascible lodger be forgotten, the loud peal of whose bell causes such commotion in the household. The landlady soon tires of being summoned to hear furious tirades upon trifles. The housemaid breaks down under the infliction, and gives notice; and the cook, in the depths of her own particular region, styles him an old brute, and other expletives which would add fuel to the fire of his wrath, if he heard them; which, fortunately for the comfort of all the parties, he does not.

It was after the departure of one of the latter, a Welsh Squire, with a maiden sister, as touchy and hard to please as himself, that my mother and the maid were busily employed in restoring the vacated apartments to order; and I, a delicate girl of ten, at home from school, on account of my health, was sitting alone in the front parlour to listen for knocks at the door, and answer them whenever I thought it was not necessary to summon my mother. Absorbed in a first perusal of "A Midsummer Nights' Dream," the scrubbing and thumping over head passed unheeded till a gentle rat-tat-tat compelled me to lay down my book and reconnoitre from the window.

The card, with "Apartments Furnished" neatly designed on it, already decorated the centre pane, my mother wisely observing that it was never too soon to make our wants known; but the advent of a fresh occupant not being expected so readily, and my observation detecting the flowing skirts of a silk dress, I saw and answered the summons myself.

Standing on the steps, eagerly scanning the appearance of the house, was a lady whose air and attire was unmistakeably foreign. Her age was about two or three and twenty, and her beautiful hair was drawn back from her delicate features in a style now familiar enough; but then, pleasantly at variance with the stiffly frizzed curls and bows of our own countrywomen.

My bashful admiration must have been apparent as I asked her to come in, for smiling faintly but sweetly, she stooped and kissed my forehead; and, while waiting the appearance of my mother who had to arrange herself, she inquired about my studies, and chatted on such topics as were likely to prove interesting to a child. I was absorbed in a translation from Uhland, which she was reciting in her pure though strangely pronounced English, when the entrance of my mother made the current of her ideas flow back to the every day affairs which had brought her to our house; and much to my disappointment, the wild rhyme was left unfinished.

We now learned that the young lady had just landed from a Hamburgh packet, and had been recommended by her solicitor (who knew us) to seek with us the accommodation requisite for herself, infant, and *bonne;* also—and here her voice trembled a little—for her husband who was an invalid, and his attendant. While my mother pondered over the possibility of sparing so many apartments, and debated upon the unpleasant necessity she should be at of putting up a French bedstead in the dressing-room for the gentleman's man-servant, if he really must be within call, I watched her impatiently, and the lady seemed as anxious as myself.

"She was a stranger," she said, "had only been in England once before," and then a sob interrupted her. "If madame could let her have the apartments she would so cheerfully recompense her for these inconveniences. She was frightened at having to seek farther, and her poor Frank"—again her lip quivered—"was so ill able to contend with the annoyances of a public hotel. Would madame—could she?"

Her imploring words and looks were seconded by my entreating whispers, and madame *ma mère* not only made her affirmative curtsey, but was even won to promise that the necessary arrangements should be made immediately, and everything be in readiness for the reception of the travellers that same evening. With grateful acknowledgments the lady bade us farewell, the smile, I thought so sweet, returning to her pretty mouth as she embraced me.

There was a world of business to be accomplished before night, and Shakspeare had to be thrown aside; for even my hands were called into requisition, as carpets taken up hastily were relaid with greater dispatch, curtains restored to their rods, pictures regauzed, the marks of the Squire's nightly potations polished off the tables, and all the rest of the thousand and one little preparations made which were—or my mother said they were—indispensable. Soon after dark a fly, heavily laden with luggage, stopped at the door, and the lady herself emerged with a fat, rosy baby boy in her arms, who became our charge while the invalid gentleman was assisted to his chamber. Busied in unfastening the numerous wraps of the child and coaxing him into good humour, my mother sat by the fire with little of the curiosity which made me linger to have a peep at the sick man, who, by the light of the street lamp close by, I saw was a tall, handsome English gentleman of military appearance, and whose only traces of illness were the evident anxiety of his young wife, and the care with which the man-servant adjusted the large cloak in which he was muffled. He stood on the threshold for a moment in apparent indecision; but on the lady addressing a few words to him in low tones, he proceeded to cross the hall, and ascended the stairs with a rapidity so incompatible with the usually feeble movements of one in pain, that I wonderingly commented on it to my mother. She, good soul, engrossed with the laughing little one on her knee, took no heed of my remark, beyond reminding me that many sufferers from internal disease, wore an appearance of health and strength, deceiving to casual observers.

In a few minutes the lady, who I have neglected to mention had introduced herself as Mrs. Captain

Edgar, reclaimed her boy with many expressions of gratitude and satisfaction ; and in another hour all in the house had sunk into quietude, except that sleeping in a room beneath the captain's, I was disturbed by the regular sound of a heavy footfall pacing to and fro, till very late into the night.

We soon learned all we seemed likely to know respecting our new lodgers. Both the servants were German, and only able to express their wants by signs ; but they seemed greatly attached to their mistress, who interpreted for them, and contented with their monotonous life, the *bonne* amusing herself with her knitting when not singing guttural ditties to her nursling, and the male attendant smoking innumerable cigars out of his bedroom window, a concession, by the bye, to my mother's detestation of tobacco smoke.

Captain Edgar we rarely saw. From the large packets of stationery his lady purchased, we reasonably concluded that much of his time was occupied in writing. He paid no visits, received no visitors, and an occasional walk in the twilight, accompanied by his servant, was the only relaxation he indulged in. This strangely secluded life provoked the usual remarks and inquiries of gossiping neighbours, who hinted their belief that something *must* be wrong about these Edgars ; but my mother was contented, for they were punctual in their payments, courteous if retiring, and gave little trouble, their own servants giving all the personal attendance they required.

My own predilection for the lady continued to increase, and I was never better pleased than when invited to accompany her *shopping*, at which times my knowledge of English weights, measures, and coinage, made me useful to the frequently bewildered foreigner.

On one of these occasions, while I tied on my bonnet, Mrs. Edgar looked over the sheets of paper which I had been covering with attempts at drawing, and recognising among them several sketches of her baby boy, was sufficiently pleased to proffer some instructions in what she confessed to be a favourite pursuit of her own. I gladly accepted the offered assistance, and on those evenings that Captain Edgar retired early to his own apartment, spent an hour or two watching her nimble fingers create trees and cottages for me, and tried hard to make such passable imitations as should insure the reward of her kiss, and encouraging "it is well done, my child."

Sweeter than this, however, it was to sit by her side when the lesson was ended and hear her sing the German and Italian ballads of the best composers, in tones which I reverently thought must be like the voices of the angels in the heavenly choir. She sang in low, subdued notes, troubled with the fear of disturbing her husband, but with such tenderness, such expression, as I then thought none could equal, and certainly none that I have heard with the riper judgment of later years have surpassed.

These pleasant evenings did not occur frequently. Very often my inquiring look was met with a hasty embrace and a sorrowful "not to-night, Fanchon, not to-night ; my beloved is ill, and my heart is heavy," and I would then try to console myself with my books, listening impatiently the while, to the restless pacing to and fro, which seemed the usual accompaniment of the captain's sufferings.

They had resided with us about three months, when I was awakened one night by a heavy fall overhead, and listening intently, heard a deep voice cry wildly for "Help." Before I could arouse my mother, who slept soundly, the cry was repeated, and a scuffling noise ensued, which so alarmed me, that I called and shook her, until she was sufficiently awakened to hear the relation I confusedly gave of the circumstance.

But all now was quiet ; so quiet that she remained incredulous ; and although to pacify me, she opened the door of our room, and listened in the passage outside, no sounds from above induced her to alter her first opinion that I had been under the influence of the night-mare.

I eagerly scanned every face in the morning for confirmation of my story, but our servants had slumbered undisturbed—the Germans wore their usual stolid look—and if I fancied Mrs. Edgar paler, and more sorrowful-looking than on the previous day, she smiled on me so kindly, and spoke so composedly, that I began reluctantly to admit the possibility of having been deceived by a dream, and yet—how real it seemed !

On the following evening, however, returning from a visit, I met Captain Edgar, who was going for a walk. He courteously lifted his hat as I passed, and the movement disarranging his cloak, I saw that his left arm was in a sling, and the first time I was alone with his lady, I inquired the reason.

She looked strangely at me, and demanded why I asked ? and with childish frankness I related my nocturnal terror. I could not see the effect of my tale, for she had averted her face, and was shrouding her eyes with her hand, but I could detect a trembling in the voice which asked what my mother had said. She seemed relieved to hear how lightly my fears had been treated, and drawing me to her bosom, bade me banish all remembrance of them ; to rest assured that it was nothing—nothing.

"Then you, too," I said, as my head rested on her shoulder, "you, too, think I was dreaming?"

"Dreaming," she repeated. "Ah ! yes, you were dreaming, of course, of course; what could it be but a dream, why continue to speak—to think of it ?"

Then, suddenly rising, she turned from me, and clasping her hands, uttered an exclamation in her own language, of which I had only learned enough to know it contained the words, "this trusting child," and the name of her husband, her "poor, poor Frank!"

My wondering looks, when she again came towards me, seemed to arouse her to an effort at self-control, and she fetched a large volume of engravings from the side-table for my amusement, averring that her hand was too unsteady for the usual drawing lesson. After I bade her farewell for the night, she called me back, and without lifting her eyes from the book before her, she said :

"Oh ! Fanchon, I forgot—Captain Edgar has

sprained his arm—slightly, child—it is nothing, do not speak of it—that is, it is not of sufficient consequence to speak of."

I could only answer "Very well," and left her.

Soon after this, I went from home for a few weeks, and when I returned, delighted to resume my usually quiet studious habits, Mrs. Edgar looked so pallid and careworn, that I remarked her changed appearance to my mother, and asked if anything had been amiss.

The answer was dubious.

"She did not know; there was something strange about our lodgers she could not understand, and heartily wished they had never come, though the poor, dear lady was a good creature, any one might see."

This was very unsatisfactory, but did not interfere with my enjoyment of Mrs. Edgar's society, although our lessons were now often interrupted by my teacher falling into a painful reverie, and dismissing me on the plea of a headache.

One bright summer morning that some necessary purchases had induced Mrs. Edgar to walk as far as Oxford Street, I beguiled her into lingering a few minutes before a large toy-shop; and pointing out a piece of mechanism which would be "just the thing to please baby," the young mother was easily persuaded to enter, and inquire the price.

A gentleman, who was examining some trinkets, accidentally trod on my companion's dress, as she passed him, and looked round to apologise. He eagerly seized her hands.

"My dear Pauline, my dear sister, this is an unexpected pleasure! When did you arrive? How fortunate that I happened to be in town!"

Mrs. Edgar sank on a chair, unable to answer.

"Good God! what is the matter? did I startle you? Are you alone? Child," he said, noticing me, "who are *you?*"

Mrs. Edgar grasped my arm, and shaking off the faintness which had stolen the colour from her lips, murmured:

"It is nothing, I am better; let me get into the air."

Refusing the gentleman's assistance, she tottered from the shop.

"You have no carriage," he remarked, looking round, "here, my lad, call me a cab! Quick!"

The urchin scampered off.

"And, Frank," he continued, joyously, "how glad I shall be to see him! when did you cross, and how is it that you have both been too idle to write? It is—let me see—how many months since you wrote?"

He began to count on his fingers, but paused in undisguised astonishment on seeing Mrs. Edgar hurry towards the approaching vehicle, without reply.

As she would have stepped into the cab, his hand detained her.

"What," he angrily demanded, "can this mean? Pauline, why will you not answer my questions? Where is my brother?"

"Another time," she faltered, "another time; spare me now, Henry, for I am ill, very ill! I will write—yes, yes, I will write—Frank will write to you himself." And breaking from his grasp, she followed me into the cab, and bade the man drive on.

Her sighs and tears as we rode along, her passionate exclamations frightened me, and this aided in restoring her to composure.

"Do not weep so, Fanchon," she said, "do not increase my agitation, child; I need all my strength, all my fortitude now. I must leave you, little one, I must seek a home elsewhere; but when my poor Frank is well, and we are again happy, you shall come to me in my own dear land."

She now gave the driver the necessary directions, and pressing her fingers against her temples, sat in a silence I longed yet feared to break by my questions.

Hand in hand we entered the house, but my companion uttered a faint shriek when the same detaining hold again rested on her arm, and she stood gazing at the gentleman, with an air of hopeless misery.

"You did not expect to see me, Pauline," he said, "and I am evidently unwelcome. But I have followed you because I am certain my brother is no party to these mysterious proceedings."

"You cannot see him, you shall not see him," she said, desperately. "He is ill, and your presence would agitate him."

"Pshaw!" he impatiently replied, "Frank loves me too well for that; and more, I candidly tell you that I doubt the truth of your assertions. It is some foolish money embarrassment that keeps him from me. Poltroon that he is, and my purse so full! Let me pass, Pauline; I will find him." And glancing into the parlour on his way, he bounded gaily upstairs.

Still grasping my hand, as if even that trifling support was a comfort to her in her anguish, Mrs. Edgar hurried after him. When we reached the drawing-room the brothers were standing with arms over each other's shoulders, in the full glee of the unexpected meeting.

"You rascal," said Mr. Henry, giving the Captain a playful shake, "why didn't you let me know as soon as you landed?"

"I wish I had been able," was the reply. "I have been longing for your good counsels; in my difficult position a friend is invaluable."

"Difficult position!" his brother echoed. "What is the matter? Why not have sent for me? I would have joined you at Baden."

"It was impossible," Captain Edgar replied; "the letter might have fallen into the hands of my enemies."

"Your enemies?" Mr. Henry Edgar repeated, with increased surprise. "Explain yourself, Frank!"

"No, no!" shrieked the wife, springing to her husband's side, "for my sake, Frank, be silent!"

"Hush, Pauline," he said, tenderly caressing her, "your love makes you over anxious, and how can I fear betrayal at the hands of a brother? Come nearer, Henry, you shall know all."

Mrs. Edgar hid her ghastly face, and I shrank into a corner, while with a burst of execrations on the reigning sovereign of our country, Captain Edgar proclaimed himself the rightful heir to the

throne, which he intended to ascend; the title he gave himself being Francis the First, Emperor of Great Britain.

His brother looked appalled, and watched him in silence, as he majestically paced the apartment relating his wrongs, and the necessity he had been under of keeping himself concealed, lest the usurper should assassinate him. He proceeded to read and explain some of the papers with which his desk was crammed, and was working himself into a fearful state of excitement, when the attendant, who had been pompously referred to as his private secretary, interfered.

But the frenzied man was in no humour to be thwarted, and it was not till a struggle had taken place that he suffered himself to be led away.

My cries of alarm and his wife's entreating—"Oh, don't hurt him! Oh, pray let him be! He *will* be calm,"—brought my mother to the spot, and to *her* the shocked Mr. Henry Edgar appealed for some explanation. She, however, had nothing to tell, and was inclined to give way to lamentations respecting her own safety and the character of her house. If Mrs. Edgar had told her in the first place—

"You would have refused to receive us," she interposed. "I have not concealed it to injure any one, but to save my unhappy husband. I knew you would take him from me; you *will* take him from me, Henry, you will condemn him to the horrible sufferings of a mad-house, and he will die! Oh, miserable me! Why have you found us?"

"Say, rather," cried Mr. Edgar, "why have I not found you earlier! With proper attention his malady might have been checked. Alas, Pauline, you have destroyed him!"

The wretched wife fell on the floor, and remained unconscious for a few hours of the fearful ravings with which Captain Edgar now filled the house, while his bewildered relative alternately endeavoured to soothe him, and to form some plan for his future.

Through the inquiries he directed to the servants, we learned that Mrs. Edgar had long refused to see the unsettled state of her husband's mind, and that when, after restlessly wandering over the greater part of Europe he had suddenly decided upon visiting England, with the avowed intention of prosecuting his right to the crown, her solicitude induced her to humour his whim, and press upon him the necessity of concealment.

Poor young creature! what mental anguish she had endured! Hoping against hope; trying to hide from all his diseased mind; and to save him from the living death of a lunatic asylum.

But it was in vain. His attendant informed us that from the night when I had been alarmed and the madman had attempted the life of his keeper, who for his own safety had been compelled to disable him, he had gradually but surely sank into greater hallucinations, and Mrs. Edgar herself was, at last, forced to yield to the absolute necessity of restraint.

Captain Edgar was conveyed from our house to the military asylum at ——, and his wife immediately left us to take up her abode in the vicinity. Her prediction was soon verified, for her unfortunate husband did not survive his removal many weeks. She called upon us shortly after his death to say farewell. Her youth and beauty had been wrecked in the overwhelming sorrow of this fearful time, but her infant's arms were round her neck, his little rosy face pressed against her sunken cheek, and she was returning, she said, to her native land, where friends who loved her awaited her coming.

We never heard of her again; and my only remaining souvenir of Mrs. Edgar is a half-worn-out pencil-drawing of baby Frank, with the name "Pauline" beneath. LOUISA CROW.

RATHLIN ISLAND.

CHAPTER II.—CONCLUDED.

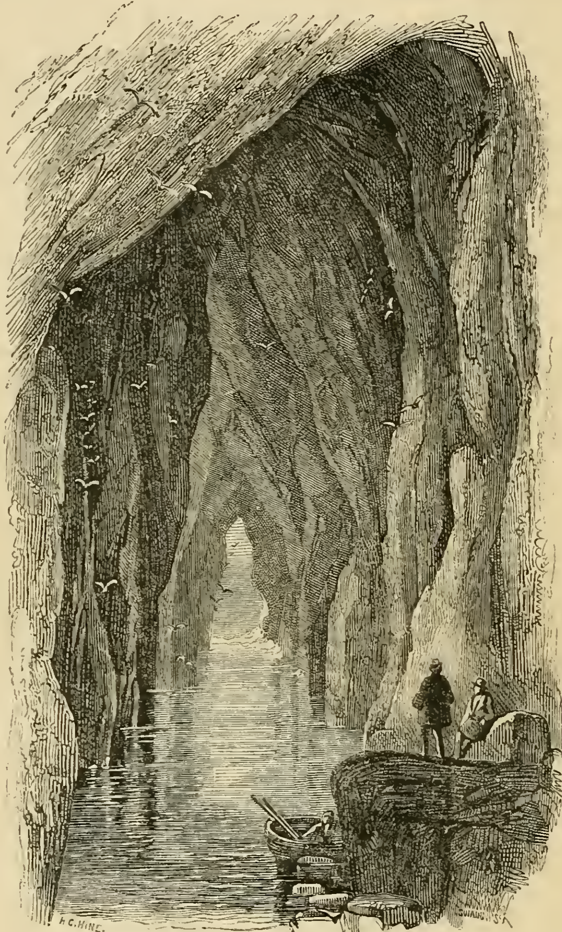
There are several fine caves along the north and western shores of the island, where the heavy surf beats almost constantly. The largest of these is Bruce's Cave, situated a short distance north of the castle. It can be entered only by water, and rises about sixty or seventy feet at the entrance, which forms an irregular arch of dark basalt. A tradition exists that Bruce, on one occasion, when hotly pursued, took refuge in this cave, where he remained concealed for a considerable time, supplied with food by a few faithful followers who knew his place of retreat, and visited him as often as they could with safety. But this story is highly improbable, from the extreme difficulty of obtaining access to the cave, which can only be entered in the calmest weather, the most trifling breeze from the east or north raising a tremendous surf, which breaks into the narrow passage with great fury.

The cormorant and rock-dove inhabit the dark recesses of the cave, and the rocks at the entrance are tenanted by sea-gulls and other birds which frequent the coast. The sides of the cave are encrusted with a dark red substance, which gives it the appearance of polished mahogany, and on reaching the further end, which is about 400 feet from the entrance, the interior, although dark, is dry and spacious, and gives indication of having been at some remote period used as a hiding-place (probably by smugglers), as the remains of a wall across the cave are visible, but no tradition regarding it is known beyond that relating to Bruce, upwards of 500 years ago.

On the southern side of Church Bay, not far from Ushet Point, there are three caves, situated at a short distance from the water's edge, but considerably above that elevation. In the largest of these, the mouth of which is about thirty or forty feet above the level of the sea, the floor gradually descends towards its extremity, which on being lighted up, presents an extensive and spacious appearance. Dr. Berger notices an interesting geological fact about these caves. "Although excavated in the basaltic rock, and at a point remote from any calcareous formation, they are nevertheless invested with calcareous stalactites depending from the roofs, and by their dropping on the floor, depositing a crust of about an inch in thickness." Dr. Berger thinks this circumstance worthy of attention, since calcareous matter seems evidently, from the situation of the caverns, to have been derived from that which

enters as a chemical ingredient into the composition of the basaltic rock, separated from the mass, and deposited in its present situation by the percolation of water which the rains or springs must have furnished. In these caves, the bones of different animals were found a few years ago by Dr. Andrews beneath the stones and rubbish with which the floor is strewed, a notice of which was laid before the meeting of the British Association in Edinburgh, and from the deposition of marine exuviæ, it was conjectured that the respective levels of the sea and land had then undergone some material change.

Tradition records that on one occasion the islanders fled for refuge to the larger of these caves when there was a threatened invasion of Danish pirates, who formerly infested these coasts. Their hiding-place was however discovered, and an inhuman practice, often resorted to in those times, was adopted, of burning a quantity of straw or fern at the entrance of the cave, till the smoke with which it was soon filled suffocated the wretched inmates, whose bones are said still to remain beneath a heap or mound at the furthest end of the cave, where they had congregated together in the agonies of death. This story bears a strong resemblance to that told of the celebrated cave of Eigg, in Skye; and as both are founded on tradition, each may have an equal claim to truth. But it appears from a passage in Coxe's history of Ireland (vol. i. p. 73), that this was a practice frequently adopted, for in the reign of Edward I. A.D. 1274, "the islanders and Scots made an incursion into Ireland, burning several towns and villages, killing every one they could get, and carrying off vast booty. Soon after, Richard de Burgo and Sir Eustace le Poer entered the islands, and burnt the cottages, slew all they met, and smoked out those that hid themselves in caves, after the manner of smoking a fox out of his earth."



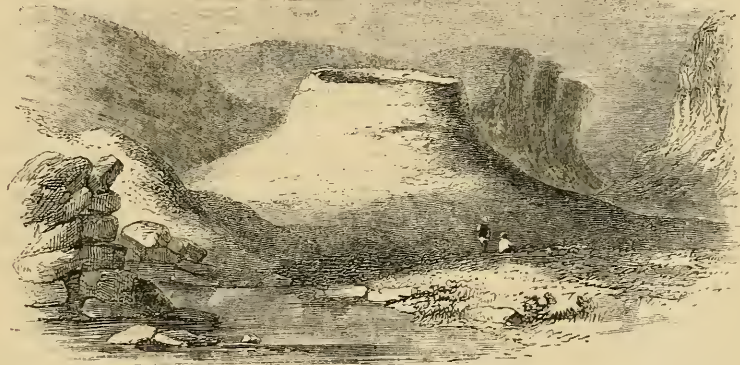
Bruce's Cave, Rathlin Island.

On the east coast of the island, about a quarter of a mile south of Bruce's Castle, is a large cave, capable of containing about a hundred men, and easily accessible by land. It is called Bracken's Cave, from the quantity of bracken or fern which grows plentifully in the crevices of the rock, covering the roof and sides with its graceful foliage. On the outbreak of the rebellion in 1798, this cave was fixed upon by several emissaries of the rebels, as a convenient spot for holding secret meetings, with the view of inducing the people of Rathlin to take part with them. One of the most successful of these agents sent from the main land was Thomas Russell, who was afterwards hanged for treason, and who, under the pretence of examining the geological structure of the island, held frequent conversation with the people, endeavouring to persuade them to join the ranks of the rebels, and during one of these meetings he succeeded in persuading some hundreds of them to take the oath of the United Irishmen, pledging themselves to aid in the destruction of eretics, and as ar as possible, to advance the cause of freedom. Before taking the oath, however, they insisted on an additional clause being added to it, freeing them from any obligation to injure their landlord or his family, and declaring that nothing would induce them to do so. This, after some demur, was granted, and the oath was administered to the multitude assembled in the cave. It was agreed upon, that when the proper time should arrive for joining the rebels on the main land, an old vessel which was lying in Ballycastle dock should be set on fire as a signal, and boats were held in readiness to convey

them across the channel. The people watched for the signal, which they earnestly hoped might never be made, and their wishes on this point were gratified, as the rebellion was put down before their assistance was required, and their valour, which would probably have shown itself by running away on the first opportunity, was happily not put to the test.

Many of the caves along the coast have been well-known resorts of smugglers, who abounded at the close of the last, and commencement of the present century. One of these is situated on the range of limestone cliffs, a short distance south of the Bull point, and opposite the Ballycastle coast. It is difficult of access, but can be entered either from the sea or the land, the passage to it being along the ledge of a fine limestone rock, called Tholavie, a pillar of which stands boldly out beyond the small aperture, so that an unpractised eye could not discover it amidst the masses of rock with which it is surrounded. The entrance is not sufficiently wide to admit more than one person at a time, but the apartment beyond is spacious and lofty, large enough to contain fifty or sixty people. A few years ago this cave was explored, and in a remote corner was found a quantity of turf partly burned, which must have remained in that state for a very great length of time. A number of bones were also strewed about, probably the relics of food. From its situation, it would form an admirable landing-place, as it might easily be defended by one man against a hundred invaders.

Vessels engaged in the smuggling trade were, of course, often hovering about Rathlin. On one occasion a craft of this description was quietly lying at anchor in Archill Bay on the east side, when a revenue cutter appeared in sight, rounding the point of Tor on the Irish coast. The smugglers were all asleep except the watch, who quickly gave the alarm, when they all rushed on deck and got the vessel under weigh. By this time the cutter was fast closing upon them, and in her eagerness to secure the prize, she chased the smuggler three times round the island, both vessels exerting their utmost skill, the islanders looking on from the summit of



The Mound, Rathlin Island (see page 558).

the cliffs, and of course sympathising with the fugitive.

At length the cutter began to gain upon the smuggler, whose capture seemed inevitable, when the crew suddenly ran their vessel behind a rock on the north side of the island, which stands so near the cliff that there was only sufficient room to admit the vessel, while the depth of the water prevented any risk of grounding. The anchor was thrown on the rock, and the top-mast instantly lowered, by which means the smuggler was effectually concealed, while the cutter continued tacking backwards and forwards, unable to account for the sudden disappearance of the vessel.

Night came on, and the pursuit was abandoned, when the smugglers crept out of their hiding-place and escaped.

The only quadrupeds, with the exception of the domesticated animals, in Rathlin, are the common hare, which is abundant, and those universal pests of society—rats and mice. Wild cats are said to have formerly inhabited the limestone rocks in Church Bay, living on mice, birds, and eggs; but no traces of such animals can now be discovered.

There are neither frogs, toads, lizards, nor serpents of any kind found here, for which exemption it is popularly supposed we are indebted to St. Patrick, who

> Made the frogs jump through the bogs,
> And scattered all the varmint.

In former years the seal frequented Church Bay and other parts of the island in considerable numbers; now, however, for some unknown cause, it is rarely seen, and only at those periods when the quantity of fish is unusually abundant. It is difficult to capture, and has often made its escape when severely wounded. There are many varieties of cuttlefish, sea-urchins, actiniæ, and other marine animals. Some are caught on the long line in deep water, and others are found among the seaweed in the rocky pools left by the ebbing tide. The variety of marine shells is not great, owing, it is supposed, to the rocky nature of the coasts, and the heavy surf which breaks upon it, so that any

shells which might be drifted in are soon destroyed.

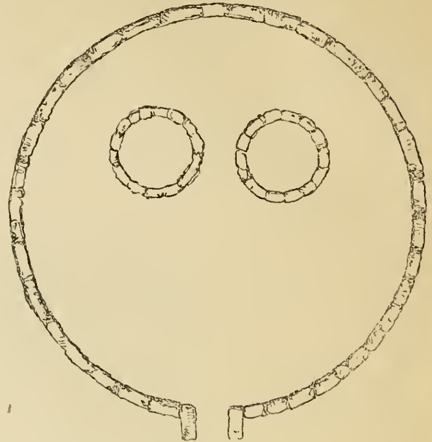
From the external appearance of Rathlin, exposed on every side to the wild sea-breeze, and devoid of trees, with the exception of those which have been planted in sheltered situations, the list of plants might be expected to be very few, and those of the hardiest species. There are, however, about two hundred varieties, amongst which are a few of the most interesting of the British plants not found in more sheltered and inland situations. Notwithstanding the absence of natural wood at present there is no doubt that trees once abounded in Rathlin. Roots of the fir and oak have frequently been dug out of the bogs, and quantities of hazel nuts, bearing marks of having been long buried in the peat, are also found. In the following list of plants the systematic arrangement of Withering is chosen in preference to that adopted by later botanists.

There are a few relics of ancient times still remaining in Rathlin which leave no doubt of its having been inhabited at a very early period by a race which, in all probability, had its existence during the times of Pagan superstition before Christianity became known in these countries. The remains of raths or forts, stone circles, sepulchral monuments, ornaments of various kinds, together with stone and iron weapons which have been discovered from time to time, prove that even this secluded spot was not uninhabited at a period when it might have been overlooked from its remote situation and few natural advantages.

Dr. Wilde, the author of the "Boyne and Blackwater," gives an interesting account of the different tribes who formerly inhabited Ireland, and of these the "Tuatha de Danaans" were the most remarkable, being often alluded to in ancient Irish historical tales as famous for their knowledge of arts and especially magic, with which the other tribes were unacquainted. To these people Dr. Wilde thinks we may attribute the workmanship of the bronze or antique metal ornaments and weapons so generally found over the country, and now swelling the National Collection at the Royal Irish Academy in Dublin.

Amongst the remains of this ancient race still to be found on the island is a mound or fort, situated at a short distance from the cliffs on the northern side, and about a mile and a half from the western extremity. It commands an extensive view on all sides, and is of an oval form, the diameter on the top measuring 156 feet by 105. It was fortified by a wall built of dry stone, from nine to ten feet in thickness, of which the foundation remains. There was also within this wall another building, measuring thirty-nine feet by ten, and the whole seems to have been erected with a view to security and strength. A similar mound, though of a smaller size, occurs nearly opposite to the one just described, facing the Irish coast. The positions of both may be seen by referring to the map.

Near Doon Point, on the east side of the island, are the remains of a circle which may be distinctly traced on an elevated piece of ground commanding a good view of the surrounding scenery. It formed a wall three feet in thickness and 100 feet in diameter, and the entrance appears to have been at the north, as two granite stones, about



Circle of Stones, Rathlin Island.

three feet in height, are placed there, with a space of four feet between them, and two smaller circles towards the southern extremity may be distinctly traced within the larger one. The accompanying plan will give some idea of the form of this structure, of which two or three others occur in different parts of the island, but are less distinct in their appearance.

An opinion has long existed that these raths or mounds are of Danish origin, but all antiquaries now agree in believing them to have been pagan structures, erected by the Tuath de Danaan and Milesian tribes, and constructed long prior to the first Danish invasion of Ireland. What the object of their erection was, whether as dwellings or sepulchral mounds, is not accurately known; but it is conjectured that they were the fortified residences of the chiefs or kings (for in those rude ages the terms were synonymous), and not unfrequently these ancient forts were found to contain a central subterranean chamber and passages, in all probability for the purposes of security, and to serve as granaries.

A little more than half a century ago, a number of tumuli were opened in a field which had been newly enclosed, a short distance from the shore of Church Bay. Several skeletons were found in rude coffins, composed of slabs of rough stone placed edgewise, with a covering of the same material. In one of these graves was found, together with the remains, a silver fibula of good workmanship, and a number of beads, which were presented to the museum of Trinity College, Dublin. Urns, containing ashes and calcined bones, were in several instances placed close to the graves, and a number of brazen spear-heads were dug up in different parts of the field. The urns were of baked clay, with various patterns wrought on them; they were circular in form, and very similar in appearance to one which was found in a tumulus near Dublin, a few years ago. It was extremely difficult to preserve them entire, as they were generally broken, or fell to pieces in the attempt to remove them from the earth. Over

the grave in which the fibula and beads were found, stood a large slab of limestone, somewhat resembling a modern tombstone in shape and size, but without any inscription or ornament whatever. It was probably placed there when the body was interred, to mark the grave of some chieftain or remarkable person, and it is regarded with some degree of veneration by the islanders, who would not on any account remove or displace it. In a field at a little distance, another of these ancient tombs was discovered a few years ago, by some labourers who were employed in digging the foundation of a wall, and on removing the stone which covered it, there was found with the skeleton an urn containing ashes, and an iron sword, which crumbled away soon after being exposed to the air. The skull bore evident marks of having been fractured by some blunt weapon; and the state of preservation in which the bones were found may perhaps be attributable to the nature of the soil, which was a dry limestone shingle, in which very little moisture is retained, but which, when manured with sea-weed, produces excellent crops of corn and potatoes.

Flint arrow-heads, and stone weapons, besides bronze and silver ornaments, of various shapes and sizes, have been found scattered over different parts of the island. A crescent-shaped ornament, of pure gold, having a small cup at each end, of about an inch in diameter, was turned up by the plough in a field near Ushet Point, a few years ago. The gold was valued by a jeweller at ten pounds.

There is a curious romantic tale in the Irish language, preserved among the manuscripts in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, entitled, "The Adventures of Comgall Long-nails, Prince of Ulster," in which mention is made of a King of Rachran, or Rachlin, who belonged to the Tuatha de Danaan race, so famous for magical arts. The story has been translated, and is as follows:

"Comgall Long-nails, Prince of Ulster, was affianced to Taise Taebgel (the gentle white-haired), daughter of Ridoun, King of Rachraun, now Rachlin Island. The marriage ceremony was not, however, completed at that time, owing to a dispute which sprung up between Comgall and another Ultonian prince, touching their respective rights to rule the principality. In the mean time, Nabgodon, King of Norway, heard of the fair daughter of Ridoun, and proposed marriage to her, but she rejected him, because of her previous engagement with Comgall. Nabgodon was not, however, to be put off with this denial: he equipped a strong fleet, and sailed directly for Rachraun, with the intention of carrying the princess off to Norway and making her his wife; but Comgall having got information of his purpose, and having been defeated by his more powerful rival at home, determined first to sail to Rachraun and rescue the princess from the snare which was laid for her, and having made her his wife, he would leave Erin, and seek other adventures."

Then follows a long description of the claims of the rival chieftains and their respective merits, which, as it bears no relation to the principal events of the story, may be omitted. The description of Comgall's visit to Rachraun, and the meeting of the lovers, is taken from the 17th page of the tract.

"Comgall now summoned before him the chiefs of his people and his faithful followers, and took counsel with them what he should do. They all advised him to leave Erin, and wait for a more favourable time to recover his kingdom.

"'Let us leave it, then,' said Comgall, 'and let us repair to the court of Ridoun, that I may assist in protecting his daughter, and take her for my wife.'

"Ridoun had by this time received true information of the approach of Nabgodon, and his people said to him, that he should not remain alone in his own island to await the coming of the Norwegians, for that no power of Druidism or secret magic (Ridoun was of the Tuath de Danaan race) could possibly save him without other aid.

"'Then,' said Ridoun, 'I will go to Comgall, and urge him to come with his chiefs and defend his wife against the Norwegians, since I am not powerful enough of myself to protect her, and a dark Druidical mist cannot save us.'

"He then left the island, and sailed away to meet Comgall The Irish prince had just finished the repairs of his ships and marshalled their crews, when he perceived a lone canoe coming towards them over the billows of the sea, and one brave, beautiful man in it. They continued to observe the vessel for some time, and at last Comgall said:

"'I know the champion in the boat: he is Ridoun, the son of Iomchad, and he is coming to invite me to my marriage feast.'

"Ridoun directed his boat towards Comgall's ship, and saluted him in these words:

"'Whither do you steer with this fleet, O Comgall?'

"'To your court,' answered Comgall.

"'I am well pleased that you go there,' said Ridoun, 'because we are threatened with the visit of a more powerful fleet than yours.'

"'What fleet is that?' asked Comgall.

"'It is,' replied Ridoun, 'that of Nabgodon, King of Norway, who demanded my daughter in marriage, but I gave her not, as she was your wife, and he is now coming with a great force to carry her off from me; you had therefore better come yourself, and protect her.'

"'Then,' said Comgall, 'go thou before us, O King, and prepare for the reception of these nobles, who are to accompany me, and tell the Princess that I will defend her against Nabgodon; for if he should attempt to take her, he shall fall by my hand.'"

Ridoun then took his leave, and went before them to his own court. He was soon followed by Comgall and his men, who, on their arrival, were received with regal pomp and entertained with magnificent hospitality in a great palace which had been built for the reception of Comgall outside the ramparts of the king's own fortified palace.

Then said Ridoun to Comgall, "You may now order your banqueting-hall, and set your people in their respective places."

Comgall did so, and he then said, "Speak thou, O Druid, and tell us how the court shall fare this night."

"This," said the Druid, "is what I have often foretold. Your foes are powerful, and will use every effort for your destruction : you are therefore bound to guard your court well and vigilantly."

"It shall be done," they all replied with one voice; "for let Nabgodon come with ever so strong a force, we shall defeat him."

This announcement was received with a loud shout by Ridoun's men : then did Comgall assume his kingly place in the court, and he said to one of his chiefs—

"Good, O Fergus! Where will you take your seat this night?"

"I will sit in the northern seat," answered Fergus, "because, should Nabgodon arrive, it is at the northern port he will enter."

So Fergus sat in the northern champion's seat. And Muirehead Mergach (Murray the rusty), son to the King of Scotland, sat in the other champion's seat opposite Fergus. And Anadal, the heroic, Prince of Kerry, with 300 warriors of his own tribe (who were all in political exile from their own country), took up their position at the door nearest to Comgall in the court. Then came Crimthan, the victorious son of Fergus, and Carbery Conganenes, son of Carbery Crone, to the other door. Ridoun sat on Comgall's right, with the chiefs of Rachraun behind him, and Taise Taebgel, with her train of maidens behind her, was placed at the other side of Comgall. Frachna the poet, and Fraoch, the Druid, also sat in Comgall's presence ; and although they had some dread of the expected invasion, they did not the less make merry at their cups, their music, and their conversation.

While these events were taking place in Rachraun, Nabgodon was sailing southwards with a well-appointed fleet and an army of chosen men who were resolved to accomplish their purpose, or die.

The details of the voyage, the landing of the Norwegians on the island, and their attack on Ridoun and Comgall, are given at such full length in the original, that if translated here they would fill seven dozen pages. Suffice it to say, that after many heroic acts on the part of the defenders, they were, after a long and bloody struggle, victorious ; the Norwegians were repulsed with great slaughter, and Comgall and his fair bride, having had the good fortune to recover their territory, were the progenitors of a long line of princes, who for many years afterwards reigned in Ulster.

With reference to the foregoing story, it is interesting to find that there is some confirmation in history of at least one of the principal characters mentioned in it. At the celebrated burying-ground at Clonmacnoise there is a carved tombstone, of which an engraving is given in Dr. Petrie's essay on the round towers of Ireland, and which bears the following inscription in the Irish character :

A prayer for Conaing, son of Comgall, Prince of Ulster.

If this Conaing is the son of the hero of the story, he must have abjured the Druidism of his ancestors and embraced Christianity, which had probably begun to spread in different parts of Ireland; for, on referring to the Irish annals, the death of Conaing, son of Comgall, King of Teffia (or Ulster), is recorded as having taken place in the year 822, before which time St. Columba had established a church here, which was, however, destroyed by the Danes, as recorded by the four masters in the year 790.

Clonmacnoise was a celebrated burying-place of the Ulster princes, and on the same tomb is the name of another prince of Ulster, who died A.D. 979. The upper inscription—that of the son of Comgall—is obviously older and contemporaneous with the carving on the stone, which agrees with the early date of his death as recorded in the Irish annals.

At a very early period it appears that Rathlin was one of those islands which was selected as the residence of the first Christian teachers who came to Ireland : and in the Irish annals there is a list of the bishops and abbots of Rathlin, commencing with the name of Segenius, Abbot of Iona, as the first who built and established a church in the island, A.D. 630, although St. Comgall, Abbot of Bangor (county of Down), had attempted to place a colony of monks here about the latter end of the preceding century, but apparently without success, for, as his biographer says, "When St. Comgall would have built a cell in the isle named Rachrain, there came thirty soldiers, who, holding his hands, drove him out." St. Columba, who appears to have had a partiality for remote islands, did not overlook Rathlin in his peregrinations through Ireland, previous to his settling down in Iona. His biographer, Adamnan, relates of him that—"When he was sojourning in the island Rachlin (Rachrea), a certain peasant named Luigne (Looney), very much deformed, came to him to complain that his wife hated him, and made his life miserable. The saint called the wife before him, and, admonishing her of her duty, asked her why she made herself so disagreeable to her husband. She answered that she would obey the saint in everything else, but she could not live with Looney ; she was ready to go into a nunnery rather than continue his wife, for her soul abhorred him. The saint answered :

"This cannot be so long as thy husband liveth —they whom God hath joined together cannot by man be put asunder : but come, let us three—thou, thy husband, and I—fast and pray the Lord for this one day."

To this they consented. The wife and husband fasted and prayed with the saint for that day, and then he said to the woman on the following morning :

"O woman, wilt thou now say as thou didst yesterday, that thou desirest to separate from thy husband, and enter a nunnery?"

She answered : "Now I know that thy prayer has been heard of the Lord, for him whom I detested yesterday I now love. This night—I know not how—my heart has been changed from hatred to love."

And so it was, that from that day to her death, she continued a most loving and faithful wife to her husband.

THE SETTLERS OF LONG ARROW.

A Canadian Romance in Thirty-one Chapters.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Among the many enjoyments felt after recovering from a long illness is the freedom from all the harassing anxieties and responsibilities of healthy and active life which is given to us for a while. They seem to have been swept away in the struggle between life and death, leaving behind a calm repose of mind, dream-like in its evanescent and placid beauty, yet childlike in its susceptibility of every external pleasure and every emotion of joy. But this cannot last for long. With restored strength and health come a train of cares and duties from which for that brief interval weakened nature had been absolved, and the short sabbath of rest is succeeded by all the toil and strife of the work-day world.

As soon as she was capable of exertion, Helen began to reflect on the mode of life which lay before her. She could not, of course, bear to be indebted to Keefe for shelter and support, a moment longer than was absolutely necessary, but how she was to earn an independent livelihood was a question not easily answered. The only relation of whom she knew anything, was a half-sister of her mother's, living in Quebec, a widow, with a large jointure, and only one son, a handsome woman, lively, agreeable, and fond of society. She had always professed to feel a great deal of affection for Helen, but as she was vain, frivolous, and worldly, she was not a favourite with Mr. Lennox, and he did not encourage any more intimacy between her and his daughter than their relationship rendered necessary; nor was it possible for any real affection to exist between two characters so opposite as the selfish, artificial, conventional Mrs. Coryton and the simple Helen Lennox.

But there was another reason besides the want of esteem which, in itself, would have prevented Helen from applying to her aunt for assistance. Francis Coryton had made her to understand that he was very much in love with her, and that if she chose to give him sufficient encouragement he was ready to offer her his hand.

But she, far from having any inclination to do so, always treated him with so much indifference that when she left Quebec he determined to punish her by forgetting her as speedily as possible. That he would find it easy enough to conquer his fancy for her, Helen never doubted, but she was determined, at any rate, not to give him a chance of supposing she wished to renew their intimacy; so she resolved not to write to her aunt till she had decided on some plan of

life which might show Mrs. Coryton that she was not dependent on her aid. Of course, like most women similarly circumstanced, the first thing she thought of was a school, but to establish one even on the humble scale suited to Long Arrow, some money would be necessary, and she was absolutely penniless. Still she possessed two articles of value, which she thought might be converted into money; her watch and a diamond brooch, both of which had fortunately been on her when she escaped from the wreck. The brooch contained the hair of her parents, and with it she felt she could never part, but the watch might be sacrificed, though not without a pang, for it was her father's gift, and had shared with her those happy days, when his affection and the pleasures she enjoyed with him, made for her a world large and bright enough to satisfy all her desires.

One morning when she was sitting with Mrs. Wendell, Helen knitting a shawl for her kind nurse of those home-spun and home-dyed worsteds of which the American housekeepers usually have good store, and Mrs. Wendell making raspberry vinegar, Helen said:

"I am quite well now, Mrs. Wendell, and almost as strong as ever; I must not live in idleness any longer."

Mrs. Wendell turned her keen, sharp face towards Helen, but said nothing.

"I have thought of setting up a school," continued Helen; "do you think I should get any pupils? I would not charge much, of course, and I would take great pains with them."

Still Mrs. Wendell looked at her with a curious expression of doubt and hesitation visible on her face, and made no reply.

"Why don't you tell me what you think of my plan, Mrs. Wendell? Are you afraid I should not succeed? Perhaps you think me more helpless than I really am. At all events I should like to try, and if the school doesn't pay very well, I must help it out with needlework. I must manage to support myself some way or other."

"I guess you are right," said Mrs. Wendell, shortly.

"And you think I'll get pupils, do you?"

"Oh, I guess so; but I reckon you haven't got much notion what sort they'll be. I haven't lived among aristocrats myself, but I've known them that did, and I've read something about them in books, so I have some idea of their ways and notions, and I'm feared our folks may not suit you."

"But you needn't be afraid," said Helen, smiling; "I had a Sunday-class of poor children when I lived in Quebec, and I often visited them at their homes, so that I'm not so ignorant about them as you seem to imagine."

"Well, human nature and children's nature is the same all the world over, I do suppose; but still there's a difference. As I understand, the people in the large cities are more like the old country by a deal than we that live in the back settlements. I expect these poor children you talk of were taught, as they say in the English Church Catechism, to order themselves lowly and reverently to all their betters, meaning every one that has a finer house and richer clothes, and grandfathers that were gentlemen; they thought you a grand lady who was doing them a wonderful honour in condescending to teach them, and, no doubt, were made to believe that it was their duty to be humble and submissive to you, under pain of disgrace in this world and everlasting punishment in the next.

"I am sure I never taught them any such thing," said Helen; "my father always strongly impressed upon me ideas totally at variance with such doctrines."

"I didn't say *you* taught them, child; I am sure you never taught them anything that wasn't true, but I guess them that have to earn their living by pleasing those who think the world and the poor folks in it were only made for their use and convenience, must learn it, or at least the pretence of it, which answers as well. But the children here would not be like your Sunday-school children. Their fathers and mothers teach them that this is a fine country, where everyone is as good as his neighbour, and then they needn't take off their hats to the king, if he came in their way, or make a curtsey to the queen unless they liked it. We're all the one sort here, all living by our labour, all working together, and not one a bit better than the other, except it may be Squire Hubbs, who has a little more money, and has seen a little more of the world than the rest, and Mr. Dillon, who had always something about him far above every one else in these parts. His father, I am told, was a gentleman of estate in Ireland. The rest of the people are as different from what you've been used to as an iron spoon from a silver one."

"I ifthey were only like you, Mrs. Wendall," said Helen.

"Well, dear, I ain't much to speak of with regard to manners and book learning, but I can read my bible, and I hope I can understand it, and there ain't many here can say as much. They'll be civil to you in their way, no doubt, but it won't be such as you are used to; they'll make no more of you than if you were one of themselves, except that your pretty looks and nice ways may get you a little more thought of by any among us that have wit enough to value them. They're mostly rough, and coarse, and ignorant, and some among them never heard a prayer said in their lives, and their children can't be anything else but rude and wild, and hard to manage, poor things."

"I expect plenty of trouble," said Helen, "I know it will be rough work at first, but I hope that if I do my best it will grow smooth by degrees."

"Well, it will, if you keep cool and steady, and don't let yourself be scared by dirty clothes, and stubborn tempers, and rough ways among the children, and free manners and coarse language in the parents. They may be a little stiff with you at first, when they find out you are so different from them, or anything they've been used to; but they will soon see it's not your nature to show scorn or disdain to any one, and that your heart's full of kindness to every living thing; they'll know the good you're doing their

children, and they'll give you a true honest love and regard, with all the bowing and curtseying and lip-honour you ever received in your richest days, fairly deserved and freely given."

"Indeed I will try to deserve it," said Helen, earnestly.

"God bless you, child, I know you will," said Mrs. Wendell.

"But before I can begin I must have a little money, Mrs. Wendell. I must have some clothes, and though I shall get the plainest and cheapest, they will cost something. Then I must take a little house, and furnish it. I know you will help me to do everything in the cheapest manner, but some money is indispensable; so I have thought of selling my watch and chain. They cost a hundred guineas, but I would gladly sell them for quarter the sum; perhaps Mr. Hubbs would buy them; he would be sure of getting much more than I would expect him to give me for them, in any of the large towns.

"Well, it's a pity to sell your watch, it is a real pretty one, and I know it keeps first-rate time. You hadn't ought to part with it, Miss Lennox; and why need you? There's Mr. Dillon would be only too glad to let you have all the money you want; and you might pay it back whenever you could."

"Yes, I am sure he would lend it," said Helen, "but I would rather not borrow from any one. I would rather, too, that you wouldn't say anything about it to Mr. Dillon."

"If you are afraid that he would presume on any assistance he might have it in his power to give you, you know very little of Keefe Dillon," said Mrs. Wendell; "there's not a more generous and unselfish heart than his on earth."

"I am sure of that," said Helen; "but still I don't wish him to know anything of this till it is all settled. Promise me that you won't tell him:" —and she looked anxiously up at Mrs. Wendell, who was closely examining her countenance.

"Well, Miss Lennox, I suppose you know best; I promise."

"And now about the watch," said Helen; "do you think Mr. Hubbs will buy it?"

"We can but try. However, dear, he's a close and a hard hand at a bargain. I guess he'll try to get it as cheap as he can."

"They talk about cunning Yankees, but I reckon it would take considerable of them to outwit that one Englishman. I'm feared he won't give half its value."

"We can't help that, Mrs. Wendell; we must take what he'll give."

"Well, I'll take it down to him this afternoon, and see what he'll say."

"Will you, Mrs. Wendell?" exclaimed Helen. "Oh, how kind of you! I did not know how to ask such a favour, though I hated to go myself: yet this is a bad way of proving that I am able to help myself, and meet the difficulties I shall have to encounter with courage and cheerfulness. Directly an opportunity of showing my strength comes, see how glad I am to throw the burden on another instead of bearing it myself, as I ought to do."

"Never mind, dear, there's no need to walk through the river when there's a boat at hand ready to take you over," said Mrs. Wendell; "you'll have plenty of chances to prove your energy by-and-by, I guess, so you needn't fret after this one."

Mr. Trafalgar Hubbs, for he bore that high-sounding appellation, was the son of a bankrupt tradesman, and had carried very little money to the new world to be the seed of that large fortune which he purposed making; but he had a large capital of worldly wisdom; with this, however, he contrived to get on much better than most emigrants possessing a hundredfold more tangible wealth; and his prudence, energy, and industry seemed to increase in proportion to his means of displaying them.

Though not many years in Canada he already possessed a couple of the best farms in the settlement; had built a saw and grist mill, which was paying largely; and had also established a general store at Long Arrow, which defied all competition. This store was close to one of the wharfs. It was a frame-house, divided into three apartments, and a loft overhead, to which there were two modes of gaining entrance, one a trap-door from the shop, the other a flight of steps from the outside of the house. Mr. Hubbs's name, in bright letters, was painted over the door, which, with the window-sashes, was of green; the house was a deep red. On each side of the entrance stood piles of patent pails, heaped up nearly as high as the roof; corn-brooms, spades, and rakes rested beside them, and sickles, cradles, and scythes were also displayed there. The shop was arranged inside with great order and neatness, in spite of its heterogeneous contents. On one side were drawers containing all the miscellaneous articles comprehended under the term groceries, and hogsheads of sugar, barrels of flour, bags of peas and Indian meal, firkins of butter, cheese, hams, and barrels of pork were ranged beneath; on the opposite side were shelves filled with muslins, calicoes, linens, and woollens; strings of straw hats and bonnets, bundles of hosiery, shoes, and boots hung from the ceiling; delft, earthen, and metal ware filled up the back of the shop; while the windows were garnished with such articles as he judged would prove most tempting to the eye, not forgetting bull's eyes, candy, apples, and cakes of maple sugar, to attract the younger members of the community.

Mr. Hubbs was a middle-aged man, but he evidently thought himself still young and handsome, and took pains to make other people think so to. He had a cold, keen, supercilious expression. There was a great deal of vulgar self-importance and vanity in his manner; but he was not without his good points, and he took at least as much pride in possessing that sturdy honesty and probity, which Englishmen love to consider their national characteristics, as in his hard-earned acquisitions, and the talents which had obtained them.

When Mrs. Wendell reached the store she found its master sitting on a chair beside the door, reading a "Times" newspaper. She was one of his best customers, so he addressed her in a very gracious tone.

"Good day, Mrs. Wendell; how do you find yourself?"

"Well, I'm in good health, sir, I thank you; how do you get along?"

"Oh, very well, Mrs. Wendell, I've nothing to complain of. And how is the young lady?"

"Well, she's pretty smart, now."

"That's all right. But you've had some considerable trouble with her."

"Well, the only trouble I had was the fear of her death. Folks like her bring blessings with them wherever they go."

"Ah, is that the way you take it? Then I suppose you will have no objection to her remaining with you altogether. Some people say that's likely to happen.

"What's likely to happen, sir?"

"That she and Mr. Dillon will make a match."

"It's the first I ever heard of it. I thought you were too wise to put faith in idle gossip, Mr. Hubbs."

"Ah, well, Mrs. Wendell, I only say what I hear. But if Mr. Dillon's not going to marry her, what is she going to do? Is she going back to her friends in Quebec?"

"I guess all the friends she had worth speaking about went when she lost her father, except Him that never deserts the fatherless. No, she ain't going to Quebec; she means to set up a school here, for she's a fine scholar."

"Has she got any money?"

"She has no more than she'll need, I dare say, sir; but here's a gold watch and chain that she wishes to sell, and I thought you might buy it, Mr. Hubbs."

Mr. Hubbs took it, and examined it closely.

"It is a valuable watch," he said.

"Well, she told me her father paid a hundred guineas for the watch and chain in London."

"She doesn't expect to get that sum here for them, I suppose, does she?" asked Mr. Hubbs.

"Mr. Hubbs, you are a sensible man, and you know the value of the watch and chain, and how much it's worth to you; you're a honest man, too, so you just let me know what you're willing to give for it."

"Why, you see, Mrs. Wendell, if I bought it, it would be to sell again, for I have a gold watch already as good as I want to use, and there's always a risk in dealing with such expensive articles. But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll advance the young lady ten pounds upon it, if she likes to leave it with me. If I sell it, as I expect I shall the next time I go to New York, I'll give her as much more as I get for it, and ask nothing for my trouble. You can tell her this, and let me know how she decides."

Mrs. Wendell quietly acquiesced, and was about to leave the store, when Mr. Hubbs stopped her.

"I've something else to say to you, Mrs. Wendell, that has just entered my mind. You know we've had no teacher in the school, since that rascal O'Brien went off; don't you think it would be better for Miss Lennox to take that situation, than to set up a school on her own account?"

"Well, it might be; but would she get it, do you think?"

"Certainly she would, if I recommended her. Her board and lodging would be paid for, and she would have thirty pounds a year without any further trouble. It's the best thing she can do."

"I dare say it is, sir," said Mrs. Wendell, "and I'll tell her what you say."

"Do so, Mrs. Wendell; she can board at Mrs. Prior's, I suppose. I dare say she'd be rather particular on that point. But you must make her understand what sort of children her pupils will be. I hope she won't be too much of a fine lady for them."

"Well, she's fine enough in some ways, no doubt," said Mrs. Wendell; "it's easy to see she never met with any coarseness and freedom, and guess she couldn't abide them; but she's got no foolish scorn and affectation in her nature, and wouldn't be above doing anything that she thought it her duty to do. She's as gentle, and simple, and sweet-tempered with me, as a little child; but under her quiet pleasant way, I can see she's got a mind and a will of her own, too deep, may be, for all folks to understand."

"She's a girl of sense, I conclude; well, I like her the better for that," said Mr. Hubbs patronisingly.

"It's beautiful to hear her read the Bible," continued Mrs. Wendell; "she reads it better than any minister I ever heard in my life, and she draws off a picture of anything she likes with a lead pencil, just like life only it ain't coloured, and I guess, she could colour it, too, if she had the paints."

"No doubt of it; and are she and Keefe Dillon very good friends? Of course, she can't forget that she owes her life to him; though, as I often say, his rashness hardly deserved his good fortune."

"Well, sir, there's times, when what wise folks call rashness is a brave heart's truest instinct, and following it makes all the difference between a common man and a hero. Miss Lennox said that the other day, and I think it's true."

"Miss Lennox said so, did she? She thinks Keefe a hero then, does she?"

"Well, she never named him when she said it, but it's not unlikely that she thought of him. I suppose no one would think the less of a brave and noble deed, because it was done for them; and, at any rate, Miss Lennox wouldn't; she feels she owes her life to Mr. Dillon, and she's that one would be grateful for a far less thing than that."

"Yes, I dare say, but gratitude often leads to something else, doesn't it?"

"If you mean marriage, Mr. Hubbs, I guess Miss Lennox is not the sort of girl it would be easy to please in a husband, and I reckon Mr. Dillon would be just as difficult to suit in a wife; as far as I can see, he seems to think no more of marriage than you do yourself, Mr. Hubbs."

Mr. Hubbs laughed complacently.

"Well, there's luck in leisure, they say, Mrs. Wendell; but perhaps Mr. Dillon intends going after his pretty little playfellow, Coral, one of these days; she'll be worth looking after, for I'm told her father is a rich man."

"Well, I'm sure I can't say, sir. Mr. Dillon don't say anything to me about it, or I to him. And, now, I'll wish you good evening, Mr. Hubbs."

"Good evening, Mrs. Wendell; I'll expect Miss Lennox's answer to-morrow."

"He seems to bother himself considerable about Miss Lennox," said Mrs. Wendell to herself as she walked home, "and he's not the sort that ever does anything from pure kindness. Well, I guess it ain't no matter. She's not for him, at any rate, whoever she's for."

CHAPTER XIX.

Helen gladly accepted Mr. Hubbs's offer about her watch, on condition that he agreed to make it altogether a business transaction, and kept for himself such a profit for his share in the matter, as he would have claimed from a perfect stranger. Finding that she would not entrust him with the watch on any other terms, Mr. Hubbs consented to do as she wished, though rather disappointed that she would not permit him to prove his disinterested desire to serve her; and then was somewhat consoled by learning from Mrs. Wendell that she was willing to undertake the District School if the people thought she would suit them. It was not without some timidity and hesitation that she had determined to do so, for she dreaded being obliged in that situation to come constantly in contact with people, whose rough and boisterous manners she could not help feeling repulsive and disagreeable; but it was some comfort to her to find that Mrs. Prior and her daughter, with whom Mr. Hubbs proposed she should board, were two quiet, elderly people, who held very little communication with their neighbours; and who, if not refined exactly according to the highest standard, shrank from anything morally coarse, or degrading, as much as she could do. Accordingly she sent her watch and chain to Mr. Hubbs, and begged Mrs. Wendell to lay part out of the ten pounds she was to receive from him, in such articles as she required, at his store.

After this, two or three days passed without her hearing anything more either of the school, or of Mr. Hubbs; but at the end of the week, she received a note from that gentleman, evidently written with very great care, informing her that she had been appointed school teacher, and begging to know if she would be ready to open school on the following Monday.

Towards sunset that evening, Helen took her knitting to the orchard, and sat down on a pretty rustic seat, made by Keefe from the roots of an old cherry tree, unrooted by the storm. He had trained a wild vine round it, which had grown luxuriantly, and now shed a most delicious fragrance from its thick blossoms.

Helen sat in the shadow of the vine leaves, and the sun's slanting rays fell softly at her feet, dancing round them as the leaves stirred in the light breeze. As the sun dropped nearer the horizon's edge, a few light vapours floating in the purple heaven were tinted by his radiance with the most gorgeous hues; and they, in turn, shared their borrowed splendour with the earth beneath.

Crimson and golden lights were mixed with soft purple shadows, blending in one another, and the subtle influence of the sweet evening dew, though scarcely to be seen or felt, woke in every flower, and aromatic herb, those delicious perfumes which lie folded in their beds during the scorching hours of day. Just opposite to her seat, the bees were returning to their homes from their daily work. Their low, monotonous humming had a pleasant soothing sound to the ear, like the quiet rippling of waters, the falling of sun showers on the thick leaves, or the cooing of doves among the trees, lulling the senses into a blissful dreamy reverie.

As she sat, Helen let her knitting drop idly on her lap, and her thoughts wander at will. So unconscious was she of anything but the scenes in which her fancy was roaming, that Keefe stood close at her side before she knew that he was near. He brought her a bunch of sweet wood-lilies, and Goldsmith's poems, which they had been talking about the preceding day. She praised the sweetness of the flowers, and fastened them in her dress; then opening the book, she looked for her favourite "Deserted Village," while Keefe threw himself on the grass at her feet, and they talked again of the poet so rich in fancy, and feeling, and poetic grace; so poor in all the prudent and practical faculties which make up what is called common sense, and who was a painful example that no genius, or goodness of heart, can prevent the laws which rule our physical well-being on earth from revenging themselves on those who slight them.

"Read me something," said Helen, putting the book into Keefe's hand.

"Edwin and Angelina" Keefe chose, for its sweet, natural simplicity, earnestness, and truth, found their way at once to his manly heart; for when the most elaborate and highly-wrought picture of fictitious, artificial emotions and sentiments will only move genuine, unsophisticated natures to ridicule and contempt; the simplest touch of real feeling never fails of finding from them a ready response. And never was there a more artless, honest, open son of nature than Goldsmith; therefore while there remain on earth hearts true to humanity, with all its virtues, its follies, and its weaknesses among them, will his writings be admired and loved. Helen sat watching the shadows flitting over the grass while Keefe read. He did not think of himself while he was reading, but of the tale he was telling, and he told it well; in such a manner as showed that he understood and felt its beauty. Helen was silent for a little while after he had finished; then she said:

"Has Mrs. Wendell told you that I am going to teach the District School?"

Keefe started.

"You!" he exclaimed; "she told me nothing. What do you mean?"

Helen told him all about it, and he listened while she was speaking, with strong though suppressed emotion.

"But do you know what the children you are going to teach are?" he asked when she paused. "Dirty, rude, untractable; how will you endure them? Consider, too, the confinement, the weary, monotonous toil; you have no idea what it would be; it would be death to you."

"Oh, no," said Helen, "it would do me a great deal of good, I hope. I shall improve the children, and, at all events, I shall have duties to perform which will prevent me from feeling my life useless."

Keefe did not answer; there was a minute's pause: then he suddenly jumped up, and muttering something about business which he had forgotten, and which must be immediately attended to, he walked out of the orchard. He left Helen surprised at his hasty and abrupt departure, and more anxious and uneasy lest anything she had said had offended him, than she liked to own.

She told herself again and again, that she had neither said nor done anything which ought to have displeased him, and that he had too much good sense to be annoyed with her, without she had given him some reason to be so; but she could not help thinking that he had hastened away to hide some vexation, to whatever it was owing; and just as little could she help feeling very much grieved that she should, however unintentionally, have wounded or displeased him; and if Keefe had wished to make her suffer, in return for the pain she had unconsciously given him, he could not have hit on a better method of doing so.

CHAPTER XX.

The next Sunday evening, Helen sat again alone in the vine arbour, but her looks were not so bright, nor did her thoughts seem so pleasant as the last time Keefe had found her there. She had not seen him since he had left her so abruptly Friday evening, and she was beginning to find out that when Keefe was away, everything seemed more dull and disagreeable than when he was present.

"There's a meeting down to the school-room to-night, Miss Lennox," said Mrs. Wendell, coming into the arbour, dressed in her best black silk bonnet and Sunday shawl; "ain't you coming?"

"No, Mrs. Wendell, my head aches, and the crowd and heat would make it worse. I'll stay here, in this cool fresh air, till you come back."

"Well, dear, just as you choose. We can say our prayers as well under the blue sky of heaven, made by God himself, as in any house ever made by the hands of man: the Saviour himself went into the garden and the mount to pray, and it always has seemed to me that His voice speaks plainer to us, through the grass and flowers of the field, and the little birds of the air, that he took his parables from, than through most of the ministers I hear."

"Yes," said Helen. "He seems to have loved every form of nature, and yellow corn-fields, fair lilies of the valley, the cedars of Lebanon, and the tiny herb at their feet, the sower sowing his seed, gardeners and husbandmen, the cherub faces of children, little birds, and harmless sheep; all group themselves round His image, and bring His words home to the hearts of the children of nature in every land."

"Well," said Mrs. Wendell, "this Elder Smith, that's to hold forth to-night, is a strong and powerful preacher, sharp and searching; he'd 'most make you believe the day of judgment was at hand, and that you saw the lightnings, and heard the thunder, and the sound of the trumpet already. I've heard folks fairly screaming and crying, under the terror of his words. But when I listen to him, Miss Lennox, I remember that the Lord was not in the earthquake, nor the tempest, nor the whirlwind, but in the still, small voice; and it seems to me that a few plain words on that text, 'We love Him, because He first loved us,' might turn more hearts to holiness, than all the wrath ever denounced against sinners."

"It is true," said Helen; "much of the preaching we hear might lead us to suppose that God hated the creatures He has made, rather than loved them, and is more calculated to make us regard Him as our tyrant than as our Father."

"That's it, dear; there's the mistake. God is our Father, and, as a father, loves his children; He loves us all. Now I must be going, if I don't mean to be late."

She had not gone far before a sudden thought occurred to her, and she returned to the arbour.

"Now don't you be staying out late in the dew, Miss Lennox, or you'll catch cold, and then what will Mr. Dillon say when he comes home?"

"Is Mr. Dillon gone from home?" asked Helen.

"Well, he's gone for three or four days. He started yesterday at daybreak. But I thought you knew. Didn't he tell you he was going?"

"No, he said nothing about it to me."

"Well, I expect he won't stay long; but mind what I say to you about going in before the dew falls, for if you're looking bad when he comes back he'll think I didn't take proper care of you."

"I don't need any more care, Mrs. Wendell," said Helen; "you have petted and indulged me too long. I must do without your kind care now."

"Indeed, child, such as it is, you'll always have it while you're near me. Why are you sitting here all alone, without a book for company? Come in and get a bible, or a hymn-book, or something to read, and don't sit thinking, thinking; oftentimes too much thought is bad for us."

"That's true, Mrs. Wendell," said Helen, trying to speak cheerfully. "I'll get a book, and then I shall not be alone while you are away."

She went for the book, but she did not read many lines; she was thinking too much of Keefe, wondering if he was really vexed with her, and if so, what it was that had annoyed him; or if something with which she had no connection could have made his manner when he left her so different from what it usually was. But she could not solve this problem to her satisfaction then, nor was she able to do so for many a day yet to come, though she gave it as much thought and anxiety as if it was something on which the fate of the universe depended, instead of the peace of mind of one young and sensitive heart. When Mrs. Wendell returned from meeting she found that Helen's headache was not any better, and that she had gone to bed. Next morning, however, in spite of headache or heartache, at nine o'clock, she opened her school. She had forty pupils, some of them young women of twenty, who scarcely knew the alphabet. There had been no teacher since O'Brien

had given up the school, and even when he was nominal teacher the children received very little of his time or attention, so that Helen found Mrs. Wendell and Keefe had not exaggerated the difficulties to be encountered. The scholars were totally undisciplined, almost incapable of mental exertion, coarse and rude in manners and language, dull and stupid at learning, though keen and quick enough in the common routine of their lives; in short, just such children as the poverty, ignorance, and low morality amidst which they lived might be expected to produce. Some of them were the children of parents who (as they phrased it) professed religion, who had sat under the preachings of pious brothers and elders, had gone through the agonies of the "New Birth," and standing up during "protracted meetings," had confessed their sins, related their experiences, and offered themselves to God; but the children of these regenerate Christians, though they had heard the names of God, and Christ, and the Holy Spirit, and felt a strange mingling of awe and slavish fear when the subject of religion was mentioned, had no clearer ideas on the subject of practical morality or social duties, no higher principles of action than their companions, and Helen afterwards discovered that their parents were not at all superior in conduct to their unconverted neighbours.

Conversion, she found, does not always mean reformation of life, nor does a profession of religion necessarily include purity of character. She soon, however, perceived the germs of much that was good in these wild denizens of the backwoods; they were almost all kind-hearted, honest, and obliging; many of them diligent and anxious to learn, so that, after the first few days of labour and anxiety were over, she began to look forward to the gradual establishment of order, industry, and a spirit of improvement, with some degree of hope and satisfaction. The school-house stood at the back of the village on the edge of a narrow ravine, and about fifty yards farther up the hollow stood the log-house in which Helen now resided. The sides of this hollow, sometimes sloping gradually, sometimes steep and broken, were clothed by a second growth of pine and birch, and through its bottom ran a swift little stream as clear as crystal. At one end of the log-house was a patch of garden ground in which grew a few gooseberries and currant bushes, some plants of rhubarb, and a few vegetables; and in a small space railed in in front a few hollyhocks, sunflowers, and bright-coloured poppies flaunted gaily over bushes of southernwood, sweetbriars, and rosemary, and beds of thyme, rue, mint, sage, and all the pot-herbs to be found in the land. Scarlet-runners and morning glories were trained round this little stoup, and all these fruit-trees, flowers, and vegetables were cultivated with the greatest care and neatness. This log-house consisted of two bedrooms and another apartment in which the family cooked and ate their meals. It was scrupulously clean and neat: the floors spotless, and the whitewashed wall stainless as new-fallen snow. In one corner of the kitchen was a large dresser of stained deal; the tables and a chest of drawers were of the same material; the chairs were gaudily painted, and a spinning-wheel and cooking-stove were also in the room. On the top of the dresser lay a large Bible, a few religious tracts and books, and a splendidly-flowered tea-tray; and on the walls hung two or three framed engravings, supposed to represent scenes from the life of Christ. Mrs. Prior and her daughter had known much sorrow, having lost all their near relatives, and been reduced from comfort and independence to hardships and want, nearly at the same time. They now supported themselves by spinning, knitting, and needlework, by the sale of vegetables and fruit from their little garden, and by the produce of their cow, which, during the summer months, found a living in the woods, and in winter was kept without charge by Keefe Dillon. Grief had made this lonely pair an easy prey to the delusions of fanatical Methodism, and gave a gloomy austerity to their countenances and manners. They were so much alike, and so little difference of age appeared between them, that they looked more like sisters than mother and daughter. They had once been handsome, but were now thin and sharp-featured, with tall, upright, bony figures; they always dressed exactly alike, wore black dresses made in a prim, scanty, antiquated fashion, and their hair—once raven black, now sprinkled with grey—was folded under their quaint muslin caps in close bands, beneath which their large, joyless, black eyes looked forth with a stern compassion on the cold world. Almost the first words they addressed to Helen were in the jargon of the sect, which they called the language of Canaan, but soon finding that she had no title, which they acknowledged, to fellowship with the saints, and that she stood in Egyptian darkness without the pale of the elect, they guarded themselves against contamination, by treating her with formal reserve, and contented themselves with showing a sense of her lost state by offering up prayers for her conversion, some of which she could not help hearing through the thin partition which divided her chamber from theirs.

Still, though ignorant and superstitious, they were honest and sincere, and Helen soon saw enough that was good in their characters to atone for their fanatical absurdities. Ere long too, their hearts, frozen as they were, thawed towards the beautiful and friendless stranger, whose grace and refinement they in some degree appreciated, and whose manners were yet so gentle, simple, and unaffected, and a kind tone of voice and more genial expression of face when they addressed her, marked the change.

The third evening after her school had been opened—when her day's task was over—Helen paid a visit to the shanty in which Con Doyle, his mother, and some younger brothers and sisters lived.

Owing to Keefe's kindness this shanty was more comfortable than such dwellings often are, the roof being whole and waterproof, the chinks well stopped and plastered, and it possessed a good earthen chimney and a boarded floor. But there were evident traces of the dirt and untidiness which extreme destitution never fails to produce; every thing it contained was in the greatest disorder,

and the children—rosy, healthy little urchins—were rolling on the floor with unwashed skins and unkempt hair. Con held the youngest child in his arms, and it was pleasant to see how tenderly the wild fellow nursed the little creature, and what pains he took to amuse her while she crowed in his laughing face with noisy glee. The mother was cooking Indian meal porridge for their supper.

Helen shook hands with Con, and, after noticing the other children, and especially the baby, she said:

"Con, I have bought you a new suit of full cloth; will you wear it for my sake?"

The boy coloured scarlet, and looked ingenuously up into her face.

"Is it for going to the wreck? It wasn't I; it was Keefe Dillon."

"You helped him," said Helen.

"It wasn't for your sake, Miss Lennox, it was for Mr. Dillon's, and I don't want to be paid for it."

"A suit of clothes would be a poor payment for a life, Con," said Helen, smiling. "I only wish to show you that I think you acted like a brave and noble boy, and that I'll never forget your conduct while I live. Won't you let me do that? Won't you take my present? It is not much, I know, but it is all I have to offer.

The light in which Helen had now placed her gift subdued Con at once.

"I'll take it as a present from you, then," he said, "and many thanks for it."

"Well, you are the kind girl to think of such a thing," said his mother. "It's a wonder to me how God puts it into the hearts of people to befriend us; and there's Mr. Dillon, the best friend of all. It's true what the boy says; it was to help Mr. Dillon he went to the wreck, and a good right he had, for only for him my boy would not be living to-day."

"How was that?" asked Helen.

"Well, it was just one day last winter, when he was driving a team on the ice, and horses and sleigh all broke in, and though half-a-dozen men were there at the time, some cried to save the horses, and never thought of the boy; and more were too flustered to know what to do, for they were mostly greenhorns, and I'd never have laid eyes on Con again, only Mr. Dillon happened to come up, and he soon knew what to do."

"I guess it wasn't every one could have done it," said Con. "The ice was awful bad, and it was crackling under him like rotten wood when he pulled me out of the hole; but he'd have lost his life that day or saved mine."

"That he would," said Mrs. Doyle, emphatically; "there ain't his equal from one end of America to the other."

"There ain't his equal in the world," said Con, "and I can't say a bigger word, could I, Miss Lennox?"

"I think not," said Helen, laughing; but perhaps she thought Con was not very much mistaken.

She had not gone far after leaving the shanty before Keefe's little terrier leaped up on her, jumping round and barking for joy, and the next moment she saw Keefe close behind her. Her face brightened with pleasure on seeing him, and when the friendly tone in which he spoke to her seemed to prove that he was not offended with her, a weight was suddenly removed from her heart.

"When did you come home?" she asked, as they walked on together.

"This morning. I went to look for two panthers that were seen in the woods last week, and had done some damage in the next settlement. I found them, and have brought home their ears!"

"Panthers!" exclaimed Helen. "Did you go alone to attack such savage beasts? Was it not very dangerous?"

"No, not to a good hunter; and I have had some practice. But if there were a little danger, it would only be an additional excitement. Backwoodsmen must not know fear. I suppose you are going to see Mrs. Wendell?"

Helen assented.

"And I am just on my way home; I am glad I met you."

"But I want to hear about the panthers," said Helen. "Are they often seen in these woods?"

"No, the only one I ever saw in this neighbourhood before was shot by Indian Louis, Coral's grandfather."

"Poor little Coral," said Helen; "I wonder how she likes her new home. It must seem to her like one of the changes in a fairy tale."

"Yes, but I don't know whether it will make her 'live happy ever after,' as the story says."

"Why not?" asked Helen.

"A life of city pleasures and luxuries must be as opposite to her nature as that of any wild deer of the woods. All the gay balls and fine jewels in the world could not give her half the joy she would feel in chasing the thistledown flying before the wind. She is a strange being, half sprite, half bird, partly child and angel; a life of rule and restraint, forms and conventionalities would be more hateful to her than death; and I fear she may be pining for the free woods, where she used to roam at will, for her canoe, which she paddled so skilfully over the lake, for all the wild joys of the forest life, which she loved with a natural love."

"And perhaps for her forest friends, too," said Helen.

"She had not many friends," said Keefe. "I think she loved her brother Denis, as she called him, and me, but she cared for no one else. It would be better for her if she could attach herself more easily to people, but it is not her nature, and those she is among now can have nothing in common with her; they will not understand her, and she will dislike them. I wish—"

"What do you wish?" asked Helen.

"That she had known you, Miss Lennox. She would have loved you, and you would have been good to her, and have used your influence over her, to make her happy. It seems to me now, that she was like some rare instrument thrown among those who did not understand it, and were incapable of using it, but which could give most

beautiful music to those who knew the mysteries of its delicate mechanism."

"But perhaps I might not have known how to awaken it," said Helen.

"Oh yes, you would. You have the answering music in your own soul. And that reminds me of the music I heard the night before last, when I was lying in the woods watching for the panthers. A high wind was tossing and swaying the tree tops far above my head, and the whole forest seemed one grand organ, the trees its mighty pipes, But if I dreamed any inspired dreams, or saw any celestial visions, that night, I was awakened from them rudely enough in the morning."

"How so?" asked Helen.

"By the panthers. I had found their den by their tracks, but it was so late in the evening when I got there, that I thought it likely they were out looking for food; so I made a great fire near the den, and waited till morning. Towards daybreak I let the fire go out, lest it should keep off the panthers, and I placed myself where I thought I should have the best aim, if they came to the den, as I expected. I had not waited long before one of them appeared, carrying a young fawn. He did not see me, so I was able to take very cool aim at him, and hit him in a mortal part. He fell dead at once, and I kept my rifle ready for his mate, for I thought she was behind him, when the breaking of a rotten branch made me look round, and there was the female panther, crouching on a tree close to the mouth of the den, just ready for her spring."

Helen shuddered.

"What did you do?" she said, eagerly.

"I acted from impulse, I believe, without much thought of what I was doing. It was not pleasant to see her blazing eye-balls, and I should not have been surprised if my shot had failed; but it did not. Just as she sprang I fired, and glad enough I was to see her roll over, and lie dead."

"And yet you said there was no danger?"

"Only a little now and then; enough to give zest to the sport," said Keefe, laughing. "However, I own I was well pleased to take their ears and come home conqueror."

"What are their ears for?" asked Helen.

Keefe laughed.

"I brought them home as trophies," he said; "bears' paws, elks' horns, eagles' talons, and the ears of wolves and panthers are our only trophies in these woods: we haven't even the dignity of a scalp-lock. We are like the old Berserkers, before they became Vikings; our heroism consists in felling forests and killing wild beasts."

"Some of you have a good share of the bravery and seamanship of the Vikings, I think, if you have not their practical propensities: I wonder if any of them would have dared as much to rescue a stranger from death as you did?" said Helen.

"Oh, that was nothing," said Keefe, "there's not a good sailor on the lakes wouldn't have done it. But there's Mrs. Wendell looking out for you."

Keefe always felt vexed when Helen made any allusion to his having saved her life; at such times he always fancied that gratitude was the only tie she acknowledged between them, and it was something far deeper and tenderer that he longed to receive from her; gladly would he have exchanged all the gratitude one human being could bestow on another for the smallest grain of spontaneous sympathy and liking. Highly as he estimated her perfections, he felt that his nature was of that true and noble manliness whose superiority every genuine woman involuntarily recognises, and he knew that his love for her was of that single, strong, and steadfast kind, which merited the same in return, but how could he hope that Helen would see all this, when it seemed to him that he had so little power of showing it. And then he resolved, as he had often done before, that he would yet do something which should prove his right to rank with the great men whom Helen so devoutly honored, and win from her at least approbation, if nothing more. But how to make or find an opportunity that might call out the latent powers he felt within him was the difficulty, a difficulty which the strength of circumstance usually renders insurmountable to all but the mightiest minds. Still he felt himself strong in courage and will to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield. Helen was joyfully welcomed by Mrs. Wendell, and the reception was not the less warm, because she was accompanied by Keefe. The good woman brought out her choicest preserves, sweet cake, and pies, spreading such a tea table of substantial dainties as is never to be seen out of America, and she seemed to find the most intense satisfaction in pressing the nicest morsels on the young pair, for whom she felt almost motherly affection. When Helen got up to go away, Keefe offered to walk home with her, but when she hesitatingly said she did not like to give him so much trouble, he seemed to think she preferred going alone, and said nothing more. So Helen went away by herself, the setting sun gilding her path as it wound along the green heights, and Keefe walked towards the woods, where the evening shadows were already gathering.

"Well, they're a long time coming to a right understanding," said Mrs. Wendell to herself, as she looked after them; "but it is my belief that true love always comes right in the end. It is only where the love is not strong enough to fight against difficulties, and not faithful enough to live on in spite of time and chance, that it fails. Love without end has no end."

(To be continued.)

AN AMERICAN BOARDING-HOUSE IN HAVANA.

It was on a fine breezy day in the month of March, 18—, that a little schooner of eighty tons burden, in which I was a passenger, sailed with a flowing sheet into the magnificent harbour of Havana. The Spanish pilot who had boarded us, a tall, broad-shouldered fellow, with a ponderous head, hook-nose, blue eyes, and copper complexion, guided us skilfully through the somewhat narrow passage between the lofty Morro Castle on our left and the Puntal on our right. Having safely achieved an entrance into the broad expansive basin of smooth deep water which constitutes the harbour of Havana, and selected a

vacant place amongst the crowd of merchant vessels belonging to America and every maritime country in Europe, we furled sails and dropped anchor. In about ten minutes we descried at a little distance a short, bluff-built boat, with a white awning, a couple of oars, and a yellow flag at her stern, making towards us. When she came alongside, we observed that she contained three persons—the oarsman, the steersman, and a slightly-made gamboge-faced little man, dressed in a black frock-coat, white waistcoat, and a broad-brimmed Panama hat. He was seated in an arm-chair with a crimson velvet cushion, and his small feet, cased in yellow morocco slippers, rested upon a rich carpet of many colours. He was the officer of health, without whose *boleta de sanidad*, or bill of health, no person was permitted to land. He accosted us very politely in Spanish:

"The name of the vessel?"

"Firefly."

"What country?"

"English."

"The captain's name?"

"Johnson."

"Where from?"

"From ——"

"How long at sea?"

"Eight days."

"What sort of weather?"

"Fine weather—fresh breezes—two days a strong north."

"Any passengers?"

"Yes; three.

"Any cholera on board?"

"No."

"Yellow fever?"

"No."

"Any sickness at all?"

"None."

Of course we received a certificate of health, and were permitted to go on shore. This important functionary then departed, lounging in his arm-chair, puffing his cigar, and spitting on his carpet, for in Havana every person smokes, and every person spits. A number of shore-boats soon collected about us, the owner of each soliciting the honour of transporting me to the quay. I selected the largest one, having a particular objection to trusting my frail body to a "fairy skiff," with only a half-inch board between myself and death. Having landed in safety, I betook myself to the office of Her Britannic Majesty's consul. That department was then—and, I presume, is still—filled by Mr. Crawford, a gentleman who worthily represents Her Most Gracious Majesty in that quarter, and whose attention and hospitality are liberally extended to all strangers. He recommended me to a boarding-house kept by a Mrs. Almy, the widow of an American merchant who had died in Havana. He conducted me to the hotel, and introduced me to the lady, after which he invited me to dine with him at four o'clock, promising to send his carriage for me half-an-hour before that time. I accepted the invitation, but a difficulty presented itself. I was in ship costume, and my luggage was on board the schooner. By vigorous exertion, however, this difficulty was overcome, and my trunks were got on shore. But now another obstacle, more formidable than the former one, opposed its hostile front. Before I could obtain possession of my wardrobe, it was considered necessary to ascertain if there were a deliberate intention on my part to cheat the Queen of Spain—in other words, if I had smuggled in my boxes any goods on the importation of which a duty was imposed.

In order that a due examination should be instituted, the law required that my boxes should be taken to the custom-house; but the doors of that fiscal establishment closed at three o'clock, and that hour had struck. Here was a "fix." What was to be done? There was a commissioner attached to the establishment of Mrs. Almy—an American—thin, wiry, long-nosed, lantern-jawed, and sallow; with a sly, knowing eye, which told you at a glance that its owner was in the habit of making pretty correct "guesses," and was no indifferent "calculator." Well, this functionary "guessed" he could make it all "slick," and he departed on that mission. In about five or ten minutes he returned, and requested me to follow him with my keys, from which I "calculated" that he had succeeded in making it "slick," which elegant expression I take to be a corruption of *sleek*. We arrived at the quay, where I observed my luggage, and a fierce-looking soldier, in a blue uniform, having a musket with a fixed bayonet, standing guard over it. A lively conversation commenced between him and my Yankee friend, which was maintained with much gesticulation for some time, during which I heard the latter frequently say "Ingles" and "ignorante," and the former "No, no, señor! no importa, no importa—inutilmente." At last something was said *sotto voce*. There was a pantomimic performance, the meaning of which, of course, I did not understand; but, in consequence of what I saw, I made no observation afterwards respecting a certain item in my bill. The heart of the benevolent soldier was touched, and, relaxing his features into a grim smile, he pointed to the boxes, and said, "Si, Si!" The ceremony of examination was soon performed. The soldier was satisfied by my merely opening the boxes, observing, "Sufficiente, sufficiente!" And here I cannot help remarking how proud the Queen of Spain ought to be in having such servants, who, though stern and rigid in the performance of their duty, still possess hearts which are not altogether inaccessible. An English custom-house officer would, most probably, have been firm, unbending, and churlish to the last; but the Spaniards, and especially Spanish functionaries, are a noble race—proud, high-minded, and lofty, as becomes an hidalgo of Spain, they may be, but they are notwithstanding gentle and approachable, and seldom fail in the long run to win *golden* opinions of all sorts of men.

My friend, thanks to the sympathising soldier, had now made everything "slick," as he "guessed" he would, and I was ready at the time appointed to step into the carriage of H. B. Consul. It was a handsome English open carriage, drawn by a pair of strong iron-grey horses. It was the only vehicle of the kind in Havana, for the people of that city—at least those who can

afford to have carriages at all—drive volantes, which are a species of cabriolet.

I spent a very agreeable evening at the consul's, where I met several Spanish ladies of considerable personal attractions, but who appeared as if they had been born and bred in the Castle of Indolence. Their very eyes, large and lustrous, had a lazy, listless motion; and when the lids, fringed with long, dark lashes, slowly sank upon them, they rested for an instant, as though raising them again were a painful exertion,

At an early hour I returned to my quarters, and retired to bed. My room was commodious, but somewhat cold and uncomfortable, in consequence of the floor being composed of concrete, which was quite bare, except at the side of the bed, where was a small, thin rug.

At sunrise I left my pillow, and sallied forth with the intention of taking a general survey of the establishment. The entrance to the hotel was through large, strong folding gates of oak, which opened to admit carriages; and through a wicket-door, on which was a small brass plate with "Almy" engraved upon it, for the ingress of foot passengers. Having entered by one of these modes of admission, you found yourself in a spacious quadrangular court-yard, in the centre of which was a fountain, not playing, however. The lower part of the building was used for stables, coachhouse, and offices of various kinds. On your left hand there was a broad stone staircase, which conducted you to the residence portion of the mansion. On one side were the dining-room, and saloon, or drawing-room, which were long, wide, and lofty. The latter looked into the street, the former into the square before mentioned. The windows, iron grated, and without glass, like those of a prison, reached from the floor to the ceiling, and were furnished with thick, heavy shutters, being only closed to exclude the sun's rays, which they did effectually, and with them every particle of light. The floors were concrete, on which there was no carpet, mat, or covering of any kind. Floors of this description are very suitable to hot climates, at least in the sitting and eating rooms. They are cool, easily swept, and they do not harbour vermin. They are an especial security against rats, the concrete not at all agreeing with their masticators. They are, however, very uncomfortable in bed-rooms. Access was obtained to the dormitories from galleries, which ran round the three other sides of the quadrangle. These galleries, which were about eight feet in breadth, and had massive wooden balustrades, afforded a cool and shady promenade. The whole structure greatly resembled those Elizabethan edifices, some of which remain in this country, and those old inns in the metropolis, as for instance the Spread Eagle, in Gracechurch Street, which yet stand as it were beyond their appointed hour, like guests, who, reluctant to leave, still linger, after the rest of the company have departed. There was nothing, however, peculiar in the house which I have described. Most of the Spanish residences within the walls of Havana, at least those of the wealthy, are similarly constructed.

The breakfast hour at Mrs. Almy's hotel was nine o'clock, dinner three, and tea seven. About seventy persons, male and female, sat down to table. The matutinal meal was very substantial and satisfactory. There were excellent tea and coffee, and, placed between every two guests, was a bottle of light claret, deliciously iced. Ice, and iced water, were also handed round. People who have never lived in the tropics are unable to conceive the luxury of a morning draught of iced water in those torrid regions. There was bread in a variety of forms, which was good, and very white. Bread is, or was, rather an expensive article in Havana. The flour of which it is made is procured from wheat grown on the high lands in Cuba; and there is, or was, a protective duty on all kinds of foreign grain. This duty was so high, that it amounted to a prohibition: at least, so I was informed. There were tender beefsteaks, mutton cutlets served up with tomatos, grilled and stewed fowls, and magnificent peach-fed Cincinnati hams, equal, if not superior in flavour to those from Yorkshire.

> The *ham* was a picture for painters to study,
> The fat was so white and the lean was so ruddy.

There were also omelets. At every table in Spain, or in a country belonging to Spain, if the cook be a Spaniard, there is sure to be an omelet. At breakfast, dinner, supper, there is the eternal omelet. It is as certain to be at a Spanish table, as fowl and bacon at an Irish one. When an Irishman goes to an inn, he never thinks of ordering anything else for dinner. A Hibernian friend of mine told me that, once travelling on horseback through a certain part of Ireland, he stopped at a small road-side house of entertainment, to obtain refreshment for himself and his steed. The landlord appeared.

"Well, Pat, can you give me some dinner?"

"Can I give you some dinner? In coorse I can."

"What can you give me?"

"Oh, whatever your honour chooses to order."

"Can you give me a fowl and bacon, then?"

"The finest in Ireland."

"Then let me have it, and as soon as possible."

"You shall have it before you can count a hundred."

Half an hour elapsed—an hour—and no signs of dinner. My friend, getting impatient, went out to ascertain the cause of the delay. In the yard he saw the landlord, with a thick stick in his hand, creeping stealthily up to a crest-fallen, disconsolate-looking cock which had taken refuge in a corner.

"Why, landlord, you said I should have dinner before I could count a hundred."

"Be asy now,—I've been chasing that ould cock for the last half hour; I've got him into a corner now, and by the powers, your honour shall have dinner in less than no time."

But to return to the omelet. The Spanish omelet is a very different affair from the English dish bearing that name. The latter is a thin sort of pancake, tasting of nothing but onions, salt, pepper, and parsley. The Spanish omelet is an inch and a half thick, generally contains fresh tomatos, and is flavoured with various herbs, with a soupçon of garlic. The best omelet which I

ever tasted was served to me at the Dominica at Havana. It consisted of eggs, tomatos, maccaroni, and sardines. We had also different kinds of fish, fried and stewed. Like bread, fish is an expensive article of food in Havana. Fishing is a government monopoly, and no one is allowed to cast a net, or throw a line into the sea, but those to whom the privilege is farmed. The fishing-boats, which belong to the government, are very pretty craft. The hull is painted green, the deck white, and each has a deep well, into which the live fish are cast. This well is so constructed, that by means of a grating, fresh salt water—if I may so express myself—is constantly flowing in. This is an excellent contrivance for a tropical climate, where fish, if not kept alive, would be unfit to eat in a couple of hours. The dinner was on the same scale of abundance, and at this meal there was a great variety of unexceptionable vegetables,—not only those which are peculiar to the climate, but green peas, asparagus, French beans, vegetable marrow, and the finest coss lettuces I ever saw,—all grown in Cuba. There was the same quantity of claret allotted to each guest as at breakfast, and no person called for a stronger wine, although sherry and Madeira might be had if any chose to ask—and pay for it.

Mrs. Almy was an agreeable looking, ladylike person, well dressed, and in good taste, and presided at the head of her table in an easy, quiet, unobtrusive manner, readily entering into conversation when observations were addressed to her, and ceasing to talk when further discourse might be considered exclusive and particular. There was a gentle dignity and soft severity in her demeanour, which kept her guests in excellent order. Each person felt, without being told, that if he were guilty of any rudeness, or gave utterance to language unbecoming in a lady's presence, an unmistakeable hint would immediately be given to him to withdraw—not only from the table, but from the hotel. I have already stated that about seventy guests, of both sexes, sat down to table. Of these some were Spanish and some were English; there were a few Germans, and one or two Russians, but the majority were Americans. There was an English Vice-consul, *en route* to some place or other, I forget where, who attracted much attention from those who sat near him. He had a round, red face, *retroussé* nose, little piggish eyes, and a white, soft, fat hand, on one finger of which figured a colossal ring, containing a rose diamond of unusual dimension. He was a thorough John Bull of the most taurine description—one of those Englishmen who carry with them wherever they go an atmosphere of London fog and Thames exhalation, who have Magna Charta, Bill of Rights, and Habeas Corpus written upon their foreheads; who have an independent elector, common council, select vestry air about them, and who, by their manners and conversation, lead foreigners to suppose (very erroneously) that Englishmen are the most conceited, dogmatical, dictatorial asses in the world. Although the thermometer was at 90°, he wore his blue vice-consular coat buttoned up to the chin, for the purpose, I suppose, of developing his broad, manly chest, and in talking he flourished his white, fat hand, sparkling with the aforesaid rose diamond. He laughed obstreperously at his own jokes, and acknowledged those of others with a grin and a grunt. There was a tall, gaunt American, with a large, massive head, an expansive, well-developed forehead, a long cadaverous face, a quiet, dreamy eye, a slightly curved nose, and a projecting chin. Nature had originally intended him to be a gigantic, muscular man—that had been her design—but having constructed the frame, she suddenly struck work, and left him with the bones of a Goliath, but with scarcely the flesh of the son of Jesse. He looked like a Titan in a consumption, or a reformed Cyclops, who had abjured mutton and Greek flesh, and taken to vegetable diet. I found him to be a sensible, intelligent, gentlemanly man. He had been employed to lay down gas-pipes in Havana, and he now superintended the conduct of the works which had been established. There was another gentleman, also an American, who was known to the world, and admired by his countrymen, under the patronymic of Marsden. This individual was a lawyer. Whether he had arrived in that profession to the dignity of serjeant I do not know; but if he had, it would have been eclipsed by the much higher title which he had acquired in another—for he was a general. A sharp-featured, wrinkled, grey-haired man of about sixty, dressed in a loose brown jacket, very short trousers, and white lamb's-wool socks, above which, when he sat with his legs crossed, his naked, hirsute, sturdy calf was visible. He could put on the brazen face of a Bobadil, and assume the braggadocio airs of a Pistol, whilst the twinkle of his little blue eye and the crafty expression of his mouth gave him the appearance of a Pecksniff. Every pocket that he had was stuffed with papers.. There were little, yellow, dirty bits of paper, covered with large scrawling handwriting, in the deep side-pockets of his jacket; there were papers in his trowsers, and they were sticking, like the quills of a porcupine, out of his waistcoat. His hat was full of them. I once thought that I perceived some protruding from his shoes. At breakfast, at dinner, at tea,—at whatever time, and in whatever place, he was constantly looking through a bundle of these papers. He always appeared to be searching for a particular one, and he seemed never to find it. A heavy-looking fellow citizen—apparently from sixty-five to seventy years of age—always sat next to him. This gentleman appeared to be under his care and guardianship. Whatever General Marsden did, he did the like. He never partook of a dish without waiting to see what would be the choice of the General. If the General took a glass of wine, he would help himself to precisely the same quantity. If the General laughed he distorted his face into a lugubrious smile. If the General picked his teeth, out would come from his friend's pocket a huge piece of timber, with which he performed a similar operation upon the *Tuscan* architecture of his own mouth. He wore a glossy, brown, juvenile wig, which contrasted oddly with his heavy, bushy eyebrows, and narrow corrugated forehead. He had a complaining, dissatisfied expression of countenance, and he examined every

person's face as if to find out if he had also some secret sorrow or vexation. It would have been "tarts and cheesecakes to him," as Sancho says, if he had discovered any one as wretched as himself. One day—about half-an-hour before dinner—as I was sitting alone in the saloon, this gentleman entered. He scanned me with an inquiring, scrutinising look. He opened his mouth as if to speak, but, thinking better of it, shut it again. There was a mirror at each end of the room. He walked slowly up to one and looked at his tongue. He came thoughtfully back—went up to the other glass, and examined his eyes, opening them wide with his finger and thumb; he then heaved a deep sigh. Approaching to where I was seated, he, with a strong nasal twang, thus accosted me :

"I guess you're a Britisher?"

"I have the honour to be one."

"I'm a citizen of the U—nited States, I am."

"Indeed!"

"Whare did you come from last? You ain't located here?"

"From ——"

"Was you riz there?"

"No."

"Where are you going?"

"To ——"

"What for?"

"For my health."

"What's the difficulty?"

I told him, and then inquired the object of his travelling.

"Like you, strannger,—health."

"May I ask what is the difficulty with you?"

"Worrification."

But there was one gentleman, who, more than all the rest, attracted my attention and excited my curiosity. He was also an American. He had a good-looking, intelligent face, a fair complexion, large piercing grey eyes, and light hair. He might be from five-and-twenty to thirty years of age. He was accompanied by his sister, who was considerably older. He ate sparingly, drank only water, and spoke to no one. Even to his sister, he addressed no further observations than what the attention of a dinner-table requires. Whatever happened to be the topic of conversation, or whosoever might be speaking, he appeared to take no notice of it. To the vapouring of the Vice-consul, to the braggadocio of the General, to the quiet, sensible remarks of the consumptive Titan, he turned a deaf ear. He was wrapped in himself. After dinner he would withdraw into the saloon, take a seat by the window, and fall into a deep reverie. One afternoon I determined, if possible, to draw him out. He seemed at first quite reluctant to converse, and his remarks were short and snappish. But, after a little time, I overcame his sullen taciturnity,—he thawed, and gradually entered into conversation. I understood him to say that he was a doctor, practising at Mobile,—that he had accompanied his sister to Havana, who had some business to transact in that city, and that he was then only waiting the arrival of the steamer to return to New Orleans. In the course of conversation he frequently became greatly excited, and spoke with vehemence and fluency, his grey eye lighting up and emitting sparks of fire. He inveighed in terms of indignation at the despotic government of Cuba, at the excessive imposts upon articles of commerce, at the protective duties, and condemned in strong language his own government for not taking possession of the island. "If the government of the United States," he said, "did its duty, it would immediately send a powerful force and annex Cuba. Look at the vessels in the harbour,—are they not almost all American? Are not the wealthiest merchants American? Are not their architects and engineers all American? Do they not import their furniture, their iron-ware, and most of their articles of commerce from America? Do they not send 20,000,000 dollars annually to the Spanish exchequer, which sum is almost exclusively obtained by means of American commerce? And see how they treat us. If an American dares to utter his sentiments freely, he is immediately pounced upon by some of their cowardly, dastardly, worthless soldiers, and clapped into the Morro Castle, or *Il Fuerta*. But if the American people had a voice in their government, these things would not be submitted to."

I told him I did not understand him. "Were not the United States a Republic?"

"A Republic! yes,—but not an American Republic. A German Republic—an Irish Republic—but not an American Republic. The American people, the real American people—the educated classes, the wealthy merchants—are not represented in Congress, they have no voice in the government. The Northern States contain a mixed population, and the old Americans, whose families were attached to the soil long before the war of independence, are overwhelmed by a horde of filthy, swinish Germans, or low Irishmen, the very dregs of their own country, from which they have been driven, either by your despotic laws, or by their own crimes. Ignorant, drunken, worthless vagabonds, who are not fit to live in any country, and who, if I had my way, I would have lashed out of the United States, to feed the gibbets, and people the gaols in their own land. Here they come in shoals, they are naturalised, and they become American citizens, and they rule everywhere. No respectable educated man need put up for Congress in the United States, the Germans, Irish, and other foreigners will have none but blackguards like themselves. The real, true Americans, men of education and property, seeing this state of things, leave public affairs to take their course, and attend only to their own private concerns. It is better, however, in the South. But mark me, this will and must come to an end before many years pass over. The Southern States will not for ever consent to be governed by the sweepings of the gaols, and the scum of foreign countries. We have got a will of our own, and we'll show it some day."

"Do you know," I said, "General Marsden, who is staying in this hotel?"

"No, I don't know him, but I have heard of him. He is a pettifogging lawyer, and parades his title of general wherever he goes. A general! I should like no better sport than, with a hundred stout Americans—real Southern Americans to the

back-bone—to meet an army commanded by such generals. He has got that ass with the brown wig in his clutches, and he'll take him back to New York as bare as the palm of my hand."

"Is he not in reality a general?"

"Oh, yes, he is a general, sure enough, and there are plenty like him. But I tell you, sir, if the Northern and Southern States ever come to blows, the former must have very different generals from him, ay, and colonels and captains too, or they'll fare the worse."

This man, so gentlemanly, so quiet, so apparently unobservant, when the conversation turned upon such topics as these, became furious—his utterance was rapid, his voice was raised, his usually pale face flushed, and his eyes flashed fire. But there was a strange fascination in the man, and every day I became more and more interested in him. At length the steamer in which he was to proceed to New Orleans arrived, and he prepared for departure. Just before he embarked he came to me, pale with rage.

"Look here," he said, "here is another instance of the extortion and rascality of these detestable Spaniards. I had got all my luggage on board, and was on the point of stepping into a boat, when I was stopped by a soldier.

"'Show me your passport,' said he.

"'There it is,' said I.

"'This won't do,' he said.

"'Why not?'

"'This passport must be visèd.'

"So I had to go to the office of the captain-general's secretary, and pay a doubloon for my passport being visèd, which doubloon of course goes into his own pocket. It is an abominable extortion."

When he had calmed down we shook hands, and he bade me farewell, saying, kindly—

"If ever you should chance to come to Mobile, I shall be glad to see you. I have not got a splendid house, but I have got a comfortable one, and I will give you a hearty welcome. Ask for me, and any person will direct you to my residence."

"But you forget," said I, "you have not yet told me your name."

"True, true," he said; "it is William Walker."

Little did I, or could I, suppose, that this man would become the notorious filibuster, carrying fire and sword into a peaceful territory, drenching with blood the fertile plains of Nicaragua, and reducing its towns to ashes; little could I imagine that in a few short years he would be publicly shot by half-clad, savage soldiers as a robber, a pirate, and a murderer. How truly does the poor distracted Ophelia say, "We know what we are, but we know not what we may be."

KING DYRING.

(Translated and versified from the prose of Emile Souvestre.)

I.

Over the main to an island home Dyring the prince has sped,
And there a lovely maiden took, in blessed troth to his bed.
Seven years the wild fowl come and go, and round the princess stand
Six little blooming children, fair as an angel band.
And then this lily ladye bowed down her gentle head,
And Dyring and his orphans wept, both wife and mother dead.

II.

Ere long, all sad with loneliness, he sought a second bride,
And from an isle across the sea, he brought one to his side;
He brought her to his palace home, but she was cold of heart,
And there she found—with tear-worn eyes, and lips that were apart
With bitter sob and wailing—the orphans three and three.
They bade her welcome through their tears—she spurned them from her knee.

III.

"Nor bread nor beer* shall be your cheer—hunger and thirst ye may,
Give up, give up, those cushions blue, on straw I bid ye lay,
No waxen tapers, blazing bright, for you shall shed their ray."
Weeping they laid them on the straw, all in the frightening gloom,
Those trembling, tender orphans—but in her lonely tomb
Under the dank and heavy sod, thro' coffin and thro' shroud,
To mother's ear, to mother's heart, their plaint reached piercing loud.

IV.

She rose before Lord Jesu's throne—"Good Lord, I do implore,
Oh! let me pass from out my grave, and stand before my door."
And Jesus—who had loved well His mother here below—
Had pity on the sorrowing heart, and loos'd her till cock-crow.
Then gathered she her crampèd limbs out of her grave so strait,
Nor was she stayed by coffin stone, coped wall, or barred lych-gate.

V.

Fleet thro' the sleeping town she sped, across the moon-lit square,
Fleet by the sculptured fountain, to Dyring's palace fair;
All still and soundless were the streets, no foot-fall as she sped,
And yet the watch-dogs bayed with fear, with knowledge of the dead!
Upon the palace threshold sat, with head bowed on her knee,
A gentle child—with dolor bowed—her eldest daughter she.

VI.

"Dear daughter, say," the mother spake, in anxious, solemn strain,
"Where are thy little brothers three, where are thy sisters twain?"
"Dear daughter, sayest thou?" cried the child. "No mother mine art thou,
She had soft cheeks of rose and white, whilst pale as death thy brow."

* Translator's Note.—I am afraid "beer" may be considered "low" and unpoetical by some of my readers, but "*pain et bière*" are "in the bond," and so I stand by them.

"Oh! how can I be fair and young—from old death's realm am I!
Oh! how can I be rose and white—so long since did I die!"

VII.

Then passed the death-pale ladye thorough the open door,
And sliding up the marble stairs, stood on her chamber floor.

Half-scared, half-joyous, round about her sleepless children press,
With gentle hand she washes one, another's hair doth tress,
Breathes mother's comfort unto these, and to her blanched breast
Presses her last-born little one, to lull him into rest.

VIII.

Then bade she to her eldest child—who from the threshold stone
Had followed, in despite of fear, drawn by her love alone—
"Go rouse thy father Dyring, and charge him quickly come:"

And he stood within the chamber, with dread and awe struck dumb.
Then cried with angry warning voice, the spectre of his bride,
With her trembling children round her, and crouching at her side:

IX.

"Before I left this treacherous world, I left good bread and beer,
For these our tender little ones—now starving without cheer—
Soft cushions blue to rest upon, bright tapers burning round,
But now, all in the dark they lie, on straw upon the ground.
Beware! beware! for should it fare that I need come once more,
For your thrice guilty father's soul—God's vengeance is in store.

X.

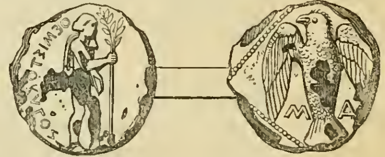
"But now the red cock calleth me back to my grave so cold;
But now the black cock calls, and lo! the gates of heaven unfold;
And now the white cock calls, and I, no longer must withhold."
And ever since that night of fear, when startled in his lair,
With angry bark the watchful hound bays on the sleeping air,
Both Dyring and his princess haste to spread the board with fare.
And ever since that night of dread, when howls the scarèd hound,
Lest on their gaze the spectre come from the lone burial ground,
King Dyring and the princess both, in panic hide their head,
Good Lord! give rest to that poor soul, and all the Christian dead!

G. Goldie.

COIN COLLECTING.

There is no taste more general than that for collecting coins, yet there is none which is pursued with less judgment. The picture-buyer knows a Flemish from a Spanish master, and can even discriminate between the schools of Italy; the coin collector, in general, merely buys for rarity or beauty, without any distinct notion of the importance of the object he acquires. If there were any real idea of the interest of coins this would be far otherwise. The historian would be curious to examine unimpeachable monuments marking the rise and fall of kingdoms, the changes of belief and manners, and the various vicissitudes of human affairs. The artist would never weary of studying the handiwork of the best Greek schools, not as shown in the few true Greek statues, and the many corrupt Græco-Roman copies and imitations, or in the little varied bas-reliefs, but in an almost countless number of authentic monuments, bearing designs of every kind, with no drawback but the minuteness of the field they occupy. Coins of all ages are of value to both historian and artist, but the Greek take the first place, both because they illustrate obscure and most interesting periods, and as higher in artistic merit than any others. In history, modern coins are sometimes dangerous guides. The famous medal of the first Napoleon, "frappée à Londres," is as untrue as the less known dollar of Frederic William IV., of Prussia, "elected Emperor of the Germans," struck at Frankfort. Nor can we say much of the art of modern coins, with the florin and the new brass money before us. In both particulars, mediæval coins take a higher place; yet even they must yield to the currency of antiquity, in which that of the Greeks is in all respects the most important. In this paper, therefore, I propose to give some instances of the aid to history afforded by ancient Greek money.

We all know the history of the exile of Themistocles, how he fled to the King of Persia, and had allotted for his maintenance the cities of Magnesia, Lampsacus, and Myus, in Asia Minor; but it has never been certain whether he was really a traitor to Greece, or only a pretended servant of her enemies. A late discovery probably throws new light upon his character, and aids us to determine this question. Two coins, struck by him at Magnesia, have been identified by Mr. W. H. Waddington. They show that he had such an authority that he could strike his own money, a right allowed to no Persian satrap, excepting on extraordinary occasions for the payment of troops, although conceded to powerful vassals and to cities; and one of them leads to a far more interesting inference. The latter, which is here engraved, with one side of the other specimen,

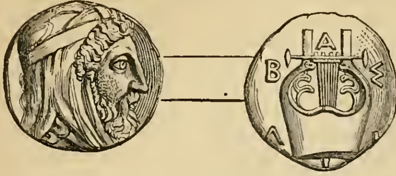


is in the British Museum. It is remarkable as a plated coin, being of copper covered with a thick coating of silver. Ancient plated coins were intended to pass as silver pieces. They are in general either forgeries of well-known currencies, as of Athens, or else they were issued by authority, as seems to have been done by the Tarentines, judging from their coins, during the war with the Romans.

The coinage of Themistocles could scarcely have been common enough to induce forgers to imitate it. This piece was, therefore, probably issued by him, and as the revenues of his territory must have been amply sufficient for his sustenance, there can have been no reason but covetousness for recourse to this expedient. Strange that after so many ages a coin of Themistocles should be unburied to add weight to the evidence against his honesty.

It is not a forced transition from the patron of Themistocles, the first Artaxerxes, him of the long hand (always a sign of good blood), to the second, who took his surname from the equally princely endowment of a strong memory. Many years since, a very beautiful silver coin was purchased for the British Museum. It bears on the obverse, or principal side, the head of a Persian sovereign, and, on the reverse, a lyre and the word king ΒΑΣΙΛ for ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ or ΒΑΣΙΛΕΩΣ). Although

this is a coin of a Greek city, the king represented must be a Persian, as no portraits of Greeks occur



Artaxerxes.

in the period before Alexander's successors, the age to which this coin, from its style, certainly belongs, and the head-dress is the same as that of the last Darius, in the famous mosaic from Pompeii. As this is a unique and very beautiful coin, there has been great desire to discover whose portrait it bears. M. de Longpérier, of the Louvre, suggested that it was struck by Cyrus the Younger; but Mr. Waddington has recently shown, by a very curious chain of reasoning, that it can only be of his brother, Artaxerxes Mnemon. The date is about B.C. 400, the head, that of a man between thirty and forty, or, perhaps, a little older, and the place of striking must have been somewhere on the west coast of Asia Minor.

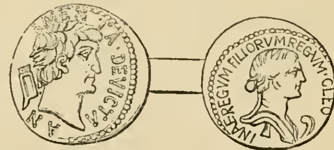
Silver Coin of Mithridates.

From the age of the person represented, the choice lies between Artaxerxes and Cyrus the Younger. Cyrus might be supposed to have struck coins during the short period of his revolt, and there is nothing more likely than that, if he did so, he would have issued a Greek coinage from his favour for the Greeks. The age of the portrait is, however, some years above that of Cyrus at his death, and we know from Xenophon that he kept his project very close, before he set out on his expedition. Were any further evidence wanted, it is supplied by the fact that there are two other coins with the same portrait, one of which was struck at Lampsacus, a place beyond the limits of the government of Cyrus. The coin must, therefore, be of Artaxerxes Mnemon. It is very interesting thus to recover a contemporary portrait of one of the great Persian royal family. The head is of much beauty and refinement, very like the most handsome Arab type of our day, and certainly it so far agrees with what history tells us of this king that it does not show indications of vigour or resolution. It is rather the head of a philosopher than an administrator or conqueror.

Far different are the features of a more famous eastern king, the great Mithradates, for so his name is spelt on his coins, whose portrait is one of the most remarkable that antiquity affords. He was of Persian descent, for his house was one of those founded by the conspirators against the Magian Smerdis. His career was one of the most daring attempts to withstand the power of Rome, and in some of its particulars is almost an anticipation of our own conflict in India. As inhuman and unscrupulous as our opponents, he was unlike them in his generalship and courage, but his thoroughly Asiatic cruelty makes it impossible for us to feel pity as we read of his disasters.

The silver coin of Mithridates which we engrave is, on the head-side, an extremely fine work of a period at which Greek art had generally fallen very low. It was probably struck at his capital Panticapæum, the modern Kertch. The reason of the excellence of the head is, no doubt, that portrait-art, even ideal, flourished after purely ideal-art had decayed, and that, in this case, the engraver had to deal with a head full of character. The subjects of Greek coins were frequently copies of statues, and thus they show us the images as well as the temples of the places where they were issued. Pliny tells us that when Mithradates was conquered by the Romans, they took golden and silver statues representing him in chariots. The head on this coin may well be that of a driver urging horses to their utmost speed, the very best expression and attitude to give the highest ideal portrait of a face of this character. It shows in full exercise the fire, energy, and daring, that are the key to the career of the King of Pontus, and is quite unrivalled by the medallic portraits of modern times, in not one of which has any such ideal likeness in action been attempted.

But perhaps the most interesting of all portraits on ancient coins is that of the famous Cleopatra. Those who look for beauty will be



Antony and Cleopatra.

disappointed, but the history of the Queen of Egypt would lead us rather to suppose that she was a woman of great charm of manner and the most highly educated mind. On the silver coin here given, which bears her head and Mark Antony's, she has certainly a face more remarkable for intellect and determination than for beauty, and, though she was then in middle-life, her portrait represents her at her best age, as the Greeks never otherwise pourtrayed women on their coins, though they had not the same rule as to men. The great character which is seen in Mark Antony's head gives us confidence in the truthfulness of Cleopatra's, which, moreover, is like a ruder portrait on her copper coins.

It will be evident from these remarks how valuable an aid to history is afforded by the study of coins.

We have not merely the satisfaction of knowing the faces of some of the chief characters of antiquity, but we can form clearer ideas of their mental and moral qualities, not only from the lines of their countenances, but also from the favourite symbols they used, and the evidence their coinage shows of their relations as rulers to their subjects. Each ancient coin either confirms some fact already known, or adds a fresh one to the treasure-house of discovery, and so by degrees our old knowledge is made more definite, and constantly augmented, not from the disputed statements of writers, often describing events that happened long before their days, but on the unquestionable authority of contemporary state-monuments.

Nor is it history alone in its great periods, as those of the contests of Greece and Persia, of Rome and the East, or the lives of such chief persons as those whose coins we have noticed, that are thus illustrated: the light equally falls upon obscurer times, and forgotten rulers; and as by clearer knowledge we can fill up gaps and supply details, the annals of antiquity are, by the study of ancient money, brought nearer to completeness.

I have but touched upon a single bearing of the subject. I might have shown what a wonderful commentary on much of ancient literature the coins afford, how curiously they illustrate local beliefs and the oldest religion of Greece, otherwise scarcely known to us; how they give us the complete history of a town, its changes of fortune, its rise and decay, sometimes, as in the case of our London for more than fifteen centuries, even telling us what rivers watered it, beneath what mountain it stood, and displaying the buildings and statues that adorned it; or I might have shown how the coinage of the Roman Republic bears types relating to the primitive myths of the City —the Wolf and the Twins, Tarpeia, and the heads of the old rulers and heroes, famous in her legends and her history. I could have spoken of the various schools of Greek medallic art, the rich school of the West, the truthful school of Greece Proper, severe at first as Phidias, animated afterwards as Lysippus, passing, like the school of sculpture which it worthily rivals, from repose to action, the hard school of the East, and the pictorial school of Crete, the ancient home of art; or I could have treated of the coins that illustrate our own annals from those of the once half-mythical Cymbeline, by them made quite historical, to the nobles of Edward III., commemorating his sea-victory off Flushing, and the medals of the great wars of our times. But I have at least proved that the study of coins, rightly pursued, offers a field of rich promise to the lover of history and art, sometimes restoring, from a worn and half-effaced piece of copper, some precious but long-forgotten fact in the history of our race, sometimes showing, in a copy of marvellous beauty, the traits of a master-piece of art, for ages thought to be irrecoverably lost.

Reg. Stuart Poole.

ONE MOMENT OF SUSPENSE.

Lord Brougham, in his notes on Paley, observes that it is more than probable that the longest dream occupies in reality but an instant of time. However the events in it may seem to be prolonged, the entire dream is dreamt from beginning to end during the momentary act of waking. Sometimes the subject matter of a dream from its commencement will be found to have direct reference to the act that wakes the dreamer, and unless it be that in such cases the sleeper has the power of foreseeing the cause that will awake him, and of placing before his imagination a series of visionary scenes all conducing to the final event, it would follow that the theory propounded by our great philosopher must be the only tenable one. Of the class of dreams here referred to, the following is a remarkable one as illustrating the hypothesis in question.

I was one of a party on a yachting excursion. The vessel being a small one, the sleeping accommodation was of the scantiest—my bed and bedroom being a hammock, slung in the usual manner, from the top of the small triangular cabin, formed by the extreme bows of the vessel, the entire apartment being only large enough to contain me, my hammock, and a number of hams and dried sausages, dangling like myself from the roof. I was asleep, and dreaming; I had painted a portrait of some one, and had failed to produce a likeness, for which crime I was arraigned before a criminal court on a charge of felony. So far my dream was retrospective—it began in the present tense on my finding myself waiting in the dock for the verdict, which was either to liberate me, or to consign me to an ignominious death on the scaffold. The intelligent jury before whom I was tried, consisted entirely of my relatives and most intimate friends. I was prepared for their verdict, which was — Guilty, with the strongest recommendation that the utmost severity of the law should be visited upon me. The Judge put on his black cap, and sentenced me in the usual expressive phrases, without holding out the least hope of mercy. I left the dock with the officer, and after transacting business with a deputation of photographic artists from the illustrated newspapers, retired to my cell. On the next day two clergymen were announced as coming with the intent of bringing me to a just sense of the enormity of my guilt. On entering they proved to be the only two members of the episcopal bench that I had painted in actual life—the bishop of ——— and the archbishop of ———. The latter personage was quiet and dignified, but quite equal to the occasion. The bishop of ——— was more demonstrative, in fact, he brought me the first consolation I had had since my arrest: "You are to be hanged, my dear friend. True, it is not a pleasant situation to find oneself in, though in some respects a prominent and, let us add, an elevated one; but it is nothing, nothing in the least; you'll be cut down; all that you have to attend to is to see that you fall easily—that you have something soft to fall upon when the moment comes." The two right reverend gentlemen were most assiduous in their attentions to me, in fact, they never left me during the entire period of the two days that elapsed between my trial and execution. I was allowed the best of fare, and the cook at Newgate was an excellent one: in the matter of Beccaficos he was above criticism; his Ortolans stuffed with truffles were unapproachable

—in fact, it was the very dinner that I had once partaken of at the table of Mr. S. C., the great English gourmand, resident in Paris. Then the wine was not only from the choicest districts, but of the choicest vintages, Sillery of the year '32 ; Claret of '46, and a fine hock, finer than Johannisberger, but with a name so long that I shall not remember it till I dream the same dream again. I need hardly say that the bishops dined with me instead of with the governor. During the meal the bishop of —— continually urged on my attention that "it was nothing—I should be cut down—take care you fall easily." After the second bottle of Sillery the archbishop, to my great consolation, echoed the words, and assured me that I might be certain of being cut down. The only notice that my relatives and friends who had formed the jury took of me was their coming and grinning through the grating of my cell during the dinner.

The day—the hour—the moment came, and squeezing my hand, the excellent bishop assured me for the last time that "it was nothing, I should be cut down." I ascended the scaffold with a determined, Straffordish, or Charles the First sort of feeling, only to meet the yells and execrations of the assembled thousands below, and especially of my friends and relatives, who had engaged the windows in the Old Bailey, directly opposite, amongst whom, above all vociferous, was one lady cousin, who was beholden to me for long years of kind offices.

The night-cap was pulled over my face ; but I managed, manacled though I was, to keep a small aperture to see through, not straight forward, but in the direction of my feet, as we do at the game of "Blind Man." The cord was adjusted, the drop fell, and I swung. I felt, however, no decided pain, merely a sort of numbed, quiet sensation, not in the least disagreeable. I could just see out of the aperture in the cap the assembled multitude below ; but a singular phenomenon presented itself, instead of remaining in one place ; people, houses, and all, slowly but steadily moved round me, when at the end of one revolution they stopped a moment, and turned once round in the opposite direction. Thus did they continue passing and repassing before my eyes, like a moving panorama, till a few minutes' consideration, assured me that the phenomenon was nothing more than the effect of my own gyrations on the rope by which I was suspended.

No part of the dream was more distinct, or more full of minor detail than the period during which I hung thus. The most trifling events stood out sharp and defined. More than twice or thrice did I mark a man at my feet pull out his watch, and note the minutes as they passed to the time when I was to be cut down. At length, five minutes to nine arrived, when I could see immediately below me the executioner enter the dark chamber formed by the scaffold, and with long slow passes proceed to sharpen a huge knife on the flag-stones of the pavement. This operation occupied the remaining five minutes, when it was over, he ascended the scaffold, and taking hold of the rope just above my head, began to saw at it with his knife. This action occasioned the first pain I experienced during the entire operation—or more correctly speaking—execution. The action of the knife seemed to thrill and grate through every nerve and fibre of my body. He cut through one strand of the rope, and a jerk shook my whole frame ; in a moment more, another strand went, and again the painful jerk was repeated ; again, the executioner sawed away, the third strand went, and I was precipitated on the stones beneath. At this juncture, I awoke, and found that the rope by which my hammock was suspended had given way, and I was rolling on the floor.

T. H.

HALF HOURS AT THE KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

NO. II.—THE FOOD DEPARTMENT.

It is a very significant saying that "you can't see the wind for the trees." In journeying through our great museums this truth is well exemplified. The objects exposed are so multitudinous, that the despair of ever mastering them, acts, in many cases, as a bar to our making any examination at all. "It would take a week to see all these things," is the universal remark of the confused visitor, and in this frame of mind he ends by seeing nothing. Possibly the more careful inquiry we have made into this seeming chaos, may enable us to point out a few things worthy of observation. When the visitor has given up his umbrella, he sees before him a staircase which even habitués of the place do not often ascend, tempted as they are by the art-collection around them ; if he does happen to wander in these upper latitudes, he finds himself in a region of raw material, very interesting to those versed in manufactures, and especially in the great textile manufactures of cloth and wool, but not so attractive to mere pleasure-seekers.

Beyond this long gallery, however, is the Food Department of the Museum, which contains many explanations of necessary household truths, and also many curiosities calculated to interest and instruct. At the very threshold of the apartment we are met with selected specimens of the various varieties of wheat and maize grown throughout the world. It has long been suspected that the cereal grains are but cultivated examples of wild cereal grasses—that they were not created as corn, but that they have been improved by culture into their present condition. This supposition was confirmed by M. Fabre, of Agde, in the south of France, who, in 1838, sowed some grains of the *Ægilops ovata*, a common cereal grass, and, by successive sowings in garden soil, produced, in 1846, crops of real wheat as fine as any to be found in the neighbourhood. This experiment is now being carried on by the professor of geology and botany in the Royal Agricultural College, and the grass is gradually undergoing the same transformation into the true cereal grain.

The production of the oat-plant from a common field-grass has been demonstrated by experiments made by the same gentleman. Rye is still found wild in the mountains of the Crimea, and barley has been gathered in a like condition in Mesopotamia.

As there are a great number of wild cereal

grasses yet to be found, these experiments would lead us to conclude that innumerable varieties of wheat may yet be brought forth by careful culture, as there is reason to believe that nearly all the existing varieties have been cultivated from the *Ægilops ovata.* These facts should stimulate our agriculturists to further investigation in this direction. The cases at hand contain specimens of the different methods of making bread. A loaf of the ordinary fermented bread, made two years' ago, represents one mass of green fungi, whilst other bread, made without fermentation, and still older, is quite free from these growths. The director of the department should obtain some specimens of bread made by Dr. Dauglcish's process, which presents, perhaps, the purest form of the staff of life yet known.

In other cases we find bread made by savage tribes. The Dika bread from Africa looks and cuts like Castile soap; it is full of vegetable oil, and would form a famous bread for cold localities. Then there is the New Zealand native bread, resembling lumps of yellow ochre, being, in fact, the pollen of a common reed.

The most curious article, in the shape of bread, is a very ancient specimen, which, together with dried apples and the stones of various fruits, was found in the Lake of Zurich. It is known these remains are coeval with what is termed the Stone Period, or that far distant age before the natives discovered the use of iron. It would seem an impossibility that so perishable a material as bread could have survived for so many thousands of years as it has done; but analysis proves that it is true bread, and there can be no doubt that it is rightly ascribed to the remote period in history given to it. There can be little doubt that the like remains of the aboriginal inhabitants of this country are yet to be found in our own lakes.

Whilst we are upon the mere curiosities of food, let us direct the attention of the visitor to the specimens of edible snails. He will smile, when we inform him that it is an undoubted fact, that the consumption of them is so great at the present time in Paris, as to interfere greatly with the sale of oysters.

The most singular articles of food are to be found among the cases dedicated to the Chinese and Japanese. Here we see brains of the sturgeon, birds' nests, deer sinews; glue from the deer skin, rhinoceros, and elephant hides, and sharks' fins. The Chinese, it appears, are very fond of a gelatinous kind of food. Their sweetmeats are of a very superior kind, and extremely like our own,—indeed, the little Celestials suck lollypops that may be matched any day at Fortnum and Mason's. The range of bottles containing these Chinese comfits look so tempting, that we are informed they have been broken open and cleared, more than once, by British youths.

The extent to which seaweeds are made an article of food by different nations would scarcely be believed, were they not ranged here before our eyes.

In looking at some of the specimens in the Museum, we are inclined to ask if it is a natural exposition, or an advertising medium for some Teetotal Society. Here, for instance, is a goblet filled with a verd-green fluid, and one beside it with a dull olive-black mixture. On carefully scanning the labels attached to them, we find they are intended as tests of the presence of alcohol in a person's breath. Thus, the dull dark green is a solution of bichromate of potash in sulphuric acid. This specimen, after having been breathed through for half an hour by a teetotaler, retains its original colour: whilst that subjected to the breath of an individual who had taken a glass of brandy and water half an hour before, is grass-green in appearance. What is intended to be proved by thus ostentatiously holding up the hues of a glass of liquid we cannot conceive. Who wants to hunt up even the very ghost of alcohol in this absurd manner? It is bad enough to find our old friend Cruikshank adulterating the text of our fairy tales as he has done in his illustrated edition with teetotal nonsense, but to find science stooping to such fanaticism in a public gallery is quite unpardonable. Not far from the drunkard's breath-test, we find an enormous bottle filled with water. Innocent as this looks, it is intended as a libel upon the spectator. For we read upon its rotund surface the following: "Average quantity, 3⅔ gallons, of alcohol consumed yearly by each person in England in the form of beer, spirits, &c.!" Imagine the good old lady upon my arm—a dear old soul that never touches anything stronger than Bohea—reading this teetotal flam, and wondering, if she really does drink gin-and-water to this extent, who pays her spirit merchant. The absurdity of taking a general average, and then applying it personally to every spectator is patent enough. But the ingenious contriver of these moral lessons has not done with "Stiggins" yet, and, by implication, all that read share the crime of Stiggins. He is attacked through his exhalations and through his fluid ingesta, now forming a more solid argument in castigation of his beastly drunkenness. This is shown to us in a glass case full of grain, with this inscription: "Amount of barley, 1½ bushels, destroyed by producing the yearly average consumption of ardent spirits by each person in England. That amount would feed a full-grown man for forty days." If, in addition to these cases, Mr. Gough could persuade the directors of the Museum to have one of the attendants placed here, and daily "fuddled" as a "horrid example," the teaching would be complete. After seeing alcohol in the form of the mildest table ale thus ruthlessly hunted down, it certainly is not reassuring to turn to the cases in which the teas are exposed, and to find they are so adulterated. Here we see before our eyes the Prussian blue, the chromate of lead, the French chalk, the clay, and the hundred and one odd dirts which go to adulterate ordinary tea, and to make up lye tea, in which there is not a particle of the real leaf present. If we turn to the Adam's ale supplied to us in London, we are still further puzzled what to drink. Dr. Lankester has run up the full gamut, if we may so speak, of the filth found in the Thames from Southend to Thames Ditton. The various shades of nastiness are brought clearly before our eye; but that organ

must not pride itself upon being a sufficient detective officer to the stomach. On the contrary, some of the very brightest water to be found among the bottles devoted to the surface-well waters of the Metropolis are positively the most deleterious. That sparkling bottle, to wit, from the celebrated Aldgate Pump, which absolutely tastes even better than it looks—so cool, sparkling, and refreshing—owes its qualities to the presence in it of the nitrates drawn from the neighbouring churchyard; that other bottle, so clear and limpid, is proved by Clark's test to be, in fact, turgid with lime. Again, the purer the water the more open it is to another danger, the more apt it is to act upon lead and form a solution which entails the most deadly symptoms on all partaking of it, especially young children. Think of this, Paterfamilias, and of the leaden cistern you rejoice in, and remember that your filter is powerless against this deadly ingredient held by chemical action in your drinking water. When we consider that the human body is mainly built up of water, that, taking a man of 154 lbs., 43 lbs. of solids are held in a solution of 111 lbs. of the former element, we are tempted to ask how the great waste that must be going on of the aqueous element in the human frame is healthily restored, seeing that the drinking water in cities is so far from pure. No doubt, if the full measure had to be made up by libations of Thames or well-water, however purified, it would go ill with us; but, happily, nature distils the element for our use in the food we eat, which, like the human frame, may be said to consist mainly of water.

The cases of teas are worthy of inspection, if it were merely for the curiosities they contain. Some of the first-class teas—such as the superfine Flowery Pekoe—is never seen in this country; even in China it is worth fifty shillings a pound. The specimens here look much more like pieces of brown and grey wool than the ordinary tea of commerce, whilst some choice packets, once in the possession of Commissioner Yeh, might well be mistaken for bird's-eye tobacco. Tea is fast becoming the great beverage of the human race. It is estimated that 400,000,000 of men now use it. As a nation, however, England is the great consumer: for, whilst we use an amount which may be reckoned as 35¼, the United States only consumes 16, Russia 4, and France 1. The teetotaller will be surprised to hear that tea contains a volatile oil which is narcotic and intoxicating. Its chief value, however, resides in its crystalline principle, which prevents rapid change or waste in the fleshy parts of the body, and so economises food. One often wonders how old women can manage to keep themselves alive upon their dish of tea, taken morning, noon, and night; but the mystery ceases to be so great when we see the chemical action it exerts upon the tissues; moreover, tea is more sustaining to the poor than the rich, for the reason that they use soda with it, which extracts the nitrogenous or flesh-forming principle of the leaves. Tea contains many other nutritious ingredients, but cocoa is greatly richer in these than tea. In a hundred parts of cocoa no less than 50 are butter, or heat-givers, and 20 of albumen or flesh-formers. The value of this article of food as a nourishing diet for hard workers in cold countries is thus conclusively shown. The plan of analysing the different articles of food, and of tabularising their results, as we find is here done in the various cases, is of the utmost importance, as it teaches the public the true worth of different articles of food. Any intelligent person, from a study of this department of the Exhibition, would, with a little care, be able to construct a dietary on the most economical and efficient principle. If in addition to these analyses of food, some statistics could be given of the nature of the alimentation of the different counties in Great Britain, and of different nations, together with the average amount of work the consumers were capable of, the instruction this department would afford to social science would be incalculable. For instance, the labourers in the north of England and in Scotland are capable of much harder work than those of the southern counties, and this is very justly attributed to the superior flesh-producing powers of oat-meal used by the former over that of the watery potatoe, which forms the chief food of the peasantry of Somersetshire and Dorsetshire. If it could be made clear to the farmer that it is to his interest to feed his labourers well, we should doubtless see a change for the better. He will give any price for manures to invigorate his land, because he knows his returns will be more than commensurate. Prove to him that by affording Hodge wages that would insure him a more highly nitrogenised food, and that, in consequence, he would be able to load two dung-carts where before he only loaded one, and the problem of elevating the labourers of the country would be speedily solved. It is asserted that an adult labouring man wastes 5oz. of muscle in the course of his daily labour. Some men—such as navvies—waste much more than this; but taking this as the average, we find a very interesting table given in this part of the Exhibition, which affords a good idea to the public of the relative value and cost of various kinds of diet necessary for restoring this amount of waste:

	℔	oz.		*s.*	*d.*
Wheat Flour . .	2	1	average cost	0	4½
Barleymeal . .	2	6	,,	0	4½
Oatmeal	1	13	,,	0	4½
Maize	2	9	,,	0	7½
Rye	2	3	,,	0	6
Rice	4	13	,,	1	2
Buckwheat . . .	3	10	,,	1	0
Lentils	1	3	,,	0	5
Peas (Dry) . . .	1	5	,,	0	2¾
Beans (Dry) . .	1	5	,,	0	2
Potatoes	20	13	,,	0	7
Bread	3	13	,,	0	6

The reader will not fail to observe how wide this scale ranges both as to cost and as to the bulk of the food required to be taken to supply the normal waste of man. Whilst 1 lb. 5 oz. of either peas or beans are sufficient for this purpose, no less than 20lbs. of the watery potato are necessary to produce the same result. It is clear that the apparatus required to eliminate the muscle-producing elements from such a heap of potatoes must be stretched to more than its usual

size, and we find the fact to be so; for whilst the Irish peasantry depended almost entirely upon this food, their stomachs were so unnaturally large, as to render them the most pot-bellied nation in Europe. If we were to ask what meal supplies in the smallest compass the two great sustainers of life, carbonaceous and nitrogenous food, we should point to the labourer's *bonne-bouche*, a dish of bacon and beans; thus we see that the instincts of man lead him to the very same results as the most careful chemical experiments do the philosopher in his laboratory. We may, as a general rule, depend upon our taste as a faithful guide to our alimentary requirements; it is not a rule of life, as some sour dietetic Solons would have it, that "whatever is nice is wrong," and when the child clamours for lumps of sugar, be sure that it is wiser in its generation than you, good mother, for denying it; for sugar supplies, in the most digestible form, the heat-producing food so necessary for its preservation. But it may be asked, why, when we wish to show the amount of food necessary to supply the daily waste of the organic matter in the body, we refer to vegetable products. The chief reason is, that meat to the poor man is a luxury rather than a customary article of diet; and another that all the elements of animal food are to be found in the vegetable world. To use Professor Playfair's words: "The nutritive, or flesh-forming parts of food are called fibrine, albumen, and casein: they contain the four elements, carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, and oxygen, in exactly the same proportions, and are found both in vegetable and animal food. Fibrine may be got either by stirring fresh drawn blood, or from the juice of a cauliflower; albumen, or white of egg, from eggs, from cabbage-juice, or from flour; casein, or cheese, exists more abundantly in peas and beans, than it does in milk itself. * * * Vegetables are the true makers of flesh; animals only arrange the flesh which they find ready formed in animals." If we go further down in the chain, we find all food in the *débris* of the rocks, for the breaking up of these form the earth, from which it is eliminated by the chemistry of plants, to be further sorted for man's use in the bodies of animals. We thus see how significant and literally true is the term we apply to the earth of "our great Mother."

The directors of this department, having analysed nearly every article of food which ministers to the wants of man, sum up by reducing man himself to his elements. The spectator at the end of the long gallery is suddenly brought up by a large glass case, thus ticketed: "Ultimate elements in a human body weighing 154 lbs." Everybody is curious to look at his own contents, and consequently the glass case is generally crowded, and we fancy many an old-fashioned person is inclined to doubt that his corpus can be converted into such a "doctor's shop" as he here sees solemnly ranged in bottles of all sizes. Can it be possible that that tank, containing sufficient water for a good sized Vivarium, represents the amount of that element in an average man perfectly free from the dropsy? When we are told that a human being of the mean size contains 111 lbs. of pure liquid fluid, we can understand why there are so many thirsty souls in the world. Then we see his fat in a bottle, looking like so much bear's grease, and find there is 15 lbs. weight of it. His 15 lbs. of gelatine looks painfully like the glue of commerce. Still more monstrous does it seem, to think that his too solid flesh is reducible into the phosphates of lime, carbonates of lime, and the various sulphates of iron, magnesium, potassium, sodium, silicum, and fluorine which we see paraded before us with such hard, dry, chemical cruelty. But what are those large white blocks meant to represent? These are the measures of our gases. Thus we are told that a block one foot square represents the amount of oxygen in our economy, but that our hydrogen would occupy 3000 such blocks! Good gracious! enough to build a pyramid, to say nothing of the chlorine and nitrogen. We enter this department with feelings of curiosity, but leave it with wonder, and a sense of the *reductio ad absurdum* to which our chemists have reduced imperial man himself.

A. W.

A MEDAL FROM THE ROYAL HUMANE SOCIETY, AND HOW IT WAS WON.

Some dozen years ago, before the railways now throbbing like arteries through the land were in existence, I went with two friends to lodge in Cornwall. The place was the most retired I ever saw. Far removed from the cross-country road, and only reached by venturing over a track—for it could not even be called a path—winding along the edges of cliffs often two or three hundred feet above the beach, it was a place to delight all whose good fortune had carried them within sight of it.

The house we occupied had only its situation to recommend it. Fixed down at the seaward end of the valley, it looked like a child's toy among those magnificent hills. We could look from our beds of a morning to the ridge of hill high above us, and nothing more splendid ever greeted human eye than when the rising sun seemed to rest a moment—a world of light—on that emerald hill-top.

The valley extended about three miles. The hills on either side were broken and varied in form and colour; some rose with sharp outline against the clear sky, and when the day was young showed a gorgeous covering of gorse and heather; others were clothed with dark green coppice-wood, while trees of ash, elm, and oak waved their graceful boughs on the less densely covered hills. Here and there the hand of the husbandman had displaced the original growth, and fields of golden corn and gay clover loaded the air with perfume. All through that valley, one behind another the hills, that seemed to elbow each other for room, shut it in from the rest of the world so completely that the sky-roof above and the merry mill-stream babbling through it made up a perfect picture.

To see that valley in May, when the apple-trees round the homely thatched cottages were in bloom, carried one back to the Arcadian dreams of the poets. Then the birds sang all day long. Rarely were the echoes woke by other voices than

theirs, and a glorious concert they gave us. Fern and wild flowers grew everywhere in such profusion that botany was distanced in anything less than a folio attempt to name them even. To lie in the shade of one of those giant trees on the mossy grass and watch the blue smoke rise from the low chimney of the cottage in graceful column, or with closed eyes to listen to the melodies of nature unmixed with the discords of the work-a-day world was no unprofitable employment. Body and soul regained their vigour, the chafing of life's harness was forgotten and healed, and we soon found ourselves pleased and almost believing listeners to wondrous tales of pixies, ghosts, and shipwrecks, whose records found fitting utterance in the quaint language of the old miller.

The mill-house was in front of our windows, and many an hour we sat in its ivy-clad porch. The brook, after doing duty in the buckets of the mill-wheel, ran frolicking onward to the sea, and was lost below the terrace-like pebble ridge of the beach. Here the sea washed the base of stupendous cliffs, in which the red of the sandstone contrasted finely with the deep blue of the killas and the metallic hues which water dripping over exposed strata always produces in the land of "fish, tin, and copper."

One end of the deep bay was closed from all approach by a pile of huge masses of rock, such as might supply an artist with a fit idea of an overthrown world. Many a tale they told of wreck and death on the splintered rocks of Foxholt. Nor was it without more supernatural visitors. Indeed, scarcely a bold headland or sheltered inland bower but owned its legend, well remembered even in these matter-of-fact days.

The southernmost end of the bay closed in a steep slope of living green, caused by a landslip, in which the turf had slid down, like a veil, to hide the ruin it left behind, of which nothing was seen from the beach but a background of towering rocks. Like some old Norman castle, we fancied them still resisting step by step the advances of decay. It was near this southern point that the traces of former lawless doings were still to be seen. A small hole, apparently only a fox-den, led into a cave, where a thousand kegs of French brandy had often been stored in a single night.

We were anxious to learn whether the tales we had heard of Cornish wreckers were true, and it was some questioning on this subject which drew from the old miller the following story:—

"I can't say I never heerd of such things, but I never seed no such doings myself. I have lived here, man and boy, these seventy years," he said; "many and many's the night we've been watching on these bleak cliffs for a chance to help they poor creatures as had only a frail plank between them and death. Scores of lives I've seed saved, but never one took; no, not even of a brute beast that came to shore from all the multitude of wrecks I've seen. I'm not going to say that when the ships, poor things, are all broken up and the timbers come ashore,—I'm not clear to say, there is not some small matter as never gets reported to the king's men. Little I blame them that take it, for, as the Lord's above us, I believe it is more the fault of those that keep back the honest dues for the salvage.

"I remember, in the time that barwood" (and he pointed to some pretty things made by his son, of the bright-coloured logwood) "was coming in, there was those as worked night and day, landing it, and after all their toil they wanted to pay them off with just a quarter of what was the right money. So if they that are so well off try to cheat like that, I'd ask your honors if it is not setting an example to the poor?

"There's Ned Smeeth, now,—he as got that fine medal from that grand place up to London,—I'm sure he is as tender-hearted as a child, but you'll never make him believe there is any sin in taking a stray baulk or two the tide brings in, and nobody owns; while, after he'd been working for a whole week, they wanted to pay him with a little more than nothing. That's what I call stealing!

"But my old head is forgetting the story. Well, well, you must please to excuse it. It does make my blood boil to hear such falsities.

"'Twas seven years last November, I mind it well, me and Ned was standing as your honor and me is now, by my old hut here. It had been a bitter night of weather, and was still so dark we could not see even the clobs of foam that kept flying in our faces. I'd just put the mill a-going with some barley, and was minded to lie down for a nap (for you see I always wake when the corn's down, and so don't trouble about the mill) when I thought I heerd a gun. I could not make sure, for the wind was lashing the waves mountains high, and the rake of the beach was most enough to stun a body. Says I to Ned, 'Ned, you're a more spray man than me, just take a look out to sea.' Well, he'd not gone but a step or two when the report came again full and true, and even my old eyes could see the flash. I stepped up and turned off the water, and Ned and me went and called up the neighbours. I sent a boy on horseback to Trebarfoot to bring more help; and getting the ropes and things we should want, if anything could be done for the poor creatures on board the distressed ship, we went to the point we thought she would strike on. We had no help from our eyes, but were guided by our knowledge of the wind and tide.

"It might be about five, or between that and six o'clock, when we got to Saltstone. We could not stand against the wind, but were obliged to lie down on the edge of the cliff to try to discover the vessel. It seemed a whole night, though I suppose it could not be more than an hour, before we could see or hear anything more than the flash of the gun and the roar of the wind and waves. After a bit we touched hands, and went back to a more sheltered place to talk over what was best to be done. Some were for lighting a fire to try to guide them into Widemouth Sand-bay, but I knew 'twas no use, for I was sure the vessel had not a rag of canvas standing to help her helm, even if the helm itself was still serviceable, and so she could never make a reach to clear Dead-

man's Corner, and might miss the only chance of running into deep quiet water near the Cupboard Rock.

"All at once, while we were doubting what to do, we heard a crash and cry, such as only a stranded ship and the perishing souls on board of her can make. Ah! you talk of Cornish wreckers—but there was wet eyes among us then, and men's hearts that never knew fear fluttered like leaves on the lime-tree.

"We stood right above where the vessel struck. Sheer up from the beach—we measured it afterwards—two hundred and fourteen feet. A mouse could not have found footing down that cliff, and as it was within an hour of high water, no help could come to them poor souls but by letting some one down from the place we stood on.

"The dim light of morning just enabled us to see each other, and the white line of the shore-waves. Some thought they could see the wreck; I cannot tell if it was so. For certain we could hear now and then, fainter and fainter, the cry of mortal man.

"'I can't stand this no longer,' says Ned, at last, 'I can't stand here in health and strength with my two hands idle, while they, poor creatures, are beaten to death against the very rocks we stand on. Bear a hand, here—I'll go down this place.'

"We stood like men blind and deaf for a minute, and then all tried to persuade him out of it, for we thought it was certain death. The rope most likely would be cut through fraying over the cliff, or the wind might dash him with fatal force against the rocks. But nothing would stop him: he knotted the rope round his waist, and taking a short gaff in his hand, stood ready to slip off. He turned a moment, and, says he,

"'Give my love to Mary and the children, and if I never see them more, don't let them come to the parish.'

"He shook hands all round, and then stepped off, and in a moment he was hanging all his weight on the rope we held.

"'For God's sake, lower away!' he cried, 'I see them.'

"We saw them, too, for God rent the black clouds, and looked through to see that noble deed. In the east there was a space of clear sky, through which a stream of light fell on the scene before us. An awful scene it was! The ship was broken to pieces, and with every turn of the waves her timbers tossed and worrelled, and among them were the sailors. Some past help for ever, and two or three still striving hard for life.

"Just as Ned touched the beach, one man was swept out from the narrow ledge they were trying to hold on to, with every third or fourth wave breaking over them. The man Ned came to first was just such another for height and strength as himself, and we held our breath with terror, when we saw by his actions that he was (as is often the case) driven mad by his danger, and was struggling with the only man who could save him.

"For full five minutes they wrestled together. Sometimes we thought of pulling Ned up, and so making sure of him; for 'twas a hard choice between that poor demented stranger and Ned's young wife and three little children. But then the water left them once more, and we saw Ned had him down with his knee on his chest, and we knew if the tide gave him time he was his master. So it proved. He whipped a turn or two of rope round his arms, and catching him tight to him with his left, he gave the signal to haul away.

"They had barely left the rock—for we pulled easy at first—when the whole keelson of the vessel was thrown against the place they had stood on. We had them in our lift, however, and if the weight had been twice as much it would have come to grass if the ropes held.

"We were all too busy drawing them up to look to see what happened on the way. I hold it as Bible truth that there's scarce another man but Ned would have brought that sailor up. He had, as I have said, one arm round him, and, with the other, warded himself from the sharp face of the cliff, but he had some grievous bruises for all his courage and strength.

"When the man found himself lifted up in that strange way he got more raving than ever, and finding he could not use his hands, he fixed his teeth in Ned's cheek till they met. For all the pain and danger Ned held on, and I shall never forget to my last hour what I felt as we drew them in over the edge of the cliff, and knew they were safe.

"Poor Ned, we laid him in a sheltered place, and would have put the stranger with him, but we soon found he was too wild to be trusted free, so we bound him for his own safety.

"In a few minutes after they were landed Ned's wife came. We had sent a boy for some spirits and things, and he, youngster like, told what Ned was about. None that was there will ever forget that fair young thing as she fell on her knees by her husband's side, and swooned away with her head on his breast.

"Ah, the man that had just braved such danger wept like a child, as he smoothed the golden hair of his wife.

"As weak as a child he was, too, from loss of blood. Well, other women came soon after and bound up their hurts, and we got a cart and brought them down to my house.

"Eleven men and three boys were the crew of the Hesperus, as the ship was called, and only that one man saved. He lay for days—very quiet at last—and scarce spoke a word. What he did say was about his mother, and the name of some young woman. When we stripped him—by the doctor's orders—we found a little packet hung round his neck by a black riband, and as it was wet with the salt water we took it away to dry. My wife, who tended him more than the rest, said, he seemed to keep groping for something in his bosom, so she put it back round his neck again; and when he found it there all right, he never strove to rise and call out as he did before. It is not for me to say, but my old woman always considered that packet to hold some true love-token. She often said she wished she knew, for she thought how glad his mother and sweetheart would be to know he was alive.

"Well, he went on in that same strange way nigh on three weeks, and we did not know so much as the name of the sick man. Just as Ned was going about again all well, we thought the sight of him might bring the stranger to his recollections. So Ned went and sat by the bed-side till he woke. It was getting near Christmas, and we wanted the poor man to be well enough to enjoy the time with us. When he opened his eyes Ned held out his hand, and, says he—

"'Give you joy, comrade. Ay, I see you'll be more than a match for me the next turn we have, particular when 'tis grass we stand on.'

"With that the tears came into his poor dim eyes, and catching Ned's hand he said:

"'I remember now. Were none saved but me?'

"Ned was fearful to tell him the truth, in case it might make him worse, so he just laughed and said:

"'You've been so long sleeping off the effects of your wetting, that they're all gone and left you. But 'tis time we know'd your name, stranger, if it please you to tell.'

"'Gascoigne,' he said—'Richard Gascoigne. Has no one written to my mother?'

"'How should we,' says Ned, 'when we did not know where she lived.'

"With that he got up to come away, for he was afraid if he stayed he'd tell himself out about his shipmates, only three of whose bodies we ever found.

"He'd just got to the door when the poor man wanted him to come back, but before he could turn about the parson came into the room, and Ned got away.

"We never knew the particulars for certain, but always believe to this day that that young man was no common sailor.

"The parson used to come and sit with him for hours together, and a fine lot of letters they wrote between them. But we were never the wiser for any of their scholarship-doings but in one thing, and that won't be forgot round here for many's the long day.

"The Christmas day we were all standing about the church door, shaking hands and wishing each other a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, when the little gate that led from the Parsonage lawn into the churchyard was opened, and a lady came among us, so beautiful dressed and so beautiful herself, that we all stopped talking to look at her.

"I'm before my story, though, for I should have told you that the stranger had gone to the Parsonage as soon as he could be moved.

"Well, the lady came right forward into the midst of the crowd, and she said:

"'Which of all you brave, kind men, is Edward Smeeth?'

"Ned was just behind me, and seemed ready to slink away, but I pushed him 'fore, and says I:

"'If it please your ladyship, that's him.'

"Well, Ned know'd manners too well to run away then, so there he stood, blushing like a girl.

"The lady took his hand, and seemed going to make a speech; but she had only just begun her thanks when her heart rose in her throat, and the tears stood in her eyes, and she only said 'God bless you,' and put a little box and a purse into Ned's hand, and then kissed his great rough hand as if 't had been a baby's face. Ned seemed struck all of a heap. He looked at the things she had given him, and turned his hand as if he expected to see a mark where her beautiful lips had touched.

"Well, as the lady could not speak for herself, the Parson up and told us all the sense of it. How that there was a grand place up to London, with a many grand people that subscribed among them, to reward them that saved life.

"'And proud,' says the parson, 'proud I am that such a token has come into my parish.'

"He said a many kind and good words, and then told Ned to open the little box and show what was in it. There, sure enough, was a beautiful medal, with Ned's name, and the name of the man he saved, and some Latin words, which the Parson said was that we should never give up trying to save life, for perhaps a little spark of hope might remain, though all seemed gone.

"Ah! here comes Ned, he'll be proud to show your honours the medal."

So we walked to Ned's cottage hard by, and were delighted to find that, though seven long years had past—years that had robbed him of his fair young wife, and laid her with her new-born babe in an early tomb—his dark eyes would brighten and his fine form look taller as he exhibited that well-earned medal from the Royal Humane Society. PENLEE.

CHEVALIER D'EON.

CONSIDERABLE sensation is now being aroused across the water among the friends of the Alliance—whose number, I need hardly say, is legion—by the republication of the pseudo memoirs of the Chevalier d'Eon, under the taking title of "Un Hermaphrodite." As the hero puts on female clothing to delude King George III., because he had indulged in a criminal intrigue with good Queen Charlotte while yet a princess, it is almost superfluous to hint that such a book ought to find no hearing in this country. I see, however, that the "Saturday Review" speaks of it in terms of commendation, and apparently regards it as authentic; and therefore, in order to prevent any of my readers flying to it for highly-spiced and unwholesome information about this enigmatical character, I purpose to tell the story of the Chevalier in my own fashion, and rub off the gilt of romance that may still adhere to it.

The subject of this sketch was born on Oct. 5, 1728, at Tonnerre, in Burgundy, and received at the baptismal font the names of Charlotte Geneviève-Louise-Auguste-Andrée-Timothée d'Eon de Beaumont. His father, who belonged to the magistracy, had him brought up as a boy, and intended him to study jurisprudence. He was sent to Paris, where he studied at the College Mazarin, and was eventually admitted to the degrees of Doctor in civil and canon law. After

being called to the bar of the parliament of Paris, he wrote several political pamphlets, which gained him the acquaintance of the Prince de Conti, then head of Louis XV.'s secret diplomatic cabinet. The prince proposed to the king that D'Eon should accompany to Russia in the capacity of secretary, Chevalier Douglas, who was sent to Petersburg in 1757 to effect a reconciliation between the French and Russian courts. This was a difficult task, owing to the animosity Count Bestucheff, the High Chancellor of Russia, had vowed against France. The secret envoys contrived to form an understanding with the Vice-Chancellor, Count Woronzoff, and an intimate correspondence was set on foot between Louis XV. and the Empress Elizabeth, the letters passing through the hands of Woronzoff and D'Eon. On November 5, 1757, the Empress of Russia acceded to the convention concluded on March 21 of the same year between France, Austria, and Sweden, with reference to the exercise of the guarantees of the peace of Westphalia, in so far as they related to Germany. She acceded to it as a principal party, that is to say, bound herself by the same engagements as the other contracting parties. The accession of Russia was the more important, because that power had just been on the point of concluding an alliance with the courts of London and Berlin. D'Eon, who was selected to convey these happy tidings to Versailles, received from Louis XV. his portrait on a valuable snuff-box, which contained in addition an order on the royal treasury, and a commission as Lieutenant of Dragoons. He started again immediately for St. Petersburg, where, in the interim, the Marquis d'Hôpital had succeeded Chevalier Douglas. Both gentlemen concerted with the ambassador of the Empress of Austria the means they should employ to disgrace Count Bestucheff, and they were perfectly successful. Bestucheff was arrested by the orders of Elizabeth, while presiding at a council in the palace; all his papers were examined, and in his cabinet a memorandum was found of the suspicious persons he proposed to get rid of, among them being Douglas and d'Eon. After this operation, General Apraxin, although commanding the army, was recalled; General Tottleben shared the same fate, and the troops, being placed under other leaders, gained several victories over the King of Prussia. D'Eon, one of the most active agents in this revolution, returned to France in 1758, and in 1761 took part in the campaign of Germany as captain of dragoons, and aide-de-camp to Maréchal de Broglie. At Ultrop he was severely wounded in the head and hip, while at Osterwyk, he charged with such impetuosity a Prussian battalion, consisting of 800 men, that he compelled it to lay down its arms.

On the re-establishment of peace, D'Eon accompanied the Duc de Nivernois to London, as Secretary to the Embassy. He continued from that capital his secret correspondence with the king's privy council, and was the soul of the Embassy, whose nominal chief, as Walpole tells us, displayed such exaggerated confidence and friendship for him, that it trenched on the ridiculous. M. de Nivernois, having taken the first opportunity to return to France, D'Eon continued to direct affairs at London under the title of resident, and as the arrival of the new Envoy was delayed, he was eventually nominated Minister-Plenipotentiary. He had already rendered himself so agreeable to the Court of St. James, that George III. had selected him, though contrary to usage, to bear to France the ratification of the treaty, and on this occasion Louis XV. presented him with the cross of St. Louis. So much good fortune appears, however, to have turned the head of the young Secretary to the Embassy, whose merit and literary capacity Walpole himself condescends to recognise: from this moment he forgot the modesty he had always displayed in his language and conduct. Moreover, some reverses happened to him, when the successor-elect of the Duc de Nivernois arrived in London. This gentleman was the Count de Guerchy, who had distinguished himself in the Flanders campaign, under Maréchal de Saxe, and in the lately terminated war, contributed no little to the victory of Hastembeck. Walpole describes him as an agreeable soldier, possessing no extraordinary capacity, but great knowledge of the world, indefatigable zeal and polished manners, but unfortunately under the supreme control of his wife, a very ugly and insignificant person, although extremely sensible and most faithful to her husband—possibly *pour cause*. Guerchy was not at all disposed to grant D'Eon that influence he had enjoyed under his predecessor, and from the first moment of his arrival made the secretary feel his dependent position. D'Eon had not received his salary regularly, while the funds intended for his superiors had arrived most punctually. Hence, in order to meet the expenses entailed on him by his title of Minister-Plenipotentiary, he had spent in three months, and without any authority, 50,000 francs of the money intended to provide for the establishment of the Count de Guerchy, who made some insulting remarks to him on the subject. He also annoyed him about pettifogging trifles,—as for instance the subscription to sundry newspapers. D'Eon asserted, moreover, that, as he had held the title of Minister-Plenipotentiary, he had a right to retain it, even after de Guerchy had handed in his credentials, and alleged with some show of reason, that he could not appear as a simple secretary at a court to which he had been accredited as minister.

These squabbles appear really to have disturbed this ambitious man's senses. About this time an adventurer, of the name of Treyssac de Vergy, arrived in London, and D'Eon took it into his head that he had been sent expressly to assassinate him. When dining with Lord Halifax, he misunderstood the meaning of an expression made by the host, owing to his imperfect knowledge of English. He imagined that Lord Halifax threatened to break the peace of which he, D'Eon, had carried the ratifications to Versailles, and rushed with such fury on the ambassador, that it was found necessary to call in a magistrate, who arrested D'Eon, while Treyssac de Vergy obtained a warrant against him for a breach of the peace. The French court recalled D'Eon, who refused to return to Paris, and the Versailles cabinet was

compelled to notify officially to the British Government that D'Eon no longer held any office at London. He was consequently denied admission to St. James's Palace. Furious at what had happened to him, and impelled by vanity as much as by a desire for revenge, D'Eon published at London a stout quarto volume under the title of "Letters, Memoirs, and Private Negotiations of the Chevalier d'Eon." This volume comprised the narrative of the various operations which had been entrusted to him, and of his disputes with M. de Guerchy, as well as his correspondence with the Duc de Praslin, the Minister of Foreign Affairs: the friendly letters he had himself received from the Duc de Nivernois, and—what was the height of imprudence on his part—the correspondence of his friend St. Foix, clerk in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, in which the latter indulged in many biting remarks on his superiors. To these relations were added confidential letters between the Ducs de Nivernois and de Praslin, in which D'Eon was alluded to in kind and flattering terms, while the Count de Guerchy was treated with contempt; though it

was allowed that this "poor Guerchy" was the most proper man they could find at the moment. The book produced an immense sensation, which was lessened neither by the attempts to suppress the edition, nor by an answer published under the title—"Examination of the Letters, &c., of the Chevalier D'Eon, in a Letter to M. N." M. de Guerchy's colleagues in London having taken his part and demanded satisfaction, the Solicitor-General received orders to prosecute D'Eon for a libel, while in France the idea was momentarily entertained of carrying him off by force from London and imprisoning him in the Bastille. It is said that Louis XV., having heard of the plan, gave D'Eon a hint to be on his guard. Driven to desperation by the loss of his place and his salary, D'Eon threatened to publish the whole of his secret correspondence with Louis XV., which the monarch prevented by granting him a pension of 12,000 livres, the patent for which, entirely in the royal handwriting, was thus drawn up:

In consequence of the services which the Sieur d'Eon has rendered me, both in Russia and with my armies, I deign to grant him an annual pension of 12,000 livres,

which I will order to be paid to him punctually every six months, in whatsoever country he may be (except during a time of war, among my enemies), and will continue to do so until I think proper to give him some post whose appointments are larger than his pension.
At Versailles, April 1, 1760. LOUIS.

At the commencement of the year 1770 the rumour spread from one to the other that d'Eon was a woman. Several years elapsed before anybody was willing to believe it, but after a while few could be found to contradict it. It is incorrect that an order intimated to D'Eon by the French government that he was to assume feminine attire gave rise to these rumours; on the contrary, the rumours occasioned the order, which D'Eon did not obey, indeed, till some years later. It is probable that these rumours originated, in the first instance, from the names given to D'Eon at the baptismal font, and by many traits of his character, which had something feminine about them; it is also possible that nothing in his face, stature, or mode of life contradicted them; and that, moreover, the numerous enemies he had made carefully propagated them. Still there is considerable mystery as to the motives that could determine the French government to order d'Eon to assume female attire, as well as the reasons that led him to obey the order. If it be admitted that Louis XV. considered this mystification the best way of attenuating the effect of certain indiscretions committed by D'Eon, and that a feminine garb appeared to D'Eon himself an excellent protection against the numerous enmities of which he was the object,—I cannot, for all that, refrain from a suspicion that there must have been some other cause which compelled him to wear female clothing, and it may have been for the purpose of lulling suspicions which might be aroused in some minds, were it not for this supposition. The thing was not absolutely believed, but the number of those who took D'Eon for a woman was far larger than that of the sceptics, and, during the latter years of his life, there were very few who doubted the fact of his being a woman.

An immense number of wagers was made on this vexed question, and it is a very remarkable fact that the French were persuaded D'Eon was a woman, while in England he was persistently stated to be a man. These bets gave cause to several trials, and in 1777 the Court of King's Bench had to settle the case of Surgeon Hayes *v.* Baker Jacques in this matter. The latter had received from the adverse party fifteen guineas, on the undertaking that he would pay him back five hundred on the day it was proved that D'Eon was a woman. The jury considered the testimony produced by Hayes so conclusive that they gave a verdict in his favour. Other trials of the same nature were stopped by a declaration of the court that wagers of this description were contrary to the law; and it was asserted at the time that this judicial decision produced England a saving of 75,000*l.*, which otherwise must have been paid to the French bettors. D'Eon declared his determination to have no act or part in the wagers laid as to his real sex. He left England, and proceeded to France, whither the Count de Vergennes had summoned him. He at first appeared in man's clothes, was kindly welcomed, but soon received from Louis XVI. an order to reassume his female attire,—an order which that king, with his strict ideas on matters of morality and decency, would hardly have given unless he had been convinced that D'Eon was really a woman.

D'Eon at first refused obedience, but finally consented to what was asked of him, and went about everywhere in petticoats, with the Cross of St. Louis on his bosom, and calling himself the Chevalière d'Eon. As all doubts had not been removed as to his true sex, this *travestissement* attracted upon him many jests, and even challenges, which the government found no other means of putting a stop to, than by imprisoning him for some time in the citadel of Dijon. D'Eon left his prison in 1783, and then returned to England, whence it appears that he maintained a correspondence with Baron de Bréteuil, at that time Minister of Foreign Affairs. When the revolution broke out in France, D'Eon hastened back, and sent in a petition to the National Assembly, in which he asked leave to resume his rank in the army, for "his heart revolted against cap and petticoats." This offer being declined, he returned to England, and lost his pension by being placed on the list of emigrés. He was compelled to part with his library and jewels, and fell into such a state of distress, that he was reduced to the necessity of making a livelihood of the celebrity attaching to his name: in 1795, he set up a fencing school, in which he gave lessons dressed in female clothing. D'Eon was a very fine fencer, and gave several public assaults of arms with the Chevalier de St. Georges, who was considered the first swordsman of the day. It is, therefore, probable that his very necessities prevented D'Eon from lifting the veil of that mystery, which urgent considerations caused him to favour at an earlier period of life. In the correspondence of Anna Seward, there is a passing allusion to D'Eon, whom that lady saw at Lichfield. With her tendency to romance, the once fair Anna tells us that she (or rather he), appeared to possess a noble and undaunted spirit, and her (his) martial appearance, activity, and strength were marvellous in a person of the age of sixty-seven.

When old age and its sad train of maladies and infirmities began to press heavily on D'Eon, he only subsisted on the scanty charity bestowed by a few rare friends. In 1809, M. de Flassan, who was thoroughly initiated in all relating to French diplomacy, still firmly believed that D'Eon was a woman, but the mystery was cleared up at his death, which took place on May 21, 1810. The autopsy which was made by Dr. Copeland, in the presence of Mr. Adam Wilson, and Father Elysée, first surgeon to Louis XVIII., proved that D'Eon was a man. In a work of thirteen volumes, containing a great number of political and historical dissertations, and entitled "Loisirs du Chevalier D'Eon," which he published at Paris, in 1775, not a single allusion is met with to the strange part he consented to play. As I said at the beginning of this article, the Memoir published in D'Eon's name are apocryphal.

LASCELLES WRAXALL.

THE SETTLERS OF LONG ARROW.

A Canadian Romance in Thirty-one Chapters.

CHAPTER XXI.

Beyond the city barriers of Quebec, there once stood a handsome house built in the French style, but with a lawn and pleasure ground laid out in the English manner, sloping down to the river St. Charles. The windows of the lower rooms opened on parterres of rich flowers and shrubs; beyond were clumps of trees; and then came the banks of the river, fringed with birch and willows, and thickets of native shrubs and creepers.

In a large drawing-room in this house was a lovely girl. Paintings hung on the walls; vases and ornaments of china, gold and precious stones; richly inlaid tables, portfolios of prints, and books, were scattered about. There were ample means for pleasant music provided; but the sweetest object in the room was Coral, who, kneeling beside a low couch at one of the opened windows, rested her head on her hand, and gazed with a sad, absent, absorbed air, on the blue sky, the green trees, and the clear, shining river which bounded her view.

It was a lovely day in September—the most beautiful month in the Canadian year—when the light, silvery frosts of the night give a peculiar clearness and purity to the air by day, and delicately touch the leaves of the trees with bright hues, which day by day increase in vividness and variety. A soft, faint breeze just stirred the sweet air, and fanned the leaves; and round white clouds floated over the blue sky, now intercepting the sun's rays for a minute, and then leaving them clear and unclouded again, thus giving the most beautiful alternations of light and shadow to the scene. But none of these lovely aspects of nature, nothing that was around her, seemed present to the young girl's eye or mind; her dreamy eye seemed piercing either the far future, or recalling the distant past; and even the light rustling of the gentle wind among the trees appeared to echo in her ear as

> The dying swells
> Of noises far away.

Ere long an elderly man entered the room. His figure was slight and emaciated, and his handsome features were worn and attenuated; his hair was quite white, and his brow was furrowed with care and gloom; but his dark eyes still retained their fire, and glittered in their deeply-set sockets, with a lustre which contrasted strangely with the pale, bloodless face which they lighted, reminding the beholder of "lamps in sepulchres," and other ghastly images. It was the Count de Vallette, Coral's father,—a melancholy example of that common calamity, a lost life. Gifted with

talents, rank, and fortune, a handsome person, and all that men most covet, he had neither benefited himself nor the world, neither conferred happiness on others nor secured it for himself; all the rare advantages he possessed had not saved him from being the victim of disappointment, bitterness of heart, and vexation of spirit. His love for the beautiful Indian girl, whose brief life had been like the blossoming and fading of some rare flower, had for a little space raised him somewhat above the selfishness which had been his life's bane; but on her death, his whole nature hardened into a cold and stern despair, which, without pity to himself, was pitiless to others. Then infant Coral, who, while she was with him, seemed a faint shadow of his lost love, was mysteriously stolen away, and he began to look on these repeated misfortunes as special punishments from the hand of Providence. Religious remorse took possession of his mind; he became gloomy and austere; all delight in existence, all power to enjoy its gifts fled; only one faint gleam checkered this darkness—the hope of recovering his lost child, never relinquished, in spite of frequent disappointments, till the lost one was at last found.

But fate's stern decree, that disappointment invariably follows the fruition of some long-cherished desire, was not to be revoked for him. It is true that Coral's beauty more than satisfied the requisitions of his fastidious and exacting taste, and that her natural grace and refinement astonished, while they delighted him; but though she remembered her promise to Keefe, and tried to submit to the requirement of her new position, adopt its habits, and follow its rules, she pined beneath the change, as any bird of the wilderness, when transported thence to delight some city denizen, and her father soon saw that all the idolatrous love he lavished on her, all the pleasures with which he endeavoured to give brightness and interest to her existence, could not make her happy, or conquer her silent but irrepressible regrets for the life she had left.

Determined that her native beauty, grace, and intelligence should now receive all the advantages of culture, so long denied them, the Count engaged the best masters he could procure, to teach her all it was then thought necessary for an accomplished young lady to know. Apparently, nature was jealous of any interference with her favourite child, and determined that the charms she had bestowed and fostered should be neither mended nor marred by art, for Coral profited little by their instruction. She had been gifted with an exquisite voice, clear, sweet, and thrilling, full of melody and pathos; she had a fine ear, and a quick and accurate perception of harmony; but it was impossible to make her understand or remember those "notes, numbers, and fixed rules" which transform the divine instinct of music into a science. Every melody she heard, she made her own; and in the evening she would often sing sweet airs with such sad and witching power, that they seemed scarce earthly; but she could not, or would not, comprehend the mysteries of keys and chords, tones and semi-tones, and the complicated principles of that harmony which in its essence made up so large a part of her being; her soul refused to find a voice in strings of wire and catgut, or pieces of ivory, and without the soul's inspiration her fingers were motionless, her voice mute. Pencil and brush she resolutely refused to touch, for though she had the most passionate love for all the beautiful forms, colours, and aspects of nature, and the truest appreciation of every shade and phase of loveliness, she felt a positive repugnance to what she called their mockery on paper or canvas. Nor did she make much more progress in dancing, for though all her motions were full of grace, and in the woods of Long Arrow she had danced for hours to the sighing of the leaves, the murmurs of the water, or her own sweet warblings, now joy and all its gay impulses had fled, and her love for dancing had fled with them; the glad spirit, which unbidden had taught her to weave her graceful and airy steps among the flowers and under the greenwood tree, had vanished, and now they refused to follow mechanically the elaborate positions and figures of her teachers.

No better result followed the lessons she received in other branches of learning. When she first came to Long Arrow she spoke French and Indian with equal fluency, and she had not been there long before she spoke English with as much readiness as if it had been her native tongue. Denis had taught her to read and write, and she had learned to do both with great quickness and ease; but now, whether owing to the gloom which hung over her and weakened all her energies, or to her teachers not understanding the peculiar character with which they were dealing, she seemed unable to master the simplest elements of geography or grammar. Often she said to herself, that she could find her way to Long Arrow by the magnetic instinct of love, through the deepest darkness or wildest tempest,—and what was any other spot on the globe to her? Nor could she have loved Keefe better had she been able to conjugate the verbs in every language spoken under the sun.

Yet to know that she consoled herself for her ignorance would not have afforded much comfort to the Count, when he listened to the confession which Coral's instructors reluctantly made, that they could not flatter themselves she had made the least progress in her studies since she had been placed under their care. They endeavoured to soften the unwelcome announcement, by one and all declaring they did not believe this was owing to any want of talent in their pupil, but to the state of her mind, which seemed a prey to a restless melancholy, that prevented her from taking interest in anything around her, or from fixing her attention on anything but her secret care. These assertions served to confirm the suspicions which the Count had for some time entertained; and, after a short struggle with many painful and anxious thoughts, he went in search of his daughter.

She was not aware of his entrance, till he sat down on the lounge, by which she was kneeling, and, putting his arm round her neck, turned her face towards his. She started when she felt his clasp, and a bewildered expression came into her eyes; and then, as she suddenly appeared to

recognise him, and to remember where she was, the flush which surprise had brought to her cheek faded, and she sighed. Her father gazed into her face with a sad and earnest scrutiny, and he read enough there to bring the terrors which had of late tortured him to a climax. Its ethereal delicacy was almost unearthly. A bright spot of vivid crimson burned on each cheek; and there was a flood of wandering, restless light in her eyes, which filled him with a nameless fear. Pressing her head to his breast, he kissed her forehead; but, controlling his emotion, he smiled, and tried to speak cheerfully, as he said:

"Shall we go and see the kind nuns at the Hôtel Dieu Mignon? It is a lovely evening, and you can take them some of your splendid geraniums, to deck the chapel for to-morrow's fête?"

A tiny smile curled Coral's lip.

"I don't know whether they will ever welcome me again," she said. "I shocked them dreadfully the other day, by saying that I was persuaded God was as much the Saviour of the wild Indian as the Catholic Frenchman, and that prayers said from the heart's inspiration, under the green forest boughs and the blue sky, would be as acceptable to Him, as if muttered after white, stoled priests, before gilded altars or painted sanctuary."

"The good nuns are only grieved to see you set so little value on the privileges you received at your baptism, my child," said the Count, gravely.

Coral turned away her head, with a movement of impatience, and as her curls fell back from her cheek, the prophecy of early death, which its wasted transparency seemed to speak, was more clearly revealed to her father than ever it had been before. All his grief at her heterodox theology, all his mortification at the impossibility of reconciling the free, wild nature of his beautiful child to the artificial habits and tame routine of conventional life, all his regret at her unwillingness or inability to acquire those external accomplishments which civilised life prizes more than inward beauty, were as nothing, compared with the anguish that smote him at the thought that, like her mother, she was doomed to an early death.

"Don't turn away from me, Mignon," he said, "I am not going to tease you. I have something pleasant to tell you—something that will make you glad."

A wild, bright hope thrilled through Coral's heart, and she turned to her father with a glow on her cheek, rich as Hebe's.

"You have often heard me speak of France, Coralie," continued her father, "beautiful, glorious France, and of the dear old château where I was born, and where I spent my happy, careless boyhood with my father and mother, and my sweet little sister, now in Heaven. I have often described to you my birthplace, its quaint garden, with its arbours and trellised walks, its sundial, its fountains, its parterres and terraces; and the sea-beach far below, with its shining sands, on which the blue waves, coming softly in, drop lovely shells, and wreaths of seaweed in fresh variety, day after day; and the green old graveyard, with its low white tombs and flower-strewn mounds, where my parents sleep with poor little Celeste; where, one day, I hope my bones and your mother's sacred remains shall rest by their side. We shall see them all together soon, my daughter. We are going to that beautiful land; we are going to that fair château; we are going to France."

When Coral understood it was France, a look of listless indifference succeeded to the eager glance, which had given her countenance such brilliancy the moment before. As he proceeded, an expression of disgust crept over her face, and when he ended, by exclaiming with such emotion, "We are going to that beautiful France!" her features hardened into a look of inflexible opposition.

Her father did not appear to notice the effect his words had on her: he continued to speak with excited rapidity.

"Bonaparte has permitted me again to take possession of my estate, and we shall go there immediately. Provence will give its native rose to your cheek, and the soft breezes of the Mediterranean shall invigorate your delicate frame. Artists that are men of genius, not ignorant pretenders, shall impart to you those beautiful accomplishments in which I am persuaded nature formed you to excel; and when we visit Paris, my beautiful Canadian flower shall bloom the loveliest where all are fair."

"Never!" said Coral, meeting her father's glance with steady eye and firm-set lips. "I will never go to France; I will never leave Canada."

"Never go to France, Coralie? What can you mean? What charm can you find in this land of dark tangled forests, of deep and sombre lakes, which even in summer wear the gloom of winter, and which for more than half the year are fields of ice and snow, over which the wild tempests of the arctic zone continually beat? We shall leave them behind us, for soft skies and blue seas; for fertile valleys, on whose sides the purple grape ripens, in whose openings white cottages and rich orchards cluster, and whose heights are crowned with lofty châteaux and picturesque gardens. To sail over those sunny blue seas, to wander along those shining yellow sands, to rest in those green flowery vales, to climb those breezy heights, for only a day, were worth a year of the dull, torpid, stagnant existence, which men call life, among the swamps, and wildernesses of Canada."

Drawing away from her father, Coral stood up, her slight form and delicate features animated with pride and disdain.

"Its forests," she said, "are more sublime than the most splendid cathedrals of Europe, and the music of the wind swaying the boughs a loftier hymn than organs ever sounded. And then she poured forth the following burning English words:—

This land is like an eagle, whose young gaze
  Feeds on the noon-tide beam, whose golden plume
Floats moveless on the storm, and in the blaze
  Of summer gleams, when earth is wrapt in gloom;
An epitaph of glory for the tomb,
  Of murdered Europe, may thy fame be made.
Great people! As the sands shalt thou become;
  Thy growth is swift as morn, when night must fade
The multitudinous earth shall sleep beneath thy shade!

Her glittering eye, her flushed cheek, her parted lips, from which her thrilling voice came bearing on its melodious stream words that seemed suddenly inspired, held her father fascinated as he gazed.

For that brief moment the germs of genius which slumbered in the undeveloped soul of the little Indian girl seemed about to spring up, full grown. But the glow quickly subsided; it was but a flash, and, sitting down, she leaned her forehead on a table that stood near, and was silent.

The Count had ceased to be much astonished at anything Coral did or said, but he asked—

"Where did you learn that poetry, Coral?"

"I found it in a volume lying among some books in a closet," she answered: "I read it at first because it was in English, and then because I found such beautiful things in it—things which I have often felt, but no one ever said to me before."

Of that book or its writer the Count knew nothing; it had come into his house by chance, and he had never seen it, and the only thing in her answer that struck him was her assertion that she had first read it because it was English. Rising, he began to walk up and down the room, while Coral still rested her head on the table with an air of weariness and languor very different from the excitement she had so lately shown. Suddenly her father's attention seemed arrested by an open book with a little sprig of hemlock lying between the leaves; a certain trace of Coral, for she gathered fresh sprigs of this beautiful tree every day, and arranged them fancifully in some vase or basket. It was the beautiful story of Paul and Virginia, open at the parting scene between the lovers, when for the first time they meet at Virginia's Retreat, and the leaves were blistered with tears not yet dry.

The Count took up the book, and going up to Coral, drew her beside him on the sofa.

"Have you read this book, Coralie?"

"Yes, father."

"Do you like it?"

"Oh, it is beautiful—as beautiful as love itself; as full of sweetness and as full of sorrow."

Her father gazed at her earnestly.

"Had you been Virginia, would you have suffered any one to tear you from Paul?"

"No," said Coral; "no power on earth should have separated us. No power but his own bidding," she added, in a more subdued tone. Still the Count watched her anxiously.

"Coralie," he said, after a pause, I had a letter from your friend Keefe Dillon to-day."

A bright smile shot over her face; her whole soul seemed to flash from her eyes, eager and questioning.

"Oh, father, tell me all, quick. Is he well?—what does he say?"

"He is well," said the Count, gravely. "I wrote to ask him if there was any way in which I could show my gratitude for all we owe him, offering to serve him in any way he could point out to the utmost of my power. You need not be afraid, Coralie; I think even you would have approved of my letter. I felt warmly; how could I feel otherwise towards one who had preserved my child from dangers I shudder to think of, and restored her to my arms, and I wrote as I felt; but it seems he does not need, or will not accept, anything from me. He desires nothing from me, but an assurance that I have made you happy."

Coral had hung upon every word her father uttered, as if she expected a sentence of life or death to proceed from his lips; and when he ceased speaking, she slid softly from the sofa, wrapped her arms round his knees, and looking up into his face with an expression of intense earnestness such as he had never seen eyes express before, she said in a low, fervent voice, "I can never be happy away from him."

"Do you love him so much?" asked her father, sadly.

Coral still kept her eloquent eyes fastened on him, and her lips just parted to emit the single word "Yes;" but the tone in which it was uttered, and the look that accompanied it, were stronger confirmation than a volume of protestations could have been.

"You love him better than your father, whose life is bound up in yours, and better than your father's God?"

"I loved him before I ever heard of my father," said Coral, softly; "and that good God who is mine as well as my father's, has made my heart and his grow together."

"You think he loves you, then?" said her father, "but how could he help it?—Well, Mignon, I do not deny that he has acted honourably and nobly towards you, but for all that, if I were to see him I might find him rough, coarse, and ignorant."

Springing back from her father, to whom she had been clinging more closely than ever a minute before, Coral passionately interrupted him.

"Keefe is never coarse and rough," she exclaimed; "he is gentle and kind to everything in the world; to the little children, to horses and cattle, to the squirrels and birds, to the ugliest and meanest thing that crawls. And he looks so brave, and so true and kind; I have never seen any one here that wouldn't look mean and insignificant beside him. And he is not ignorant father; you must not judge him by me; he knows a great deal about books, and he knows other things that are better and nobler for a man to know."

Her father smiled, though the smile was a sad one.

"You are a warm pleader, Coralie," he said; "and a romantic girl, but romance will not last for ever," and he sighed.

"Are truth and faithfulness and love romance?" said Coral; "if they are, I hope they will last with me for ever. I know people always talk as if romance was a false thing; but then it seems to me that it is those feelings and faiths I think the best and truest on earth they call romance."

Again the Count sighed as he thought of that bright young spirit, so tender and so true, whose unselfish devotion he had found as real as any ever ridiculed as an impossible fiction when told in story or song.

"Why do you sigh, father?" asked Coral, "and why do you look so pale?"

"You look so like your mother, child," said her father. "What makes you look so like her to-day?"

"Father," said Coral, "if some one had taken my mother away from you over the sea into a strange country where she could never see you more, how would she have felt?"

"She would have died," said the Count, as if the words were uttered in spite of himself.

"She could not have loved you better than I love Keefe," said Coral; "if I go where I cannot see him I shall die."

"Well, you shall see him, Coralie; I will write to him to-night, and ask him to come here."

"Oh, father, will you? This very night? Good, kind father! Then we shall be happy, all of us; then I shall love my father truly, and with all the warmth of my heart, not with the coldness of duty; then I will try to do everything to please him; then I shall be able to learn drawing and grammar, and every tiresome thing, for Keefe will help me; and then, if my father likes, I will go to France, for Keefe will come too."

"And will my daughter do another thing to please her father, who is giving up the strongest and most cherished feelings of his life to make her happy? Will she learn to worship God in the way he thinks right?"

"If Keefe says I ought to do it, I will," said Coral; but the next instant she added, truthfully, "he never will though, I know that."

"We shall see. And will you grow well and strong if I write this letter, Coralie, and never frighten me more with pale looks, and dreamy eyes?"

"Oh, yes, I shall get well and strong, I shall not be pale, or sad, or stupid any more. I shall be glad and merry all day long when Keefe comes. You will love your little Coral a thousand times better than ever then; and she will love her dear father who has made her happy, and try to make him happy too. And Keefe, oh! when you see Keefe you will love him far more than me."

"If I do, he must be a powerful wizard indeed," said the Count.

"But when will you write, father? Had you not better do it at once, this minute? It will be so long till the letter will reach him, and before he can come to us. Let me get your portfolio—there now, write, dear father, write at once."

"Well, I will write, but not while you stand beside me, Coral; go and take a walk, and against you come back I shall have written my letter."

"You promise, father?"

"I promise."

"Very well, then, I will go. I begin to be obedient and good from this minute."

And kissing her father, she walked out of the room, with more brightness and hope in her face, and more vigour and elasticity in her step than either had shown since she had first heard from Keefe that she was to leave Long Arrow.

Her father remained sitting at his open portfolio, but he seemed in no haste to begin his letter. His head rested in his hand, and the expression of his face grew every moment more dissatisfied, gloomy, and anxious. He had formed high expectations of the destiny Coral might command hereafter, convinced that after a year or two spent under the care of the best masters and governesses in France should have fitted her to enter society, her great beauty and rich inheritance could not fail to procure her many suitors of rank and fortune, among whom he might choose her a husband who would at the same time gratify his ambition and make his daughter happy, and in whose care he might securely leave her when his death, which he had reason to think could not be very far off, should happen. As for her love for Keefe, he had looked on it at first as a childish attachment, which absence, and the new sphere of life into which she had entered, would soon dissipate; but as time passed, and he saw her still pale, listless, joyless, evidently taking no interest or pleasure in anything that surrounded her, and only roused to animation when some aspect of nature, some bird, or flower, or leaf touched the chords of association, and brought back to her for a little space the shadow of her forest home, he began to fear that the love which could render everything else in the world so utterly indifferent to her, must be far deeper rooted in her heart than he had at first supposed, and something very different from the transient fancy he had at first believed it; till at last, as he saw her slight figure grow more fragile, her skin show a more unhealthy clearness, and a wild, fitful brightness gleam in her eyes, terror, lest the regrets which preyed on her mind should irretrievably ruin her health, took possession of him, and with it came the conviction that every sacrifice of pride and ambition would be as dust in the balance, compared with the loss of her whose presence had revived all the human sympathies and affections which had so long withered in his heart for want of nourishment, and given them a second life. Under the influence of these feelings he wrote to Keefe, thinking that from his answer he might form some slight judgment of the young man's character and capacity for improvement, if he found it necessary to admit him to Coral's society, as the only means of saving her life. The answer, when it came, surprised him not a little. It was brief, manly, and independent in tone, but neither rude nor vulgar; and though Keefe declined the Count's offer of assistance decidedly, he did so not only politely, but with one or two simple expressions of gratitude which were evidently sincere. To attribute this refusal to any want of love for Coral never entered the Count's head; on the contrary, he imputed it to an honourable and high-spirited determination in Keefe to owe nothing to one who he might suppose would never have made any advances towards him, had he thought it possible for him to aspire to his daughter's hand. Little did the Count suspect that though Keefe felt a tender affection for his pretty playmate, the childish dependant on his manly strength, the neglected orphan whose life he had saved, whose passionate heart had given him all its love, it was a calm and brotherly affection, mingled with a pity, which however generous, would have made her father's proud blood boil over had he known of its existence.

Far from any such thought, he merely regarded Keefe as an instrument he was compelled to use in securing Coral's health and happiness, and after many struggles, he at length resolved to invite the young man to Quebec, and let circumstances direct his future course. But when the moment of writing the letter had arrived, when Coral's pleading eyes and earnest tone were gone, a consciousness of the great sacrifice he was about to make came over him more strongly than ever. The pride, principles, and prejudices of a lifetime rose in arms against conduct which, in his eyes, seemed dishonour to himself, and sacrilege against the long line of ancestors from whom he had inherited his name. Had the ancient possessions of his father, whose blood he could trace back to the days of Charlemagne, unstained by a drop of plebeian origin, after all he had suffered, come a second time into his hands, that he might throw them away on an obscure, illiterate, and low-born youth in the backwoods of Canada? He groaned in agony at the thought; but the image of Coral, wasted, wan, dying, again seemed standing at his side,—Coral, whom he loved with that absorbing love we give to the only thing dear to us on earth; and again he felt that could he but save her, the loss of everything else could be borne. Yet still the struggle in his breast between pride and love was strong and terrible, till it was ended in a way of which he had not dreamed.

CHAPTER XXII.

Filled with joy and hope, Coral tied on her straw hat, and wrapped a light scarf round her shoulders, murmuring as she did so wild snatches of song and exclamations of delight. As she passed through the hall, a canary in a gilded cage raised his crest, flapped his wings, and poured forth a strain of pleasure; and when she went up to the cage and opened the door, the little creature flew into her bosom, and nestled there, with low, caressing sounds of joy. The bird was a perfect beauty, of a deep golden hue, with a tiny green crest, glittering like an emerald on the summit of his head,—the survivor of a pair which the Count had bought, in the hope that they would give some amusement to Coral. And Coral soon imagined a sympathy between her fate and that of those beautiful little creatures. Like her, they were lodged in a gilt and ornamented dwelling, fed with delicate food, and attended with sedulous care; but, like her, they were denied liberty, free will, and the scenes and enjoyments of nature. It was not long before one of the little prisoners met with release. One morning, on going as usual to the cage, Coral found the female lying dead, while her mate, with ruffled feathers and drooping crest, nestled close to her side, uttering a low piping note of sorrow, and at intervals caressing her with his beak. And from this time he showed the most passionate affection for Coral, greeting her with his sweetest warblings whenever she appeared, thrusting his little beak through the wires, and the moment she opened the door flying into her bosom, and expressing his delight by caresses. It would have been strange if Coral had not returned this affection; and if, in her forest home, she had delighted to give food and happiness to the little birds of the woods, when she and they were alike free, there was something tenderer in the fondness she felt for the companion of her thraldom, who received all the pleasures his captive life could know from her hands.

"Come, dear Ariel," she said, returning her favourite's caresses, "you shall not be left in your gloomy little prison; you shall come with me, and feel the fresh breeze and the warm sunshine, without any envious shade between. Sing, Ariel, sing! be glad, be happy, if you love me: everything that loves me should be happy to-day. All the world should be happy if I could make them so. But I cannot make even you happy, my poor Ariel. I cannot restore you to your own bright land; I cannot give you back your dead mate. The little brown birds that hop about the woods of Long Arrow are happier than you. This morning I envied them; but when Keefe comes I'll envy them no longer. Keefe is coming! Oh, joy! oh, gladness! Keefe is coming; he will soon be here!"

With Ariel perched on her arm, she passed into the portico, and ran down the steps, repeating again and again to herself, "Keefe is coming! Keefe is coming! he will soon be here!"

With eyes newly bathed in the sunshine of joy, she gazed on the light shadowy clouds that floated over her head, and her lips drank in the sweet pure air, as if it had been some divine and immortal elixir.

A veil seemed suddenly to have fallen from her sight—a cloud from her heart—and once more she saw and felt that the world was bright and beautiful, and full of bliss. She followed a winding path that led to the river, watching the last butterflies of the season as they flitted across her feet, and stopping every now and then to gather some bright-tinted leaf which seemed to her fancy more beautiful than the rest; sometimes warbling the little Indian air Keefe liked so well, sometimes uttering words of fondness to her bird; often pausing to clasp her hands together in ecstasy, and exclaim, "Keefe is coming! He will soon be here!"

Her certainty of bliss grew fuller and fuller every moment, and her song seemed higher and higher,

> Like an embodied joy whose race is just begun!

All the wild spirits and energy of old had come back to her, and on reaching the bank of the river, which here was broken and precipitous, she was suddenly seized with a longing to descend it, and reach a little stripe of glittering sand and stones which lay below, that she had never felt before. She accomplished the feat easily enough, though it would have been both difficult and dangerous to ordinary young ladies, with Ariel nestled snugly in the folds of her scarf, and sat down on a stone, gazing on the shining water spread out at her feet, and listening to the plash of the tiny waves as they rolled one after another to the beach. She had often before listened to the ceaseless murmurs of the water with a dim, half-conscious feeling that there was a mystic sympathy between the restless heavings of its blue depths and the unquiet yearnings of her own heart; but now the small

waves seemed dancing to their own music, and the joyous throbs of her heart beat time to their tuneful harmony: for the voices of nature always echo those that are speaking within us.

"Keefe is coming!" was still her cry; "he will soon be here!"

Then starting up, she sought along the beach for a smooth flat stone, such as boys play "ducks and drakes" with—a game she and Denis had often played at Long Arrow.

"Now," she said, "so many leaps as it takes before it sinks into the water, so many weeks will it be before Keefe comes."

She sent the stone skimming over the river as she spoke, but the answer of the oracle was destined to oblivion, for at the same instant, Ariel, perhaps terrified at the sight of the water, took sudden flight, and darted down the river. Forgetting her play with destiny, in terror for her favourite, Coral called to him to return, but in vain; the sudden sense of freedom, and love of liberty appeared to be stirring within him, and the voice he had once obeyed had lost its power. But his joy, if joy it was, did not last long. Unused to any but the shortest flights, his feeble flutterings soon showed that his strength was giving way; yet still he made no effort to return to the shore, but frightened and bewildered, struggled farther away, and Coral expected every moment to see him drop into the water, when a canoe suddenly turned a bend in the river, and came into sight; it met poor Ariel as he fell, and he dropped at the feet of the young man who was guiding it. The stranger raised the poor panting little creature, but its sufferings were nearly over, and it gasped out its faint life in his hand. Smoothing its ruffled plumes, and admiring its beauty, the young man looked towards the shore, wondering from whence it had come, and saw the young girl standing on the sand.

"She can't have it living," he said, to himself, "but it may please her to have it dead. I remember how Coral used to love her birds."

And turning his canoe towards the little beach on which Coral stood, he soon paddled it thither; but as he came near, and caught sight of her face, surprise, doubt, and the wildest delight and wonder took possession of him; and as the canoe touched the shore, he jumped out with a wild vehemence which sent it drifting back into the current. Seizing the girl's hands, which she held eagerly out, he gazed into her face.

"Denis, Denis!" exclaimed Coral.

"Oh, Coral! it is you then, I am not dreaming or mad; here is the river, and yonder is Quebec. I am awake, and in my senses. But to see you here—in that dress, and looking so beautiful! My God, Coral, what has brought you here?"

"Don't you know? Have you never heard? I am with my father—my own father, and we live in that house that you can see through the trees. But—oh, look at poor Ariel, he is dead!"

"The bird? Yes; it died in my hand, just after he fell into the canoe. But—"

He hesitated, and then went on in a hurried manner:

"Is Keefe with you? Are you married to Keefe?"

"No," said Coral; and she bent over her dead bird for an instant. Then looking up, she said, more steadily—

"What made you think that, Denis?"

"No matter now," he said; and his eyes devoured her with a mingled expression of admiration, sadness, and astonishment.

How lovely he thought her; her graceful dress, and an air of increased refinement more to be felt than described, adding new charms to a beauty he had always thought unequalled. As he gazed, she seemed a thousand times farther removed from him than ever before, yet he could not help feeling a thrill of joy when he heard that no such impassable barrier as he had feared existed between them; that she was not married to Keefe.

"But how did you come here, Denis?" said Coral.

"I will tell you when you tell me all that has happened to you since I saw you. Sit down here on this stone, and begin."

"Do you see your canoe floating down the river?" exclaimed Coral.

"Let it go; I can't think about it now. Dear Coral, tell me what wonders have come to you."

They sat down beside the river, and Coral told Denis all that had befallen her since he left Long Arrow, her hearer every minute feeling more and more surprise and emotion.

"And are you happy here, Coral?" he asked, when she had done.

"Till an hour before I saw you I was miserable. I was pining for freedom, and the wild woods, and for you and Keefe. But this morning something made me happy. Oh! so happy! I will not tell you what it was just now, but I will by-and-by, and you must share my joy, Denis; you must never leave us again."

Denis turned away his head and sighed.

"Now let me hear where you have been, and what you have been doing," continued Coral.

"Coral, I suppose I need not tell you why I went away from Long Arrow. I would not have you know all the wild thoughts that distracted me then for the world. One thing was uppermost—to get away from you and Keefe. Seeing some Indians putting off in their canoes, I asked them to take me with them. I did not care where they were going. I knew they were leaving Long Arrow, and that was enough for me. Since then I have been wandering about with them, hunting and fishing, caring for nothing, wishing for nothing, but for some excitement that might banish memory and thought. At last my mind grew calmer, better and gentler feelings came, and I longed to hear something about you and Keefe, and about my poor old father and mother. I was weary, too, of the savage life I led, and I determined to return home; but by this time I was so far away that my best way of getting to Long Arrow was through Quebec, but I never dreamt of finding you here."

"Oh! was it not well I came to the river!" exclaimed Coral; "only for that we might never have met. And only for my poor little birdie. Your canoe would have passed by, and we would not have known each other. Poor little thing, how still he lies. I wonder where that part of

him, which felt sorrow and joy, and love, is gone?"

Then, starting up hastily, she said:

"Come, Denis, let us go to my father."

"Oh! don't go yet, Coral, not yet—it is too soon—stay a little longer—only a little longer—perhaps I may never see you again."

"What do you mean? You are coming with me?" and she wound her arm through his.

He looked at her sadly.

"No, Coral; I cannot go to your father—you forget."

"What do I forget?" she asked, looking steadily into his averted face.

"You forget the difference that is between us now."

"Difference!" she exclaimed, with a bright flash of her eye and a haughty erection of her graceful head. "Are you any different now from what you were when I was a wild, neglected child, and you took care of me, and were better to me than a brother? What could happen to change you or me? It is not like you to think such a thought."

"Dear Coral, you are an angel, but your father will not feel as I do."

"If he did not, I would forget that I was his child; but he will," she said, softening her voice. "He is good, he loves me, and he will love you, too. Come!"

And she tried to draw him on.

"Coral, if you knew how much pain it gives me to refuse you anything, you would not ask me. I cannot go with you. Besides, I must go to my own father and mother. You say they are here—where do they live?"

"You must see my father first," she said, clinging tightly to his arm. "There is no use in contending with me, Denis; you know you always used to give up to me; you never refused me anything on which I had set my heart, and I am sure you are not going to begin the very first day after such a long absence. You may go away after you have seen my father, if you like, only come now. Besides, if you come, I will tell you something about Keefe."

He had never been able to resist her entreaties; he could not resist them now. She led him up the bank, still keeping hold of his arm with one hand, while the other held her dead bird; drew him on through the grounds, still holding him as if she feared he would escape her, up the steps, and through the open door of the portico into the hall. Here they were seen by one of the servants, who with amazement beheld his young lady clinging to the arm of a sailor-like youth, in a linen jacket and trousers and a coarse straw hat. On entering the house Denis took off his hat, and a very handsome face and a mass of light brown curling hair showed themselves.

"He's one of the gang that stole her away, I suppose," said the man who was watching them; "and, as I live, she is taking him to her father. The Count will blow the fellow's brains out."

Unconscious of any observation, and not caring in the least if all the world had been there to see, Coral laid Ariel in his cage, and then led Denis into the room where she had left her father. Softly opening the door, she entered, her arm still wound round that of her companion. The Count still sat beside the writing-table, his head leaning back against the cushions of his chair.

"Father!" said Coral, "I have found Denis—Denis who was so kind to me, and whom I love so much." The Count did not stir. "He is asleep, I must waken him," said Coral; and, going up to him, she kissed his cheek. It felt as cold as marble, and, frightened, she scarcely knew why, she attempted to raise his head. It was heavy and stiff. "Oh! my father! my father! he is dead!" she exclaimed, and her cry brought the servants into the room.

All was now terror and confusion. One flew to summon the Count's "confessor," Father Jerome; another ran for the nearest doctor; Coral knelt beside her father's chair, and held his hand in hers, with her other hand she grasped that of Denis, utterly indifferent to the glances of wonder and scorn cast on him by the servants. As for Denis, he only thought of Coral, she was the only object in the room that he saw. At last a physician arrived.

"The young lady ought to be removed," he said, with a glance of surprise and curiosity at Denis. "Had not you better go to your room, mademoiselle, while I try to recover your father?"

Coral mechanically moved into a window recess, but she still kept fast hold of Denis's hand.

"You must not leave me," she said.

And they sat down together on the lounge, where a short time before she had sat with her father and talked of Keefe. Father Jerome now entered. He was a small, thin man, with little bright brown eyes, and a keen though kindly expression of face. He went up to the physician, who was examining the body.

"Is there any hope?" he asked.

"None! He is quite dead. I can be of no use, so I will resign my place to you, sir."

And with a slight sneer he bowed to the priest, and took his departure.

Father Jerome had known the Count long and well, and now he looked sadly on the livid and stony face of his dead friend; and, crossing himself, murmured a prayer for the departed soul.

"Alas!" he said, softly; "passion and anguish and remorse have left their deep lines on his face. Well! God give him peace now!" Then he addressed the servants. "Remove Monsieur's remains to his chamber. Where is Mademoiselle?"

"There she is, Father!" said one of the women, with a glance of indignant contempt at Coral and her companion.

Father Jerome was too shrewd and ready-witted not to divine at a glance who Denis was, for of course he was familiar with every particular of Coral's story. He went up to Coral, whose tears still flowed, though her grief was quiet now. It was not of that overwhelming sort which refused to be comforted.

"Your father has left us for a time," said the priest, "but we must submit to the will of God, my child. God is the Father of the fatherless, and I will try to take care of you, as it was the Count's wish I should do, if he was called away. Trust me, your happiness and welfare shall always

be my first object. But who is this young man?"

"Father, this is Denis—Denis who was so good to me when I was a little child, and no one else was kind to me."

"Mrs. Brady's son."

And Father Jerome looked scrutinisingly at the young man, for Mrs. Brady's character was not calculated to impress any one in favour of her relations.

"And *my* brother," said Coral, detecting the look and accent of distrust.

"I should wish to think well of any one who has been kind to Mademoiselle de Vallette," said Father Jerome, "but your visit has been at a most unfortunate time."

"I made him come," said Coral, the flash of anger drying all her tears, "and if my father had been alive he would have been glad to see him,—he loved everything and everybody that I loved." And again her eyes flowed over.

"My dear child," said Father Jerome, "will you not go to your room? it is not fit that you stay here any longer."

"But Denis must not go away, Father Jerome," said Coral.

"Leave him with me, daughter," said the priest, gently; "I will take care of him."

"Yes, dear Coral, go to your room," said Denis; "it is better that you should. Don't mind me."

"But I will mind you, Denis; no one shall prevent me!" she said, with all her untamed Indian blood flashing in her eyes.

And then the thought of her dead father, and all his tenderness, came over her, and she softened again.

"Well, I will go," she said, "if you promise to stay here."

"I cannot stay, Coral; you know I must go to see my father and mother."

"Well, then, promise me not to leave Quebec till I see you again."

"I promise that, Coral; nothing could make me go away without seeing you again."

"Very well; remember I trust you." And releasing his hand she left the room.

"Mademoiselle de Vallette seems much attached to you," said Father Jerome quickly, "and, no doubt, you are equally so to her."

"By no means," said Denis, looking straight at the priest; "I love her a thousand times better than she loves me."

"Ah!" said the priest, "you are candid. Well, in return, I will be candid with you. The laws and customs of the world have placed an impassable barrier between you and the young lady. She is now the sole heiress of great wealth,—the acknowledged daughter of a man of rank and property; your birth, situation, and circumstances belong, as you must be aware, to another and totally different sphere; her position and prospects have changed, and the relations between you must change also; there can no longer be anything like equality between you; therefore, the less you see of each other the better."

"The better for me, perhaps," said Denis; "for her it does not matter."

"Perhaps not; but as her father confided her to my care in case of his death, I must guard against the possibility of danger. At the same time, if she wishes to show her gratitude for any services you may have formerly rendered her, by assisting you in whatever mode of life you have chosen, I shall not object. If you have had the presumption to cherish any other hopes, they can never be realised, even if Mademoiselle were foolish enough to encourage them. I tell you plainly, I should know how to frustrate them."

At this the indignant blood burned in Denis's cheek, and his eye flashed fire.

"I want no help from any one," he said. "Coral owes me no gratitude, and no man but a priest dares suspect me of underhand plans or motives. It is not because she is a Count's daughter, and an heiress, that I love her; I loved her as well when I thought she was the daughter of old Indian Louis, and had not a cent in the world; and she knows that. But she cares nothing for me—she never did—except some small share of sisterly kindness and pity, and that at least she will bear for me while she lives, for she has a true and tender heart, and no worldly fashions will ever spoil it. But if she *did* love me," and the wild light of his eye almost startled the priest as he spoke, "I tell you, old man, not all the priests nor all the soldiers in your walled town should keep her from me. Love and nature are stronger than all the chains custom or gold can forge. And you may find that out yet!" he said, as the thought of Keefe crossed his mind.

"This violence is singularly unbecoming at such a time," said Father Jerome, as calmly as ever.

"I cannot listen to such things with indifference," said Denis, "but I am a fool to be angry with such as you."

"You certainly are," said the priest, "for, I assure you, I should have great pleasure in serving you if I knew any way in which I could do so with propriety."

"I want no help or assistance from any one, least of all from Coral or any of her new friends. My hands are able to earn more than enough to satisfy my wants, and if they were not, it is not from you, or such as you, I should ask for aid. And, now, if you will tell me where Nicholas Brady lives, I will rid you of my presence."

Father Jerome did so, and Denis left the room and the house.

"A very fiery youth indeed," said Father Jerome to himself, as he looked after Denis from the window, "and not a bad-looking fellow either, though a complete rustic. I must take care she does not see him again."

(*To be continued.*)

AN ELECTROTYPE WEDDING.

Everybody has heard, or should have heard, of the kindly ritual called the "Golden Wedding," and of the more frequently performed ceremonial known as the "Silver Wedding." But if anyone does not comprehend the meaning of these graceful observances, or the poetry which can be made to surround them, let him procure Miss Frederica Bremer's novel, "The Neighbours," and, when he

has read it, let him send a well-expressed and becoming letter of thanks to the writer of these lines, for their having indicated a new pleasure.

The "Golden and Silver Weddings" are foreign inventions. Perhaps their meaning is more thoroughly understood in England than many smart persons imagine—perhaps the observances themselves, divested of the foreign ceremonial, are not neglected in happy old homes. But the folks who have heart for such things do not advertise their happiness, and in these days, unless a festival forms the subject of a penny-a-lining paragraph, it is not taken into account by many observers of national peculiarities. I do not think that an English husband and wife who, having shared the sorrows and joys of half-a-century, and with eyes a little dimmed by years, and a little by the overflowing of affectionate hearts, should revert to the memory of their bridal day, and with thankfulness, and some mingling of smiles and tears, should try to recall its incidents, amid a circle of loving children and grandchildren, would much care to read in the suburban journal that infests their neighbourhood a paragraph like this:

"A Golden Wedding.—Yesterday we had the distinguished pleasure of witnessing, or 'assisting at,' as our lively neighbours on the other side of the Channel would say, one of those interesting festivities which, in the words of the immortal bard of Avon, 'cause our youth to be renewed like the eagle.' The *ocus in quo*, if the ladies will forgive us for quoting from a classical author, was the delightful residence of Methusaleh Parr, Esquire, and known as Harmony Lodge, Wandsworth. The occasion was the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of his wedding with the amiable and accomplished lady who has been his partner during the moiety of a century. The gardens of the lodge were tastefully decorated with garlands, and other ornaments, from the world-famous establishment of Messrs. Flaunter and Gingle, and under a spacious tent, erected expressly by Mr. Paull, was laid out a handsome collation, at which, sooth to say, the 'troops of friends' who assembled were nothing loath to put in an early appearance, and to refresh the inner man with the delicacies so hospitably provided. When enjoyment had waited on appetite, and, let us hope, health on both, an old friend of the family, a gentleman resident not a hundred miles from Araminta Road, Bermondsey, rose to propose the toast of the day, it is needless for us to add, the United Healths of Mr. and Mrs. Parr. The orator's speech was all that could possibly be desired, and if its touching pathos occasionally brought tears into the bright eyes of many a fair listener, melancholy was speedily dissipated by the sparkling wit with which the speaker relieved his discourse. The toast was honoured with the most heartfelt enthusiasm. Mr. Parr, in returning thanks, was much affected, &c. &c."

No, a real Golden Wedding is held without the aid of our friend with the fluent pen. May many and many such a wedding, and *en attendant* (as he would write) many and many a Silver one be celebrated by those who are now contributing interesting paragraphs to the first column of the "Times." And if they have chosen well, and time is kind to them, there is no reason why the brides and bridegrooms of this our November should not join affectionate hands in November, 1886, and even November, 1911, and on every day in the meantime.

But as it is the fashion of the day to use imitations in lieu of realities, as Mr. ***** is accepted as a divine, and Mr. ***** as a poet, and Mr. ****** as a critic, and Lord **** as a statesman (it is of no use to count these stars, I don't mean anybody in particular, and I hope I am too great a Sham myself to wish to give offence), and as we have false shirt fronts and paper collars, and as we dye our wigs, and smile on everybody whom we detest, and pretend to feel genial at Christmas, and call on friends when we know they are out, and cordially thank bores for sending us their bad books, and rave about the opera which we would give a guinea not to go to, and manœuvre for cards entitling us to be crushed on the third step from the hall when Mrs. St. Bullion is At Home, and send sovereigns to charities whose secretary has the sense to be very careful in advertising his receipts, and offer mugs and medals to Volunteer shots, now that the shooting is so capitally reported, and stay in London when we would rather go to the sea, and go to Brighton when we would rather stay in London, and deliver lectures when we have nothing to say, and applaud lectures when the teacher has nothing to teach, and rejoice when Biggings, whom we hate, comes into a legacy, which we expected, and do all the rest of the wise and sincere things which wise and sincere cynics (like myself) think it caustic and clever to enumerate,—I say, if we do all this, why should we not borrow the Golden Wedding notion, but adapt it to the tone of the society that comports itself as above depicted? It would only be adding another sham to a very long list, and I think the addition might be rather a pleasant one.

Silver and gold have we none, but we may go in for Electrotype. Joseph Surface has epigrammatised upon the value of "sentimental French plate," and Joseph was a wise man, though Sheridan, who was a witty man, thought it necessary, for theatrical purposes, to make him exhibit himself, in the hour of trial, as such an ass as the real Mr. Surface never would have proved. Let us avail ourselves of his hint, I say, and electrotype the interesting ceremonial so charmingly described by Miss Bremer. Who will come with me to an Electrotype Wedding? I can take you, but you must dress yourself very nicely. No studs? Ah, but you must get some beautiful studs, or I cannot think of introducing you, and those sleeve links are very paltry. Here is the Burlington Arcade, and here are five shillings for you. A gentleman must wear jewellery; how else is he to be distinguished from the lower orders?

Just in time, I declare. Lunch at three, that noble-looking butler said. Butler, my dear boy, he is as much our friend Lacquerby Veneer's butler, as you are, but he is very well got up, and wears a benevolent smile, specially invented for the day—generally he is austerely polite, while sober. Attention to trifles is sneered at by fools,

but is the evidence of true art. Let us go up-stairs. What a nice party, and, like the butler who is not a butler, they have all put on a genial, wedding-day smile. Mr. and Mrs. Lacquerby Veneer were married this day twenty-five years (it was in 1836; do the sum now, it may not be so easy after champagne), and so they are going to keep an Electrotype Wedding.

Lorenzo, to discriminate is just, and, Lorenzo, or whatever your name is, my valued and intimate friend, if you are going to laugh in the wrong place, or indeed to laugh at all on a sacred and touching occasion like this, you had better go away. Because, though the Veneers ask me to their parties, inasmuch as I am a pleasing man and know some Lords, I am not strong enough with them to run any risks. And I love them, and should be sorry to lose the two *good* dinners which Veneer gives during the season—the others I am unfortunate enough to be unable to accept. So behave yourself properly, and I will introduce you to pretty Miss Flora Veneer, but don't lose your heart, because you have no money, and, *entre nous*, Miss Flora will have none. I know that as a family friend and in confidence, mind, but young Archibald Rollestone, who is spoonifying there, thinks she will have 10,000*l*., and would have a right to think so if the City thought better of Madagascar Central Convertibles. Archy Rollestone is awfully hard up, and his cousin Walter Rollestone, who comes here, knows all about it, and if it were not that of course cousinly affection compels him to keep the secret, Walter could settle Archy's business with one shrug. There is nothing serious, therefore, and you may go and flirt if you like, but remember Madagascar. It is an island in the Indian ocean, and when there are silver mines in it, and they pay, Lacquerby Veneer will be a rich man, if he has not been obliged to pawn his shares in the meantime.

But here comes papa, rubbing his white hands gently. Handsome rings, Lorenzo, and none of *your* Burlington Arcade rubbish, but real. They were nearly all Testimonials, and that massive gold, real gold chain was a testimonial. He is a good man? Why, of course he is. Do you think I would bring you to the house of any but a good man? But his goodness has no exact bearing on that jewellery, because he belongs to a Testimonial Association—why, of course it's secret, but I know it as a family friend, and in confidence, mind—and the members present one another with elegant things, and make elegant speeches—you should have seen Veneer cry when they gave him that watch, and sob out that every beat of his heart was responsive to its ticking. He is a good-looking man; very, I think. Virtue and goodness keep the countenance pleasant, and he is only fifty, at least he says so, though I know somebody who heard him incautiously mention that he was taken as a boy to see Mr. Pitt's funeral, and Pitt died—of course you young fellows don't know when, but it was in 1805, and Lacky Veneer must have been five years old then, if he was taken to see a funeral. But perhaps he told a story, or perhaps he was tipsy, and did not know what he was saying; let us be charitable. He does not look much more than fifty, does he? O, never mind the crow's feet and the hard lines; is that the way to look at a man on his wedding-day? Be charitable, Lorenzo, I tell you; I dare say you will have hard lines and crow's feet when you have been a humbug for thirty or forty years, like Mr. Lacquerby. Let me introduce you. Signor Lorenzo—Mr. Veneer. Only too happy, my dear Mr. Veneer, to be the humble means of making two gentlemen acquainted who ought to know one another. But you are an impostor, Lacquerby, and Mrs. Lacquerby there, is another. Twenty-five years—don't talk such nonsense to us; ten, or if you insist upon it, twelve, not an hour more. Neither of you looks it, and so do not attempt, for the first time in your life, to deceive your friends. Ha! ha! Meet again below? Certainly, I trust so, ha! ha! Yes, that is Sir Habakkuk Zephaniah; pray go and speak to him, Mr. Veneer. We'll meet again below.

I don't know what *he* means, Lorenzo, but I mean in the dining-room. Is he not a pleasant fellow? Why did I call you Signor? Because Lorenzo is a ridiculous name, and I am not going to be ridiculous. Who gave you that name? I did. Very well, then I have a right to give you another. Besides, I have made you an Italian, and the girls will be delighted to know you; only keep up the character, and say and look things which you would not dare to say and look as an Englishman—they won't mind. I'll say you were private secretary to the Queen of Naples, and dismissed because the King was jealous of your good looks, and would have served you Rizzio fashion, only that you hid yourself in a bomb, and were shot into the bay. They'll believe anything a foreigner tells them. Besides, they don't know what a bomb is. Their father does, I believe. Now then, let us speak to Mrs. Lacquerby, if we can get near her; we ought to have done so at first, but we must tell her that we vainly tried to break into the circle of congratulations.

You don't like her, Signor? Will you hold your tongue? You are bound to like her, you are going to have a capital lunch at her table presently. Why don't you like her? Her voice is false, and her smile is false, and she is a humbug. Very rude observations, Signor, and, as I have before had occasion to remark, you ought to be charitable. She always detested Veneer, Signor, and now she despises him. She was made to marry him, instead of a young surgeon in the army, whom she liked, and had to give up because Lacquerby Veneer was a bouncing, bumptious man, who made her parents think she was marrying Golconda, with California for a country seat. But she might have learned to like him,—almost any woman can be made to like almost any man, unless the man is an utter humbug. Then she gets to despise him, and that is not so well. She might even have borne that, if his humbug had been a success, and he had been a good fellow with it. But it was not. He has only pretended to succeed, and has, all his life, been struggling to keep up appearances. She ought to have helped him? Of course she ought, and did, although his temper was brutal, and he treated her with vulgar coarseness. She did help him, and is helping him now, and that's the reason she speaks in that speech, and smiles with that

smile. She has had to keep the peace with Lacquerby Veneer for five-and-twenty years, and how was she to avoid becoming a humbug, poor thing? You are an uncharitable Italian, Signor, and deserved to be blown out of the bomb. But wait until you have had your lunch, and then you may think better of her.

Want to go? Nonsense. You *must* remain, Lorenzo—do you wish to get me into a scrape, when I have told you, in all the sacred confidence of friendship, that I want to stand well with the Veneers? Besides, I should like to introduce you to Miss Flora. You don't like the look she is giving young Rollestone. Stuff—go and make her give the same sort of look to you, or a kinder. She will, on small provocation, for she is an awful flirt. Don't be afraid of the family—if Flora takes you under her wing it will be all right—she has a deuce of a temper, and is the only member of the household of whom her father is thoroughly afraid. She scratches the gilt off the gingerbread, *sans cérémonie*, I can tell you, and when he puts her monkey up, that excitable quadrumane bites. You don't care about knowing her. Well, then, look at her sister, the mild beauty, Miss Isabella. Are you religious—I hope you are, Lorenzo—well, by a curious coincidence, so is she. You should hear the disturbance she makes, if her brother Charley there dares to bring out "Bell's Life" on a Sunday, and how she explains to him that he is a heathen without hope in this world or the next, and the still greater disturbance she makes if the carriage is not ready to take her off to afternoon service at S. Polycarp's. You do not like her either? Here, speak to Charley Veneer as he passes. They call him a good fellow, but his father does not think him so, simply because the young fellow has elegant tastes, will not do anything, and spends eight times his allowance. Fathers have flinty hearts. Well, Charles, a great day for the family. Let me introduce my friend, Signor Lorenzo. Ha! ha! very good indeed, Charley. What did he say, Signor. I laughed, but didn't catch it? Asked if you were any relation to Lorenzo de Medicine. Ha! ha! Not a bad shot for a young fellow who reads "Bell's Life." Besides, it showed a readiness to be friendly. When good feeling prompts the joke a man is heartless indeed who criticises it—remember that sentiment; it will be very useful if you ever drop to be a freemason or churchwarden, or anything in the after-dinner line.

A bustle, signifying that we are to descend. Let a good many of the party go a-head, and then we shall get near the door, and can escape when you will. Dear, dear, how touching! See, Signor. Because it is a wedding-day observance, Mr. Lacquerby Veneer takes Mrs. Lacquerby Veneer under his arm, and down they go together, like bridegroom and bride, and will sit side by side, I bet, just as they did on the day in 1836, when the girl who had been Rosa Clare early that morning hated James Veneer (the Lacquerby prefix came later, to obliterate some recollections of a composition with creditors), and did not despise him as Rosa Veneer now does. Yet there is a gracious, proud, matronly look at the other matrons and the maidens, as she goes out. He does not act nearly so well, and yet at the moment he half believes that he is not half a bad fellow. Next comes Sir Habbakuk Zephaniah with Miss Flora—Rollestone offered his arm, but she took the city knight—Archy's cousin has peached, that's clear. Sir Habbakuk is not an elegant person, and his aspirates are capricious—what's that he is saying about leaving his at in the awl? but if he can't put in an H in the right place, he can a young fellow who wants a situation, and he is here because Charley must be taken care of. The Reverend Timius Mewler follows with Miss Isabella, but that's nothing, Signor, if you are Isabellically inclined; the reverend man knows all about the family, and has his eye elsewhere. Mr. Whistleton and Mrs. Bob Parry—widow and widower—and she'd have him if she could, but she can't, because he knew poor Bob Parry, and the home tyranny suffered by him, and that another friend, Clover (here he comes, making Miss Dolmantle laugh wickedly), said that if Parry took laudanum, the verdict would be Justifiable Parricide. Clover and Miss Dolly, aforesaid—that *is* a pretty girl, Signor, and Clover might do worse, and will, for it's his way. Don't say red hair, at least not until she has gone by, for she is a vain little thing, and likes to get men into squabbles about her. Next comes Mr. Katter Feltoe, the great traveller (at least he says he has travelled a great deal, but Professor Knowing doesn't believe a word about those web-footed bisons which Mr. K. F. discovered in Mesopotamia), and he is telling some traveller's story to handsome, large, white, stupid Mrs. Shoulders, who does not care a farthing about it, and does not know whether the Lebanon is in Spain or Seringapatam, but very much wants to get near Mrs. Bob Parry, to see whether that noble lace is what it looks. Now we'll go down, as all the good places will be filled up, my Lorenzo.

Have you not had a good lunch, Italian, and is not the table elegant, with its plate, and its flowers, and its glass, and all the pretty things upon it? And the ladies are dressed very well, and laugh very pleasantly, do they not? And the wine is very good—now, don't be a humbug, for I have seen you take four glasses of champagne. I knew all would be done well, and there sits Rosa Veneer by the side of her lord—they take wine together affably enough (yes, knock the table, Signor, we all will. Ah! bravo! brava! that's right), and, perhaps, she is not thinking of the day when he threw the glass of wine in her face, and swore at her, or why. Do you see what is before them? A wedding-cake, and he puts the knife into her hand that she may cut the first piece—how courteously he hands it—I wonder whether that is the knife they say he threatened to throw at her on her birthday, eleven years back—pass me that bottle, I want to bow to her. Ha! now for some oratory. Who's the friend of the family?

Sir Habbakuk did it pretty well, Signor, didn't he? Talked about the heart too much, considering that he dropped two out of the five letters, and he should not have thrown his eyes on the ham, just as he spoke of hambition. But it was all very well, and I suppose they have nailed him for Master Charley, by that allusion to the appiness of promoting the hupward path of your friend's

children. I rather like Sir Habbakuk Zephaniah, and if he asks me to dinner I shall go.

And now for the reply. Up riseth James Lacquerby Veneer. Not bad, the struggle to speak—not bad, the hydraulic business; can you see whether there is really water there?—touched his eyes slily with a drop of champagne, perhaps—an artist is known in trifles, as I have said.

Here we *do* want the penny-a-liner. Here really is paragraph talk. Penny-a-lining, *in excelsis*, is the oratory of such as Lacquerby Veneer. Come along, Signor Lorenzo; we have had lunch enough, and we'll have a cigar in the park. You shall read the speech to-morrow—I saw a man taking notes, and I shall have a copy, printed on satin paper, and tied up with the cards of the happy couple; bless you, Veneer will not throw away a chance of getting himself talked about. You shall have my copy; I do not mean to insert it in my album of reminiscences. I keep that for cards of invitation to the banquets of more awful swells than Veneer. Come along.

Spoke well—thanks, I have a light—spoke well? Certainly. Very neat indeed. I suspect the Reverend Mewler gave him some hints. "Five-and-twenty years tossing on the stormy ocean of life, yet ever anchored to the hearthstone of a happy home. Would gladly have spared his wife all the troubles, and have only shared the joys with her, but she was a strict arithmetician, and insisted on the fulfilment of her bargain. Ever the first she was to see the haven of hope, but she never allowed the ship to drift. Wished every man such a wife, and had provided two such wives for two happy men, whenever they should descend from the skies and claim them. If his son were but half as fortunate as himself, he should feel his own happiness doubled. Life was not in the sear and yellow leaf; but honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,—those he rejoiced to say were his, and he would not say that he had deserved them, but would say that the dear partner of his life had done so. (Here he cried, I think.) They had never had a dispute, far less a quarrel, and if another five-and-twenty years should be granted them, the only increase of happiness he could desire for that period would be in the prattle of a third generation of Lacquerby Veneers." Yes, my boy, he spoke very well, and you may give me another cigar, as this don't draw—it's one of those I keep, in a lovely embroidered case, for friends who call.

Yes, that might fairly be called an Electrotype Wedding. There are a good many such festivals. But they bear no proportion at all to the thousands of weddings where the real Gold and Silver come out, and where the words which are as free to hollow humbugs as to honest men express the real feelings of the heart. God bless the Gold and Silver, and multiply it. S. B.

PHANTASY.

I.

WITHIN a Temple of the Toes,
 Where twirl'd the passionate Wili,
I saw full many a market rose,
 And sigh'd for my village lily.

II.

With cynical Adrian then I took flight
 To that old dead city whose carol
Bursts out like a reveller's loud in the night,
 As he sits astride his barrel.

III.

We two were bound the Alps to scale,
 Up the rock-reflecting river;
Old times blew thro' me like a gale,
 And kept my thoughts in a quiver.

IV.

Hawking ruin, wood-slope, and vine,
 Reel'd silver-laced under my vision:
And into me pass'd, with the green-eyed wine
 Knocking hard at my head for admission.

V.

I held the village lily cheap,
 And the dream around her idle;
Lo, quietly as I lay to sleep,
 The bells led me off to a bridal.

VI.

My bride wore the hood of a Beguine,
 And mine was the foot to falter;
Three cowl'd monks, rat-eyed, were seen;
 The Cross was of bones o'er the altar.

VII.

The Cross was of bones; the priest that read,
 A spectacled necromancer:
But at the fourth word, the bride I led,
 Changed to an Opera dancer.

VIII.

A young ballet beauty who perk'd in her place,
 A darling of pink and spangles;
One fair foot level with her face,
 And the hearts of men at her ancles.

IX.

She whirl'd, she twirl'd; the mock-priest grinn'd,
 And quickly his mask unriddled;
'Twas Adrian! loud his old laughter dinn'd;
 Then he seized a fiddle, and fiddled.

X.

He fiddled, he glow'd with the bottomless fire,
 Like Sathanas in feature:
All thro' me he fiddled a wolfish desire
 To dance with that bright creature.

XI.

And gathering courage I said to my soul,
 Throttle the thing that hinders!
When the three cowl'd monks, from black as coal,
 Wax'd hot as furnace-cinders.

XII.

They caught her up, twirling; they leapt between-whiles:
 The fiddler flicker'd with laughter:
Profanely they flew down the awful aisles!
 Where I went sliding after.

XIII.

Down the awful aisles, by the fretted walls,
 Beneath the Gothic arches:—
King Skull, in the black confessionals,
 Sat rub-a-dub-dubbing his marches.

XIV.

Then the silent cold stone warriors frown'd,
 The pictured saints strode forward:
A whirlwind swept them from holy ground;
 A tempest puff'd them nor'ward.

XV.
They shot through the great cathedral door;
Like mallards they traversed ocean :
And gazing below, on its boiling floor,
I mark'd a horrid commotion.

XVI.
Down a forest's long alleys they spun like tops :
It seem'd that for ages and ages,
Thro' the Book of Life bereft of stops,
They waltz'd continuous pages.

XVII.
And ages after, scarce awake,
And my blood with the fever fretting,
I stood alone by a forest-lake,
Whose shadows the moon were netting.

XVIII.
Lilies, golden and white, by the curls
Of their broad flat leaves hung swaying.
A wreath of languid twining girls
Stream'd upward, long locks disarraying.

XIX.
Their cheeks had the satin frost-glow of the moon ;
Their eyes the fire of Sirius.
They circled, and droned a monotonous tune,
Abandon'd to love delirious.

XX.
Like lengths of convolvulus torn from the hedge,
And trailing the highway over,
The dreamy-eyed mistresses circled the sedge,
And call'd for a lover, a lover !

XXI.
I sank, I rose through seas of eyes,
In odorous swathes delicious :
They fann'd me with impetuous sighs,
They bit me with kisses vicious.

XXII.
My ears were spell'd, my neck was coil'd,
And I with their fury was glowing,
When the marbly waters bubbled and boil'd
At a watery noise of crowing.

XXIII.
They dragg'd me low and low to the lake ;
Their kisses more stormily shower'd ;
On the emerald brink, in the white moon's wake,
An earthly damsel cower'd.

XXIV.
Fresh heart-sobs shook her knitted hands
Beneath a tiny suckling,
As one by one of the doleful bands
Dived like a fairy duckling.

XXV.
And now my turn had come—O me !
What wisdom was mine that second !
I dropp'd on the adorer's knee ;
To that sweet figure I beckon'd.

XXVI.
Save me ! save me ! for now I know
The powers that nature gave me,
And the value of honest love I know :—.
My village lily ! save me !

XXVII.
Come 'twixt me and the sisterhood,
While the passion-born phantoms are fleeing !
Oh, he that is true to flesh and blood
Is true to his own being !

XXVIII.
And he that is false to flesh and blood,
Is false to the star within him :
And the mad and hungry sisterhood
All under the tides shall win him !

XXIX.
My village lily ! save me ! save !
For strength is with the holy :—
Already I shudder'd to feel the wave,
As I kept sinking slowly :—

XXX.
I felt the cold wave and the under-tug
Of the Brides, when—starting and shrinking—
Lo, Adrian tilts the water-jug !
And Bruges with morn is blinking.

XXXI.
Merrily sparkles sunny prime
On gabled peak and arbour :
Merrily rattles belfry-chime
The song of Sevilla's Barber.

George Meredith.

SKETCHES AT BRIGHTON.

By the Author of "Helionde," "The Memoirs of a Stomach," &c.

NO. I.—AQUA MARINA.

Carpet-bag in hand, I, Robert Horatio Green, of Blotting Paper Buildings, Temple, stand on the railway platform at Brighton, and the great question requiring an immediate solution is, "Where shall I take up my abode—in lodgings, or at an hotel ?" Comfort says, "Mine ease at mine inn," while economy declares for a sitting room and bed-room, including all extras, except boot-cleaning, kitchen fire, parlour fire, gas in the passage, washing of house linen, use of cruets, and the option of playing upon a spinet of four and a half octaves, for the small charge of 30*s.* per week. But then the awful presence of the lodging-letter ! Her acid, sharp features ; her perfect respectability ; her rectitude of purpose and honesty of conduct announced to you before you have been in the house five minutes ; the number of colonels, majors, and captains, who have preceded you, and never had any cause for complaint, or a grumble of any kind ; the confidential assurance that she was not in the habit of letting lodgings, as though the falsehood were not apparent in every item of the furniture ! The curtains bob short, refusing to be drawn more than half-way across the rattling windows ; the easy chair—*lucus à non lucendo*—stuffed with pebbles from the beach, or with old cork-screws from the marine store shop near at hand ; the sofa, hard as a plank, and creaking with infirmities, to say nothing of the sharp pieces of stubbly horse-hair which run, goodness knows where ; the carpet, lately cleaned with ox-gall, and smelling accordingly ; the eternal chiffonnier, suggestive of stiff, formal old maids, with their locks, what there is left of them, for ever in disorder ; the rickety chairs, the shaky table, the round, convex mirror, reflecting objects like a glance into

the world of Lilliput—all, all cry aloud lodgings, lodgings, and yet that same highly respectable vulture stands there telling you her house was newly furnished throughout last year, and that her dear deceased husband was the respected minister of Allsobs Tabernacle in Nasal Street, Bath, for many a long year, and that until his death she had never occasion to demean herself by taking in lodgers. Oh! there is something peculiarly pungent in that phrase "take in;" it conveys its own moral, and adorns its own tale. After undergoing this introductory process, you ask to *see* the bed-room, and you *smell* it! Then those yellow-brown tick coverings, made cleanly at the line of vision by pieces of linen sewn on the sides; that feather-bed, as if the osseous remains of the birds had been left therein; those drabby, dirty, dimity curtains; that three-cornered washing-stand, and its crockery of the early Britons; that general odour suggestive of mild typhus, or scarlatina—faugh!—I cannot stand it, and as I am not rich enough to take lodgings opposite the sea, and give a hundred guineas a week for decent rooms, and a grander mode of extortion, I fain go off to the Excrescent Hotel, so called from its abutting from a crescent, and hug myself with the notion that that gentle boa-constrictor, though she lubricated, did not swallow me.

I have had considerable experience in watching the habits, customs, and manners of that class of beings called lodginghouse-keepers, and they, one and all, possess certain unmistakeable traits, which, though differing in degree, prove they all belong to the same family. From their power of "selection"—a polite name for the faculty of appropriativeness—I think Dr. Darwin would be highly interested in their study. Of the two sorts more deserving notice are those which may be denominated the vultures and the crocodiles. The first is generally at the top of the kitchen staircase, ready to pounce upon the new comer, while the latter usually ensconces herself behind the flower-pots in the parlour window gazing with hungry looks at the passers-by like an alligator in the sedges. The vulture preys upon you openly and at once. She feeds her "helps" out of *your* larder, and she makes the tradesmen give her a per-centage for her recommendation. She attempts to make you pay your butcher's bills twice, and when you "cut up rough" thereat, she assumes the air of injured innocence, and shadows forth an action for defamation at the next assizes. But although this is all bad enough in its way, for myself I prefer the vulturine propensities to the crocodilic. The latter dresses in the height of gentility; she goes regularly to prayers at a meeting-house near, and preys at home still more devoutly. She has seen better days, she tells you, and her eyes are suffused with tears whenever the subject of money is discussed between you. She professes a profound personal interest in you, and when she hears that your little cousin in London has the measles she weeps outright, and calls her a little hangel. She hopes you will never suspect *her* of taking advantage, and, till the weekly bill is presented, you really believe you have found a true female Samaritan to pour oil into your wounds. This upon experience you find she certainly could do, only she would irritate your wounds and overcharge you for the oil. You perceive that item after item involves an overcharge of some sort, and yet her manner of making it has been so ingeniously contrived that it is very difficult to lay your finger upon the precise piece of roguery. She weeps if you dispute the bill, and she weeps when you pay it, and hopes you do not think her mercenary. She weeps when you hint at the possibility of leaving her, and speaks of her forlorn condition, as if your only duty in life were to live in her lodgings as a perpetual annuity to her. What with maudlin airs, pretended sympathies, and the evidence of a little spiritual comfort now and then, she is far more disagreeable to me than her less hypocritical neighbour who cheats you openly, and threatens you with law if you mention the subject.

Then there is another member of the same family that is as necessary to know and to shun as those I have just named. In this case the lady who lets you her lodgings most likely keeps a bonnet shop, or sells fancy goods of some sort, which bring her in contact with gentility, and she acts accordingly. Oh, how neatly she is dressed! Bien chaussée et bien gantée, with a waist like an hour-glass; demure, smiling, insidious, and eager-eyed always. The drawing-room she proposes to let you is nicely furnished—at least, you think so at first—but when you come to experience the uses thereof, you soon find out your mistake. In the first place the tables, occasional and otherwise, the easy-chairs and the sofa, are all carefully swaddled in those wretched nets called anti-macassars, so that you perpetually find yourself caught in a net, like a herring or sole in the meshes. All the china ornaments so lavishly strewn about are of that description which made its *début* immediately after the composition peaches and apples, and chalky parrots went out of fashion, while numberless trumpery ornaments of all kinds are arranged everywhere, decorated with little matters of worthless but ingenious millinery. The vilely-painted pictures are hung by ribbons with a large bow, trimmed with lace where the nail goes in the wall, and nothing that you find in the room is free from what may be termed genteel frippery. "Mamma," who keeps the accounts and the books, is a lady of the old school, befrilled, and brooched and tucked up as neatly as a new-made bed. Like the apartments, her looks at first sight are greatly in her favour, but when you come to know her features better, you remark a disagreeable expression in their thin attenuated outline (she is the counterpart of her daughter) which is at once suggestive of that great art of removing the epidermis from silicious compounds. You have not been long in the house when she informs you that one or two of the young lady apprentices (there are about a dozen demoiselles working together in a room upstairs) are the daughters of clergymen and barristers, and perhaps the statement is only too true; but conceive the innate vulgarity, treachery, and heartlessness of imparting the fact to every new lodger that arrives! Of course, in this establishment you are imposed upon as much as elsewhere, but it is genteelly done; so in a perfect gentlemanly spirit

you pay the bill without making any remark, and mamma shakes hands with you at leaving, and you are not altogether displeased with your treatment—always excepting the persevering manner in which the nets are replaced to catch you every morning, notwithstanding that you have tucked some under the sofa, thrown others up into dark corners, or, as a last resource, stowed others away in the cupboard in the passage, believing that from thence at least they would never be brought to light. Alas! for the vanity of human wishes, all are carefully smoothed out the next day like a poacher's paraphernalia. You learn afterwards that that very genteel old lady and her daughter have the worst possible character for ill-treating and half-starving the unfortunate young women who toil in their employ, and when you meet them on a Sunday, dressed in the pink of fashion, you revert unconsciously to hearts and homes, and weary hours, and aching brows, and hot tears, and to Thomas Hood, and his never-to-be-forgotten song, attuned in the angelic sorrow of his loving heart. Well, well, this is how the world wags, and has always wagged, and it is not for me, Robert Horatio Green, of Blotting Paper Buildings, Temple, to break a lance with the windmills of social ills, or I shall be deemed as mad as the hero of La Mancha himself.

What with the perpetual passing and repassing of pedestrians, the rolling, gritting, and grumbling of carriages, the caracoling of horses, the prattle of voices, and, to crown all, the glory of the sunsets, bathing in splendour the ocean and the strand, the scene at Brighton, at about three o'clock on a fine autumnal afternoon, is one never to be forgotten. The universal occupation of every living soul seems to be staring and being stared at; so much so, that if an inhabitant of some other sphere were to witness for the first time a fashionable promenade, he would think that everybody had something inside them that everybody else was desirous of getting at!

But see, here come some wonderful specimens of the interesting bipeds under survey. Pork-pie hats, from which tresses flow behind, caught up in nets, are stuck jauntily on their heads; jackets, in which they thrust their hands (like saucy schoolboys), fall back to discover waistcoats like men's, but fortunately for their sex, from the waist downward they are dressed as women, and ample skirts stick out with indignant protest at any too near an approach to Balmoral boots, laced with red ribbon. I grieve to say the sunset, or some other glowing influence, has become fixed upon their cheeks, and altogether, what with their bearing of *insouciance*, and their unfeminine independence of style, and the total absence of quiet, modest bearing in every movement and gesture, they present an example of the English girl of the nineteenth century which I would rather that a foreigner, forming his first impression of English manners, should not behold. In the morning they are tearing up and down the cliff on horseback, and in the evening I shall most likely meet them at Mrs. Helvetius Squaws so extremely *décolletée*, you fancy that permanent flush upon the cheeks is owing to the shame which they ought to feel at the display of shoulders. But what does it all signify? Their father is enormously rich, gives what is termed in the slang of the day "regular swell parties," and they dance the entire evening with the best partners in the room, while the pretty modest Arabella Goodward has only had one quadrille with the youth of sixteen just from Eton. Their conversation, interlarded with slang caught up from their fast young brothers, or worse still, from the stables which they constantly frequent, patting their horses' necks and feeding them with apples, passes for wit with their numerous male admirers, and their impertinent remarks upon those social amenities which they outrage are considered as proofs of their spirit, originality, and talent.

"Clever girls, those Fastlies," says Tom Lilliput of the 40th, "and dooced amusing. Rather fast, but those sort of girls often settle down (do they?) and make capital wives. By Jove, what fun there is in the youngest, Fanny,—the fat one I mean; she told me the other day she smokes *she*-roots because she is feminine, and laughed at the joke so heartily that she never felt me squeeze her plump little hand. She is only just sixteen, but looks older."

Cigars, horses, shoulder-showing, rouge, slang, at sixteen! If this be not something to turn away from with sorrow, if not with wholesome and honest disgust, what in earth's name is?

As a contrast to this family of the Fastlies is that tall graceful woman leaning upon the arm of a pale-faced man with evidences of care and suffering in his refined features. Look at that black silk dress she wears, falling so gracefully and fitting so well. No, by Jupiter! it's alpaca, made probably by herself; and the embroidery on her shawl, I would wager a dozen pairs of gloves, is worked by her own little hand. Would you not swear among ten thousand that she is a lady? and yet, if you take her to pieces—her toilet, I mean—one dress of the Misses Fastlies would, in value, purchase her entire wardrobe. Her husband walks feebly, for he is at Brighton to recover from a long illness, and you can see how tenderly she now and then glances at his careworn features, and how her dear hand presses his arm when he stops to watch those indigo clouds fringed with flame which are gathering in the west. He married a lady with a very moderate fortune, imagining employment was easily obtainable, and that friends and relations would assist him in his exertions. Bitter was the lesson taught him that, unless a man be early pushed on to the tramways of life—such as the various professions or some business or trade—he will never after succeed in getting into the ranks, except by some extraordinary good fortune, or owing to some kind hand who reins in his horses and backs a little, to the confusion of the entire row, and lets him enter. What a history he could write of the deep mortifications and dirt-eating which are involved in waiting upon the great in their ante-chambers, or in those terrible interviews with "Jacks-in-office," who, masters of the position, topographically and morally, have too often not the gentlemanly feeling to treat a stranger (if only because they *are* the *genii loci*) with something better than freezing civility, or with an insolent *brusquerie* a degree

less unbearable. He has passed through the humiliating ordeal, and has come forth a wiser and a sadder man, with the fragments of broken promises lacerating his heart, and the *ignis fatuus* of hope deferred, still dancing before him to allure and deceive. He is obliged just now to live entirely upon his wife's scanty means, and the time which ought to be spent in fresh exertions to earn a living is absorbed in gaining a little health and strength. But their two souls are bound together indissolubly. Love dwells in their home, and though the struggle to live decently is immense, yet the peace which arises from a perfect concord and harmony of being is theirs, and the storms and struggles of life play comparatively in harmless force around the solid base of their affection. But who shall describe the sacrifice of honest pride which poverty and ill-health engender? Who shall dare inquire into the scanty cupboard, or the ingenious means by which appearances are sustained, or who shall more than covertly mark the blush of shame when a tired visitor asks for a glass of sherry and there is none in the house? Oh, gentility! gentility! I fancy you have a heavier burthen to bear than one would wish to dream of, and I should be obliged if some high authority upon ethics would inform me whether that never-ceasing struggle to sustain a position which habits, tastes, feeling, and education, and nature cry out for, is a virtue or a crime. The theme is a very sad one, even though love rays shine over it; so, giving another shake to the kaleidoscope, let us follow that fat charioteer, who, though resembling in face one of the prize porkers at the Baker Street Bazaar, is, in fact, an important specimen of the marine peripatetics, and is sure to afford us some diversion, more especially as he is reputed to have ten thousand a-year. Having amassed a fortune in the manufacture of phosphorus for lucifers, his great desire is to make another match for himself, and he has come to Brighton to display his wealth and gain a wife.

Mr. Confucius Tibbins—for that is our friend's name—takes enormous pains with his personal appearance, and makes at Brighton what is called a considerable sensation. From eleven till two he walks on the promenade, lisping sweet nothings to his lady friends, and listening with the delighted air of a connoisseur to the band. He disdains the peg-top fashion of nether garments, and stuffs his affluent legs into tight-fitting unwhisperables, strapped over polished boots. His coat is nearly a swallow-tail, buttoned, or rather dragged across his chest, and a gorgeous waistcoat peeps from beneath, with a thick Albert chain dangling therefrom. His courage in wearing such a costume, especially in the morning, is worthy a better cause, and if his bravery required emphasizing, his hat achieves the desideratum. It is large and shining, and the brim turns suddenly up at the sides, displaying a pair of ears as large and as flat as an apple fritter. His piggish eyes recede into his fat cheeks, and a small *nez retroussé*, with a large coarse mouth, complete the picture. The men laugh outright at him, the girls titter, and everybody stares.

At two o'clock Mr. Tibbins disappears, to adorn the outward and comfort the inner man. At about three he comes forth in his phaeton, with two servants behind, and he now wears a bright green frock-coat, and a russian skin upon his lap. There is *je ne sais quoi* about the cut of his grooms which induces young Nobson of the 70th Light Dragoons to exclaim, "Great snob that! those fellows stuck behind are hired by the month;" while there is something infinitely absurd in their jumping down every time Confucius pulls up, and running to the horses' heads. On the green baize of an organ in the streets I have observed a very close resemblance to those grooms, but on which side the travestie was I forget. His horses, too, are lean, and, though well-bred enough, look as if their poor hoofs had hammered the London streets for many a season past. Mr. Tibbins only drives for an hour or so, and then changing his costume for a cut-away coat and a pair of antigropelos, he appears mounted upon a really fine horse, and his two grooms follow spattering after him up and down the cliff till the drive begins to thin.

At seven Confucius appears in the coffee-room of his hotel, *en grande toilette*, for the evening. He dines by himself on this occasion, and if his repast be not too refined, at least it is substantial, and the noise he makes while swallowing his soup is so strongly suggestive of the trough, that one feels certain the joint to follow will not, from a respect due to consanguinity, be pork in any form. Mr. Tibbins having at length completed his refection, he calls for a "Quarterly," and casting his napkin gracefully over his lap, he draws the candle close to his very small eyes, pours out his port in a claret glass, and shutting one visual organ, holds the purple juice in a very knowing manner between the half-closed optic and the light, and then feeling satisfied at the glance, a gurgle and smack follow, which could only be expressed in the Teutonic language. It need scarcely be said that the united effects of soup, fish, flesh, and fowl, Madeira, bitter ale, and a pint of "curious old port," to say nothing of the "Quarterly's" article on Salmon Fishing, are of a nature to send Mr. Tibbins to the land of dreams, but he gives such sonorous evidences of his journey thither, that the coffee-room gradually clears, while the glasses on the buffet vibrate with a harmonious jingle at the tremendous diapason of the nasal organ. At about nine he awakes, and adjourns to the smoking-room for a quiet cigar and a glass or two of grog; and after re-arranging his attire, he betakes himself to one of those much maligned entertainments called by the various names of evening parties, at homes, *soirées dansantes*, &c., of which Brighton is so prolific.

Be it at once known that Confucius Tibbins, from a monetary point of view, is a thorough take-in. His carriages are hired, his grooms are his cousins, and though his fortune is quite ample enough for all the necessaries of life, and many of its luxuries, he no more possesses ten thousand a-year than the writer of these lines, and this comparison would in the estimation of Mr. Green's friends be conclusive. One of these days it may be mine, perhaps, in a more extended form to explain to the Brighton world how Mr. Tibbins fell in love with the Lady Georgina Iceberger, only daughter of the fourth Earl of Chillyford, and

how it was his suit did not prosper. For the present, suffice it to add, the world gives him credit for wealth, and—*ubi mel, ibi apes.*

EDUCATION.

THE RACING SEASON.

Some half-dozen recent incidents which have no apparent connection with each other, have carried back my thoughts to my school days, and revived, for the hundredth time, my dreary wonder at the process of middle-class education in the beginning of the century. Our sons and daughters complain pretty loudly now, on behalf of our grandchildren; and the stir about improving education shows how much improvement is needed: but I, for one, tell the youngsters that they would see us greybeards much wiser than we are if we had had half their new advantages.

Take the case at the best. The best that middle-class parents generally could expect for their children was an education (so called) at the grammar-school of the town in which they lived. There were not such grammar-schools everywhere, nor within reach of half the respectable manufacturers, shop-keepers, and professional men of our town population, while the farmers' children were entirely out of the way of them; but, as far as they went, what did they accomplish?

How the old sensations come over me as I call up the subject! There was the gobbling one's breakfast, in order to be passing under the old gateway as the nine o'clock bell rang, and the run through the streets, with a light or heavy heart, as the case might be. I have at my fingers' ends the very feel of the greasy calf-skin of the Latin Grammar (the Eton one) and of the dogs'-ears of the Eutropius, or the better-liked Ovid. Then there were the three hours in school, from nine to twelve,—at first intolerably long to little boys, but becoming shorter, even to the point of indifference, as years went on. I seem to hear the peculiar resonance of the masters' voices in that vaulted hall, and to see the shafts of sunlight thrown through the tall pointed windows. My class-fellows rise up in memory, with their young voices, their provincial dialect, and their respective degrees of ability. The sing-song of the grammar-rules, the stupid blundering of the dunces which formed the staple of school-jokes, and the sense of gratification from the able performance of some superior boy,—all this and much more carries me back to school, as school was to me from seven to fifteen years of age. Then, there was the playtime in that glorious playground, the Cathedral Close. The caw of the rooks in quiet school hours, and the shouts of the boys from noon till the one o'clock dinner hour, and again at five in the afternoon;—the delectable ball games and races, and the runnings and hidings behind those prodigious old elms; and the quizzing of the old ladies and clerical gentlemen, and other cathedral functionaries, who were always passing through the Close,—these old images are leading me away from my subject,—middle-class education as it has been, and as it will be.

It was a great thing that all the parents in a large town could send their sons to an eminent school at a very cheap rate:—a great thing compared with such destitution as, for instance, we now see in Ireland, where many shop-keepers and manufacturers have to send their boys twenty miles by rail daily to school, or leave them untaught, or send them to costly boarding academies, or to the National Schools, at a penny per week, occupying a place not intended for boys of their class. Some Irish parents send their children to English schools, as their only chance; and in my time, there was no such chance for the children of thousands of anxious parents. To live near a great grammar-school was therefore an object with parents; and the mixture in such schools was as various as it could well be. The sons of the professional men in the town were there, as a matter of course; and from them the social quality descended to the lowest at which education was possible. The artisan family united their efforts to send the youngest boy to school; and the boy himself had to hie home at noon to work, instead of trap-balling in the Close. It was a good thing, undoubtedly, that all ranks should meet thus in a common pursuit of education, and subordination to discipline. It was a good thing that the physician, barrister, or banker of after years should through life entertain a feeling of fellowship with the baker, butcher, innkeeper, or linendraper, who had grown up at his elbow, at work and play. But the main question is—what was the education?

Do we not remember the pity of tender mothers for the little seven-year-old (and up to ten at least), who was nightly bothered with his hard grammar-lesson,—who started up in his sleep to say his declensions, and could never explain to inquirers what he was learning at school? Do we not remember the grave doubts of fathers who could not make out, at the end of five years, that there was any one thing that their boys knew or could do to any purpose? Do we not remember the humbled writing-master, who had little command over the lads because he did not properly belong to the school? Have we ever forgotten his copies, and his sums, and the use of the globes, which we could always learn at the moment, and always had to learn over again, because it seemed to belong to nothing, and would not fit into the mind?—This was about all. The lad who was going to the University, and he who was going behind his father's counter, or to carry round the meat tray and butcher's bills, had spent seven or eight of their most impressionable years in making Latin verses, and reading half-a-dozen easy classics, with a scanty garnish of geography and the use of the globes,—with, in rare cases, some advanced arithmetic and a little Algebra,—thanks to the humble writing-master. Sydney Smith exposed the evil of the bad handwriting acquired in those schools; and the scholars had to unlearn (if they ever did unlearn it) their habit of bad reading. We hear much at present of the bad reading in church; and there is no doubt much truth in the explanation that the hesitation, abruptness, and general blundering manner which belongs to painful construing in class affects the practice of reading aloud for life, unless carefully counteracted.

I am not at all disposed to find fault with the study of Latin, in the case of boys or girls of any

rank who can obtain the advantage. Let any or everybody learn Latin; but then, what became of other studies in those grammar-schools? How many of all those hundreds of boys knew anything at sixteen of his own language and its literature, —or of the history of his own or any other country,—or any modern language,—or of mathematics, or science, or the arts of life?

Some parents, therefore, chose to send their boys to a boarding-school,—often at the cost of much domestic self-denial. Perhaps it was a great and eminent sectarian establishment, such as every large religious denomination has been accustomed to support;—the Quaker institution in one county, —the Baptist in another,—the flourishing colleges of the Independents, or the humble retreat of the Moravians. These schools have been, at any time, just what the masters of the day have been.

There must always have been a vast number left over, with no choice but between neglect of learning and a private boarding-school. Any journey that we may have taken across the kingdom on the top of a coach, in the old coach days, must have satisfied us of the prodigious number of "classical and commercial academies" scattered over the country. Fiction and satire have sufficiently laid them open to the view of the existing generation. We all know the pedagogues, and their wives and daughters; and the ushers, and the ways of the establishment, and the letters home, and the bad boys, and the miserable boys. We know, too, the best sort of select private school, where the very selectness deprives the training of some of the most desirable elements, and sends out prigs rather than manly youths. These last schools are also out of the line of my thought at this moment, when the question is of the fate of ordinary middle-class children.

From the "classical and commercial academies" lads are apt to come forth with as little real and available knowledge as from a grammar-school,—with a more profuse smattering, no doubt, but less of grammar, and of the intellectual discipline which grammar involves.

The proof of the social dissatisfaction which existed under this *régime* appeared in the rise of Preparatory Schools on the one hand, and Proprietary Schools on the other. It seems to me that I remember the first, or nearly the first Preparatory School we had. There was quite a stir and sensation at the idea of ladies undertaking to teach Latin, even to little boys just breeched. (Tunics had not come in then.) There was staring in the road when the little fellows, from four to nine or ten, walked two and two to the common where they were to play. In a little while, the masters of public schools began to stare at what the ladies had done. Here were children, not whimpering over a page of hieroglyphics (as the Eton grammar was to infants) but conjugating glibly, and construing intelligently, as far as they went, and well started in reading and writing and arithmetic. The masters at Cheltenham College at this hour will bear testimony what an institution the Preparatory School there has been;—what it is to themselves to receive pupils trained to their hand, and what it is to any public school to be replenished by a purer and brighter element from below.

Next, we arrived at the Proprietary Schools to which so many of our grandsons owe their training. Every sort of risk inherent in the old plans seemed to be avoided in this. In large towns there would be numbers sufficient to afford much of the advantage of a public school, while the proprietary would keep it select. The master would not be, as in a private academy, a solicitor of custom, setting up on his own account among strangers, who must take him on trust for a time: he would be a candidate bearing testimonials, guaranteed by trustworthy authority, proved by examination, and elected by the parents. Great things were hoped, on these and other grounds: and there has been, on the whole, a justification of the hope. I need not enter upon the drawbacks,—the conflicting aims and tastes of the proprietors, the complaints of exclusiveness or vulgarity, the mishaps about teachers, the jealousies among the boys. Such things were sure to happen in a new institution of this nature; but they have damaged the success of some of these schools, and have perhaps impeded their spread. From some cause or other the rising generation is still much in want of good middle-class schools.

From some Proprietary Schools of fifteen or twenty years' standing, lads come forth able to read and write French and German, and Italian. Our manufacturers and merchants nod approbation at this. It has been the plague of their life that they could not choose their own clerks in some of the most important departments of their business. If they transacted business with Germany, they must have a clerk from Germany, whom they had to instruct in English ways of business; if with France, they must import a Frenchman; and so on. I have often heard remarkable statements of the embarrassment in Manchester and Belfast warehouses, and Liverpool and Bristol, and Cork counting-houses, when concerns of great importance depended on the presence or quality of a young man who could interpret between foreign and British methods of doing business; and hitherto the supply of competent clerks for the foreign department has been mischievously scanty. The Commercial Academies have not met the difficulty; and the Proprietary Schools go but a very little way.

One of the incidents which, as I said, have suggested to me the topic of to-day is the opening of our trade with France, and the difficulty which attends the transaction of the new business. Here is an opening which the embryo British merchant of former centuries would have rejoiced and gloried in, but which our grandsons and nephews are unprepared to avail themselves of. The French public are eager to buy our linens and woollens, our hardware and earthenware, and almost everything we can produce. We have been exulting in the prospect of selling in this new market: but, now that it is thrown open, neither party can in most of the markets, get on at all. The French shopkeeper is imposed upon by rogues, or he cannot undertand the terms of honest men: and the English manufacturer and merchant know no other method of proceeding than

waiting for orders, executing them, and forwarding the invoice, made out in regular course. Neither party knows the money and weights and measures of any country but his own, nor the technical descriptions of goods outside his own beat. As the public on either side the Channel will not abstain from demanding foreign articles for such a reason as this, there will certainly arise a class of middlemen, in whose hands all parties will be helpless. There is scarcely any kind of business in which the intervention of the middleman is not a misfortune: and in this case, his profits must be derived from the loss of his two employers or the public, or all the three; and the amount of his profit will be limited only by what the public can be induced to pay. If our young men had had a sound liberal commercial education, there would now be, in every commercial house, some member qualified to undertake the management of the French branch,—writing letters correctly in French, and using French terms, measures, and denominations of money. If it would answer to carry on the transactions at Paris or Lyons, he would be fit to go at once, and open a wholesale warehouse, precluding the middleman altogether. Where Mr. Cobden learned his admirable French, I do not know; but he has got it; and I do not see why other English manufacturers should not have the instrument as much at command as he, nor why it should not be required as a qualification of every mercantile clerk who wishes to rise in life.

As our foreign intercourses become extended, our young men must acquire more languages, and in a better way. How ludicrous it is to hear the jabber of some countrymen of our own on a steamboat in Italy, or a railway train in Germany, or among the mines in Russia! If we had had good middle-class schools, these fine fellows would have been not only employed as engineers, but looked up to as men of education, and would have held a higher position altogether. They have found it at first a dreadful drawback to their prosperity to be dumb—deaf and dumb in regard to society,—and to labour under imperfect speech for the rest of their lives. Why does this happen? And how long do we mean it to go on?

Other incidents, also recent, seem to show that the middle-classes are no longer acquiescent in their disadvantages of education, and that several kinds of remedy are in contemplation.

A mere reference is enough for the great event of the descent of the Universities upon the public, to do the nation good. The general stir of the spirit of inquiry has done vast good already. The inquiry into the Universities, besides expanding them, has brought after it inquiry into our schools; and Oxford itself is using that high method of inquiry in regard to our middle-class schools, of inducing them to prove their capacity. I need not describe the first exhibition,—the bad reading, writing, spelling, and arithmetic. Parents knew but too well that it was so; and they now rejoice in the introduction of competition into a department in which they could not order or affect the influences under which their children must pass. From one examination to another, the pupils now manifest an improvement which shows that things are not so bad as they were.

But a mere repairing of the worst deficiencies of an order of schools which are in their character simply a commercial adventure will not suffice, and other recent incidents again illustrate this.

Stimulus is at present administered to middle-class schoolmasters,—(perhaps I may add mistresses) from so many quarters, as to impress them with a sense of having arrived at a crisis in their profession and their lives. The inquiry into our public schools must not only fix general attention on the results obtainable from a certain amount of schooling, but will doubtless hasten the day when neglected endowments will be applied to rendering a high order of education accessible to the greatest number. When that happens, Classical and Commercial Academies can exist only by a quality of teaching very far superior to anything that has been hitherto demanded of them.

Then there is the vast spread of the Government system of promoting the education of the poor. In Ireland, as I said before, there are a multitude of pupils in the National Schools who have no business there, and who would not condescend to appear there as poor children, if there was any other school within reach which they could attend. In England, the quality of the teaching in some of the best schools under inspection affords the same temptation. The abilities of the teachers who issue from the Training Schools are so superior to those of many private masters and ushers, that it is no wonder if parents look wistfully at the scholars who carry pence, and think them better off than their own children, for whom they pay half-yearly bills out of careful domestic saving. This must operate in two ways. It must stimulate the private tutors to keep up with the educational demands of the time: and it must transfer a certain number of the students of the Training Colleges to the field of middle-class school-keeping. To those of us who know how the demand is advancing, it is wonderful that the teachers can raise the outcry with which they are stunning us about the destruction which the new code issued by the Council of Education will bring upon them. If it really was as ruinous as they would have us think in regard to the inspected schools (which it is already proved not to be), there would be nothing for qualified teachers to apprehend, as long as there is an advancing demand for their kind of service, in the middle classes, from year to year. As many of them as can prove their fitness for the work will be eagerly retained for it, as the impostors who have traded on the past state of things drop off. They will find, however, that when once the principle of paying for results is established in regard to schools for the labouring classes, it will find its way into the private profession.

Stimulus is afforded, again, by the new energy shown in regard to Common Things, as the phrase is. The old droning way of sitting six hours a-day, repeating out of a book, or copying words or forms not understood, must go down before the new phenomenon of children being bright and gay over their studies. More oral teaching, fewer hours in school; more pleasant reading, and less

dark learning by rote; more conversation at lessons, and less yawning; more bodily exercise in school-hours, and less fatigue when school is over,—these indications must operate for the good of middle-class children all over the country. It is not only factory children or farm labourers' boys who actually learn more in three hours than in six over their books. The conditions of brain-action are the same for the prince and the peasant; three or four hours per day is as long as a child in either rank can profitably attend to study; and if it so happen that the discovery has been made first in the case of factory workers and agricultural labourers, it will soon be applied to children of all ranks. In a little while we shall hear, all over the country, of private schools where the pupils are carefully restrained from over-work, and trained in drill, gardening, and perhaps farming, and in the manipulation of Common Things.

Events are, however, marching too fast for the old-fashioned boarding-schools which we all know so well. In two or three, or more, of the counties of England, the farmers and their town friends have set about providing for their children's education in a sensible way. They are opening joint-stock, self-supporting boarding and day schools, where their boys will be congregated in sufficient numbers to give the main advantages of a public school, while provided with a more various and practical course of instruction, fitting them for their proper business in life. We may fully expect that these county or district schools will extend largely; and one may confidently predict that, other things being equal, those will flourish most in which a sound industrial training is most effectually carried out. It is as good for the sons of the country surgeon, or solicitor, or banker, as for those of the shopkeeper and small farmer, to know how to till the ground, build a house, grind corn, fell wood, keep stock, or make furniture. The Princes of Germany, and, I believe, of some other countries, are taught a trade, by which they might support themselves in case of need. Our own young princes and princesses have built and can serve a dairy with their own hands. On the whole, it seems that Mr. Frederick Hill was not so romantic as he was once thought, when he said in 1836, in his work on "National Education," that industrial training would probably spread through all ranks. "Singular as the speculation may appear," he said, "to some of our readers, we cannot but hope to see the day when, instead of being confined to a very few schools, and these, without exception, of the humbler kind, the use of productive labour as a means of education will be generally adopted in schools for all classes, the highest as well as the lowest." Mr. F. Hill is not an old man yet; and the prospect is becoming very distinct in regard to the larger classes of the community.

Such a scheme was proposed by the Rev. Henry Moule above five years ago, on behalf of the children of rural labourers; and he has recently delivered a most interesting address on the subject, which is reported in the "Gardener's Chronicle" of October 26th. As I am on the subject of middle-class education alone, I will only say, that Mr. Moule shows how the labour of a few lads may support a large school of a high order; and how this method is the right one for meeting the great evil of the early removal of children from school. The plan would answer just as well for a middle-class country school; and I wish the whole country would take it to heart.

Wherever a superior education of any kind is given, the pupils so trained are in eager demand from some quarter or other. See what Mr. Coode tells us of the good berths for the voyage of life obtained by lads brought up at Orme's Free School, at Newcastle-under-Lyne, where the pupils are expressly prepared for the business of their after years. Parents do not clutch at children's earnings there, nor grudge the cost of schooling, because they perceive the value of the training; and their self-denial is justified by the event. The evening classes at Mechanics' Institutes, and at the Working Men's College, yield students of French and German and Spanish, who are seized upon for commercial clerkships as soon as they can be had.

On the one hand, we have the demand for a more effective middle-class education; and, on the other, we are beginning to see how to supply the need. In many directions efforts are making which must discredit the weary old ways, and teach us to judge of Education as of other processes, by the results. FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

HIGH DAYS IN THE TEMPLE.

SILENT and sombre as is the Temple now-a-days, it is as difficult to realise its ancient character for shows and revels as to imagine some demure old square-toes sowing the wild oats which scandal attributes to his hot youth. It requires some incident like the recent visit of the Prince of Wales, and the appearance of the quaint old place in gala dress, to bring home to one the days when the Inns of Court were the nurseries of fashion as well as of legal lore, and when the feasts and pageants of the lawyers were the talk and wonder of the metropolis. If the shade of any departed Templar of the Tudor or even Stuart period chanced to be present at the late ceremonial in the Temple, he must have thought it a very tame affair, and could not have failed to deduce the degeneracy of his countrymen from the substitution of a *conversazione* with tea and microscopes for the old "post revels," when flagons of hippocras were handed round and the Lord of Misrule held absolute sway. It is long since that disorderly potentate went the way of the Dodo, and hippocras has become almost as mythical as ambrosia; but, once upon a time, they played a prominent part in legal education. Accordingly we need not be surprised to find that several accomplishments* were then deemed essential in a member of the bar which find no place in the modern examination papers.

Public exhibition of these acquirements was frequently demanded by the potent, grave, and

* "The Scholars of the Inns of Court," writes Fortescue, "did not only study the laws to serve the courts of justice and profit their country, but did further learn to dance, to sing, to play upon instruments on the ferial days, and to study divinity on the festival, using such exercises as those did who were brought up in the King's Court."

reverend seigniors of the bench, who did not scruple themselves to join in the performance. There used to be a dance at least once or twice every term. The judges, serjeants, and benchers danced first a peculiar measure of their own, in the course of which they circled several times the sea-coal fire. While the elders were recovering their breath, one of the gentlemen of the Utter Bar favoured them with a song; and then a few representatives of the Inner Bar "presented the house with a dance." On one occasion, some of the students of Lincoln's Inn flatly refused to dance when called upon, to the dismay and indignation of the bench, and were only brought to reason by the expulsion of every tenth mutineer for a certain time from "commons" in hall, and a threat that continued contumacy would entail perpetual excommunication from the bar. We may presume, therefore, the benchers agreed with M. Jourdain's dancing-master that "il n'y a rien qui soit si nécessaire aux hommes que la danse?" and that if any one made a false step in the world, it could only be from ignorance of that precious art and mystery. Indeed there can be no doubt that it has enabled many a briefless barrister to put his best foot foremost. If I wished to be personal, I might point to several leaders of the bar, and ornaments of the bench, who owe their eminence in the profession to their dexterity in the ball-room. How would * * * ever have got his silk gown and large practice, or * * * his justiceship and knighthood, had not the one fascinated an heiress, whose brother was a Secretary to the Treasury, by his proficiency in the *valse à deux temps*, or had the other not been able to bear the somewhat stout Polly Peachem (daughter of the eminent attorney) in triumph through the polka? To avoid personalities, and to go back long beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant, did not Sir John Davies, who rose to be Chief Justice, first distinguish himself by a poem on dancing? And we all know by what steps Sir Christopher Hatton advanced to the woolsack.

His bushy beard and shoe-strings green,
His high-crowned hat and satin doublet,
Moved the stout heart of England's Queen,
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

Surely, therefore, it was a great mistake that the proposal to bring the recent festivities in the Middle Temple to a close by a ball, at which the benchers were to dance, as of old, round the fire, was overruled. What a sight it would have been for Mr. Spurgeon to have seen the Lord Chancellor and the Treasurer of the Inn, hand in hand, tripping it on the light fantastic toe, with the other veterans of the law in their rear! But, alas! benchers now "have thews and sinews like their ancestors, but woe the while their fathers' minds are dead." Depend upon it their predecessors knew what they were about in placing dancing in the curriculum, and I would advise no young aspirant of the woolsack to neglect the noble art. Besides galliards, corantas, and other dances, the "post revels" often included masques and plays, for the splendour as well as wit of which the Inns of Court were celebrated. Even the gravest condescended to take part in these amusements. Bacon was one of the "getters-up" of a masque in Gray's Inn, and Hyde's name appears on a similar occasion in the reign of Charles I. Generally these plays were performed by members of the Inn; but sometimes regular actors were engaged, as when Shakespear's "Twelfth Night" was represented in Middle Temple Hall. About the last revel in any of the Inns was in the Inner Temple, in 1773, when Talbot was raised to the woolsack: on that occasion the benchers danced, and there was a play by the actors from the Haymarket, "who came in chairs ready dressed." It was only at Yule-tide that the Lord of Misrule was in office: and the madcap pranks which were played in that privileged period by his subjects, were regarded with no little alarm by the sober citizens though they excited the admiration and envy of the Court gallants. The buffoonery and riot which were practised at such times appear to have been carried beyond all bounds, at least Evelyn has recorded the disgust with which he witnessed the "revels" in Charles II.'s reign.

The benchers not only shared the dances and gambols of the other members of their Inn, but exercised a sort of fatherly control over them. In the old byelaws, very particular regulations as to costume are laid down. As one might suppose from their proximity to Alsatia on the one hand, and to the Court on the other, the Templars caught some strange fashions both of dress and manner. They seem to have been tremendous swells in their own way, some of them emulating the bushy beards, scandalous long swords, and swaggering air of their neighbours in Whitefriars, and others adopting the more elegant, but not less fantastic *mode* of the Court gallants. The benchers observed both styles with dislike and prohibited all long beards, curled hair, great ruffs, wide slashed hose, whether of Dutch or Spanish cut, and all other extravagant dresses, the members of the Temples being specially enjoined to "order their hair to decency and formality." One can imagine also the somewhat boisterous character of commons in those byegone times, when no one was allowed to bring any weapon into hall, except a little dagger to cut his meat with, and when dice and shovegroat were played at table. The unruly conduct of the Templars in some of these respects contrasts singularly with their submission—not to say servility—on others. The benchers and judges on "grand days" were always waited upon by students, and when Charles II. honoured the Inner Temple with a visit, the royal table was served by "fifty select gentlemen of the Society in their gowns."

It must not be supposed, however, that the benchers neglected the legal part of the students' training. "Readers" were appointed to lecture on the leading principles of the law: and the dinner in hall was usually followed by the "mooting," or "bolting" of some argument between two members of the Utter Bar. The students were thus informed not only of the doctrines of English law, but of the mode of debate practised in the courts, and had themselves to perform a "moot" before they were called. The terms which had to be kept extended over seven years, and more continuous attendance was required than now. No dinner

was complete without a "moot" or "dance," and thus proficiency in the two chief branches of legal education could hardly fail to be secured —the great aim of such education being to render the student not only a learned lawyer, but a polished gentleman, worthy of the pure blood and "three descents" which were required to qualify him for admission.

Of the old curriculum, the eating of so many dinners in hall, is almost the only remnant which has been preserved to our practical matter-of-fact days. The benchers are no longer readers, except in name, the task of lecturing being devolved upon regular professors. The "moots," and dances, and revels are things of the past, and the benchers no longer issue edicts on the cut either of the hair or trousers of their subjects. If the process of change continues in the same direction as hitherto, we may look to see even the time-honoured "eating of terms" abolished, and the Council of Legal Education exercising all the prerogatives of the benchers in regard to the admission of students and government of the Inns.

J. Hamilton Fyfe.

LONDON CEMETERIES.

"*Hominem mortuum in urbe ne sepelito, neve urito,*" was one of those wise old laws inscribed by the Romans on their twelve tables, but which has been permitted to fall into abeyance for well nigh two thousand years. It was but the other day Englishmen were induced to decide in favour of Life as against Death, and to decree that henceforward the living and the dead should no longer jostle against each other in our great cities. The necessity for living men is Health,—for the dead Silence and Repose.

As one looks back upon the struggle which was so stoutly maintained, and for so long a time, in behalf of the Ghoul interest, it is difficult to repress a smile at the arguments and assertions which were then thought not unworthy of serious discussion. Parent-Duchatelet maintained with considerable fervour that the true Temple of Hygeia was a dissecting-room stuffed full of human remains in an advanced stage of decomposition. The unfavoured many who could not obtain admission to these more choice and desirable spots were not, however, without their resources. As long as there was a *chantier d'équarrissage*, or a *dépôt de vidange* forthcoming,—in other words, a receptacle for dead horses or night soil—afflicted humanity was not without its Madeira or Torquay. The emanations arising from decomposing animal or even vegetable remains constituted the grand specific. If an occasional sniff at these in an amateur way did not suffice to restore calmness to the fluttering pulse, or coolness to the hot temples and freshness to the parched mouth, a man had nothing to do but to turn undertaker's man, or grave-digger, and it would go well with him. Was not the grave-digger in "Hamlet" a stouter, a more cheerful, a more aged man than the hypochondriac prince? The conclusion is obvious.

Of all this there is an end. Beyond an occasional fight before Committees of the Houses of Parliament about Clergy Dues, no vestiges of the old strife remain. We are at last content to remove the remains of those who were dearest to us in life from the hearts and centres of our great towns, and there to leave them far away from the hubbub and turmoil of our daily business. As far as they are concerned, we know well enough that turmoil and hubbub can disquiet them no more, but yet "*he is not dead, but sleepeth*" is part of the nation's faith, and well is it that it should be so. Stamp this belief out, and the humanities, the affections, and the joys which make life a pleasant thing would quickly follow. It is impossible to disconnect the link which unites those poor mouldering relics of what once was dear to us from the short past and the long future of man's life. Therefore let them not be committed to the earth in cities—after life's fitful fever, let them sleep well.

The old Puritan objection against our burial service for the dead was, that "in burying the dead we killed the living," although by this they did not mean to express more than their objection to the delays in cold damp burying-grounds. Just in the same way and for the same reason it was said that the Great Duke took with him many of his old companions in arms, because they were kept waiting in St. Paul's for so many hours at his last Review. No doubt every year hundreds and hundreds of—especially old—persons are killed by their attendance at funerals, but what is this to the hecatombs which were annually offered up as victims to the shades as a consequence of the practice of intramural interments? A mere statement of the numbers annually committed to the earth within the metropolitan limits should be sufficient to suggest the nature and amount of the danger to which we were exposed. The subjoined extract is reprinted from the Report of the Committee which took evidence upon the subject of interment in towns in the year 1843. It seems scarcely needful to add, that the evil would have become far more intense in the course of the last eighteen years but for the interference of our Legislators. The population of London has increased in the interval comprised within the limits of 1843-61, and the deaths have increased as well. Here, however, is an account of matters as they stood in 1843. "In the metropolis are spaces of ground which do not exceed 203 acres, closely surrounded by the abodes of the living, layer upon layer, each consisting of a population numerically equivalent to a large army of 20,000 adults, and nearly 30,000 youths and children are every year very imperfectly interred. *Within the period of the existence of the present generation upwards of a million of dead must have been interred* in those same spaces." Had the practice been allowed to continue without a check, the question would soon have resolved itself into the very simple one of "Is London to be the city of the Living, or the city of the Dead?" In the long run the dead would surely have gained the upper hand. The living, unless they had recourse to expedients which would have been shocking to the common feelings of humanity, must in the end have given way before the grim antagonists who would poison the water and the air. The evil was a cumulative one, as the varia-

tion in the process of decomposition is from a few months to half a century—although it should be observed that the calculations of the Committee above referred to seem to imply that under reasonable conditions of soil, atmosphere, &c., a disturbance of the ground in which the dead are interred may with safety to the living be effected every tenth year. For well nigh ten years the field of death must be suffered to lie fallow—upon the tenth it may be sowed anew.

Still following the figures of the Committee, which may be easily corrected for the intermediate increase of population, it would appear that in 1858 the deaths registered in the metropolis were nearly 52,000. Let these be taken, says Mr. Chadwick, at 50,000 annually (they are now about 60,000), and London would require a space equal to that of St. James's Park—say 48 acres—for its burial-ground. Again assume the burials to be renewable in decennial periods, and the space required would be equal to the areas of Hyde Park, of St. James's Park, and of the Green Park taken together.

The question, then, is to find a Hyde Park, a St. James' Park, and a Green Park at safe distances from the metropolis,—let us say, about 500 acres. We want something less than Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens taken together. The various cemetery companies profess to have solved this question, and to have supplied this want. Let us see how the matter stands.

Amongst the companies in existence, until a very recent period, the London Necropolis, or Woking Cemetery Company, appears to have borne away the palm. 2000 acres of land at Woking Common were purchased by the company, under an Act of Parliament, and of these they have inclosed and planted 400 acres for the purpose of a cemetery. It would be difficult to exaggerate the improvements which have been introduced into the system of burials in consequence of the operations of this company. Their practice has been to assign a separate grave for each interment, and the grave is not afterwards disturbed, except at the desire of surviving friends for the reception of other members of the family. The soil is a dry sand, and the graves and walks are ornamented with trees, plants, and flowers in a very beautiful way. There is a space allotted to members of the Church of England; another to Dissenters; another to Roman Catholics. The chief objection is the distance from town; but, on the other hand, it must be remembered that the journey is accomplished by the Funeral Trains, which start from the terminus at Westminster Bridge, in about three-quarters of an hour. Until the recent establishment of the Great London Northern Company at Colney Hatch, the Woking Cemetery Company stood *facile princeps* amongst its rivals.

Of the Kensall Green Cemetery little need be said, as it has served its turn, and been overtaken by the town. It is already thickly thronged with the dead, and the same reasons which led to the passing of the Acts of 1852-53, will cause the Legislature to refuse any extension of its limits. The same thing may be said of the Highgate Cemetery, where so many Londoners of mark have found their last resting-place. Kensall Green and Highgate then may be dismissed from our calculations as to the future.

With regard to the other suburban cemeteries, the official reports received do not appear to be favourable. Dr Sutherland, in his Report to the Secretary of State, 23rd January, 1855, says of the Victoria Park Company: "It is situated in Bethnal Green, near St. James' Church. The company to which it belongs contracts with parishes, and they carry on their trade with the usual neglect of health and decency." This cemetery is exempt from the operations of the Metropolis Burials Act. Mr. Holland, in his Report of 26th November, 1855, speaks in similar terms of the Victoria Park Cemetery.

Dr. Sutherland, under date as above, reports of the Abney Park Cemetery, for the information of the Secretary of State: "The surface is tolerably well kept, but underneath it is a mass of corruption in the used part."

Of the companies named, it appears reasonable to conclude that the cemeteries at Woking and at Colney Hatch are the two which possess the highest claims upon our attention. The one is upon the south, the other on the northern side of the river. Of the Woking Cemetery we have already spoken: it is in connection with the South-Western Railway. The Colney Hatch Cemetery is situated on the Great Northern Line, a quarter of a mile beyond the station of that name—at a distance calculated by time of fifteen minutes from London. The London terminus is at King's Cross, in Maiden Lane, close to the principal station of the Great Northern.

The arrangements for the separate reception of different parties of mourners are very complete, and are calculated for the benefit of the humblest mourners, as well as of those who could, under ordinary circumstances, have afforded to pay for the luxury of retirement and seclusion.

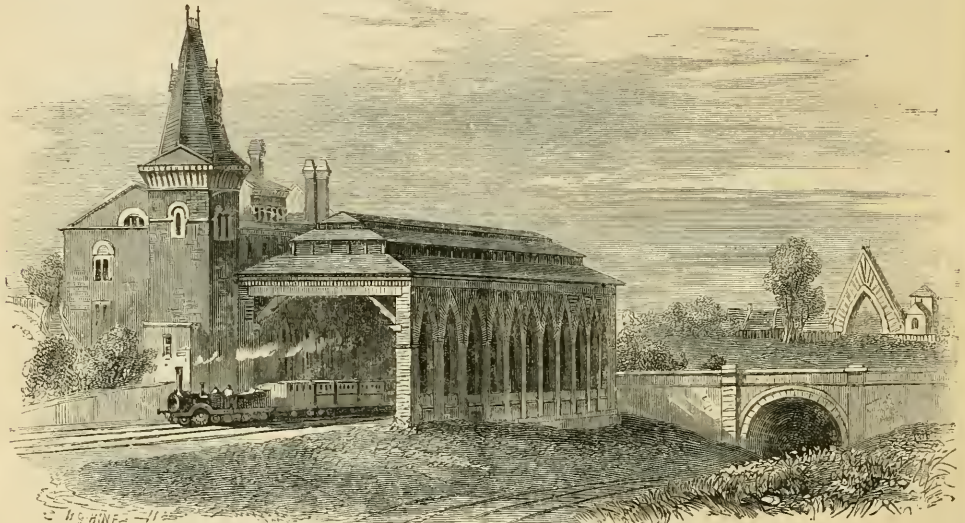
The Colney Hatch Company have endeavoured to grapple with the monstrous evil which arises—chiefly amongst the labouring classes—from the keeping of a corpse for an indefinite number of days in the single room inhabited by a family. That the great bulk of the labouring classes do inhabit single rooms, will appear from the following table, which records the result of inquiries made in the inner ward of St. George's, Hanover Square, at the time the Committee upon Interments in Towns were pursuing their labours. There is, unfortunately, little reason to suppose that the state of things is improved to any considerable degree since that date.

Dwellings.	No. of Families.	Beds.	No. of Families.
Single room to each family	929	One bed to each family	623
Two rooms to ditto.	408	Two beds to ditto..	638
Three ,, ...	94	Three ,, ...	154
Four ,, ...	17	Four ,, ...	21
Five ,, ...	8	Five ,, ...	8
Six ,, ...	4	Six ,, ...	3
Seven ,, ...	1	Seven ,, ...	1
Eight ,, ...	1	Dwellings without a bed	7
Not ascertained ..	3	Not ascertained ..	10
	1,465		1,465

Now, what must be the inevitable result of keeping a corpse for a week and upwards in a

single small room inhabited by a numerous family, and in which all the usual processes of life, as cooking, eating, sleeping, &c., are carried on? The experience of all men who are accustomed to visit the dwellings of the poor will abundantly confirm the terrible stories incorporated in the Report of the Committee as to the results of keeping a corpse above ground under such circumstances. The Colney Hatch Company have endeavoured to deal with this evil by making arrangements at their station in Maiden Lane by which a corpse immediately after death may be removed at a most trifling expense to a reception-room at Maiden Lane to which the friends of the deceased may have access continuously until such time as the remains are removed to their last resting-place. Here precautions are taken, and wiser precautions than could be taken in any private dwelling, to guard against the awful tragedy of a premature interment. In various towns of Germany—notably at Frankfort and at Munich—this system has been found to work well, and to be acceptable to the working classes. The danger, however, of premature interment is exceptional indeed—the real peril is to the living from cohabitation with the dead.

There is no such absolute reluctance, as supposed, amongst the humblest classes of society to part with the remains of their relations and friends. It is the want of money to defray the dues and charges of a funeral which leads in ninety-five per cent. of cases to delay in the burial. The average price of the funeral of an adult is 4*l.*—of children 30*s.* This sum must be gathered painfully together before the corpse is removed from the room in which it has been too long retained. Now, in the case of the very humblest and poorest person, the Colney Hatch Company undertakes to receive the body at their station at Maiden Lane, and to keep it there a sufficient time free of charge; to



Colney Hatch Cemetery. Railway Station, Maiden Lane.

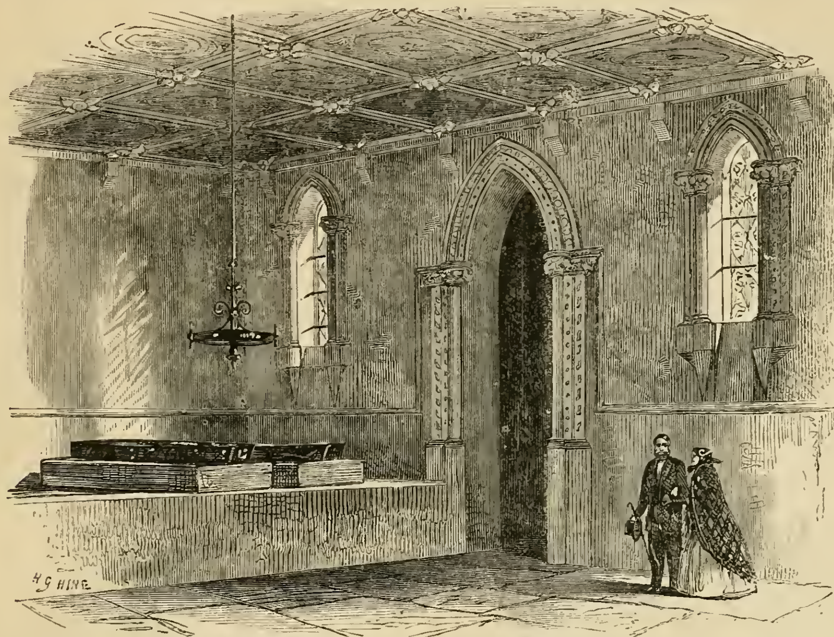
remove it thence to Colney Hatch for 6*s.*, with the addition of a charge of 1*s.* 6*d.* a-head for the return-ticket of each mourner. The cost of the common interment, at the lowest rate, is 13*s.* 6*d.* Thus the mortal remains of the very humblest workman in London may be decently and reverently moved from the death-bed to the grave at a charge—exclusive of the conveyance of mourners—of 19*s.* 6*d.*, and, at the same time, all danger of disease to the surviving relations and friends is avoided.

The mortuary is one of the most striking features of the arrangements at the Maiden Lane Station, and well deserves a visit. A portion of the interior is represented in the sketch on next page. The shell or coffin, on arrival at the station, is placed upon a metal chair or plate, and slowly lowered down by an ingenious mechanical arrangement to the table of the mortuary, and then conveyed along rails to the particular spot assigned for its reception. The apartment is well ventilated and illuminated at night, whilst watchers are in attendance to take every needful precaution in cases of suspended animation, should any such occur.

These arrangements have the direct sanction of the Sanitary Commissioners. Should they be found in accordance with the feelings of the working classes, the rate of mortality in London may soon receive a notable diminution.

In fifteen minutes the train—which leaves Maiden Lane—reaches its destination at Colney Hatch, and the tedious and unnecessary ceremony of a lugubrious procession through the streets, or upon the suburban roads, is avoided. At Colney Hatch one hundred and fifty acres of ground have been enclosed and laid out in walks and beds. The features of the surrounding country must be familiar to most Londoners, and it must be a satisfaction to those who, from time to time, may re-visit the graves of those whose remains they have committed to the earth, to find them depo-

sited in such a place, instead of in a reeking and abominable London graveyard. The journey down is a mere nothing—it is, practically, as though the cemetery were at the King's Cross Station of the Great Northern Railway. As at Woking, chapels have been erected for the use of Dissenters, and a church for members of the Church of England, in which the last ceremonies of religion may be con-



Colney Hatch Cemetery. Mortuary, Maiden Lane.

ducted with dignity and propriety. The third of our little sketches will give an idea of the station with its two chapels—the church, whose spire, rising some 150 feet, is seen in the distance, is the one assigned to the use of the members of the Church of England. There is a tranquillity and repose

Colney Hatch Station.

about the whole scene which one could scarcely have supposed attainable at so short a distance from the great Babylon in which the pulsations of life are throbbing so madly through every street.

There is now most happily an end of the vulgar prejudice that there is something indecorous and unseemly in the system of entrusting the arrangement of funeral rites to public companies. Why

should not an enormous saving be effected in the sum of 5,000,000*l.*, which represents the annual expenditure of the population of England and Wales alone, upon funerals and graves, by entrusting the commercial management of the matter to public companies? The money wasted upon the very mockery and beadledom of grief, might, with far greater propriety, be devoted to the comfort of the living. In very truth nothing more horrible—nothing more disgusting to the true mourner could be conceived than the mourning-coach, and the weepers, and the long cloaks, and the black horses, and the sottish misery of the professional mutes, except it were the consciousness that, when all was done, the remains of some beloved parent or child were consigned to a mere dirty hole in a reeking London churchyard there to await—and at no distant period—insult and desecration?

One word more upon the subject of expense of funerals, as far as the middle classes of society are concerned. Whereas, under the old system of undertaker's grief, the cost of a funeral varied from 100*l.* to 50*l.*; under the present arrangements the body of a deceased person may be committed to the grave for about 20*l.* with every circumstance of reverence and respect.

The practice of inhumation—when the grave is on the hill-side or in a meadow surrounded with trees and flowers—appears to be the one most in accordance with the feelings of the Christian world. In former days the opinion of the Pagans was different, and is quaintly set forth by old Sir Thomas Brown, in his "Treatise upon Urn Burial:" "Some being of the opinion of Thales that water was the original of all things, thought it most equal to submit unto the principle of putrefication, and conclude in a moist relentment;—others conceived it most natural to end in fire, as due unto the master-principle in the composition, according to the doctrine of Heraclitus; and therefore heaped up large piles more actively to waft them towards that Element, whereby they also declined a visible degeneration into worms, and left a lasting parcel of their composition." Let this be as it may have been in former days, the Christian Englishman rather desires a quiet resting-place—under the pure sky, in some country spot—for those whom he has loved during life, and whom he hopes to rejoin hereafter.

BIRDS AND INSECTS.

At the late agricultural meeting at St. Gallen, in Switzerland, Baron von Tschudi, the celebrated Swiss naturalist, dwelt on the important services of birds in the destruction of insects. Without birds, said he, no agriculture and vegetation are possible. They accomplish in a few months the profitable work of destruction which millions of human hands could not do half so well in as many years; and the sage therefore blamed in very severe terms the foolish practice of shooting and destroying birds, which prevails more especially in Italy, recommending, on the contrary, the process of alluring birds into gardens and cornfields.

Among the most deserving birds he counts swallows, finches, titmice, redtails, &c. The naturalist then cites numerous instances in support of his assertion. In a flower-garden of one of his neighbours three tall rose-trees had suddenly been covered with about 2000 tree-lice. At his recommendation a marsh-titmouse was located in the garden, which in a few hours consumed the whole brood, and left the roses perfectly clean. A redtail in a room was observed to catch about 900 flies in an hour. A couple of night-swallows have been known to destroy a whole swarm of gnats in fifteen minutes. A pair of golden-crested wrens carry insects as food to their nestlings upon an average thirty-six times in an hour. For the protection of orchards and woods, titmice are of invaluable service. They consume, in particular, the eggs of the dangerous pine-spiders. One single female of such spiders frequently lays from 600 to 800 eggs, twice in the summer season, while a titmouse with her young ones consume daily several thousands of them. Wrens, nuthatches, and woodpeckers often dexterously fetch from the crevices of tree-bark numbers of insects for their nestlings. In 1848 an immense swarm of caterpillars, of the well-known genus *Bombax dispar*, had destroyed all the tree leaves in the orchard of Count Casimus Wadzibi, who observed the stems and branches coated as it were with a heavy crust of millions of eggs surrounded by a hairy skin. He employed scores of hands to scrape them off, but to no avail, and the trees were about to decay. Luckily, towards the winter, numerous flights of titmice and wrens frequented that part, and it was soon perceived that the nests of the caterpillars were visibly diminishing. In the spring time about twenty pairs of titmice made their nests in the garden, and in the course of the summer they had cleared the trees of all the caterpillars.

M. Tschudi considers sparrows to be very useful birds, as one single pair usually carry to their nest every day about 300 caterpillars, an advantage that amply compensates for the cherries the birds steal in the garden. Owls also consume, morning and evening, vast numbers of wood insects. Some species of birds, such as starlings, jackdaws, rooks, jays, and speckled magpies, are distinguished for destroying maybugs or cockchafers. White of Selborne, who devoted some time to the observation of the movements of a pair of common barn owls, found, among other things, that they often carried to their nest a mouse every five minutes while another pair of great owls had carried to their nest in one evening in June no less than eleven mice. Most of the smaller birds feed either entirely or partially, especially during the hatching season, on insects, worms, snails, spiders, &c.; so do also hedge-sparrows, woodpeckers, thrushes, fly-catchers (*Muscicapas*), wagtails, larks, &c.

Without these useful birds obnoxious insects would increase in such masses as to become a permanent plague in Europe, and destroy all fruit and vegetation, like the locusts in the East; and the farmer, in balancing the gain and loss accruing from these useful birds, ought to consider the latter in the light of domestic servants whose cost of keeping is amply repaid by their services.

M.

THE SETTLERS OF LONG ARROW.

A Canadian Romance in Thirty-one Chapters.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A month passed during which Helen saw scarcely anything of Keefe, but in the meantime she had made an acquaintance who took as much pains as his exorbitant self-esteem permitted to obtain her good opinion. This was Mr. Trafalgar Hubbs. As trustee of the school, it was his duty to visit it often, and he took advantage of this privilege with a frequency which sometimes made Helen wonder, though the slightest suspicion of his real motives for doing so never entered her mind. Indeed his cool, dry, measured manner conveyed an idea of anything rather than of admiration or love. The hard crust of selfishness which coated his heart seemed capable of blunting Cupid's sharpest darts, and as to admiration, that was a feeling which those who knew him best were persuaded he reserved for himself alone. Approbation, however, he sometimes condescended to express, though always within due limits; anything like extravagance he studiously shunned on this as on all other points. But he occasionally assured Helen that he approved of her plans, that he thought her management of her scholars judicious, that he already discerned signs of mental improvement in many of them, and that their progress in order and industry was all that could have been expected. Sometimes he suggested some slight improvement, or offered some piece of advice, which, as it was always useful and well-timed, Helen very gladly adopted; so they contrived to get on very well together, Helen believing Mr. Hubbs to be a most philanthropic individual taking a praiseworthy interest in the welfare of the rising generation, and Mr. Hubbs declaring that Helen was a most admirable young woman, and that she performed her arduous duties in the most exemplary manner. The truth was, that Mr. Hubbs was fully determined to exalt Helen to the rank of his wife. Her beauty had captivated him almost the first time he had seen her, and, though his penetration soon discovered that she had moved in a very different sphere of life to his own, he never supposed that in her present altered circumstances that could be any bar to his wishes. He never imagined that she could hesitate for an instant between her toilsome and humble life as a village school teacher and the prosperous and independent position of Mr. Hubbs's wife—a man whose personal attractions, talents, and wealth were more than sufficient, he flattered himself, to win the favour of any woman. But, though satisfied that in gaining Helen for his wife he would gain one whose beauty, grace, and accomplishments would add lustre to any station, however high, he might hereafter attain, he determined to examine her character, temper, and disposition thoroughly before committing himself; for it was not possible for Mr. Hubbs to forget his cardinal virtue of prudence in so important a matter as the choice of a wife, or to suffer himself to be swayed by impulse instead of reflection.

As soon, however, as he was convinced that she was as good, gentle, and sensible as she was handsome, accomplished, and clever, he began to think it time to relieve her from the labour she had fulfilled so much to his satisfaction, and he was meditating on the most correct and dignified manner of making her aware of his generous intentions, when a letter from Quebec, addressed to Helen, arrived at the post-office (which Mr. Hubbs condescended to keep). This letter showed that she had friends still who had not forgotten her, and reminding him of the possibility of losing her if he delayed too long, brought him at once to the point.

So one evening, just as Helen had dismissed her classes, and was watching them as they filed out through the door, Mr. Hubbs entered and laid a letter on the desk before her.

"There is a letter for you, Miss Lennox—a paid letter from Quebec—but if you are not in a very great hurry to read it, perhaps you will favour me first with a few minutes' conversation."

"Certainly," said Helen.

"It is not about the school, Miss Lennox" (a little pause to mark the importance of the matter); "it is about something very different—something of very great consequence to me—and if I could flatter myself that you would show a regard for my wishes on this subject, as you have so often done about things of less importance, I should think myself a very happy man. The fact is, Miss Lennox, I admire and esteem you so much that the strongest wish and hope of my heart is to make you my wife."

Helen looked at him in blank amazement; she could hardly believe that she had heard rightly.

"I admired you the first time I saw you," continued Mr. Hubbs, "but now that I know you, I see that your beauty is the least of your perfections. I have watched you well ever since you came to this school, and I defy any woman's temper, prudence, and judgment to be more tried than yours, yet I never saw them fail. I am well aware that your disposition is calculated to make any man happy, and I hope you'll believe me when I tell you that I know how to value it. As for myself, I will only say that if every reasonable indulgence a man can bestow upon a woman can make you happy, it will be my greatest pleasure to bestow them on you."

"I am very much obliged to you," said Helen, hardly knowing what to say, so great was her surprise and confusion, "but indeed it is quite impossible."

Mr. Hubbs drew himself up.

"Impossible! What do you mean? Miss Lennox, I do assure you, on the word of a gentleman, I am perfectly serious."

"Oh! I do not doubt your sincerity, Mr. Hubbs, but I am very sorry you should have thought of such a thing, for I cannot accept your offer."

"You cannot accept my offer! Are you in earnest, Miss Lennox? I know young ladies sometimes say *No* when they mean *Yes*, just for the pleasure of being pressed, but I thought you were above such affectations."

"You thought right, Mr. Hubbs. What I say I mean. I cannot marry you."

She had now recovered her self-possession, and her manners were too firm and collected to permit any doubt of her sincerity.

"And, pray, what is your objection to me, Miss Lennox, that you can so coolly refuse what I must take the liberty of calling a good offer? Do you dislike my person or manner? Am I ugly, or a fool, in your opinion?"

"By no means, Mr. Hubbs; I believe you to have excellent sense, and that will tell you that your marriage with a woman who so plainly shows she does not wish to be your wife would not be for your happiness."

"But why should you not wish it, Miss Lennox? If you will persist in refusing me, you must have some strong reason for doing so, and if I can find it out I might be able to remove it. Perhaps you are not aware of the large amount of property I possess? I call myself rich, Miss Lennox—I would take pleasure in spending my money without stint upon you."

"Riches would not influence me, Mr. Hubbs."

"Do you object to my position? I thought you were too reasonable to nourish any foolish aristocratic notions, but if you have such prejudices I can gratify them. If you dislike the store, I'll give it up to-morrow; its profits are not of much importance to me now, and besides that, I intend very shortly to set up for a seat in parliament, and afterwards for a place in the legislative council, and I think you know me well enough to believe me when I tell you I shall succeed. I seldom try for anything without a certainty of success. Now, what do you say?"

It was with great difficulty Helen kept herself from laughing, but she did so, and said gravely:

"Would you marry a woman who would accept you because you were a member of parliament? I think you ought to despise her heartily."

"I value station and position myself, Miss Lennox; everyone who knows the world does. But I wish I could understand what is the cause of your dislike to me, for when I consider your present circumstances, and how much better off you would be in every respect as my wife, it seems to me there must be some very peculiar reasons to make you reject me; little as your philosophy may think of the world's opinion, or of rank and station, I suppose you will not tell me that it is from choice you place yourself in the humble position of a common school teacher, with thirty pounds a-year."

"No, it is not from choice, but still I would choose it, ten thousand times over, before I would marry for money, for rank, for a more comfortable or higher position. That I can be a school-teacher you know, but I would starve before I could marry anyone that I did not love with my whole heart."

"Love!" exclaimed Mr. Hubbs, in high indignation; "you would marry for love? You read romances then, you have learned their nonsensical notions, and after all, you have no more sense than other girls. No doubt a woman should esteem the man she marries, but love ought only to come after. Marriages based on reason and

prudence are the only happy ones; love-marriages always end in misery, hatred, and strife. I wonder a young woman of your judgment and discretion would let such a notion enter her head."

"It is a fixed one with me for all that, Mr. Hubbs," said Helen, "so perhaps that will reconcile you to my determination."

"Determination! you are then determined to refuse me. Will you not take time for a little consideration before throwing away a chance, which, allow me to say, is not likely to happen to you again."

"It would be of no use, Mr. Hubbs; nothing would make me change."

Mr. Hubbs knit his brows, compressed his lips, and began to walk up and down the room.

"So positive!" he said, his anger rising fast. Suddenly he stopped before Helen, and looking her full in the face, while his eyes shot fire, he said:

"I'll tell you what, Miss Lennox, if your love notions have anything to do with Keefe Dillon, you'll come to a great mistake, for he won't have you. To my certain knowledge he's engaged to another person. I did think it was all idle gossip that was said about you and him, but I was a fool to imagine you wiser than the rest of your sex. I suppose you are waiting to see if he'll take you one of these days, like 'Patience on a monument,' as they say in the play," said Mr. Hubbs, with a brilliant attempt at wit, "but you'll turn into a monument yourself first, I can tell you. He saved another young lady's life, as well as yours, miss, and he made love to her, too, and he promised to follow her to Quebec, and she promised to stay single for his sake. It's just such a love romance as you admire, but there's more than romance in it on his side, for she's to have a fine fortune, and Keefe knows better than to miss his chance of getting it. He's not such a disinterested fool as I have been. So you've played your cards badly, and lost the game. I wish you good evening."

He marched out of the schoolroom, banging the door behind him, and hurried up the street, walking over two or three little children who were playing in his path, and not taking the slightest notice of the numerous salutations he received as he passed along.

Helen had listened to his parting speech with apparent calmness, but when he was gone she stood for a few minutes as still as if all sense and feeling had left her. Mechanically she put on her bonnet and shawl, locked the school-house door, and walked to Mrs. Prior's. Going into the room she bathed her face and hands, and smoothed her hair; then opening the letter Mr. Hubbs had given her, she read it, though without in the least comprehending its contents. She had just finished when Mrs. Prior called her to supper, and she obeyed the call much as one under the influence of a mesmerist might have done. In the same manner she answered the few words addressed to her by her taciturn companions, and when Faith Prior, remarking that she eat nothing, and that her face bore an expression of unusual weariness, brought her some new honey n the comb which Mrs. Wendell had sent them that day, and kindly pressed her to eat, she tried to taste it but the effort was vain, and laying down her spoon with an involuntary shudder, she murmured something about feeling ill, and the fresh air doing her good, and hastily putting on her bonnet, left the house.

"Well, she do look dreadful bad," said Mrs. Prior. "I hope she ain't going to have a fever."

"Oh, it is only tired she is with all those children," said Faith; "and a hard time of it, she has, poor thing; but I hope her trials will be blessed to her, and lead her into the heavenly sheepfold."

Helen followed the windings of the stream through the hollow till she reached the rocky little basin from which it sprung, where the water was always clear as crystal, and in the hottest weather cold as ice.

Her head throbbed painfully, and taking off her bonnet, she laved her forehead in the water of the well; its icy freshness cooled her brow, and seemed to clear away the bewildering sense of confusion and oppression which had rendered her incapable of thinking, and almost of feeling.

Did she indeed love Keefe Dillon, so well, that the thought of his loving another was more than she could bear?

As she asked herself this question a footstep reached her ears, and looking hastily round, she saw Keefe at her side.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Keefe Dillon was sitting in the stoup outside his door, trying to fix his thoughts on the book he held in his hand, instead of letting them wander to the cottage in the hollow, when Con Doyle came up to him.

"Pearson" (the blacksmith) "sent me to tell you that the drag is ready, sir, whenever you like to send for it."

"Very well," said Keefe; "I'll send for it to-morrow."

But Con lingered, and after a little while, finding that Keefe said nothing more, he took courage to utter what his mind had been full of all the way from the village to Keefe's house.

"I guess this would be a first-rate night for fishing, Mr. Dillon; there ain't a curl on the water, and there's no moon to-night."

"It looks as if it would be a good night," said Keefe, laying down his book; and coming forwards, he looked out on the lake.

"I've got a lot of fat pine ready, and I'd fix up the jack, if you'd say you'd come, sir," said Con, coaxingly.

"Well, perhaps I may. Con, does your little sister go to school every day?"

"Every day, sir, and sorry she'll be if she has to leave off."

"Why should she leave off? Your mother told me that she could do very well without her help."

"Oh, it is not that, sir, but I'm thinking Miss Lennox would not teach school here very long."

"What makes you think so?"

"Oh, I guess she'll soon be leaving Long Arrow."

"Leaving Long Arrow? What do you mean?"

"Well, I was in Mr. Hubbs' store to-day, and Oliver, his boy, was sorting the letters that the mail had just brought in, and indeed a good-sized cat might have carried them all for the length of the day, and not have had a hair turned at the end of the journey, but Oliver showed them all to me, and one of them was for Miss Lennox—a grand letter, quite different from all the rest, and nice writing, and such a beautiful seal; so you see, sir, Oliver and I thought it must be from some of her fine relations that had sent for her, and no doubt she'll soon be going to them."

"You and Oliver are wonderfully wise," said Keefe; and then turning his face from the boy's quick eyes, he asked: "have you any other reason for thinking Miss Lennox is going to leave this?"

"No, sir, none in the world, and I dare say it's no reason at all, only I thought you might like to know about the letter, that's all."

"Well, I would advise you and Oliver not to trouble yourself so much about other people's concerns. A pretty way that post-office is managed. There, never mind now. Go into the house, Mrs. Wendell has something she wants to send to your mother."

"Yes, sir; thank you, sir," and Con disappeared.

When he came out again, with a basket on his arm, Keefe said:

"You needn't come back to-night, Con, I am not going to fish."

"There's other fish besides those in the lake," said Con to himself sagely; "if I hadn't told him about that letter he'd have come, but it's no matter. I thought he ought to know."

Keefe now went into the house and avoided Mrs. Wendell, as if he thought his purpose could be read in his looks, took his gun, and passing through the garden entered the woods. By taking a circuit he reached the banks which girdled the hollow without going through the village, and in another minute, he found himself close to Helen who still sat beside the spring.

"Mr. Dillon," said Helen, rising and then sitting down again. For a minute Keefe could not speak, but leaning against a tree looked at her silently. She felt his gaze, though her lids were downcast, and her cheeks, before so pale, were crimson.

Conquering his agitation, Keefe broke the silence:

"Miss Lennox, I have something to say to you—something to tell you. May I speak?"

Helen's heart said "Yes," but her lips could not utter the word. However, Keefe went on.

"Long ago—when I was a child—one winter I found a bird perishing in a snow drift. It was a snow-banting, pure white, driven by some strange accident from its home in the Arctic circle. I took it in, warmed it, and nursed it; I loved it with all the love it was then in my power to feel, and I tried to make it love me, but it would not. Next winter when snow came again, I stood one day at the door with my bird perched on my arm and eating out of my hand, when a troop of its kindred snow-bantings swept by. Perhaps they had come to look for their lost comrade. It heard their plaintive chirpings and answered, spread its wings, fluttered, and was gone.

"Did it never come back?" asked Helen.

"Never. I was nothing to it but a stranger and an alien,—it had found its kindred, and gone back with them to its nest in its native zone."

He paused, and then continued in a more hurried and agitated voice:

"Long years after a stranger came to my home. I will not try to tell you how beautiful she was. I did not love *her* with a childish love, but with the full fervour and passion of a man's strong heart. She infused into me a new existence—she made the present lovely, and threw a magic rainbow over the future. All of hope, or joy, or brightness the world possessed for me lay in her keeping. Could *she* leave me—rob me of hope and happiness—leave me to gloom and despair? Miss Lennox, I know I must often seem rude, savage, uncultured in your eyes, but if you could read my heart—if all its thoughts and wishes could be laid bare before you; if you knew the deep love I feel for you—which neither time nor anything on earth could ever lessen—I think you would not scorn it."

Helen had covered her face with her hands, but through her fingers tears were slowly forcing their way. The sight was more than Keefe could bear, and flinging himself at her feet he caught hold of her dress and pressed it to his lips.

"Oh, Helen!" he exclaimed, "why do you cry? Have I given you pain? Is my love hateful to you?"

And then, in a low broken voice, Helen answered:

"Oh, no; it is more precious to me than anything in the world!"

They sat by the well till the sun had set,—till the fires in the clearings grew red and strong, and sent up columns of flame and showers of sparks to the dark purple sky; the stars gathered in bright groups in the heavens and looked down on the happy lovers with their soft pure light; on no happier pair had they ever gazed since their glory first began.

CHAPTER XXV.

Helen and Keefe were to go to Buffalo in Keefe's skiff, accompanied by Mrs. Wendell and Faith Prior, and get married there. There were no marriage settlements to delay their happiness,—no jewels or fine clothes to prepare—no bridal-feast to make ready—no wedding guests to invite; at this marriage there would be no show, glitter, or fashion; nothing but love, simplicity, and truth, and the union of two hearts and souls too closely bound together ever to be divided.

A few days before this marriage, Helen was sitting in the school-house, giving the last lesson before she dismissed her pupils, when a quick imperative knock came to the door. It could not be Mr. Hubbs, for he had left Long Arrow the morning after Helen had astonished and mortified him by rejecting the gracious offer of his hand, which he had expected her to accept with delight and gratitude; first letting it be known in the village that an important matter of trade called him to New York, and that he did not intend to return

for some weeks; and, besides, Mr. Hubbs's knock, though equally authoritative, was by no means so eager and impatient.

Before any one could open the door, the visitor opened it himself, and walking up to Helen with hasty strides, seized her hands:

"At last, Helen—at last I see you again."

"Francis!" exclaimed Helen, gazing at the young man in great surprise.

"Dear Helen, what you must have suffered! If I had only known what had happened a little sooner you might have been spared this degradation at least. It maddens me to think of it. Have mercy upon me, and send the little wretches away."

"Hush," whispered Helen, "you must not talk so."

"Nonsense, Helen! But I will have patience; only send them out of my sight."

He turned to one of the windows, and stood there while Helen dismissed her classes. He was a very handsome young man, in spite of the haughty and impatient annoyance visible in every line of his face as he glanced at Helen's plebeian pupils—graceful and distinguished in look and air. He wore a light summer travelling dress, fashionably made, and held a leghorn hat in his hand, crushing it against the desk by which he stood, as if compelled to vent his anger on something. His hair, a bright dark chesnut in colour, curled round his forehead with what seemed careless grace, but was in reality carefully studied; his eyes were dark and very bright, his features regularly formed, animated and expressive. There was something of *hauteur* and superciliousness in the character of his mouth, but not more than most observers would have readily excused in one of such rare personal advantages. At this moment it was with indescribable difficulty he controlled the impatience and irritability working within him, while the children put up their books and slates, and made themselves ready to go. At last they all vanished, one girl turning her head to take a peep at the stranger as she did so, and then, with a nexclamation of relief, Francis sprung to Helen, and seizing her hand again, eagerly tried to read her face, whose expression perhaps somewhat disappointed him.

She was certainly changed since he had last seen her in her father's house.

In those days she had always been expensively dressed, generally in light, bright colours—shade, and texture, and form, all chosen and arranged with that exquisite taste and perception of the beautiful inseparable from all she did. Now she wore a black and white calico gown, without any ornament or decoration but a white linen collar, and a knot of black ribbon. Her beautiful hair, which when he had last seen her she had worn wreathed in rich plaits round her head, was now cut short, and hung in soft curls on her neck, making her at the first glance look much younger than she really was. Yet her face was now much more the face of one who had thought and felt than it had been when he had known it; the deep emotions she had felt of late had stirred the finest chords of her nature and ennobled her beauty, and the happiness that filled her heart threw a glad brightness over all. It was not thus her cousin pictured her to his fancy when he heard of her father's death, of her illness, and the life of labour she was leading. He thought only of an existence dull and monotonous, full of sordid cares and harassing toils, with all those rough associations and accompaniments so abhorrent to a gentle and refined nature, and in such circumstances he believed she must be utterly miserable. He felt sure that she must hourly compare the variety, brilliancy, and refinement of her former life with the monotony, hardships, and degradation of the life to which she was now doomed, and look back to the past with bitter regret. He said to himself that if the love she had formerly slighted, and which would have saved her from such a fate, were offered to her now, she would not again reject it. Brief as was Helen's letter to his mother, it had stirred all that was tender and generous in his heart. The perils she had gone through, the sorrows she must have endured, without one friend near to comfort her, the life of painful slavery to which she had been compelled, filled him with pain and indignation; but still it must be confessed it was some consolation to him to reflect that the more sad, isolated, and toilsome her life now was, the more gladly she would welcome a release from its wretchedness, the more highly prize the love that would restore her to happiness and luxury. To him such a mode of life as Helen described would have been worse than death; for he little knew of that divine faculty whose fine insight penetrates beyond the outward husk of the most unsightly things to the beauty which lies beneath—which discerns the silver lining of the cloud, the god or hero in the yet unhewn marble, the rich gold in the rough ore, the winged butterfly folded in the dark chrysalis, which sees living flowers where duller visions only behold a wilderness of weeds, and find fresh waters among desert sands.

He had had some difficulty in reconciling his mother to his going for Helen himself, for though Mrs. Coryton was ready to receive Helen as her niece with great kindness, she was vexed and disappointed that Francis should persist in his wish to make her his wife; but he had always been accustomed to take his own way, so of course he took it now, and set out for Long Arrow with Mrs. Coryton's own maid. He set off in high spirits, full of hope and exultation, better pleased with himself and with all the world than he had ever been before, and believing that he was earning an indisputable title to Helen's gratitude and love. He painted to himself her joy at first seeing him, her gratitude in finding the love she had rejected in prosperity was faithful to her in adversity, and he felt a proud satisfaction at the thought that he was about to rescue one, whose beauty, grace, and goodness would brighten and adorn his future life, from an existence of forlorn and hopeless drudgery. But now that he was beside her, and looking into her face, all his confidence fled. Instead of being pale with sorrow, worn with toil, oppressed with gloom, she looked bright, happy, and more beautiful than ever, and a feeling of anxiety and dissatisfaction crept over him.

"Helen," he exclaimed, passionately, "in spite of all you have suffered, you are a thousand times handsomer than ever."

As her first surprise at seeing him passed away, the sight of his face, the sound of his voice, brought vividly back to her the memory of her father.

Her eyes filled with tears and her voice trembled.

"I have suffered," she said; "when I lost him the world seemed very dark, and I longed for nothing but to share his grave."

"If I could only have known it," exclaimed Francis, "nothing should have kept me from you; and *this* slavery at least," looking round him, "this degradation might have been spared you."

"I have not felt it slavery," said Helen, "for I worked with a willing mind, and there is no degradation in doing whatever work Heaven sends."

"You were always a little philosopher, Helen, and something of a democrat, too, but I hoped your experience of the practical part of such doctrines would cure you of the theoretical; but, thank God, you won't have to try it any longer. You got my mother's letter, I suppose?"

"Yes, but you could not have got my answer before you left?"

"Oh, no, I waited for no answer, I was too anxious to get to you. My mother proposed sending Vincent to bring you to us, but I could not let you take such a journey without better protection. I should have been here much sooner. but that tiresome woman delayed me. She is at a tavern in the village, tired to death, she says, However, I'm here at last. But you are not a bit glad to see me, Helen, are you?"

"Indeed, Francis, I am very much obliged to you and my aunt; you are, indeed, very kind—but —I cannot go with you."

"You cannot—what can you mean, Helen?"

"I must stay here; I cannot leave Long Arrow."

The natural reluctance she felt to speak of Keefe, and her engagement to him, gave a conscious embarrassment to her look and manner, which Francis, not unnaturally, was pleased to attribute to emotions connected with himself.

"Helen," he said, taking courage from her blushes and timidity, "if you knew all I have suffered since you left me, you would not, I think, turn away from me so coldly now. Did you ever once think of me during those long weary months? Did your heart never reproach you with the cruel indifference with which you have treated me? Hasn't absence softened it the least bit, and taught it a little pity,"

Vexed and confused, Helen did not know what to say, but she tried to answer him, as if he had only spoken in jest.

"I wonder who could think of the accomplished Francis Coryton as an object of pity," she said.

"How can you jest so, Helen? It is deep earnest with me. But you never did me justice; you thought me too light and frivolous to love you as you deserve to be loved, but may not I say now that I have proved the truth and constancy of my affection; may I not hope for a little love in return?"

"I always liked you as a cousin, Francis," said Helen, gravely, "but I could not love you in any other way."

"But why not, Helen? If you knew how long I have loved you. When you were gone I tried to forget you, for your indifference had wounded me to the quick, but it was a vain attempt; your image was too deeply rooted in my heart. Every hour I live, I feel your value more, and love you better. Then will you not try to love me in return, and make me happy?"

He spoke so rapidly that Helen could not interrupt him, but when he paused, she said steadily.

"I have no love to give, Francis; I am going to be married."

"Married! Good God!" exclaimed Francis; "have I come too late, after all," and setting his teeth hard, he walked across the room. Then a sudden thought seemed to strike him, and he came back to Helen.

"It must have been the madness of despair drove you to this step," he said; "whom could you see here, but rude ignorant boors, only fit to be your ploughmen? I little knew what reason I had to think every minute an hour till I reached you. Thank God! I am in time to prevent the sacrifice. Let *me* release you; leave it all to me."

"It is no sacrifice, Francis; do you know me so little as to think I would marry any one I did not love."

"Helen! Helen!" exclaimed her cousin passionately, "you will drive me mad; who in these woods could deserve love from you?"

At this instant the door opened and Keefe entered. He looked very much surprised when he saw Francis, who turned towards him with his most haughty and contemptuous aspect.

"I thought you were waiting for me," said Keefe, as Helen came to meet him; "but if you are engaged, I can come back again."

"Oh, no," said Helen; "this is my cousin, Mr. Coryton. Francis, let me—let me introduce you to Mr. Dillon."

It was needless for Francis to ask any questions, the look with which Helen had seen Keefe enter told all; he saw at once that Helen's betrothed stood before him.

"Mr. Dillon! and who is Mr. Dillon?" said he, superciliously.

Keefe met his contemptuous gaze with a firm and steady look; and at that moment the slight and worthless nature of all superficial and conventional advantages, when weighed against genuine power of intellect and strength of character, might have been clearly seen, as the polished, high-bred elegance, graceful dress, and finished manners of Francis, beneath which lay the vain, egotistical, trivial man of the artificial world, were contrasted with the rough attire, simple air, and natural demeanour of Keefe, through which his truth, sensibility, and vigorous mind, made themselves felt and seen.

Both the young men were handsome. Though the beauty of Francis would have struck everyone at first sight, being that of features, complexion, and high animal spirits; while Keefe's depended more on that expression which a fine intellect and

noble nature alone can give, and which can never be appreciated by a superficial observer.

Looking at Keefe with as much disdain and as haughty a glance as he could assume, though his eye wavered under the calm, resolute gaze of young Dillon, Francis said :

"I am Miss Lennox's cousin, as she has told you ; if you have any business with her, I will thank you to apply to me."

Keefe looked at Helen with a glance half comical, half questioning.

"Stop, Francis!" she exclaimed, hastily; "you don't know what you are saying. Mr. Dillon saved my life and my father's at a fearful risk, which I don't believe another man in the world would have braved."

"Oh! that's it, is it?" exclaimed Francis, fiercely. "That's the infernal spell by which he has worked on your gratitude ; but if he saved your life ten times over, is that a reason that you are to sacrifice yourself to his presumption, and condemn yourself, beautiful, graceful, gifted as you are, to a life of vulgar toils, sordid cares, and coarse associates ? For God's sake, Helen, divest yourself of such an insane idea. To have saved your life no more gives him a title to such a reward than he would have had a right to make me his slave if he had saved mine."

"No," said Helen, quickly; "but the nobleness of his nature, and the love and admiration I feel for them, do."

Her eyes were full of light, her cheek glowed, and her beautiful face reflected all the generous loving emotions that filled her soul. Keefe turned towards her with one of those bright smiles which always gave his face a peculiar charm, and taking her hand clasped it in both his own.

"I pardon you freely, Mr. Coryton," he said, "for thinking me unworthy of Miss Lennox. I do not believe there is any man on earth could merit her ; but there is one point, at least, on which I will yield my claim to no one breathing ; good, lovely, perfect, as she is, I love and prize her even as she deserves, and will love and prize her beyond my life while life is left me."

As he thus spoke with a quiet deep fervour, he looked so manly, truthful, and protecting, and Helen, still clinging to his hand, so gentle, trusting, and tender, that everyone who saw them would have declared they were formed for each other.

With a gesture of stifled rage and a muttered oath Francis walked away, but in a minute he came back, and, commanding himself, addressed Helen :

"I ask nothing more for myself ; I believe you hate me, but let it be so. *I* never saved your life ! I have nothing to offer you but the love you have scorned, and those refinements of life you have learned to despise ! I shall not again annoy you with offers which you have shown to be so repugnant to your feelings—I only ask you to wait a little, to take time to reflect on what you are doing, before you give up the position to which your birth entitles you, and cut yourself off from all that is desirable in life by so absurd a *mésalliance*. Come to my mother ! I swear to you, you shall not be teased in any way ; no influence except that your own good sense may exert shall be used to bias you, and after awhile, if you still persist, you can take your fate in your own hands. Shall it be so, Helen ?"

And, compressing his lips, he gazed at her, as if he would fain have compelled from her the answer he desired.

"My choice is made, Francis ; nothing on earth could make me change."

"Is that, indeed, your final answer, Helen ? Must we part so ?"

"It is the only answer I can give, Francis."

"Then, farewell for ever !"

And, controlling his anger as well as he could, he walked out of the school-house.

(To be continued.)

MESSAGES UNDER THE SEA.

It required many years to bring our system of land telegraphs to their present state of perfection. For a long time it was found impossible to send a message a further distance than twenty miles. This feat could be performed only in fine weather ; when a storm came on, or a fall of snow covered the poles and wires, it was found impracticable to sustain the insulation of the conducting-wire, and consequently the electricity escaped by way of the suspending poles to the earth. Is it wonderful, then, that our early efforts in submarine telegraphy have been marked by so many failures ? Instead of passing the wire through the air, which, in its dry condition, is a good non-conductor, we boldly pass it under the ocean, where it is surrounded by a medium whence its electric spark is eager to escape. We condemn the subtle flame to traverse thousands of miles of wire through the sea, and yet are surprised that in the long journey it finds a minute pin-hole by which to escape. If we could catch a glimpse of the physical formation of the ocean depths, we should, without doubt, find that it possesses precipices as abrupt as those to be found on dry land, mountains as high, and volcanic formations as rugged as those still pouring forth their lava : yet upon this irregular and unknown surface we cast forth a slender line thousands of miles long, but not more than an inch and five-eighths in diameter (as in the case of the Atlantic cable), allow it to sink for miles through rapid and sometimes diverse currents, and trust that it will remain perfect not only in its conducting-wire but in the delicate gutta-percha sheath which insulates it. Is it wonderful, we ask, that in too many cases cables thus cast forth to seek an unknown bottom, surrounded on every side by an element working against the efforts of man, are cast forth but to destruction ? That this is unfortunately the case is but too evident. Out of, say, 12,500 miles of cable so laid, at the present moment not more than 4500 miles are working. As might have been suspected, the failure has been almost entirely in the deep-sea cables. We lay our shallow or channel cables with almost as much certainty as we erect land telegraphs ; and if the community were to find itself one morning cut off from telegraphic communication with the Continent, it would feel as surprised and indignant as it would at being cut off from its usual supplies of gas or water. With the deep-sea cables, however, it is

the exception rather than the rule to lay them successfully. Out of the 8000 and odd miles which are now the exclusive possession of coral insects, zoophytes, and other sea creatures, no less than 6949 miles belong to four undertakings—viz., the Atlantic, 2200 miles; the Red Sea and Indian, 3499 miles; the Sardinia, Malta, and Corfu, 700 miles; and the Singapore and Batavia, 550 miles. The ordinary obstacles to the laying of a cable in a deep ocean are, without doubt, very great. In the first place, the "paying out" process, as at present conducted, is barbarous in the extreme. In but too many cases steam vessels have to be employed, which are utterly unfitted for stowing away the cable. When great lengths have to be laid, the coils are of such magnitude that they cannot be stowed away in one part of a ship's hold, and consequently in the midst of "paying out," the manipulators have to shift from one part of the ship to another. Then, again, a storm suddenly arises, and the cable hanging over the stern is liable to constant and severe jerks and strains, as the ship pitches in a broken sea. Whilst paying out a cable a vessel must steam right ahead, and has no power to accommodate herself by meeting a sea. Hence she is subjected to greater motion than an ordinary vessel. Again, the difficulty of taking soundings at a depth of two or three miles is so great that it is not to be wondered at that cables are now and then laid on ocean beds which are sure to destroy them almost as soon as deposited. When to these natural impediments to success we add those created by carelessness, or worse; when we find that, in the language of telegraphy, cables are "starved," or made so slight, in order to save expense, and that they are known to be failures before they have ever seen salt-water, we cease to wonder that innocent shareholders within these last ten years have cast upwards of two millions of money hopelessly into the sea.

The two great failures which have occurred have destroyed for a time public faith in Ocean Telegraphs. Our deep-sea cables were known from the first to have been far too slim and weak to sustain the spark intact during the long journey it had to make. It was jestingly said that putting down an inch and five-eighths cable to cross the Atlantic was like entering a pony for the Derby, and that the Red Sea line (less than an inch in diameter) was as inadequate for its work as a donkey would be to run for the St. Leger.

The history of the Atlantic cable is "a caution," to use an American phrase, to the speculating public. Considering that it was the longest cable that possibly we shall ever see in one length, (2500 miles), and destined to traverse an ocean whose sounding is measured by miles, the reckless manner in which every step of its progress was conducted is something marvellous. The very seeds of its destruction appeared at its birth. The company having undertaken that it should be laid in 1857, on pain of losing their concession, and having but little time to carry out their engagement, it was determined that the construction of the cable should be divided between the two great manufacturers—one half being given to Messrs. Glass, Elliot, and Co., and the other to Messrs. Newall. No standard for the conductivity of the copper wire was laid down, and nearly the whole of the cable was furnished before this very necessary preliminary was settled: the consequence was, that different parts of the cable tested very differently. A more fundamental error, however, arose in the course of the construction of the portion manufactured by Messrs. Glass and Eliot. It will be remembered that the month of June, 1857, was almost tropical in heat, and unfortunately the cable, when manufactured, was coiled in a tank open to the sun; the consequence was, that the gutta-percha covering, which formed the water-tight envelope to the wire, became so soft that it allowed the conductor to get out of the centre; in some cases it actually sunk through the gutta-percha, and was visible at the under side. Wherever this was the case, the piece was cut out; but it was not contended, even by the manufacturers, that all defects were removed by this process. The invaluable process of testing the cable under hydraulic pressure, as it was manufactured, was not adopted, and consequently the exact value of its conducting power was not ascertained; indeed, throughout the whole transaction there was an evident disinclination to allow science to prepare the way carefully for a permanent success; and the directors seem to have looked upon the undertaking as highly speculative, and to have cared more for the shares showing well for a few days, than for its stability.

The cable, in this lame condition in one of its halves at least, was completed in July, and in August was shipped in equal moieties in the United States' frigate Niagara, and Her Majesty's ship Agamemnon. The first attempt to lay it was unsuccessful: a neglect to ease the cable as the stern of the vessel lifted with the rolling sea, broke it at a distance of 335 miles from Valentia. The ships now returned to Plymouth, and the cable was coiled into tanks at Keyham, where it underwent more surgical operations; indeed, if there was any real and lasting vitality in it before, here it was extinguished. If a test was wanted, the first thing done was to cut the cable, and then cobble it up again. Those who had charge of it state that from first to last it was cut into at least a hundred pieces! Of course the result was that it was cut up into a hundred clumsy joints, many of which were made in the course of paying out the cable at sea, and any one of which endangered the life of the wire. The leakage, or the escape of the current through these fractures, was declared to be "very high," even at Keyham; but the poor cable had yet much more to endure ere it found its resting-place at the bottom of the Atlantic.

In the spring of 1858, the cable was again stowed on board the two ships, and after two unsuccessful attempts they proceeded to mid-ocean, and there joining hands, or in other words, the two ends of the electric cable, they steamed away for either shore. During the paying out a regular communication was kept up between the two ships; these, however, were so feeble, that some serious damage was made evident. On one occasion the current ceased to flow, and it was anticipated that a fatal fracture had taken place; but the current, after a short time, came as well as before, and it

became evident that the internal copper wire must have snapped from the strain whilst the cable was paying out, the two ends, however, being brought together again when at the bottom of the sea by the elasticity of its sheath.

From the 5th of August to the 1st of September, England and America were on speaking terms with each other. Regular messages were not, however, attempted until the 18th of the former month, and at first the utterances of the cable were very feeble. The manipulators principally confined themselves to sending single letters of the alphabet and single words, Newfoundland continually informing Valentia that she could not understand, and urging her to "send slower," and to "send something," "please send something." Newfoundland appeared to be able to converse much more fluently than her Irish sister. Among the more curious messages sent was one from Valentia. It appears that the keys of a cupboard in which some of the electrical apparatus was stowed were missing, and the question of where they were placed was asked and answered in a few minutes across the breadth of the Atlantic. The only practical use to which the wire was ever put was the transmission of a message from the Horse Guards, countermanding the embarkation of some troops. The conversation went on in a hesitating, half unintelligible way, until the 13th, when a message of some length was received, and on the 16th the Queen's memorable message of greeting to the President was carried across. All New York of course went wild, and a furor was excited throughout the States by the directors, which England viewed with wonder, but which those in the secret perfectly understood. Then came the President's reply, and the currents were reported to come much stronger. It must be remembered, however, that increased battery power was continually being applied, and there can be little doubt that the forcing of the messages through the disabled wire materially aided in its final destruction.

The conversation was carried on between the two countries, with many interruptions, until the 1st of September, when the following broken message was received at Newfoundland: "*C. W. Field, New York. Please inform American Government we are now in a position to do best to forward*—" Here, unfortunately, the cable became dumb for ever, and refused to finish the end of the sentence —"*government messages to England.*"

As we have said before, the current appeared to flow much more freely from America to Ireland than *vice versâ;* for, on comparing the number of messages which passed between the two countries, we find that whilst America sent us, in the twenty-three days, two hundred and seventy-one messages, containing 13,968 letters, Ireland could only forward in twenty days one hundred and twenty-nine messages, containing 7,253 words. Thus Newfoundland was nearly twice as voluble a Valentia.

Many attempts have been made to raise and repair the cable; but, owing to its very light construction, the oxidation of the very fine wire in which it is enveloped, and the great depth from which it has to be lifted, it has invariably broken. Pieces will perhaps be recovered from time to time; but the only use of all that remains from the splendid fortune thus wilfully cast into the sea, in spite of all the warnings of competent electricians, will be to make gutta-percha dolls—the destination of the cores of all worn-out cables.

And perhaps it is quite as well that its chronic misery was thus finally extinguished, as it is pretty clear that in its wounded condition the Atlantic Telegraph never could have been a commercial success. The transmission of the Queen's message to the President struck the whole civilised world with astonishment at the triumph which had been obtained; but the world remained in entire ignorance of the fact that those few fine phrases took no less than sixteen hours to transmit, owing to the pauses and many repetitions which occurred.

One would think that 2500 miles of ocean would prove an obstacle to personal altercations, but this appears not to be the case. Telegraphic clerks, we are told, are very apt to quarrel with each other if messages are not sent correctly. Mr. Varley, the electrician of the Telegraph Company, says that telegraph work causes great nervous irritation. "If," says he, "a clerk be thoughtless and do not key very accurately, and so cause one or two words in a message to come indistinctly, the clerk at the distant end, after this has been repeated two or three times, will frequently become so excited as to refuse to work; quarrelling commences, which ends frequently in serious delay to the working of the line." Considering the dilapidated condition of the Atlantic cable, we may consider it a mercy that a fresh source of quarrel has not been thus mechanically produced between England and the United States. We do not want the relations of the two countries to be further involved by the irritability of telegraphic clerks. Another cause of delay which takes place in telegraphing through such great lengths of water as that which the Atlantic cable had to traverse, is the retardation which takes place in the current through the charged condition of the wire. To use the words of the report of the Submarine Telegraph Committee: "When a metallic wire is enveloped by a coating of some insulating substance, as gutta-percha or india-rubber, and is then surrounded by water or damp earth, the system becomes exactly analogous to a Leyden jar or coated pane; the insulated covering represents the glass, the copper wire the inner metallic coating, and the water or moist earth the external coating. The electricity with which the wire is charged, by bringing the pole of an active battery in contact with it, acts by induction on the opposite electricity of the surrounding medium, which in its turn reacts on the electricity of the wire, drawing more from the source, and a considerable accumulation is thereby occasioned, which is greater in proportion to the thinness of the insulating covering." Thus it will be seen that in any case telegraphic communication between us and America must be much slower than it would be by a land line, where the same impediment to the transmission of the current would not exist. When the Atlantic submarine cable was defunct, the electricians held an inquest upon its remains,

and, according to the conclusions arrived at by the most eminent of the jury, three faults were found in the cable, one at a distance from Valentia varying between 245 and 300 miles, another at 650 miles, and a third near the coast of Newfoundland. It is observable that the first, and supposed to be the greatest, fault appears to exist at a spot where a ridge of slate rocks is known to crop up in the bed of the Atlantic. Before the cable was laid, very careful soundings had been made of the Atlantic in the path along which it was determined it should go, and it was found that a bank of fine shells extended the whole distance; but it has been objected that these soundings were made at intervals of twenty miles, between which deep ravines and precipices might exist. Let us suppose, for instance, that Sussex and Kent formed the bottom of some ocean soundings taken between Brighton and the Thames at intervals of twenty miles. Such soundings would entirely miss the tremendous irregularities of the Devil's Dyke and the precipitous sides of the Brighton Downs. A submarine cable falling into precipices such as these, edged by rocks, would be pretty certain to be destroyed by friction: hence the necessity of forming an estimate, as far as possible, of the profile of the sea-bed where a submarine cable has to rest. Probably soundings taken at intervals of five miles would be sufficient for this purpose. The problem of laying a cable between England and America has, however, been settled in the affirmative by this attempt. So much scientific attention has been directed to the subject by the magnitude of the interests involved and the stupendous nature of the results that must arise from its accomplishment, that we may say that all the causes of its failure are now known, and can easily be avoided in future—a result which certainly is cheaply obtained at the loss of the 387,000*l.* which it cost. For a while, at least, we must be content to defer the accomplishment of this great undertaking, as capitalists will not just yet be inclined to venture their money; but we have no manner of doub that they will eventually do so. Meanwhile, a substitute for the submarine cable is about to be given us in an overland route. Russia will ere very long complete her land line of telegraph to the mouth of the Amoor; when this is completed, a short cable thrown across Behring's Straits will connect this line with the American wire already extending between California and Cape Race on the Atlantic, a distance of 5000 miles. England will thus be put in communication with America by an eastern instead of a western route—a roundabout way without doubt, and presenting just sufficient difficulties to stimulate the two countries to the completion of the direct ocean path. The Red Sea cable, intended to put England in communication with her Indian Empire, was laid after the final failure of the Atlantic cable, and one would have thought its engineers would have profited by the errors of the former undertaking. Every circumstance was in favour of this scheme. The Government gave an unconditional guarantee of 4½ per cent. for fifty years upon the whole capital required for its construction. It is the longest cable yet manufactured, being 3043 nautical miles in length; but then it has the great advantage of being divided into several sections. The portion between Suez and Aden was laid in three sections. The first, between Suez and Cossire, is 255 nautical miles in length; the second, between Cossire and Suaken, is 474 miles; the third, between Suaken and Aden, is 629 miles in length. The second portion, between Aden and Kurrachee, our most north-western port in India, is also divided into three parts. The whole of this line was finished early in 1860; but unfortunately one section after another failed, and at the present moment the Red Sea cable is as mute as the Atlantic cable. Within these last few weeks a new company has been formed to restore the communication, and it is intended first to complete that portion of the cable which runs between Aden and Kurrachee. The successful laying of the Malta and Alexandria cable, just announced, will thus bring us within five days of India. The failure of the original cable is, we think, justly ascribed by the Submarine Telegraph Committee to the fact of its having been designed without regard to the conditions of the climate, or the character of the bottom of the sea over which it had to be laid.

It has been well said that all our experience with regard to submarine telegraphy has been gained by a tentative process. No experience of land lines has been of any avail whilst traversing the ocean depths with the electric spark. The submarine cable has to contend with scores of difficulties and obstructions which no previous knowledge could have avoided; and our present experience has been purchased at the cost of upwards of eight thousand miles of cable! It was perhaps an unfortunate thing that the first submarine cable laid between Dover and Calais in 1851 should have been such an entire success, inasmuch as in subsequent cables the method of its manufacture and the proceedings of its engineers were servilely copied, even where nearly every condition was altered. It cannot be doubted that the conditions of each cable should form a separate study,—the form, the weight, and the size, being entirely dependent upon a hundred varying circumstances of sea, air, and land.

Thus it was found that the light cables submerged in the shallow sea between this and Holland were continually being dragged and broken by anchors, and a steamer and staff were constantly employed in repairing the breakages thus produced. Since a heavy cable, containing four conducting wires, has been substituted for the four single cables, used of old, ships moor to the cable without injuring it. On the other hand, there is a limit to the laying of very bulky cables, especially in great depths, from the fact that there is a difficulty in finding shipping to carry them. Thus the Atlantic cable, though a particularly light one, employed two of the largest vessels that could be found to carry it—the Niagara, of 5000 tons, and the Agamemnon, of 3200 tons. No single vessel but the Great Eastern could have accomplished the task single-handed. Had the cable been as thick as it should have been, no steam vessel, or two vessels at present built would have been of sufficient tonnage to carry it. Again, a cable once sunk in these depths is irrecoverable;

indeed, it is now understood that no submarine telegraph can be fished up at so great a depth as 400 fathoms. The nature of the bottom on which a cable rests has a great deal to do with its preservation or destruction. It has been observed that wherever a cable rests upon iron-stone rocks, a galvanic action is set up which speedily oxidises its iron wires. Sometimes zoophytes attach themselves to the wires and do serious mischief. When the Hague cable was lifted it was found that, in one place, it was loaded with "ten miles of rare and fine zoophytes." Where could Mr. Gosse have been on this momentous occasion? These creatures seem to attach themselves to the oxide of the iron wire, which they further corrode by the secretion of an acrid juice from their footstalks. An immense mass of mussels was found attached to the Channel Islands cables; in some instances such an agglomeration of marine creatures is found sticking to the telegraph lines that they measure a foot in diameter.

A very singular accident happened to the cable laid in Bass's Straits, Tasmania. This line, which weighed ten tons per mile, was absolutely floated by the immense quantities of kelp or sea-weed which became attached to it. Again, it often happens that fatal injury to a cable is produced by seaweed attaching itself to a line situated in a great tideway. The cable is swayed about and speedily becomes abraded, especially if there happens to be a rocky bottom. The Channel Islands cable once suffered in this way, and gave a singular example of the slight pathway along which the electric current will find its way. The cable had been completely destroyed as regards one side of the hemp, gutta-percha envelope, and wire, and no conducting material remained for three inches but an oxide of copper resting on the other half of the insulating sheath. Nevertheless, along this oxide the current was found to flow. Lightning in one instance struck a cable and ran along under the sea for sixteen miles, when it forced its way out and produced a destructive fault in the insulating envelope.

The ocean bed and its inhabitants, however, are not always the enemies of telegraphy. For instance, it is found that, when the cables have worked themselves into the sand or mud, they are well preserved. The coral insect of warm latitudes appears also to be friendly to telegraphic cables. When the Malta and Cagliari line was taken up, in 1858, after having lain in the water for three years, a most lovely sight presented itself. Mr. Webb, the engineer, who recovered it, says that about Cape Spartivento, "The cable appeared to have been suspended free from the ground, for the young clean coral completely enveloped it, and appeared to grow out from it equally in every part of the circumference and in a radiating direction. In some places it was so completely covered that not a particle of the cable was visible for forty or fifty fathoms consecutively, and as it came out of the water it had the appearance of a huge but beautiful coral necklace."

The cable had indeed

Suffered a sea change
Into something rich and strange,

but it had been perfectly protected from rust.

Besides the causes of destruction which have to be provided against or avoided when the cable is submerged, it has to contend against microscopic mischiefs in the course of manufacture, which speedily enlarge into fatal faults. Thus whilst the copper wire is being insulated with its sheath of gutta-percha, which is laid on in a fluid state, minute air bubbles, scarcely perceptible to the naked eye, create fine punctures in it. When the cable is laid the electric current finds its way out by these channels, and gradually burns the hole until the whole electric fluid is enabled to escape into the surrounding water. It is hoped that the use of india-rubber as an insulator will in future obviate the difficulty. But there are wilful accidents against which science is indeed helpless. Thus in laying the Ostend cable, one of the persons engaged in paying it out, in spite or from some other bad motive, furtively drove a nail through the core, so as to bring into contact the copper conducting wire, and the outside protecting wire. The consequence was that the current ceased to flow. Had such a piece of spite been perpetrated upon a cable as long as that crossing the Atlantic, a third of a million would have been cast into the sea at once: the "Koh-i-Noor" thrown overboard would not have been so great a loss.

Our belief in the practical application of submarine telegraphy to any length, thanks to our advanced knowledge upon the subject, need not be in the least shaken by the mishaps that have already taken place. Our knowledge, gained by a bold tentative process, has solved many difficulties that before seemed insurmountable; and it is also cheering to know that nearly every failure that has taken place is attributable to defined and preventable causes. Numerous advances have been made in the manufacture of the cables themselves. Difficulties of insulation have been entirely overcome, and the application of india-rubber in this service will eliminate in deep sea cables frequent sources of danger arising from the use of indifferent gutta-percha. A frequent cause of the retardation and the weakening of electric currents was of old owing to the imperfect plan on which the copper wire was selected. It is now known that the coppers of commerce vary immensely in their power of transmitting the electric fluid. Thus taking 100 as the mean of the pure metal, it is found that copper from Lake Superior has a conducting power represented by 92·57, whilst Spanish or Rio Tinto copper has only a conducting power of 14·24, or not greater than that of iron. So essential is the good transmitting power of the metal along which our messages fly considered, that contractors have now to supply it for electric purposes according to its conductivity rather than by weight, a regular standard being always referred to. With regard to the mishaps of paying out deep sea cables, the Submarine Telegraph Committee of the House of Commons attribute them mainly to the employment of ships not fitted for the duty, and they recommend that special vessels should be constructed with a capacity to admit of cables being coiled easily without injury, and with holds isolated from the engine-rooms. Power and steadiness are other essentials required in vessels employed

for laying cables which should not be overlooked. When our great submarine cable contractors have availed themselves of the suggestions which science has made, and when shareholders see the necessity of insisting that the cables shall not only be laid but maintained in perfect working order for a certain time, we feel confident that the era of disaster, as regards our means of sending messages under the sea, will have finally passed away.

A. W.

"OTHELLO" AT THE PRINCESS'S.

Those of our readers who have obtained, or tried to obtain, places at the box-office in Oxford Street, on any Monday, Wednesday, or Friday, since October 23rd, will not be disposed to consider the Drama in a languishing or moribund condition. The audiences gathered by Mr. Charles Kean have been not only equalled, but surpassed in numbers, brilliancy and intelligence. This is, perhaps, not to be wondered at. The impersonation of *Hamlet* by Mr. Fechter was so novel, so scholarlike, so suggestive, that expectation has been nervously awake to catch any hints of the readings and situations to be anticipated in his delineation of the *Moor of Venice.*

Before we commence analysing the new performance with the care that its high artistic excellence and elaboration of detail deserve, we must make one remark intelligible to the majority of play-goers, but especially intelligible to the frequenters of the Princess's under the old *régime*—we went to see a "Character," we found a "Revival."

It is true that the rendering given by the French tragedian has many points of novelty to an English audience. Though a performer whose name is well known to the frequenters of the theatres at Florence and the chief Italian cities, Signor Salvini has taken a view not altogether unlike that of Mr. Fechter.

As in the "Hamlet," *one* sentence, viz., the passage—

> And thus the native hue of resolution
> Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
> And enterprises of great pith and moment,
> With this regard, their currents turn awry,
> And lose the name of action,

was the key to the entire interpretation, so in the "Othello" the whole character of the hero hinges on the idea that the *Moor* is

> One not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
> Perplex'd in the extreme.

With this preface we open Mr. Fechter's "Acting Edition" (pausing an instant, over its motto—FAIBLESSE VAUT VICE), and from the "Dedication" learn his object. It is "to sap the foundations of that wormeaten and unwholesome prison where Dramatic Art languishes in fetters, and which is called Tradition." We are by this announcement prepared to expect many deviations from the received mode of rendering the play in this country, and we are not disappointed. Mr. Fechter and Tradition are Plaintiff and Defendant, though the public, as Jury, acquit or condemn the words of the author in their grammatical and obvious significance.

The great issue is this. Has Mr. Fechter, in his anxiety to do something novel, and to free himself from the manacles of usage, sometimes allowed a rich and fruitful fancy and a keen eye for the picturesque and effective, to lead him into deviations *from*, and additions *to* the text, alien from the spirit of Shakspeare, and unwarrantable as the liberties which Dryden took with "The Tempest" or Tate with "Lear?"

It seems to us that, in two or three cases he has gone too far, and as we desire to get all the fault-finding over at once, we will quote the points where it appears to us he has overstepped his duty, and fancied he was annihilating Tradition when he was really unfaithful to the "Great Master" Himself. Indeed, the conduct of a lover who should compel his charmer to acquire, by cosmetics, a rosy blush when she was naturally pale, and to seek from her hair-dresser flaxen locks to conceal her own jetty tresses, affords no unfair type of Mr. Fechter in his treatment of the works of the man whom he professes to worship. Alas! perhaps, in every pursuit we bring with us that which we find.

First, we must protest against the tameness and the conversational tone assumed in the Address to the Senate. In so rendering this speech we conceive Mr. Fechter has failed to realise the situation of his hero. *Othello* was in considerable peril. The powers of the Ten were absolute—the privileges of the Ten sacred. The threats of imprisonment, uttered by *Brabantio*, in scene 2, were not empty words. The *Duke* himself, directly he is informed of the abduction, says:

> Whoe'er he be, that, in this foul proceeding,
> Hath thus beguiled your daughter of herself,
> And you of her, the bloody book of law
> You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
> After your own sense; yea, though our proper son
> Stood in your action.

Besides, in the sixteenth century, the charge of having used witchcraft was something more than a figure of speech. The Moorish General of the forces of the Republic must have been more fortunate than any other general before or since, if he had not some enemies amongst the seignory who would delight in exaggerating a charge against him; indeed, we know that the "Three Great Ones of the City," whom he had lately displeased by the appointment of *Cassio* as his lieutenant, were sitting at that very council board, and would not have missed an opportunity of resenting his slight to them. And the strangest part of the matter is, that of all this, Mr. Fechter seems fully aware, for he has given in his edition* stage-directions, indicating that he feels the Abduction should create great surprise and violent dissatisfaction amongst the magnificos. But yet he persists in making the General treat the matter as if it were of no moment. A few graceful waives of the hand, a deprecating look, and a complimentary stress on the second adjective in the line

> My very noble and *approved* good masters,

appease the indignation of the most despotic, haughty, and implacable oligarchy the world ever saw! We cannot endorse this rendering with our

* A general movement of surprise—"Murmurs in the Senate"—"Fresh murmurs."—C. F.'s edition.

applause. When Shakspeare elaborated the Apology with so many exquisite ornaments, and made it a model of rich and pathetic eloquence, he did so because he felt the Moor's case to be far from strong, and because he saw that nothing but a speech full of cunningly adapted arguments, moving appeal and glowing description, would reconcile the Senate to condone the offence. Mr. Fechter mars this splendid oratory—this model of artless art—by a flat and monotonous delivery, a provoking nonchalance, a careful carelessness!

Our second suggestion relates to the delivery of the "farewell" in act iii. We are by no means inclined to quarrel with the tone adopted here—the conception is admirable, and the utterance suitable to the conception, but if attention had been paid to the scenic directions of the play, as Shakspeare wrote it, the effect of this magnificent passage would have been enhanced tenfold.

The second scene of the second act is "a Room in the Castle. *Othello*, *Iago*, and Gentlemen enter," and *Othello*, after giving letters to *Iago*, sets out to walk round the works and examine the fortifications . . . The scene then changes to "Before the Castle," and here, in the course of their circuit of the windy battlements, where there were no curtains or corners to shelter eaves-droppers, and not in a gilded and painted saloon, furnished with oriental luxury, like a chamber in a hareem, and yet used rather curiously by the General for the transaction of official business, should the first drops of the poison be instilled into *Othello's* mind. In the full view of the Castle and the Galleys, with the tents of his troops pitched on the shore, with his Standard waiving from the Keep, how vivid would be the effect of the lines:

> O now, for ever,
> Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
> Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
> That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
> Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
> The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
> The royal banner; and all quality!
> Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!

How fit a close, too, might be found to the apostrophe, if the General to whom "the tyrant custom had made the flinty and steel couch of war a thrice driven bed of down" had sunk, as he concluded, on one of the unwieldy bronze cannons, that still, honey-combed and green with verdegris, point their harmless mouths from the ancient castles of Rhodes and Cyprus, thus emphasizing the lines which Mr. Fechter timidly omits:

> And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
> The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
> Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

The heaviest accusation we have, however, against Mr. Fechter, is in the matter of "The Song of Willow," in the fifth act. Nothing can be less in harmony with the spirit of the play—nothing more sickly and sentimental! It is just the kind of improvement (?) of Shakspeare, which we should have expected from Kotzebue. "The Song of Willow" should have been unquestionably brought back—no more glaring instance of the power of Tradition for evil than the omission of it and the exquisite scene in which it occurs, can be found in stage history. But why do an unquestionable right in such a furtive, shamefaced way? The swan-like songs of *Desdemona* (which have one parallel, and one parallel only, the strains in the "Antigone" of Sophocles) have an exquisite meaning when sung by her, but have *no* meaning when sung by a soprano voice unknown in the town of Famagusta! . . .

The more gracious part of our task remains, viz., the indication of those passages where Mr. Fechter has attained supreme excellence.

First and foremost we must, of course, point to the marvellous delivery of the three words—"not a jot." Acute suffering, wild despair, and unutterable shame, making themselves perceptible in spite of an overpowering effort to preserve self-control, were all rendered evident as only an artist of consummate power could have exhibited them! . . . The lines

> If I do prove her haggard,
> Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
> I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
> To prey at fortune

were accompanied by gestures so appropriate and natural, and, at the same time, so striking and intelligent, that we felt it hard to believe Mr. Fechter was not living in an age when falconry was an every-day pastime. Those who witnessed the action which illustrated the soliloquy in "Hamlet," beginning

> O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!

are aware of the command, or rather masterdom, which he possesses over gesture; but we feel assured that even those who were astonished at the way in which ironical self-reproach and submission to personal indignity were expressed by a few motions of the hands, would fail to believe it possible that a man should so easily and completely explain a metaphor taken from an obsolete sport by swaying his hands in certain directions, at the same time persuading us that he is not thinking at all about herons and jesses, but that his whole mind is bent on sifting evidence against a wife supposed to be disloyal. Delicate in conception and marvellous in its close adherence to nature, is the expression that accompanies the words, "Set on thy wife to observe." The actor's face is literally suffused with a burning blush, and as he buries his face in his hands, we almost fancy we see the scalding tears force their way through the trembling fingers and adorn the shame-reddened cheeks!

We are inclined to admire also the ingenuity and novelty of the glance at the reflection of his dark face in the mirror which suggests the words, "Haply for I am black;" and we are assured that never was a scene rendered with truer pathos and beauty than the irrepressible burst of tenderness which the magic of *Desdemona's* loveliness, and the helplessness of her sorrow combine—alas, for a few moments only—to reawaken!

Though, as all the authorities tells us, an *Othello* must be judged by act iii.; and though his highest histrionic laurels are gained in that portion of the play, it is, however, in the last act that we conceive Mr. Fechter most triumphantly vindicates his claims to the title of an intelligent student of

Shakspeare. There is much in this part of the performance which is entirely out of the reach of the mere actor. The solution by the action with the toilet-glass of the difficult passage "It is the cause," and the explanation of the story of the Turk and the Venetian by the seizure of *Iago.* are not triumphs of acting; they are marvels of critical sagacity. Such things the Kembles and Youngs, who established our stage traditions, could never have grasped in their conceptions. They could as easily have written Johnson's character of *Polonius*, or the critique on "Hamlet" in Wilhelm Meister.

We cannot leave the performance at the Princess's without a few words about two of the other actors.

Mr. Ryder renders *Iago* as it has probably never been rendered before. He looks the sardonic remorseless Ancient to the life. The diabolical sneers behind the back of his master, the brutal coarseness to his wife, the cajolery and banter with *Roderigo*, the hypocritical tenderness for *Desdemona*, and the bursts of virtuous indignation at the assault on *Cassio*, are all pourtrayed with incomparable vividness and spirit. Where all is so excellent, it is clearly hypercriticism to suggest any improvement; but perhaps the contrast should be a little more marked between the manner in conversation and the manner when uttering soliloquy. We cannot help thinking that the speech, after he has filched the handkerchief from *Emilia*, when he sees his way in a moment to the whole plot, should be given with a fierce abandonment to the evil demon that possesses him; and we fancy that flinging up the lace embroidered toy, which is to be the instrument of so much woe, and catching it again in his hand as it flutters down with a gesture of malignant gaiety, would enhance the effect of the lines:—

> Trifles, light as air,
> Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
> As proofs of holy writ.

On the whole, however, this character is far superior to any which this veteran of the London stage has undertaken. It is superior to his *Buckingham* or to his *Hubert*, both of which were admirable, and it atones for the vulgar Transpontine manner in which for seventy-two nights he persisted in acting *Claudius*, in Hamlet.

Mr. Jordan's *Cassio* does not quite satisfy us. Throughout he lacks gentlemanly ease. In the drunken scene he does not get intoxicated soon enough; and he gets sober too soon. The sentence—"I pray you pardon me—I cannot speak," was uttered by the late Charles Kemble (incomparably the best *Cassio* that ever lived), with the slippery uncertainty of one overtaken in his cups. Mr. Jordan, in spite of Mr. Fechter's stage direction, is restored to complete sobriety by the entrance of *Othello*.

This article has already exceeded the limits we prescribed to ourselves, yet our readers will be sure to anticipate some allusion to the foreign cadence (for it is a *cadence*, not an accent) which still impairs the effect of Mr. Fechter's delivery of English blank verse. It is certainly not so perceptible now as it was when Mr. Fechter first came to London, and we conceive that when this paper is in the hands of the readers of Once a Week, it will be even less noticeable than it is when we write. The cadence is most injurious in the long speeches, which are, owing to this defect, cut up into fragments by numerous pauses, and in more than one instance subjected to unjustifiable curtailment and monstrous excisions. Of course we cannot tell what parts Mr. Fechter proposes to undertake in time to come, but we cannot help thinking that the three plays which are left us in Shakspeare's later manner—"Coriolanus," "Julius Cæsar," "Antony and Cleopatra," would afford large scope for his peculiar talents; and as the dialogue is far more broken and the speeches are shorter, all deficiencies of pronunciation would be completely lost. The last of these plays would afford ample opportunities for picturesque action and wealth of fancy, and has the advantage of being almost new to the present generation of play-goers. But the faithfulness of Mr. Fechter's tongue to his native pronunciation is after all a secondary matter—we think of it as little as we did of the Swedish accent in which Jenny Lind sung "John Anderson My Jo," or "On mighty pens;" and we are sure, if Shakspeare himself were to witness his *Othello* at the Princess's, he would say as his own *Henry* said to *Katherine:*

> "If you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue."

Though we have in the previous pages freely commented on his readings and innovations, we cannot take leave of Mr. Fechter without assuring him of our entire sympathy and hearty admiration—nor without pointing him out to all our actors as the great master of gesture and expression—as the most consummate and careful observer of minute points of detail and niceties of characterisation,* and as a man profoundly sensible of the high responsibilities of his Art.

* As illustrations of Fechter's greatness in trifles, observe in "Hamlet" the gradations of courtesy with which he greets *Horatio*, his fellow student and friend, *Marcellus*, his acquaintance, and *Bernardo*, a stranger. In "Othello," the indication of thorough honesty and manliness in sharply and decisively turning the key in the house-door, when craftily solicited by *Iago* to act as though guilty, and shun "the raised father and his friends," the gesture of command with which he waives back the servants of *Brabantio*, who, presuming on the probable fall in his fortunes, attempt to precede him, and the *reality* of his occupation with his papers in act iii. when, instead of glancing at one stage letter, held in both hands as nobody ever reads a letter in real life, he peruses, endorses, annotates, and throws aside, as though each paper claimed a distinct consideration and required a different treatment. May we hint that the banner of the "valiant Moor" should not be a gaudy ensign like the flags in a Lord Mayor's Show, but a tattered and smoke-begrimed standard like those which we recall in the entry of the victors of Agincourt in Mr. Kean's "Henry the Fifth," and, further, that the house with illuminated windows at the back of the stage (act iv., scene 3) must be the dwelling of *Bianca*, not *Iago*, and that the tinkling of a lute from that direction, stopping just before *Cassio* enters, would be suggestive and natural.

ROSAMOND, QUEEN OF THE LOMBARDS.

I.

Her long black hair came curling down
  Above her shoulders bare,
Upon her brow a jewelled crown,—
And o'er her violet eyes a frown,
  And a look of lone despair.

II.

She sate those bearded lords among,
Scorning the Lombard swine,
While they, with burly battle song,
Drained down, with clamours loud and long,
The dark Falernian wine.

III.

The king in wrath hath started up:
Grim grew his face and red,
"By the bleeding Rood! but thou shalt sup
The good wine from thy master's cup,
Made of thy father's head."

IV.

The king's red face grew pale with re,
He smote upon the board:
"Pour up the wine which flames like fire,
And drink damnation to thy sire,
And glory to thy lord!

V.

"Thy sire is rotting in his grave,
Thy sire, *my* beaten hound,
And thou art but my leman-slave,
The whitest-bosomed toy I have,
My lady Rosamond!"

VI.

She raised the scull-cup to her lips,
Queenlike she gazed around,
Across her heart a shadow slips—
"Ah me! how sharp the memory grips
Of wild Lord Cunimond!"

VII.

Smiling, she touched it, bubbling fresh,
Like the broth of a wizard's charm.—
That night she caught him in her mesh,
And slew him, gorged with wine and flesh,
With her ivory-moulded arm.

VIII.

So sharply to his false heart sped
The knife of Rosamond:
With his wild eyes all blurred with red,
Within the dwellings of the dead,
He met Lord Cunimond!

CE.

SKETCHES AT BRIGHTON.

By the Author of "Heliondè," "The Memoirs of a Stomach," &c.

NO. II. THE JONESES OF MONTPELIER.

My most intimate friend, for many years, has been Nathaniel Dowling; and for the sake of the *petite comédie* which follows, I must especially introduce the reader to that individual. A more mooning, desultory, smoking, indolent fellow it would be impossible to find, but withal a more powerful man, when his intellectual faculties were thoroughly awakened, I never in my life came across. It is true his powers were somewhat spasmodic, and, like the *Rhea torpedo*, after he had expended his energies in one great shock, he would remain torpid and dull till the brain's electric powers were restored. No one since he left college knew positively what were his reading hours, but there were certain dark hints abroad as to his habit of sitting up all night, or, at all events, of lying awake all night, making up the day's fallow time by reading, smoking, and *perhaps* eating opium. His degree at the university was not particularly brilliant, and few of even his most intimate friends imagined the latent energies which lay like gnarled oak-roots beneath the surface of Nat Dowling's lazy and eccentric nature.

At Brighton, where I first met him, and where family considerations held him in impatient thraldom, his time was passed in fishing, shooting sea-birds, lolling in a boat smoking "Cavendish," or taking desperate long walks over the downs; for Nat growled when I proposed a promenade on the esplanade, declaring he should feel like an animal in the Zoological Gardens prowling up and down his cage. Nat was eminently a *gauche* fellow, and yet his success in pleasing the gentler sex was wonderful. The truth was, however, his manliness of character exhibiting itself in every possible way was the real attraction, for this sort of attribute has more effect upon women's minds and hearts than all the fine airs and graces and fopperies in the world. A thoroughly manly fellow, too, generally marries a genuine woman, and this feat Nat accomplished after his wild oats were sown.

Mrs. Nat—as her friends delighted to call her—possessed the same character of perfect womanhood as her husband the opposite quality, while dainty and pretty accomplishments were added to her other attractions. By nature and education she was as capable of taking the lead in a princely establishment, as of imparting dignity and grace to the occasion, had she been compelled by circumstances to help some old laundress lay the platters and knives for her husband's dinner in the Temple while he superintended the cooking of his own chop by his sitting-room fire, or she was equally fitted to fill, with decorum and sweetness, any of the intermediate grades between the two extremes of position.

Moreover, Mrs. Nat was excessively handsome, and wore, in all her relations with the world external to her own social happy one, a bearing of feminine and sweet reserve which the most reckless libertinism dared never attempt to offend.

This quality, more charming and more rare than any other, arose principally from her intense and absorbing love for her husband; and, owing to Nat's peculiar disposition, it was, of all gifts his wife possessed, the one most essential to his happiness. If my friend Nat possessed an especial idiosyncrasy, it was his almost morbid sensitiveness in regard to his wife's reception by his friends. This one point was an exception to the whole of his character—the heel of the Achilles, the bit of shining material in the sombre-coloured lapis-lazuli of his nature. In reference to people's opinions of himself, individually, he was almost too careless, and seldom took the trouble to explain any error of a personal nature, even of the most glaring description.

It so happened, there resided at Brighton a certain family of the name of Jones, who feeling that there was not that tone of distinction attached to their surname which all English people desire, added thereunto their exact locality, and they called themselves, and were called by others, the Joneses of Montpelier. Now, the Joneses of Montpelier were not a bad sort of people, and their father, Mr. Alphonso Jones, some years deceased, having achieved a very honourable position as one of the most scientific men of his day, bequeathed to his family the many advantages accruing from a parent's posthumous celebrity. Owing to the inheritance of this benefit, the members of the Jones family, with one exception, conceived it incumbent upon themselves to set up as patrons of all the savans and literati who sunned themselves, temporary or permanently, on the Brighton cliffs; and not content with this assumption, they furthermore established themselves as the centre of a clique, after that truly British fashion, which makes foreigners feel so great a contempt for our social manners, and which engenders such a vast amount of ill-feeling, heart-burnings, and disgust amongst the members of our own community. Woe to the luckless intruder from that other clique who ventured within the sacred boundary of the Joneses' select coterie—a jar and discord, and a little social earthquake were sure to follow. The Joneses of Montpelier were undoubtedly a clever family, if by the word clever we understood various accomplishments, such as music, language, and drawing; but, independently of these, they were clever in the ways of the world, and more especially they were clever in the use of that description of insolent *insouciance* which, though very difficult to define, is used by the followers of fashion as their most effective and essential weapon;—the silent puff-dart of the Indian is not more certain in its mode of wounding, and the assagai of the Kaffir not more deadly in its results. With what exquisite art the missile is handled! how charmingly unconscious the countenance appears! how smiling and gracious are those pretty lips at the very moment when a deadly little shaft is being discharged from the coral bow! Not even the warning twang of the string is heard, but the arrow has sped and rankles in the wound. Added to their other accomplishments, the Joneses of Montpelier were tremendous talkers, and this, perhaps, was one of their most amiable qualities. To edge in a word during a morning call was improbable, to gain admission for a whole sentence, impossible; and the tone of their voices

being strung up to concert pitch, or slightly above it, both orally and mentally you grew exhausted. Then it was all over with you, and saving an occasional interjection or two, you subsided into a mere automaton, warranted to listen in the most natural manner.

The family of the Joneses consisted of four female members, but perhaps after the foregone description it is not necessary to mention the sex. The mamma, a dear, good, placid, old lady, on whom the memory of her husband's fame fell like an embalming perfume, seldom took part in the sayings and doings of her daughters; believing, however, with the strongest faith, that *his* children must be perfection, and quietly acquiescing in all that was going on, from sheer amiability of temperament. The young ladies arithmetically were expressed by the numeral three (so, they would have added, were the daughters of Eurynome), and a more complete *tria juncta in uno*, never existed. Annie, Janie, and Maggie (they would have called themselves Aglaia, Euphrosyne, and Thalia) thought together, worked together, laughed together, I believe slept together, and, Iö Apollo! *talked* together, overlaying, overlapping, interlarding, dovetailing, and veneering one another's remarks; contradicting, asserting, expostulating, and explaining all at once, pitching their voices, as I before said, in alto, and "going in" for every subject under the sun, from the anatomy of the hippocampus to the domestic policy of the Peloponnesians. There was positively no resisting these young ladies. You were drawn into a moral vortex—a wordy maelstrom, and you found yourself in danger of being drowned —in froth. They criticised men and things in an off-hand, glib sort of way, calling authors to whom they had been only once introduced by their surname, without any prefix, while Annie would be certain to join in, agreeing with Janie in all she uttered, and Maggie would clink the argument by a sort of tone implying, "I have said it," but before she could finish, Annie and Janie would both add their voices to the common concord, while Maggie, by no means disposed to retire from the field, took up the strain, and a Babel of sounds would ensue, perfectly excruciating, and suggestive of a tympanum injured for weeks. The Joneses of Montpelier moved in good society, and, it must be confessed, many agreeable people often met at their house, but somehow or other they always consisted of a mixture of rich people, titled people, or notorious people. The first they asked because they *were* rich, the second they worshipped because they were trump cards in their little foolish game with society, and helped them to win perhaps by tricks rather than honours, and the third they invited, that it might be said: "So-and-so were at the Joneses last night!"

Their gracious patronage of literary men knew no bounds, except that of reading their books, a weakness the Joneses seldom perpetrated; but they read the critiques in the papers, and would admire, criticise, taunt, or kow-tow, according to the nature and safety of the ground on which they found themselves. A tender young author trying his wings perhaps for the first time afforded great opportunities to Annie, Janie, and Maggie; and having perhaps just received a visit from a patriarch bull rhinoceros of literature, whose fame was made, and to whom they were obliged to show some deference, they "took it out," as the term is, of the young fledgling, and so bewildered him with advice as to his future works, and criticism of his present or past ones, that the poor crestfallen pigeon would be only too glad to escape, feeling and appearing somewhat like the jackdaw of Rheims before the terrible curse was removed.

Prior to my friend Nathaniel becoming a married man, the Joneses of Montpelier were tolerably civil to him. Notwithstanding his obscure habits and somewhat sullen manners, there was a certain reputation, more defined than real, attached to his name, which was a sort of passport to him in society; and the Joneses were condescending accordingly. I could perceive Nat never quite liked them, and he would growl and grumble when Annie, Janie, and Maggie agreed as to the impossibility of knowing Mr. and Mrs. Cadmus Smith, because Mrs. C. S. was only the daughter of a country surgeon.

"We do not look down upon these sort of people," said Annie.

"But it is impossible," added Janie, "to know everyone—"

"And, we have really such a large acquaintance," interposed Maggie, "that we are obliged to winnow the grain" chimed in all three at once.

When Nathaniel married, visits were exchanged between Mrs. Nat and the Joneses, but as the former lady was not known to possess a single relative in the world directly or indirectly connected with the aristocracy, as not even a baron's quarterings could be traced in the dim vista of her pedigree, the Joneses of Montpelier were only just civil, and as they did not desire to keep up the acquaintance beyond a mere simmering point, and had no grounds or possible cause for a cut direct, they brought to bear that system of small annoyances, and those charming little darts, the merits of which we have already discussed. A quiet, settled, but entirely unostentatious air of impertinence *is* very provoking to the recipients thereof, especially when tact and a complete mastery of the noble art of invisibly wounding your neighbour lend their aid in the matter. The Joneses neither said nor did anything that could be taken hold of, but they invariably managed that Mrs. Nat should be the first to recognise them when they happened to meet at some mutual friend's house. This was done in the easiest and most graceful way possible, ignoring her presence with art so admirable that it was impossible to believe the act premeditated. Then, when the Joneses were driving in a friend's well-appointed barouche or chariot, they were immediately afflicted with myopia in regard to Mrs. Nat; or if in a turn-out not quite so elegant, they did manage to see and just to bend to her; but if they were walking, and none of their grand acquaintances near, they would bow graciously enough. Then occasionally they would give little sharp and pointblank contradictions, when Mrs. Nat was engaged in conversation; or when she was not quite so

well dressed as usual, the eye-glass of one of the young ladies would be coolly raised, and a glance of undisguised scrutiny levied at the vulnerable part of the lady's toilet. In short, by a thousand small annoyances, in which the female mind can, when it chooses, be so prolific, Mrs. Nat was made to feel a very inferior sort of animal to the Joneses of Montpelier.

One day, when Mr. and Mrs. Dowling were both paying a morning visit to the Joneses, for appearances were still kept up between the families, and Nat had been coaxed by his wife to accompany her, it so happened that some Don was present,—a ten thousand a-year man, M.P. for Bribewell, —to whom the three Joneses addressed themselves in an exclusive and marked manner, scarcely speaking a single word to their other visitors. I, too, was paying my respects at the time, and I observed Nat's brow growing blacker and blacker. He soon rose, taking the initiative to depart; and though when we left he said not a word on the subject, I felt sure some mischief was brewing. I dined with my friends in the evening, and I could see the heavy portentous cloud was about to give out its thunder; but how, when, and where the bolt would fall I was entirely ignorant. Directly after the cloth was removed Nat rose from the table, and requested me to challenge his wife to a game of chess, as he was going to write for an hour or two. This was a most unusual and astounding piece of intelligence to both of us, but we made no remark, and commenced our game. When ten o'clock came, Mrs. Nat thought it time to escape a certain check mate I had pending, and to look after her husband. Neither appeared for some time, but I heard Mrs. Nat's sweet voice speaking cheerily, and then a deep growl and a loud laugh from Nat. At length he issued from his den, looking surly enough, notwithstanding the laugh, and asked me to walk with him to the post-office. This I did, and after dropping a packet in the box, we sauntered along the clift towards Kemp Town, not a word being said in respect to his leaving us so unceremoniously during the evening. At parting, however, when he seemed in a little better humour, and his huge pipe was refilled, I ventured to say, "Nat, my dear fellow, something is wrong with you. You behaved like a bear this evening in deserting your agreeable company without a word of explanation or apology—what does it mean?" At this question Nat took a tremendous long whiff from his meerschaum (about the size of a christening mug), then another, then a third, and I shall not easily forget the tones of his voice as he replied: "*I am going to punish those Joneses.*" We then parted at his own door, and his giant-like grip when he shook hands, while it made me wince with the pain, reminded me how capable he was, when he chose, of giving just such a moral grip to those who deserved it.

"Going to punish those Joneses!" The words haunted me as I sauntered homeward. But how will he do it? No position in the world can be so perfectly safe as that occupied by three young ladies, who, under cover of the *convenances* of society, the protection of a large circle of friends, and the sacredness of their sex, launch their little Parthian shafts so that none shall know of them, save the victim. How can such charming recreation be disturbed?—how can the arrows be turned aside?—what antidote is there for their poisoned barbs, so pretty, and so delicately steeped in virus? Is it worth his while, even if he possess the power, to break such May-flies on the wheel? And yet he said he would punish those Joneses. Will he hold them up to ridicule in some stinging article or caustic social sketch, pinning them on the pages of a periodical like pretty butterflies in a naturalist's frame; or will he pursue a more direct course, and make his wife quietly ignore their existence altogether, as *they* so often have temporarily ignored her presence in a room? All these questions passed through my mind as I returned home, but I was unable to solve the enigma, though I felt assured the packet he dropped in the box had something, if not everything, to do with the matter.

Thus affairs stood when, a few days after my wanderings, a pamphlet on a question of foreign politics appeared, which caused such a stir and commotion that every one was talking of it. Its sagacity in looking into the future; its array of facts so terse, so masterly; its arguments so unanswerab e; its evidence of political reading so profound, and its inferences so just and logical, caused it to gleam like a hidden light on the political world; and while some attributed it to this well-known person, and others to that celebrated writer, &c., &c., I alone guessed its source. The dark cloud *had* given out its electricity; the dull heavy fellow *had* spoken out from the depths of his reading and thought, and my friend, Nat, though now subsided into his normal condition of zoophyte, *had* wrought on the fiery anvil of his mind to some purpose, and that packet, so quietly deposited in the box, was the torch now ignited to blaze its time. But what on earth had this to do—a political essay, however brilliant—with punishing the Joneses of Montpelier?

Lord Cassaldane was at this period the secretary for foreign affairs, and he was on a visit to Brighton for the benefit of his health. After the appearance of this article Nat Dowling was a frequent visitor at his lordship's house, but I believe I alone of his friends knew of the circumstance. Lady Cassaldane's acquaintance was one which the Joneses of Montpelier would have sold their back-hair (Maggie's was a rich brown in heavy plaits) to have made, and, by dint of wonderful perseverance and manœuvring, they had obtained an invitation to a *réunion* about to be given by her ladyship. None but the *élite* of Brighton were invited, and proportionally great was the triumph of the Joneses, more especially as the card of invitation arrived at rather a late period, and somewhat unexpectedly.

Previously to the opening of her ladyship's *salons* Lord Cassaldane entertained, as the phrase is, a party of select friends at dinner, and amongst those present were Mr. and Mrs. Dowling. I also was a guest on the occasion, and never did an entertainment pass off so free from restraint and formality, nor so thoroughly crowned by hospitality and elegance. Lady Cassaldane had lived many

years abroad, and thus grafted upon the substantial stem of a true English matron's nature were the ease and grace of continental manners. Mrs. Dowling was evidently a favourite with her ladyship, while Nat was, as usual, gloomy, half sullen, and far from pleasant. In due course, the ladies adjourned to the drawing-rooms, and as the dinner was a late one the men shortly followed. A brilliant scene was that which now presented itself, for all that wealth and exquisite taste could accomplish was there to attract and delight. Guests after guests continued to arrive, the concert had commenced, and in due season the Joneses of Montpelier were announced. They were introduced to Lady Cassaldane by my humble self, according to their previous request, for though cards had of course been exchanged, her ladyship and the Joneses were not personally acquainted. It would be utterly impossible to describe their look of astonishment, if not of dismay, when they observed, standing close to their host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Dowling. They were too great adepts in the world's ways, however, to permit this feeling to be more than momentary, and in the most condescending manner they went and shook hands with the Dowlings, throwing a kind of patronising warmth in the tones of their voices, as much as to say, *now* we meet on mutual grounds, *now* we can afford to be cordial.

"Oh! dear Mrs. Dowling, how charming you look to-night," exclaimed Annie, the eldest.

"Yes, quite blooming," said Janie, the second.

"But, why," asked Maggie, the youngest, "were you so unfashionable as to arrive so early, *dear* Mrs. Dowling; were you not afraid of being thought a leetle *gauche?*"

"I did not come earlier than the hour named," answered Mrs. Nat, in her quiet, unaffected way; "the invitation said, 'dinner at a quarter before eight,' and we were here at eight exactly."

"Dinner at eight!" exclaimed the three ladies, in one voice, forgetting their good breeding in their astonishment, "did you dine here?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Dowling, with true delicacy, not appearing to observe the rude part of the question, "is there anything very strange in our being punctual?"

Let me live till I am a mere fossil remains to be lectured upon by my scientific friends, I shall never forget the expression of the Misses Jones' expressive countenances at this reply, nor shall I cease to remember their intense fidgets all the evening, their sulky looks, and their ill-disguised disgust. It was too much for their powers of forbearance, and being unable to throw even a thin veil over their injured pride and feelings, they departed at a tolerably early hour, first thanking Lady Cassaldane (oh, bitter necessity!) for her kindness in remembering them on an occasion so agreeable, and if a climax were wanting to the whole affair, it was there when Lady Cassaldane replied:

"Indeed, I am only too delighted, Miss Jones, to make your acquaintance, and I am indebted to Mrs. Dowling for reminding me of your being residents at Brighton, and thus affording me the opportunity of welcoming you to my house."

The Three Graces made a courteous reply, and incontinently withdrew, but the smiles on their lips were belied by the ill humours rankling within, and I thought to myself, "You were quite right, friend Nat, when you declared on that memorable evening, 'you were going to punish those Joneses!'"

NEW PHASE OF THE AMERICAN STRIFE.

The war in America has not been standing still, though "the great battle on the Potomac" has not yet been fought. It has been obvious from the first that deliberation was advantageous for the North, and mischievous for the South, though there is a sense in which the reverse has been supposed to be true. It is set forth that the Northern army is composed of citizens who cannot leave their farms and their shops for many weeks at a time; whereas the work is, in the South, all done by slaves; so that the masters are at liberty for military duty. To this the reply is that the Northern volunteer army is now composed of men who have pledged their services for three years. How their business goes on at home is their affair: but their arrangements are such as enable them to serve for three years. By the glimpses which are opened to us we see something of what life in New England is at present. Everybody is more busy than ever before; and everybody who is not mourning some slain relative or friend is in a higher mood of mind and spirits than ever before. Taking the lowest consideration first,—trade is brisk; mills and shops are full of activity; money comes in plentifully, and goes out lavishly "for the cause." The married men with young families are not taken for the army while bachelors and childless men can be had; and it is astonishing how much those left at home find that they can do. The farm, the shop, the saw-mill and the fishing-boat, are all attended to somehow,—by boys, old men, women, or neighbours: and it is known to be for a three years' term. The women are all knitting at every spare moment. Over whole States the knitting-needles are plied; and hundreds of pairs of warm stockings go off to the camps every day. The force which has thus three years before it may take time (an option existing) for training; and it is well understood that the generals in command anxiously insist that there must be much training before the fate of the Republic is committed to the chances of the battle-field.

With the Southern army the case is different. The élite of the force consists of the landed gentry and the merchants of the cities. The bulk of the troops are the landless and poor whites, of whom we have heard so much of late years. Both these orders of citizens have been handling arms all their lives. Indeed, the only thing the "poor whites" can do, generally speaking, is fighting: and they consider that this war is Fortune's *amende* to them for her harshness hitherto. They get their living, and a great deal of consideration and amusement, in an occupation to which they are adequate. But discontents are yet running high in the Confederate camps at the slow progress of the war. The planters are restless about their homes and property, as winter approaches. The slaves have been left quite long enough to the

care of women and old men and boys; and every week adds to the alarms about negro-risings, as more of them disappear from the estates, and as newspapers vanish from the tables of country houses, and tidings from the seat of war spread through the negro quarter almost before they are known in the mansion. In the expectation of a great day coming, numbers of the negroes have secretly learned to read. There were always some who picked up the knowledge,—from the children of the family, from signboards and handbills: and the number has prodigiously increased of late. Such people will require the master's eye and hand when winter comes on; and they have been kept in daily expectation of his return. The masters fully expected that their President would have been in the White House, and their congress in the Capitol, and their army quartered in New York and Philadelphia, before this time, so that the small proportion who are planters and merchants might have been at home. While they are counting the days of suspense, the lower order of the soldiery are calling out for the plunder which was promised them. They are chafing while the Northern men are drilling and marching; and every week of inaction reduces the one force, while it augments the other. In both sections men are marching southwards; but in the one case it is from, and in the other towards the army they belong to. Sickness and suffering have thinned the Confederate force severely; but many thousands have also gone southwards to defend their own line of coast, or to secure their homes. They had hoped to gain a great battle first, and possess themselves of a northern city or two by a rush: but they can wait no longer.

The Richmond and other Virginia newspapers tell us this much; and the unpopularity of the Confederate government and commanders is declared to be very great, because the troops are undergoing hardships in a stripped country, instead of gaining victories in a rich one. It would not have been so if the authorities could have helped it. The inexperience of the Federalists, and the bad quality of their officers, have afforded ample opportunities to their enemy; but the Confederates have been unable to use any one of the occasions. Thus, while the antagonists have been standing face to face, as it were, on the Potomac, and running about after one another in the West, the world cries out for some result; and the loudest cry of all is from the Southern part of the country itself.

Yet a great deal has happened; and a very great deal has been disclosed of what must happen. It even seems doubtful whether the war will bring about the issue, after all. When experienced observers watch adventures, national or individual, they expect to see the chief aim disappear, and some collateral object rise up. They expect to witness failure in the leading hope, and the gratification of some subordinate or unconscious desire. Thus, it seems that neither of the opposed parties in America will get what it has proposed, while something quite different (whether better or worse in their view), will come about.

It has become plain to the world (what old observers were always aware of), that there is nothing approaching to unanimity on either side. There is not only much difference,—much dissension,—there is an actual split, however anxiously the fact may be concealed to the last moment.

In the Slave States there never was any unanimity at all, great as has been the boast of it up to the present time. It should be remembered, that on the last occasion on which the people of the South were permitted to declare their will as to remaining in the Union, or seceding, the majority in favour of continued union was nearly 200,000. No doubt, a large number of these Unionists became Secessionists, when Secession had actually taken place: but no rational person would suppose that all had so changed, even if we had no evidence of their present state of mind. We may assume that those of that majority who dreaded the annexation of Cuba, the re-opening of the slave trade, the competition of the mean whites as slave-holders, and the continuance of slavery under perilous conditions, still desire the protection of the Union, and would vote for it again, if they could.

There are many more,—immigrants, reduced white families, and merchants, and even political men,—whose declarations on behalf of the Union are kept down only by intimidation. For thirty years past, the abolitionists of the North have been incessantly addressed by unknown correspondents in the Slave States, who have implored them to "go on, for God's sake." They were the only hope, they were told, of sufferers under the system which is now made the basis of the proposed new republic. As might be expected, there have been many fugitives, from the planter and merchant, as well as the negro class, since the last hope of free-voting and free-speaking was lost; and, as every intelligent slave tells of the preparations making by his late comrades to join the Federal army as soon as it appears, so every disguised planter or merchant who effects his escape, has tales of horror to tell of the ways in which loyalty to the Union is repressed or punished. I might fill several columns with narratives of the deeds done upon old men, upon honourable gentlemen, upon ladies, — whether long-established residents, or recent guests,—merely for their attachment, or suspected attachment, to the Union;—but it would be painful, and could hardly do good. It is enough to say,—what nobody disputes,—that the fury of persecution against attachment to the Union indicates the presence of a good deal of that attachment; though the same fact precludes any estimate of the extent of that loyalty which was so lately extolled as a virtue.

One interesting fact under this head is the adventurous act of the citizens of Hyde County, North Carolina, in sending a memorial to the President, avowing their unchanged attachment to the Union, and desiring a supply of arms, to defend themselves after such a defiance of the Confederate authorities. If, on the first appearance of a Federal force on the coast, the men of a whole county made haste to speak out, it must be supposed that there are others who would be glad to do the same. We can have no doubt of it

when we see, that of the six Slave States which have had any opportunity of declaring themselves, all have yielded a large Union party. Virginia has actually split; and so has North Carolina,—the loyalists in each freed portion being aware that in the intimidated remnant there are many more waiting an opportunity to declare themselves. How far the other four,—Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri,—are from being sound members of the Confederacy, needs no telling.

Through newspapers, and some accidental upliftings of the weighted curtain suspended in front of the Southern stage, we have lately learnt some very interesting things about the financial condition of the Confederacy, and the discontents caused by it. The bankers are, as a class, thoroughly discontented. The government throws on them a task which they cannot fulfil, in requiring them to provide accommodation for domestic buying and selling, under the total stoppage of the foreign trade, which is the very life-blood of the southern economy. The discontents, political, economical and military, have grown strong enough now to support a split; and Georgia, reluctant to enter the Confederacy, is ready to lead the way out of it. The governor is in open opposition to the Southern President; and there have been some important defections from the Montgomery clique in favour of the politics of Georgia and its adherents. Whether the common danger, and the remoteness of the Federal force keep up for a longer or a shorter time the appearance of harmony in the Slave States, the fact of their discordance is not the less certain. Some of the citizens are waiting for a great battle, believing that one Federal victory would explode the Confederate cause at once: and others expect to have to wait till the Union army appears, uncovering opinions as it goes. The one thing that no well-informed citizen believes, from the Potomac to the Gulf, is that the South is unanimous, or anything like it, in its desire of independence. It never was so, while the unreal and unpractical habit of mind of its citizens assumed that England and France would speedily interfere on behalf of the cotton States: and, now that it is becoming known that no aid is to be looked for from England and France, the preparation for secession from the Secessionists will go on rapidly. Meantime, visitors from Europe, or other privileged guests who have seen the army or the country under the guidance of the authorities. political or military, should be aware that while all that they see is enthusiasm, or looks like it, they are sure not to see the other side. It is certain that, while the "enthusiasts" are waving their flag wherever the stranger turns, there are dauntless people, men or women, as the case may be, who are upholding the Union flag on church tower or domestic roof, in defiance of street mobs, incendiary torches, and the simmering of the tar-kettle before the door. Whenever the presence of genuine strength removes the gag imposed by illicit force, it will appear how southern opinion divides itself between the two opposite theories of a republic. At present, the fact that opinion is divided is all that we can depend on.

The position of the North is, in many particulars, and on the whole, very like that of the South. There is no more real freedom of opinion on the engrossing subject of the hour in one section than in the other, though the penalties of thinking as people do in the South are less brutal and barbarous. To be sure, we do hear of a citizen here and there being ridden on a rail; but the gutting of printing-offices, and public threats and insults to men of pro-slavery tendencies are what we usually hear of, in the place of the dreadful inflictions on clergymen, governesses, commercial travellers and tradesmen, which are still going on in the Slave States.

Of personal discontent, there is evidently much less. The resources of the North are great; and the armies are well supplied with food, clothes, quarters and pay. The political discontent is, on the other hand, becoming very serious. Without paying any attention at all to the current rumours of disagreements between different departments of the government, and political representatives, we may consider it certain that the President is generally regarded as slow to a degree which gives rise to many explanations, and some unfavourable constructions. Mr. Seward is a minister for any ruler and any people to be ashamed of; and the people are, no doubt, ashamed of him; and, remembering his proposal of a coaxing policy towards the South, they charge him with delays, for coaxing purposes which may be justified by military reasons. Meantime, a man who is *not* slow—a man keen to perceive an object, and practised in finding a way to it—has said and done, on his own responsibility, what he and the people generally are well aware will have to be said and done. The people have named him the Pathfinder; and the issue of the whole struggle now seems to depend on whether the President and Government will follow his trail, or fumble about in one which will lead them back into the slough.

General Frémont, charged with one division of the war, goes beyond the enlarged declaration of Congress last July, and declares all slaves free by the presence of the United States' army,—adopting in this step the interpretation of the second President Adams, in regard to the operation of "the war-power." My neighbours are asking the meaning of "the war-power," from which so much is expected. It means the scope of that martial law which in certain exigences necessarily supersedes the orders of the legislature, in regard to slavery as to other arrangements. President J. Q. Adams fully explained his view: General Frémont has fully adopted it, and it remains to be seen whether the nation will uphold him and the doctrine in question, or the Washington Government and the narrower proposal of Congress of last July. This is the Northern split: and it is serious to the last degree.

When General Fremont issued his proclamation, a new spirit thrilled through the northern people: the army was rapidly reinforced with volunteers, and the hesitation which before hung like a fog round each centre of action was at once dispelled. Slavery, the cause of the war, was virtually abolished. Then, after some delay, came the President's direction to Fremont to draw back, and

Fremont's request, in reply, that the President would himself take the responsibility of the retreat. Then recruiting stopped, wherever the news arrived; a new regiment disbanded, and the fogs drove up again. While there was uncertainty whether the President would remove Fremont from his command, the people remained in ostentatious suspense. Now that he has been superseded, there is a split of the gravest character;—or there will be unless the Government, the creature of the people, comes round in good time to the people's stand-point. And here arise the questions,—who are, in this case, the people? and what is their stand-point?

The people on whom the direction of the policy of the republic depends are a different set from those who have, for thirty years, sold the liberties of their country to the slave-holders. The slave-traders of New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, the manufacturers dependent on Southern cotton, the merchants who carry Southern produce, and the host of underlings, from head clerks to warehouse-sweepers and Irish labourers hanging about the docks,—these are the people (reinforced by a timid clergy and the vanity which has been mistaken for patriotism), who have hitherto personated the North generally, and spoken as the whole North at Washington. Their day is over; or, if it be not, another revolution has to be gone through: for the true republicans of the North will not henceforth permit themselves to be represented by this great pro-slavery party. Many of the party are banished, or self-banished as traitors: many are silenced by public opinion or by public intolerance; many are at work to obtain a compromise; many will profess anything to preserve the form and pretentions of the Union: and a daily increasing number are sincerely penitent for past dereliction of principle, and anxious to support a virtuous course of action at last. Against this fluctuating, confused, embarrassed and humbled party, is now ranged the honest and resolute country population of the North: and nearly the whole population of the North-west. These last furnished the President of the time: they are resolute to claim their share of action and influence: they abhor slavery, on every account. After having seen it abolished in their own region by General Fremont, they are not disposed to let it be re-established by their own President, under the compulsion of the time-serving gentry and mob of the ports. These being the people condemned, the inquiry follows,—what is the stand-point which has to be taken or defended?

All parties join in desiring to support the Union; but hitherto the Washington government and the unregenerate North have assumed this to mean the same thing as upholding the constitution as it stood when Mr. Lincoln was elected. But that constitution is, in the main point of present importance, a corruption of the original scheme. Under it the slave power has attained supremacy, and has used that supremacy to overthrow the liberties of the Free States. But that constitution is not only unworthy and unsuitable: it is impracticable. The war has rendered it impossible to observe the engagements of the constitution in regard to fugitive slaves. Therefore the western and the rural populations demand that there shall be an amended constitution, purified of all complicity with slavery; so that the very cause of the disruption of the Union may be got rid of: and with this view those large, staunch, single-minded populations range themselves with Fremont and his policy, and are not likely to quit their stand-point. The next disclosure will be whether the upholders of the existing constitution will enter upon a struggle with them for the sake of the bare chance of a reconciliation with the South, or in the dread of losing the Border States. To persons outside of the struggle it does not appear likely that the Border States can seriously expect to hold slaves while forming a part of the Northern Union. In bidding farewell to the other slave states, and joining a region of free labour, they must know that they are bidding farewell to slavery: and if not, the few Border States cannot be allowed to spoil the policy of the whole North. As for the government at Washington, it will act according to the will of the strongest party, as it ought to do, and cannot but do. At present it is in an untenable position. It professes to support the constitution, but is daily compelled to violate its conditions. It could not but be aware that it was bringing on the real revolutionary crisis by either countenancing or disavowing General Fremont's policy. After long hesitation it disavowed the policy; and after another interval superseded the man. It will probably never be settled whether the President would have gained most support by upholding the anti-slavery or the constitutional and pro-slavery party: but it is clear that his actual procedure fixes the moment when the real revolution must begin. Mr. Sumner's address at Worcester, Massachusetts, indicates this state of affairs; and the hostility with which it was received by the city people and by Washington politicians shows how significant were its contents.

Thus it appears that there may be issues which the war will not decide. The business of the war will be to ascertain what proportion of the American nation are willing to enter on the question whether a corrupted and unworkable constitution shall be attempted to be sustained, or whether a new one, consisting of the principles of the original one, purified of its fatal compromises, shall be adopted.

The barbarous character of the warfare is a subject too painful to be needlessly dwelt upon. It arises partly from the unmilitary character of the American nation; and partly from unprecedented conditions of the struggle as a civil war. There are "traitors" in all the departments of a public service which has suddenly changed hands at the most critical moment of the republic. What was patriotism a year ago has become treason. The friendships of a year ago have become snares: the commercial partnerships of the two sections have become embarrassments; the family ties have generated hatreds; sectional grudges have grown into fierce revenges. The brigands of the whole country have come to the front; and the worthiest citizens retire into the darkness to grieve unseen. The sacking and burn-

ing of homesteads; the undermining of railway-bridges; the infliction of torture and murder for supposed opinions; the suspension of law and rights,—these scandals and miseries are of a nature and extent never required or imagined in international wars. To escape from the disgrace of them it is a poor device to pick quarrels with foreign nations; but foreign nations should understand it too well to be tempted to return railing for railing. Bad temper and uncivil manners must be far more blameable in us than in the struggling and suffering nation who are of our kin.

The woe brings with it a blessed consolation in the heroic patriotism which is conspicuous in both sections; and eminently in the North. There is no sacrifice which has not been made by men of all classes, and by women, and even children. Our hearts warm most towards the virtue which is manifested on behalf of the good cause, rather than the indefensible one: but we gladly, I hope, recognise patriotic self-sacrifice wherever it exists.

A new prospect is opening which demands a word of notice. The planters are called upon by the whole South to cease growing their staple products, in order to grow grain, and keep up the market value of cotton, tobacco, and sugar. Slavery does not answer for growing cereals and root-crops; and this conversion of tillage, if it takes place, will be the doom of slavery. Slavery is doomed, on any supposition; and the Confederate authorities are already saying publicly that the power of emancipation is one which rests in their hands; and that they will use it in the last resort. This is a disclosure full of interest, and full of hope.

England has now received the broadest hint that she must provide herself with cotton where she can. Not only is the war likely to be a long one, but, when it is over, it is probable that this year's crop of cotton will prove to be the last under the slave system. England must provide for the interval till the growth of American cotton by free labour shall open a new period in the intercourse of the two nations.

From the Mountain.

THE CITY OF THE FLYING-FOX.

PART I.

Far up in the dense jungle of Ceylon, some five-and-twenty miles from Colombo, a road was required to connect two main arteries of communication; and I, a happy, healthy, and needy lieutenant in her Majesty's land forces, was sent to cut the tracing and make the necessary estimate. I had a gang of Malabar pioneers who were enrolled for road-work in military fashion, with sub-officers, serjeants, and corporals, very complete. There was also a native assistant-surgeon, and a clerk to keep the accounts. At the head of my little black army I marched across the district, and finding—without difficulty—the spot of intended operations, halted and selected at once a suitable camping-ground. We were allowed seven days in which to make ourselves comfortable—not too much to clear the ground and throw up mud-huts for two hundred souls—but an abundance of material, such as clay, wood and water, facilitated matters wonderfully. Before the end of the week smoke was seen rising from quite a little township forming three sides of a large open square, the fourth being occupied by my bungalow, which had been built with considerable ingenuity opposite on a rising knoll. The tall straight stems of the areca-palm, which abounded in the neighbourhood, furnished the posts of the house, between which was spread the broad thick leaves of the talipot-palm, much resembling yellow morocco leather in colour and consistency. The roof was thatched with cocoanut leaves from a third palm-tree, and windows cut in the talipot walls, lifting up or down at pleasure large slices of the leaf bound round with sticks, afforded ingress to the breezes, here so necessary to existence. There was a mud kitchen outside, and a fowl-house fenced round to keep out the snakes. It was all finished within a week, and gardens with cucumber and pumpkin seeds planted in the bargain. So then we set to work to clear the jungle, along which our new road was to run.

So long as the novelty lasted all was well; but, I confess, at the end of three months, I was heartily sick of the place. Not a soul could talk English except the Malabar doctor, and the clerk a little; there was not an European within miles; snakes, rats, centipedes, scorpions, ants, and all sorts of parasitical insects flourished in numbers and quantities, defying all calculation or belief on the part of readers; alas! I nourished daily many scores of the brutes, while the grub which nourished me was execrable and monotonous to the last degree. I ate lean poultry in every shape and form of cooking, until I absolutely loathed the sight of a feather; meat and bread I never saw; my servant kneaded up daily rice-flour and water into a composition to which I dare not give a name; there were the native fruits, and the everlasting—yet good—curry and rice, without which and its various flavours, I think I should have starved; as to game, there were pigeons — very fine but very shy—with turtle-doves and monkeys, which I had no heart either to shoot or eat. Woe is me! I began to weary for the flesh-pots of Egypt, and the society of my fellow-man, and, I will add, fellow-woman as well. I made up my mind that I must fall ill or resign, when, one morning, a letter turned up from the regiment, the writer proposing to come up with another sub and look me up, provided I could manage to shake them down somehow or other. You may be sure what my answer was. I was a new man forthwith, and set to work with a will in the preparations for their reception.

The commissariat was the main difficulty and the beds, but the native carpenter managed the latter tolerably well, with a sort of platform in each corner, upon which we laid fresh bundles of dried lemon-grass, smelling deliciously fragrant, and, when covered with a sheet, I feared nothing but mosquitoes and reptiles for the repose of my guests. But the grub bothered me entirely; if even I sent a messenger for meat to Colombo, it would be putrid long before he could convey it up. I felt that poultry could not be served up more than two days, both for breakfast, lunch, and dinner, so I formed a great resolution and fell

back upon tins of preserved meats. A cooly speedily returned with a horse-load of salmon, haricot mutton, Huntley and Palmer's biscuits, Bass's ale, brandy and cheroots. David, my appoo or head servant, laid in a stock of rice, plaintains and sweet potatoes; he was almost as excited as I was, as he was mortally sick of the jungle and knew the officers would bring their servants, with whom he would have his chat and fun. In four days all was ready, so I wrote a dispatch to Dan (his name was Richard, but being a cousin or connection of the Great Liberator, we always called him Dan) O'Morris, and Will Jephson his chum, to say that if they liked to take the chance of roughing it, the sooner they came the better.

Now as this history is intended to be neither philanthropic nor didactic, but simply descriptive of a remarkable colony of this world's strange inhabitants which I once had the luck to visit, we will not digress upon the arrival of my friends, their shouting as they galloped up the jungle path—and all their wonder at the location in which they found me. I will say scarcely a word as to how they stared at the talipot-walls, laughed at the beds I had contrived, and asked a thousand questions, I confess rather anxiously, about the snakes and other varmint. Everything from the civilised world was news to me, and changes during the short space of three months, and which I should never have noted separately, staggered me when poured upon me in the aggregate. I must pass by all this, even though, on the first evening's chat, I could write a volume, so joyous was my tongue at finding itself again at liberty; nor will I even be tempted to describe their delight in plunging into the foaming river, beneath the shadow of a clump of bamboos, which in form like a giant wheatsheaf, hung pendulous over the rocky torrent. Nor how we roamed the wood for the green pigeons, and shot enough for a curry by great good fortune; and tried to pot the monkeys on the top branches of the tall trees, but without much success, for the guns were only smooth-bores. Nor will I digress about Dan's wonder at seeing the Government elephants lay the stones for the bridge over the torrent with their feet and foreheads as accurately as any mason with his plumb and line. That at least must be an old story to the erudite readers of ONCE A WEEK, and we must try and cater something better for their amusement.

David excelled himself in the culinary department, at which I felt greatly relieved; and what I owe to Huntley and Palmer—their biscuits—I never shall forget. We had done ample justice to their joint bill of fare on the third evening of this memorable week, and had drawn out chairs upon the sward outside the little bungalow to enjoy our cheroots in the bright moonlight. It was a delicious tropical night; the trees and shrubs were thickly studded with the sparkling jewels of insect life, the cool air was laden with the hyacinthian odour of the datura or devil's trumpet, which here covered many of the hedges; and the distant murmur of the river was soothingly suggestive of the time for quiet and drowsy contemplation. It was never heard in the day; then it was drowned in the sound of millions of insects which, in the depths of the forest, seemed ever building ships which were never launched, and houses which none but fairy eyes have ever seen. But now all this was hushed, the very "knife-grinders" had stopped their busy wheels, and ceased the jarring which Canning might and would have damned, as he did the politics of the trade they so perfectly imitated. The influence of the moment, aided by the plentiful supply of curry and madeira, made itself felt, and we watched the wreaths of smoke as they curled away towards the forest with silent satisfaction.

I believe I was half asleep when Jephson said:

"How late the crows fly home in this part of the world,—there goes another."

"Crows!" replied Dan, "are there any here?"

"Look across the moon's light, you may see them flying—one, two, three. I almost fancy I saw or heard them settle in the trees close by."

Dan appealed to me with a kick of his foot.

"Are those crows? Come, wake up."

"You're as good a judge as I am. I never thought about it; but here comes the Doctor to make his evening report. We'll ask him."

Doctor Cleveland, a Malabar, dressed in the usual white flowing robes, slippers, and a turban on his head, came up and made his salaam. He was as black as a ripe mulberry, with European features, quite regular and soft, kept his head always clean shaved, and was as gentle in manner as an English lady; spoke our language perfectly and without any accent. He had been educated at Calcutta as a surgeon, and knew very well what he was about in the healing art.

"Doctor," said I, rousing, "what are those black things flying across every now and then?"

"Flying-foxes," he replied. "Some of them are very large."

"Indeed!" said I, quite startled that I never heard of them before, and feeling rather small.

"Flying-foxes!" exclaimed Dan, "by the powers I'd like to have a crack at them."

"So you may, sir," said the Doctor, "there is an immense colony of them, so the natives say, about six miles away. I know some men who live close by. If you like we can send for them and go to-morrow."

I could have hugged the Doctor; here was sport and amusement of which I had never thought. It was arranged in five minutes that we should make an expedition to the City of the Flying-Fox, and the Doctor made his farewell salaam. He must have been quite flattered by the hearty manner in which my guests returned his salutation and bid him good-night.

"Sensible fellow that," said Jephson, when he was out of hearing.

"Very intelligent, I should say," said Dan. "I wonder he wears those slops about his legs and heels; the turban's well enough."

"Why, you see he's a high-caste man, and dare not compromise himself; but you'd think nothing of that, if you knew some of their other customs and superstitions—there's one we might sensibly adopt among ourselves, at least a good many Englishmen would think so, I suspect."

"What is it?—washing?"

"Oh, no, nothing of the sort; it's a cat's regulation; *he's never allowed to see his mother-in-law*: will you believe it, he's lived in that mud-hut, or another just like it, which only contains three rooms and a kitchen, none of 'em much bigger than a closet, for nearly four years with his wife and her mother, and never yet seen the latter lady in his life! What do you think of that?"

"Oh, nonsense!" said Jephson, while Dan gave his opinion that it was too good to be true.

"It is true for all that," said I. "I don't doubt his word, for he can have no object in gammoning me; but I'm going too fast, for one day he did see her ancles, as she was scuttling away behind the curtain when he came in rather suddenly."

"Well, and is he glad or sorry?"

"He has no opinion on the point that I know of: the thing is never contemplated among their caste. Mothers-in-law always reside as the family skeletons in English houses, which are never seen."

"And upon my word," said Dan, waving his cheroot aloft, "the most sensible thing I've heard for these many days past; and it's a custom we ought to introduce among Englishmen; I've often thought that if it wasn't for the old woman I'd take a wife myself."

Dan, like myself, had about sixpence a day to amuse himself with, when his dinner, servant, and washing were paid; and out of that he contrived to spend not one, but four or five half-crowns. A great catch he would have been for any wailing Belgravian matron with a quiet daughter or two.

"Confound all mothers-in-law," said he, as he threw himself on the lemon grass couch, "and for the matter of that, fathers-in-law as well; but especially the first, by a thousand to one," with which heavy reflection on those relationships in social life, he smoked himself to sleep.

Before lying down, I summoned David the faithful to counsel, and ordered him, upon pain of horrible penalties, to have coffee ready before sunrise, and to fill the chatties over night with water for bathing. Then, I set to work to clean the guns, and make other preparations, so as to leave nothing whatever for the morning. No fear of weather in this climate when projecting any little expedition; no sudden clouding over of the sky, and scattering of all your pleasant plans to the winds on this account. For six months at a time, the wind lies in one direction; and, then, like a good lawyer, it turns round and *lies* in exactly the opposite direction. The rains come at fixed times, nay, one might almost say, fixed hours; and if Murphy published his almanack in these latitudes, he might actually, to his own astonishment wake up morning after morning, and find himself a true prophet!

PART II.

There is out of the twenty-four, but one short hour, during which in the central tropics, the incessant buzz of animal life appears to rest and pause. In that brief sixty minutes or so, before the first streak in the east heralds the rapid rise of the King of Day, all nature, even in the densest forest, appears hushed and still. Often have I awoke, and listening in the pitchy darkness for the accustomed sounds, which would indicate roughly the time of night, soon discovered, by the silence, the quick approach of daylight. The roving night-hunters had slunk back to their lairs, the jackal had buried himself again in his den, and the tatties of the natives who rise before the sun, still hermetically closed the doors of their windowless, leaf-thatched huts. The work of life was suspended, but the material labour of nature, which never ceases, was heard in the nearer murmur of the river, ever rushing on and on, and frittering away its rocks and banks for some new deposit hereafter to be uplifted from the bed of ocean. Hark! from the boughs of some bamboo, dropping over its rapid current, comes the sharp "Hoo" of a monkey; he has untucked his head from between his legs, and looking out into the darkness recognised—by senses keener than mine, the approach of light; his call is answered, and rapidly taken up among his mates, and I know as well, as if I had the best chronometer hanging by me, that in a quarter of an hour it will be broad daylight. Little by little, I lose the pleasant, soothing companionship of the rippling water, itself lost and mingled alternately in the busy sounds which the wary sentinel has evoked from the throats of the vast multitudes of the busy creatures by whom we are surrounded. I fancy, suddenly, that it is lighter, then I am sure it is. Up, to spring and plunge into a bath, is the work of an instant, and before I have finished throwing three chatties of water over my head, the east has broken into broad flames of fire. Ten minutes more, and when David, the laggard, brings in the coffee, the sun is over the horizon; the fairy labourers have continued the building of their mysterious ark; the little copper-coloured children are running about the road, and the doves are cooing lovingly from the nearest thickets. The work of the day is fairly begun, and we must not be sluggards, thinks I to myself, as David patiently stands with his steaming tray before the couch of my friends. He turns appealingly to me, and I see the Doctor, gun in hand, at the end of the road: there was no time for buffoonery.

"Coffee!" I roared in a voice of thunder. "Wake up!"

Lazily and heavily, they rolled off the stretchers, waking with that peculiar, unrefreshed, parched feeling belonging to tropical rest; and in a few minutes, during which I went out to meet the doctor, they joined us, gun in hand, at the wicket gate.

"The sooner, sir, we start, the better," said the Doctor, "before it gets too hot, as it is a long walk across the paddy-fields: I have brought some of the men to carry the guns and breakfast."

The breakfast was simply hard-boiled eggs and biscuits; we depended upon finding coffee in any cottage, and Bass's ale I positively interdicted; as I knew how impossible and even dangerous it was to walk in the blazing sun after that fascinating beverage.

Off we started in the delicious cool morning, sheltered from the horizontal sun by the tall stems of the palms and cocoa-nuts, through which his red face glinted like an open furnace door. Following the noble road to Colombo, just opened, and as smooth and level as the most zealous Macadamite would have desired, we struck at the end of a mile off to the left into the jungle, each making the best path he could for himself through the low underwood, briars, and grass. We were all threading through the latter knee-high, when Dan turned round and said :

"I say, old boy, I'll tell you what, I wouldn't have believed myself doing this a month ago."

"Why not?"

"Why not? on account of the snakes, that's why."

"There's plenty of snakes, though we don't see them : make as much noise as you can in stepping through the underwood, and they scuttle away a-head."

"Snakes!" said Will Jephson : "nonsense; who cares for them?"

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth, than Master Will made a jump on one side, quick as thought itself; and then, pale as ashes, stood gazing at a clump of lemon grass, behind which the short, stumpy tail of a snake was disappearing into the brushwood. It was a Ticopolonga, the most deadly brute probably known in the world; he huskily said he had almost trod on it as it was lying asleep; and, indeed, had slightly touched it with his foot.

"How long," said Dan to the Doctor, "after biting, does the poison begin to act?"

"Well, sir," replied the Doctor, "he couldn't bite, I think, through a boot, but if he had struck at the leg, and got into the skin, the gentleman would possibly have been dead in ninety-two seconds!"

We all paused for a minute to think on the fact. Will Jephson pulled off his broad-brimmed pith hat, and wiped his forehead where the beads were standing out as thick and large as young currants on a bunch.

"It's very warm," he said faintly.

It was getting warm, certainly; but ninety-two seconds between this world and the next was even warmer work for the brain than ninety-two degrees in the shade for the body!

In a few minutes we emerge from the wood into the paddy fields, where the young rice is sprouting tenderly above the hot reeking mud; and changing the seething morass into lakes of waving green, through which little raised dykes, six or eight inches wide on top, ran chequer-wise in all directions. Along these we walked in Indian file three weary miles, the sun increasing in power each moment: there is nothing half so bad as the morning sun in my opinion, not a breath of air stirring, while the awkwardness of the causeway increased the pain of the march in a very large degree. Many times I inwardly groaned, and asked myself whether it was worth while to endure such sickening heat for the sake of any sight; and oh! what a relief it was to jump off that miserable ledge, and throw myself on the ground beneath the trees in a little oasis or island common in the midst of these immense rice lakes. Here the villagers who lived on this island came to meet us, and we heard that on the other side we should see the city of which we were in search, and should reach it by crossing another rice-field, about a mile in breadth. The palm grove in which we lay was full of parroquets, which screamed and sailed over our heads in all directions; we should have fired at them, but the Doctor strongly advised forbearance if we wished to see the foxes in their usual state of repose. Starting up, we crossed the island, and as we emerged from the grove at the opposite end, sure enough across the green plain we beheld a strange and unexpected sight, which the Doctor pointed at in great triumph. About a mile distant there was another island in the midst of this vegetable sea, looking like a great black coal set in aqua marine. That was all I could make of it at first, and it was only in drawing nearer to it in crossing the narrow viaduct that I could separate the resemblance from the reality. Then, indeed, I beheld the most astonishing thing I ever yet saw; although I have travelled in many countries, far and wide, yet this was so unique in its way as to eclipse all others completely. The island, which was about a mile in diameter, was covered with tall trees utterly bare of leaves, indeed there was not a vestige of a leaf to be seen; and from every bough, approaching in the least to horizontality, there hung clusters of that gigantic bat which bears the name of the flying-fox.* Suspended with their heads down, and their bodies entirely covered, except the tips of their noses, with their huge leathery wings, they looked for all the world like so many black Norfolk turkeys suspended from a huge poulterer's shop about Christmas time in Leadenhall market. They hung there perfectly motionless, evidently asleep, for they are nocturnal by habit, roving about sunset for many miles all round, and making sad havoc with the fruit trees and orchards of the natives; a terrible curse to the country; the wonder being that no means are taken to extirpate the bats, a matter of no difficulty with plenty of powder, shot, and pea-rifles or air-guns, considering their gregarious nature, and the conspicuous objects they are to fire at. As it was, when nearly within range our fingers itched for the trigger, but the Doctor put up his hand gently, and whispered :

"Not yet, please, let us go into the place and look well at them first."

Into the city we crept, quite softly, not to disturb the inhabitants; the very brushwood was bare of leaves; the ground was over an inch covered with guano; and their skeletons and skulls lay thickly in all directions. We advanced into the heart of the place, and selecting the most flourishing poulterer's establishment for our aim, waited the doctor's signal.

"Fire together!" said he, hoarsely. "One, two, three—fire."

Bang went our eight barrels, and down tumbled near a dozen foxes. And now we saw why the Doctor wished us to fire together. In an instant,

* The Royal Zoological Society of London have recently added to their magnificent collection of animals in Regent's Park some specimens of the Flying-Fox.

with terrific screams, thousands upon thousands of thousands of these animals spread their wings and rushed frantically to and fro over and among the bare branches of the trees. The sky was shut out, practically, from our gaze by their vast numbers and immense spread of wing. It was more like what the sudden opening of Mrs. Gamp's umbrella might be over Queen Mab than anything mortal to which I can liken it; and almost quite as wonderful was the fact that although we knew they were almost blind by daylight, yet they never touched each other in their crossing and wheeling. The natives picked up the dead, and certainly the head was that of a fox to all intents and appearance, while some of them stretched over five feet between the wings. The females had their young under their armpits, clinging by their little hooks, and most strange it was to watch this arrangement of nature as they wheeled just over our heads. While we examined them the umbrella was gradually collapsing; they were recovering their alarm, and settling again on the branches to sleep, hooking on most skilfully at the end of the wing joint, and then reversing into their own law of gravity, tail up head down, at once. In a very few minutes all was silent and quiet. We opened the living umbrella once more, and then beat a retreat out of the city; where, to say the truth, the atmosphere, filled with a fœtid odour of the strong-smelling animal, impregnated with the impalpable guano dust, began to be quite insupportable. Crossing the rice-field to the village close at hand, under a tamarind, breakfast awaited us. We thanked the Doctor for this attention, surmising that he was the Melibœus "quis nobis hæc otia fecit."

The walk back was as nothing to the fatigue of coming, for the brisk sea-breeze blew in our faces, and that, I consider, makes at any time a difference of ten degrees. We shot at paddy-birds, snipe, and in the wood at jungle-fowl, though these latter beautiful but wary game were far too wide-awake for us to make much of a bag. Then we talked of the strange sight we had seen up to the very door of the bungalow, and no sooner had we bathed and swallowed a glass of Bass (what nectar it was!) than we lay, all but as to position, like our victims of the morning, sound as tops.

But the event of the day, which I fancy stereotyped it in the memory of my friends, was yet to come. Just as the fireflies lighted their emerald lamps, in came David to prepare for dinner, and at the same moment we saw some three or four men with trays on their heads, who salaamed on entering, and said—

"Doctor, sent master one curry."

Bravo! thought I, the medico is a trump; he never did things by halves, for there was not only the curry, but a plentiful supply of rice, white as snow, and distinct in grain as if it never had been boiled, with numberless little saucers, containing lime, sambac, pickle, mango, peppers, and half a dozen other condiments to vary the flavour of our *pièce de résistance*. This we at once attacked, and I was, to tell the truth, disappointed, for the meat, cut into small squares, was dark, hard, and strongly flavoured.

"What is it?" said Dan, as he mixed up various pickles with the mass.

"I can hardly say; he very often sends me curries; probably game; perhaps a hare."

"An old bull, I should say," put in Jephson, "or a jackal."

"Perhaps a bit of elephant, or it may be venison; they are both sometimes to be procured I am told."

"Hum!" said Dan, "fancy I know the flavour, too; rather ferretty; here, boy, take it away, and give me a long drink of beer."

Just as we finished our dinner—to which, however, we had done full justice—the Doctor's white robe crossed the threshold. We gave him hearty welcome, and handed him the tin of biscuits, of which he was excessively fond, and which, indeed, was the only thing he could touch, as he fancied there was nothing but flour and water in them, wherein he was much mistaken.

"Help yourself, Doctor, and thanks for your kind thought of the curry. What was it made of?"

"Ah!" said Dan, "What was it? Buffalo?"

"Oh, no!" replied the Doctor, "I thought you would have recognised the flavour; it was one of the big bats."

Poor dog Tray! thought I; one of the thoughts which jerk suddenly across the brain.

There was a dead silence; a horrid pause. Dan looked queer and green: Jephson grew ashy pale; I felt all nohow. Dipping my hand into the hamper at my side, I pulled out the brandy-bottle, and took a good nip; then, hesitating for a moment as to whether I should brain the Doctor or not, passed it on to my friend.

Dan lit a cheroot, muttering something I cannot write down, but it ended with "No wonder I thought of those stinking ferrets."

It really was no wonder.

As to Jephson, he had disappeared; from behind a clump of trees there came sounds of a strong man in travail and distress. He came back in a few minutes, and took some brandy, and to say the truth I envied him the confession. In the middle of the night I followed his example, and cast off the fœtid abomination. Dan, more ostrich-like, stood the test by dint of a heavy course of smoke. The poor Doctor, seeing he had made a mistake, quietly slipped away; and I must perforce tell the whole truth, and confess that we "condemned" him up hill and down dale with a startling gusto and emphasis. He said in explanation (so David told me) that he thought *Christians ate anything!*

My little party broke up next day, and I sadly returned to solitude and the theodolite; and here, save with one further remark, this little tale naturally concludes. Since that careless, happy, free-and-easy time of youth and adventure I have married a wife, and endowed myself with a mother-in-law! So have my friends, as well and if ever this meets their eyes, will they not join with me in reversing the remark we passed on that much abused institution of wedlock? I, at any rate, must do my duty, and thank heaven! I may add that duty is a pleasure: happy the man, say I, who can cordially welcome the presence of his mother-in-law in his house; and whenever I see the cab with the huge black boxes which announce the visit of that venerable lady under my humble roof, I never fail to think of the Malabar doctor who showed us such strange sights in that immense colony of huge bats, which I have not untruly, yet fancifully christened, "The City of the Flying-fox." R. B. M.

ANA.

Can a Clergyman Marry Himself?—This question came recently in due legal form before one of the courts, if we remember right, in Ireland, and was strictly ruled in the negative, the judge deciding not by precedent but by common sense. Had they known it, however, they might have called in a precedent to their aid. The same appeal was once made to the late Bishop Majendie of Bangor, by a young clergyman, a popular preacher, who had become enamoured of a singer, a lady more than twice his own age, and scarcely his equal in position—in a word, such a person that his friends, one and all, declined to tie the wedding knot for him. In his difficulty the clerical Adonis went to the Bishop, and asked him "whether, if all his friends refused, he could marry himself?" "Young man, can you bury yourself?" was the bishop's instant reply, in his deep, sepulchral voice, as he rose hastily and left the apartment.

Russian Discipline.—Having found a German friend in the head-physician of the military hospital at Riga, I accompanied him one morning on his visit thither. On the way he told me how difficult it was to elicit from the men the real seat of their complaints, as every ailing in the upper part of the body, whether in the head, back, or stomach, they call *pain in the heart*; and those in the lower parts of the body *pain in the leg*. Having arrived at the hospital, all the patients that were able to do so arrayed themselves in a row, dumb and stiff as if on military parade. "How do you feel to-day, old man," asked the doctor, of the first. "*My heart pains*," was the expected timid reply. "*Tongue out*," said the doctor, and out it was. Turning to the next, the same question, same reply, and same tongue operation. More than thirty in the row underwent the same medical inquiries and process. I was about leaving, when my friend told me to look round. To my utter astonishment I saw the whole lot still standing in military attitude, with their tongues wide out. We looked on for a while, when the doctor loudly gave the word, "*Tongues in*," and all the articulating organs vanished in an instant. My risible faculties were so excited by the ludicrous scene, that it was some moments after we were in the open street ere I could, rather reproachingly, ask my friend how he could play such a trick on the poor fellows. "You must not judge," said he, "by exceptions. I merely wanted to show you to what extent the blind spirit of discipline prevails among the Russian troops. Nor are the fellows," added he, "the worse for the joke; on the contrary, they believe that the cure is greatly promoted by keeping the tongue out in the presence of the doctor, the longer the better."—M.

THE SETTLERS OF LONG ARROW.

A Canadian Romance in Thirty-one Chapters.

CHAPTER XXVI.

After leaving the school-house, Francis hurried to the tavern, which he entered so impetuously, as very much to surprise and amuse a couple of idle fellows who were lounging at the door.

He found the master of the little schooner that had brought him to Long Arrow, and a couple of the sailors in the bar-room, waiting till the hour for supper arrived.

"Get your boat ready as quickly as you can," said Francis, addressing the skipper; "I've changed my mind about remaining here to-night, and must be off again immediately."

The skipper drew a long inward whistle.

"Well, if you must," he said, "I reckon it won't be in the 'Pretty Jane,' for she don't stir from her moorings this night, nohow."

By a desperate struggle, Francis forced himself to speak calmly.

"I believe, Mr. Dawson, I have hired you and your boat for as long a time as I may want you, and if you wish to be paid for your services, you must obey my orders."

"Not such unreasonable orders as them, I expect," said Dawson; "me and my men are true, free Americans, not nigger slaves. If you've changed your mind we haven't, and so you must just try and take it coolly till morning."

"Take it coolly!" Poor Francis. But he knew very well giving way to his passion would not get him away from Long Arrow, so he took a wiser course.

"Suppose I engage to double the sum I agreed to pay you," he said.

"Oh! that's another thing," said the skipper, laughing; "double pay, double work, any day in the year; we'll all do a deal for the dollars. Ain't I right, lads?"

The sailors assented; declaring, however, that they would not stir till they had had their suppers.

"But, I guess, what wind there is, is dead a-head," said one.

"Never mind," said Francis, "let us get away from this place, at any rate."

"A few hours ago he was just as eager to get to it," said the other sailor, half aside to his companion. "I guess he found it different from what he expected."

"Is there any one else coming back with us, Mr. Coryton?" asked the skipper.

The sailors had all heard that they were to bring back a lady from Long Arrow, and arrangements for her accommodation had been made on board the schooner, under the directions of Francis, and some suspicion of his sudden haste to leave the place he had been so anxious to reach began to dawn on them.

"No one else," said Françis, angrily. "But, good heaven!" he suddenly exclaimed, "I was forgetting that woman. Get your suppers, men, and I'll tell her to get ready."

He went into the "keeping-room," but Vincent was not there, and the mistress of the tavern said she was taking a cup of tea up-stairs, for she felt very bad after her journey.

Mrs. Abbott did as she was told, but quickly returned, saying:

"She says you never sent her no such message, and that it's all a mistake of mine."

"Where is she? I must see her," said Francis.

"Well, she's in the best parlour, and the door's just at top of the stairs."

Francis flew up the stairs, half a dozen steps at a time, and found Mrs. Vincent sitting before a table well spread with Yankee dainties. She was a sharp, shrewish, affected-looking personage, and was sipping the bitter decoction of common green tea, which Mrs. Abbott had made for her, with many a wry face and bitter complaint.

But she was doomed to experience something still more bitter, and have the cup, which was better than none, snatched from her lips.

"Vincent, if you wish to return with me to Quebec, there is not a moment to lose; I'm going off instantly."

"My good gracious, sir! what can you mean? I can't believe you are in earnest. I protest I'm not able to stir hand or foot. I never heard of such unreasonable conduct in my life. Of course, *I* couldn't expect much consideration from you, but I think it shows very little for Miss Lennox to drag her off this way at a moment's notice."

"Miss Lennox—the devil!" exclaimed Francis, furiously. "Either get up, and come away this instant, or get back to Quebec as you can, for I'll leave you behind me."

Though greatly indulged by Mrs. Coryton, Vincent stood very much in awe of her young master's fits of passion, and seldom liked to provoke them, but she could not control her indignation now.

"She had never heard of such barbarous conduct. After all the miseries she had suffered coming to that horrid place, all endured for his sake and the sake of her mistress, was she to be treated in this way? No better than a dog! But it was the way of the world. However, she wouldn't suffer it, not she; she knew what was due to herself better, thank God."

Francis was now taking some dollars out of his pocket-book to pay Mrs. Abbott's bill, but he looked up.

"Mrs. Vincent, you'd better make haste!"

"Well, they're setting the sails, at any rate," said Mrs. Abbott.

"And where's the young lady?" screamed Vincent. "I don't understand a word about it. Where's Miss Lennox?"

"Don't mention Miss Lennox," cried Francis, in a paroxysm of rage, "or it shall be the worse for you."

"I'd like to see you do anything to me!" cried the lady's-maid, in a fury; "you're not going to commit murder, I suppose? I'd like to know why I'm not to mention Miss Lennox. I've a whole lot of parcels and boxes for her, and if she's not coming with us I suppose I must deliver them to her. It's my duty to see Miss Lennox myself, and I'm sure my mistress would wish it. I only hope, Mr. Francis, you'll be able to account for your conduct, that's all!"

Throwing some money on the table, Francis walked up to the sofa on which Vincent was seated, took up her bonnet and shawl which lay beside her, thrust one on her head, and twisted the other round her throat to the imminent danger of choking her; then, seizing her by the arm, he dragged her down stairs, out of the house, and down to the wharf, to the infinite amusement of Mrs. Abbott and the rest of the spectators. At first the poor woman was really too much frightened to resist, and afterwards her dread of being left behind, of which she began now to think there was some danger, kept her silent and passive. So much subdued was she, that when two or three women came running after her from the tavern—one with her parasol, another with her handkerchief, and a third with her gloves, quite as anxious, probably, to see the end of the scene as to restore the goods left behind, she suffered Francis to send the women away with orders to throw the trash into the lake, or the fire, without making a single protest.

"Help this woman on board!" said Francis, as soon as they reached the boat.

"Ay, ay, sir!" said one of the sailors, grinning. "I guess that squall came on kinder sudden, ma'am," he said, as he placed his charge safely on deck. "I expect it took all your sails aback."

Speechless with rage and terror, poor Mrs. Vincent passed into the cabin to nurse her wrath, and prepare a mental memorial of her grievances for the benefit of Mrs. Coryton.

The evening breeze now sprung up, and the schooner moved out from the wharf. The wind freshened, and ere long Francis lost sight of Long Arrow; wishing, as the last glimpse faded from his view, that all recollection of the pain and mortification he had endured there could vanish as easily from his memory.

But the wound his vanity had received went a long way towards curing his slighted love before he reached Quebec.

"Helen," said Keefe, that evening, as the lovers stood together by the lake, watching the silver light of a new moon blend with the golden light the sunset had left behind, and reflect their mingled tints in the glassy waters. "How is it that I receive the sacrifice of wealth and luxury, and position, you have made for me, so quietly? Is it presumptuous in me to feel I have that within me which can more than compensate to you for their loss?"

"Dear Keefe, you know they are as worthless and despicable in my eyes as in yours. Even if I had never known you, I could not have loved Francis; he is not false or bad, but he is vain, cold, and selfish; the world is his highest divinity, its decisions the strongest law. All that is highest and best in my nature would only meet with mockery and doubt from him, while from you I would be sure of sympathy and help."

"And yet, if it had not been for you, Helen, all the finer faculties of my nature would have been shut up for ever."

"Impossible, Keefe; in some way or other a soul so strong as your's would have worked out its own deliverance. If I had not brought the key something else would have opened the lock."

"More likely evil companions and example would have destroyed every germ of higher things before they could have reached the light. But now Helen is mine, and with her purity, love, and truth have become a part of my being,—never to be divided again from it."

CHAPTER XXVII.

ABOUT three weeks after the death of the Count de Valette, just as the last rays of daylight were vanishing from the sky, a figure wrapped in a cloak of grey homespun, the hood carefully drawn down, descended one of the flights of steps which lead from the upper to the lower town of Quebec. Hurrying on through dirty streets, in which at the door of some tavern or store an occasional oil-lamp was beginning to glimmer, this person stopped at the door of a small house close by one of the wharfs, and, without knocking, opened the door and went in. The room, thus unceremoniously entered, served at once for a kitchen, eating, and sitting-room, and would have been a comfortable apartment but for the disorder and want of cleanliness which appeared in everything it contained. The door of a bedroom was open, displaying some good furniture, and papered walls, on which several framed prints of saints, and one of Napoleon, were hanging, but the same want of neatness which disfigured the outer apartment was visible here also. Another room could also be seen, which appeared to be a store-room, and from thence a strong odour of fish, cheese, and brandy, proceeded. A candle was burning on a chair near the stove in the kitchen, and beside it an old man was sitting on a stool mending a fishing-net, and whistling an old Irish air; a woman sat in a rocking-chair, at a little distance, smoking a pipe, and a man, who seemed asleep, lay on a wooden settee—a glazed hat pulled over his head.

The opening of the door made the man at the stove look up, and the woman, taking the pipe out of her mouth, gazed curiously at the intruder, who looked round the room without speaking.

"Would you be pleased to say what you're wanting?" said Nelly Brady, suspiciously eyeing the muffled figure before her.

The stranger answered by slipping off her hood and disclosing the rich fair tresses and gleaming eyes of Coral.

"Ah, then it is you, yourself, my honey," said Nelly, "sure I can't believe my eyes? What, in the name of goodness, could bring a young lady like you alone through the streets at night, like some poor body that hadn't a copper to bless themselves with?"

"If you wanted me or Nelly, why didn't you send for us?" said Uncle Nick.

"I didn't want either of you, Uncle Nick; I want Denis."

"Denis!" cried Nelly, "I'm sure I don't know what's come over him; he's not like the same boy he used to be since he came back from them Indians. Some days he never opens his lips to speak a word, or let a bit of food cross them, and more times he never comes home at all; and no one knows where he is; but he's at home to-night, at any rate."

Yes, he was there, close beside her. He had started up when his mother's exclamations told him who the visitor was, and now stood looking at Coral with a pale, haggard expression in his face as if he had not slept for many days.

"I was afraid you had forgotten your promise, and had gone away without coming to see me," said Coral. "Why did you not come?"

"I meant to go every day," said Denis, "but day after day I put it off; I thought, perhaps, it would be the last time I should ever see you, and every day's delay was like a reprieve to the condemned. But why did you come here?—why did not you send for me?"

"Why should I not come, if I choose?" she asked, with that pretty, graceful, half child-like air of haughtiness which she sometimes assumed.

"Do *you* think, like others, that it is so easy to tame wild birds? But they shall see, Denis. I want to speak to you by yourself. Let us go out to the wharf, nobody will be there."

"And why would you go out to the wharf in the cold night air, honey?" said Nelly. "Sure Uncle Nick and I will just go into the other room and shut the door till you have told your little secret to Denis, whatever it is."

"No, no," said Coral, "let us go into the open air, where I can see the blue sky and the free river; I hate these stone-houses and high walls, they make me feel as if I were choking;—come!" And putting her arm through that of Denis, she drew him towards the door. He opened it, and they passed out together.

Now, from the time, Nelly Brady had actually seen the proud and stately Count de Valette, and beheld the luxury with which he surrounded his daughter, the hopes she had cherished of seeing Denis married to the heiress had vanished.

Her Irish respect for high birth and ancient dignities, which a true Celt can scarcely ever throw off, began to assert its inborn power over the principles of liberty and equality she had imbibed from her republican neighbours; and congratulating herself upon the comfortable little house the Count had given her, and the stout schooner he had bestowed on her husband, she had confined her ambition for Denis within more reasonable bounds, and contented herself with hoping that the Count would put him in some way of making his fortune when he should come to Quebec. When he at last arrived, the Count's death had disappointed her expectations, and to add to her mortification, he appeared so listless, moody, and careworn,—so changed from the handsome, merry, light-hearted youth he had been at Long Arrow,—that she could only account for the alteration by the supposition that some Indian sorceress had cast an evil spell over him. But now, as she noticed Coral's affectionate manner to Denis, and the confidence that seemed to subsist between them, and remembered that her haughty father was no longer alive to keep them asunder, her old project returned to her mind.

"I wonder what she's got to say to him?" she said to her husband, as soon as the door was closed on Coral and Denis.

"Some child's nonsense, I guess," said Uncle Nick, working away at his fishing-net.

"It mightn't be such child's nonsense, if the boy got a rich wife that might make an independent gentleman of him all his life," said Nelly.

Uncle Nick gave a long and contemptuous whistle.

"Are you at that folly again?" he said. "I thought you had got rid of it."

"May be I have, and may be I haven't; and as to folly, much you know about it, only you take delight in provoking me."

"Well, why can't you have a little more sense, woman? Don't you know the Count left her and her money in hands that will take care of both."

"Oh, then," said Nelly, in a sentimental tone, "there's many an old song and story that shows us gold and grandeur can't keep true love apart."

"Well, Nelly Brady, I'll tell you what," said Uncle Nick, "I've a better opinion of Denis than to believe he's any thought in his head of taking a poor innocent girl like Coral in such a way; but if you've put the notion into his mind you'd better drive it out again as fast as you can, for if Father Jerome hears of it, it may be the worse for you, and I'm not the man to keep any secret. That's all I've got to say."

Half frightened, and very angry at his threat, Nelly broke out into a torrent of complaints and reproaches, while her husband, apparently not hearing, and certainly not heeding her words, went on with his work. In the meantime Coral led Denis out on the wharf, at which, as it happened, no boats were lying; it stretched far into the water, and there was a large shed built at the end. Here Coral stopped, and, and letting go her companion's arm, leant against one of the posts and looked into his face. It was now the first week in October, and the day had been one of those lovely days never seen but in that month—still, serene, and clear, and with a soft golden brightness which stirs the fancy with a half regretful admiration akin to the feeling with which we gaze on the hectic brilliancy of a fair cheek touched by that "beautiful blight"—consumption, and sigh as we feel it is the signal of decay. The night was as lovely as the day had been: not a drop of dew was falling; clusters of stars looked down from the deep blue sky, and, in the east, the round moon was rising; tinting the few vessels and buildings that were in sight with her soft splendour, and steeping in light the river which, calm as glass, reflected the bright heavens, the anchored vessels, and the houses that lined its banks, in its clear mirror, and broke gently against the wharf in tiny ripples; at intervals a soft light waft of air passed over its surface, crisping it for an instant and then died away, leaving it calm as before.

Though in the midst of a large and busy town, Coral and Denis felt almost as much alone as if they had stood in the woods of Long Arrow.

"Denis," said Coral, "do you know what a guardian means?"

"Yes, I think so," said Denis, surprised.

"Well, Father Jerome is mine. He says he is to stand in the place of my father now, and he has sent a lady, Madame Beauvais, to live with me, and be what he calls my governante."

"Is she unkind to you, Coral?"

"No, she is not unkind, but she is stiff, and stern, and gloomy, and she thinks me half mad, half wicked, and half a fool. I always feel fettered and bound when in her presence, body and soul; she freezes my heart and my blood as the free wild waters are bound by the breath of winter;—worse, for the waters thaw again in the spring, but if I stayed long with her, I should turn to stone."

"Why do you not tell Father Jerome that she makes you unhappy?"

"Oh, it is no matter; she will not trouble me long. It is not about her that I want to talk to you."

"Tell me what it is then, Coral?"

"Wait, and you shall hear all. My father had an estate in France, which he lost at the time of the French Revolution; but some time ago the Emperor gave it back to him, and invited him to return to France, and now that he is dead, Father Jerome says it is necessary for me to go there to get my claims acknowledged by the Emperor. Do you understand, Denis? He says that I must go at once to France."

"To France, which is so far away?" said Denis.

"Yes; I told him that I did not wish to go, that the property my father left me in Canada was enough for me; but he answered that my father's will commanded it, and that it was my duty to obey. I let him talk as he liked, but he only wasted his words. I shall not go to France."

"Will you not, Coral?"

"Oh, Denis!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands and fixing her gleaming eyes on his, "do you forget that if I did, I should leave Keefe? Do you think I would go away from Keefe? No! not for all the joys ever promised to mortal on earth or in heaven! I will not go to France. I will go to Long Arrow."

"Father Jerome will never allow it, Coral."

"Do you think I shall ask him? Why should I? Why was I given sense, and feeling, and will, if I am to be a mean lump of clay, that another may mould as he likes? Why should I sacrifice my happiness to please Father Jerome?"

"But perhaps it would be better for you to go, Coral. You might come back in a year or two."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, passionately; "every day has been a year to me since I left Long Arrow. And why do you talk of its being for my good? That is the way Father Jerome talks; the way people always talk when they want you to do something that would make you miserable for ever, or not to do something on which depends the happiness of your whole life. Good! Oh! What mortal can judge for another? I must see Keefe, Denis; I must go to Long Arrow. If you will help me, I shall get there much quicker and easier, I know; but whether you will or not, I shall still go. Even if you were to tell Father Jerome, or Madame Beauvais, and they were to try to prevent me, I should still go; and if they were to lock me up in a dungeon, I should die, and then no bars or bolts could hold my spirit: it would be free then, and in the woods once more."

"But if your father were alive, Coral, what would he say?"

"My father loved me, and wished me to be happy in my own way; and if he sees me, or thinks of me now, he wishes it still. *He* cared for me, but Father Jerome does not; he tries to make me believe my father was like him; but I know better. Let Father Jerome take care of the lands,

and gather them together, and do what he likes with them; but I am not without feeling or will: I have both. They think because for a while I have slept in soft beds, and under a ceiled roof, and walked on thick carpets, and worn silk and lace, that I could no longer find rest on a bed of leaves under God's free sky; they believe that I will sell myself to slavery, for the vile trash which they worship; but they forget that I have wild Indian blood in my veins, and that the wilderness is my proper home; and they do not know that I left my joy, and hope, and happiness in the wood: and there only can I ever find them again. My spirit is still as free and brave as when I used to sit at night on Scalp Head, with no one near me, and no one's *will* shall ever bind me. I tried to submit myself to my father, because Keefe wished it, and because my father loved me, and was good to me; but even he never should have forced me from Keefe. There is but one law shall ever rule over me—the law of love!" and wildly looking up to the bright heaven above her, she exclaimed: "Hear me swear it, moon, and stars, and sky, that have watched over me from childhood, and that I have loved well!"

Pale, impassioned, beautiful with an unearthly beauty, she stood in the moonlight. Denis could have fallen down and worshipped her,—then how could he resist her wish? He was not very wise, he was not very learned; and it seemed to him that he would be doing better in helping to make her and Keefe happy, when no one else could be injured by it, than by leaving her to die of a broken heart among Jesuits and nuns.

"Coral," he said, "I have no desire on earth but your happiness. What am I to do?"

"Will you help me, Denis? Will you, indeed, help me? Dear, generous friend—brother, I have no one but you to trust in."

"Well, Coral, what must I do?"

"See, here is money," and she held a purse towards him: "my father always gave me plenty, that I might have it to give to the poor. I don't know how much there is, but enough to take us to Long Arrow. You must hire a canoe and a couple of Indians, and have them ready against to-morrow night; I shall be here at dark, and then we must set off. Every minute will seem an age to me, till we have left this hateful place."

"There are two Indians now in Quebec who would go with me to the world's end. I'll have them and their canoe ready by to-morrow night. But I don't want the money, Coral; keep it till we get to Long Arrow; it may be of use to you there."

"No. If you don't want it, I'll leave it behind me. I'll take nothing away with me that I didn't bring when I came, except this little cross" (and she touched an emerald cross that hung round her neck). "I will keep it in memory of my father, and it will depend on Keefe whether I ever claim anything more out of all he left me."

Denis understood her meaning. If Keefe loved her as she loved him, when she should be his wife she would claim the property to which she was entitled by her father's will; if Keefe did not care for her, neither it nor anything else in the world could be of any use to her.

"Well, Coral, do as you like. At eight o'clock to-morrow night I shall be here; but take care that your intention to escape is not suspected."

"O, yes, I'll be careful. And now I must hasten back, or I may be missed. You will not fail me, Denis?"

"You know I won't, Coral."

"Then farewell till to-morrow night," and drawing her hood over her face, she sprang from his side, and darted up the street.

The next night, at the appointed time, Denis again stood at the same wharf. The night was as beautiful as the preceding one, the air filled with the same balmy softness, the sky as clear, the stars and moon as large and bright; nature seemed to smile upon their purposed journey; and Denis forgot his own slighted love in the generous and unselfish thoughts which filled his mind.

He had not long to wait.

A figure, almost flying along the shadowy side of the moonlit street, soon met his view, and in a minute Coral stood before him. She carried an Indian basket, containing a few precious trifles, and some clothes which she had brought with her from Long Arrow.

"Is all right?" she asked breathlessly.

"Yes, take hold of my arm, Coral, and come."

Taking a basket from her, he led her round the shed to the other side of the wharf, where a canoe, containing two Indians, was lying.

With practised agility Coral sprang in; Denis followed, and the next instant the canoe shot away from Quebec.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

One evening, in November, about dark, a canoe, containing four persons, paddled in to the shore at the very spot where, in spring, Keefe Dillon had landed with Helen Lennox and her father, when he had saved them from the wreck. These persons were Denis and Coral, and their Indian boatman. They had gone to Kingston in their canoe, and from thence to Toronto in a schooner; the rest of their voyage they had made in their canoe, and could have landed earlier in the day, but Coral would not go ashore till nightfall. The day had been chill, and cloudy, threatening rain, and towards evening a dark mist had gathered in the west, but it had not yet begun to fall. There was a moon, though a clouded one, so that the night was not dark; and the white dwelling-house, and farm buildings of Keefe's home, with the stately butternuts standing sentinels before it, could be dimly seen on the heights. As soon as the canoe touched the land, Coral leaped on shore with a light bound.

"Remember, I am to go alone, Denis," she said.

"Yes, Coral, it shall be as you like."

Then she walked rapidly towards Keefe's dwelling, and the canoe was turned towards the village. With wild speed Coral flew along the path. At one moment the thoughts of seeing Keefe, and of receiving such a welcome from him as her heart yearned for, made her heart throb violently, and sent the blood rushing to her cheek: the next moment the dread of meeting a cold, or

careless reception checked the rush of emotion as if it had been frost-bound, and turned her flushed cheek the hue of ashes. She soon reached the little gate under the butternuts, and there she stopped, unable to move a step farther, and leaning on the gate, waited to recover breath, and courage to go on. She trembled like a leaf,—the deadly sickness of mingled hope, fear, and eager longing came over her, and for a few moments she thought she was dying. The hope which had nerved her to bear all the hardships of her journey, without showing a single trace of fatigue, began to fail her now: suddenly she was roused by something smelling and snuffing round her feet, licking them all over, and whining in low stifled accents. She looked down, and saw Keefe's little terrier expressing his joy at seeing her, and his sympathy with the pain his instinct told him she was suffering, in every way he could. Coral started on seeing him, for in former days Keefe's dog was seldom far away from his master; and now she looked wildly round to see if Keefe too was beside her. But there was no one visible; so she gathered courage to stroke the little creature's head, and call him fondly by his name; and he, sitting quietly down at her feet, gazed silently in her face, while she looked towards the house, and tried to gain her self-command.

There was nothing in the season or the weather to revive her drooping spirits; the butternuts were stripped of their leaves, and cast weird and spectral shadows on the ground: a wailing sound every now and then stirred their bare branches, and rustled the withered leaves lying in heaps around. The grass was brown and sere, and in the flower-beds the bare shrubs and dead flower-stalks showed like the skeletons of joys gone by; the very moon, burying herself in clouds, seemed hiding her face from the sad spectacle of the year's decay. And now the rain began to fall, not violently, but a soft, thick, drizzling rain; and the dog, first gently pawing her dress, went a few steps towards the house, looking back, as if to coax her to follow him, and then finding she did not follow, came back to renew his entreaties.

"Well, Frisk," she said, at last, "let us go."

She opened the gate, and walked steadily up to the house, while Frisk, with that instinctive knowledge of one's wishes which dogs so often display, came noiselessly after her. A strong gleam of light came through the half-drawn curtains of one of the windows, and going close to it, she looked in. What did she see there, that struck so sharp and deadly a pang to her heart! Did she see Keefe ill, or dying? Not so: she saw him looking far handsomer and happier than of old; and leaning over his shoulder, as he sat working at some piece of ornamental wood-work, was a lady, young, graceful, beautiful,—of such beauty and grace as Coral had never before beheld: she spoke, and Keefe looked up at her with smiling fondness. To have met such a look from his eyes, Coral would gladly have died at his feet.

This was all that she saw. There had been many changes in that room since she had last seen it, but they were all unnoticed by her; her gaze was fixed, was fascinated on Keefe and his companion, and she stood and watched them, little heeding the chill rain that each minute fell faster and faster.

"What can that be?" said Keefe. "Is it the wind?"

"It was like the moan of some one in pain," said Helen, anxiously.

"I guess it is only Frisk asking to come in," said Keefe.

She went to the door, and opening it, called the dog; he was not to be seen, nor was anything else visible.

"It must have been the wind," she said, coming back, "for it's beginning to blow, and it's raining fast."

"It was very like a cry of anguish," said Helen.

"I'll go out, and try if I can see any one," said Keefe.

Helen followed him to the stoup, and he went round the house, but he came back in a few minutes, saying that nothing living was to be seen.

"Then it must have been the wind; but it frightened me strangely," said Helen; "and where, I wonder, is Frisk?"

"He missed me when I was in the village, after dinner, but he'll soon be home, never fear; Frisk won't lose himself."

"Well, he won't," said Mrs. Wendell, "and now I'll take up the cakes. Will you come and pour out the tea, Mrs. Dillon?"

When tea was over, and Mrs. Wendell had removed the tea-things, and taken her knitting, and her seat by the chimney-corner, Helen gave Keefe the "Lady of the Lake," and sat sewing beside him while he read aloud. Thus an hour soon passed away. Even Mrs. Wendell was moved to interest by those magic strains which stir the hearts of fair maidens and brave youths, as if with the sound of the trumpet; and can make the withered pulse of age throb once more.

A loud knock at the door disturbed the reader and his hearers, alike excited and absorbed.

"Who can this be, I wonder?" said Mrs. Wendell, and laying down her knitting which she had long held idle in her hands, she went to the door. On opening it, a young man in a blue pilot jacket and cloth cap presented himself.

"How are you, Mrs. Wendell?" he said, speaking, she thought, in a hurried and embarrassed manner.

"My gracious!" she exclaimed the next instant, "why it's Denis Brady!"

"Denis!" cried Keefe, springing up, and seizing hold of him; "why, Denis, what joy to see you again!"

"Didn't you expect me? Isn't Coral here?" asked Denis, yielding to the force with which Keefe drew him into the house.

"Coral! no—what do you mean?"

"Then where is she? She came here—I saw her climb the bank. Good God! where is she?"

He would have rushed out of the house filled with terror lest she should have thrown herself into the lake; for with love's power of divination, he guessed that she had seen Keefe and Helen together, and known her to be his wife. Denis had heard of Keefe's marriage at the village, and

knowing well the effect it would have on Coral, had hastened in search of her, dreading some misfortune, he scarcely knew what, but nothing so terrible as the fears which now begun to take possession of him.

"Stay a moment," said Keefe. "Is it long since she left you? Are you sure she came here?"

"Yes, yes;" and in a few hurried, unconnected words Denis made Keefe understand how it happened that Coral was now at Long Arrow. "She must have heard—she must have found out—perhaps she saw her—" and he looked at Helen, whose presence restrained him from saying more.

"No one has been here this evening," said Keefe; "most likely she has gone into the barn, or some of the outhouses; she knew them so well, and you know how whimsical she always was."

Denis seized eagerly at this hope, and ran towards the barn, while Mrs. Wendell lighted a lantern and followed him.

"You are frightened, love," said Keefe, as he saw how pale Helen was.

"Oh, Keefe, that groan! It was hers; she was listening to us—looking at us, I suppose, through the window. Poor unhappy girl! Oh, Keefe, what shall we do if anything has happened to her?"

It was now Keefe's turn to feel alarmed. He had not recollected that wild moan till Helen reminded him of it.

"God forbid!" he said; "but happen what may, my darling, we are not to blame, and you must not look as if you thought we were, unless you want to make me miserable."

"Dear Keefe, I know we are not to blame, but it is so dreadful to think of."

"After all, I am sure we shall find her," said Keefe; but though he said so to cheer Helen, he was himself as much terrified as any one, and instead of going after Denis to search the buildings in the yard, he hastened to the lake shore.

The rain had now ceased, and the moon was bright, but he could find no sign or footstep on the wet sands, nor any trace of her having been there; yet he shuddered as he climbed among the stones and cedars, and looking down on the dark heaving waters beneath, thought she might be lying, still and lifeless, under their waves.

"But why do I think such dreadful thoughts?" he muttered, "perhaps they have found her already."

Hurrying back to the house, he met Helen in the garden. Denis and Mrs. Wendell had searched every nook in the yard, garden, and orchard, but without success.

"She may have gone into the woods," said Keefe; "why did we not think of them before?"

"More likely she is in the lake," said Denis, with sullen despair.

"That I don't believe," exclaimed Keefe, but though he spoke confidently, he was far from feeling so.

At this instant Frisk rushed into the garden, and running up to Keefe, pulled his trousers eagerly with his teeth, and seemed by every moving gesture in his power to entreat his master to follow him.

"Frisk knows where she is," cried Helen, "and wants to take you to her. Look at him, Keefe, I am sure that is what he wants."

All eagerly caught at this hope, and Keefe and Denis followed the dog, which ran on before, looking back every moment to see if they were coming. He led them through the garden and orchard into a path which conducted to the shanty formerly occupied by the Bradys.

"I feel sure we're right now," cried Denis, giving way to his naturally sanguine disposition. "She's gone to our old home, and Frisk knows she's there."

"Yes, it must be so," said Keefe. And with new hope and energy the young men followed the dog, which ran swiftly before them.

(To be continued.)

"IRENE" AT DRURY LANE.

An advertisement which appeared in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for June and July, 1736, and set forth that "at Edial, near Lichfield, in Staffordshire, young gentlemen were boarded and taught the Latin and Greek languages, by Samuel Johnson," did not attract very much attention, certainly did not produce many pupils. Captain Garrick, residing at Lichfield, placed two of his sons, George and David, at the new academy. Another pupil was a Mr. Offely, "a young gentleman of good fortune, who died early." It is doubtful if there were any others who benefited by Dr. Johnson's instruction, though Dr. Hawkesworth has been mentioned as a student under him, and David Garrick used afterwards to imply that there were more.

It must have been a strange school. Johnson was about twenty-seven years old—seven years or so older than his pupil, David Garrick. Bishop Percy defends the schoolmaster's personal appearance, which has been often enough attacked. Much misrepresentation has prevailed on the subject he declares. Johnson's countenance, when in a good humour, was not disagreeable. Many ladies, the bishop avers, thought his person might not have been unattractive when he was young, "his face clear, his complexion good, and his features not ill-formed." His step-daughter, however, informed Boswell that when Johnson "was first introduced to her mother, his appearance was very forbidding; he was then lean and lank, so that his immense structure of bones was hideously striking to the eye." His hair was worn straight and stiff, separated at the back. He had convulsive starts and gesticulations, "which tended to excite surprise and ridicule." That these were sufficiently remarkable is evident from the fact that he failed in his application for the mastership of the Grammar School at Solihull, in Warwickshire, because it was alleged, "that he was a very haughty and ill-natured gent," and that he had "such a way of distorting his face, which (though he can't help it), it was feared might affect some of the young lads." An attempt to obtain the situation of assistant in Mr. Budworth's school at Brewood, had been attended with a like result,

from an apprehension "that the paralytic affection under which Johnson laboured might become the object of imitation or ridicule amongst his pupils." The appearance of the master's wife must have been equally remarkable. "Tetty," or "Tetsey," as he called her, using the provincial contraction for her Christian name, Elizabeth, was twenty years his senior, and David Garrick was accustomed to describe her as extremely fat, with very red cheeks, the result of paint and the free use of cordials, "flaring and fantastic in her dress, and affected both in her speech and her general manner." Both husband and wife presented points of singularity enough to excite the merriment of the pupils; especially when such an arch-mimic and jester as young Mr. David Garrick was on the spot to avail himself of their peculiarities, and burlesque and aggravate them at every possible opportunity.

A strange school, having a preceptor so uncouth, possessed of so little faculty for tuition, and with so much impetuosity and irritableness, want of forbearance, and difficulty of regarding anything, save from his individual point of view. And yet, kindly and large-hearted, too; lifting up all near him to the position of his friends, when it was commonly possible to do so, and holding to them afterwards with a tenacity that had something tremendous about it. The pupil, David, was soon the constant companion and friend. Not raised to that post, however, by his assiduity as a scholar. While he should have been preparing exercises or studying the classics, he was busy with the scenes of a comedy. Did the example of the pupil affect the teacher? Johnson about this time commenced to write a tragedy.

He borrowed from Mr. Peter Garrick, an elder brother of David, Knolles's "History of the Turks," of which he wrote afterwards in the "Rambler":—"It displays all the excellencies that narration can admit, and nothing could have sunk its author in obscurity, but the remoteness and barbarity of the people whose story he relates." He selected for the subject of his play, the story of Irene. Was he aware that he was travelling on trodden ground?

In 1664, was published "Irena," a tragedy, with a prologue and epilogue, but it seems not to have been acted. "It is, indeed," says an authority, "too worthless a performance in every particular to deserve representation." In 1708, appeared "Irene, or the Fair Greek," a tragedy, by Charles Goring, acted at Drury Lane. This could have made little impression either, but both plays are on the same subject as Dr. Johnson's. To his old friend, Mr. Gilbert Walmesley, Registrar of the Ecclesiastical Court of Lichfield, he read portions of his work, as he proceeded with it. Mr. Walmesley apprehended that he had brought the heroine into great distress at too early a period of the play.

"How can you possibly contrive to plunge her into deeper calamity?"

"Sir," answers the author, unwilling to reveal the plan of his plot, "I can put her into the Spiritual Court!"

A sly allusion, as Boswell remarks, "to the supposed oppressive proceedings of the Court, of which Mr. Walmesley was Registrar." But Mr. Walmesley thought highly of the work, and when, very soon afterwards, Johnson gave up all idea of his school, and with Garrick set out for London, he gave the travellers letters of introduction to his friend, the Reverend Mr. Colson, an eminent mathematician, who resided at Rochester.

"The present occasion of my writing is a favour I have to ask of you. My neighbour, Captain Garrick, who is an honest, valuable man, has a son, who is a very sensible young man, and a good scholar, and whom the Captain hopes, in some two or three years, he shall send to the Temple, and breed to the bar; but at present his pocket will not hold out for sending him to the University. I have proposed your taking him, if you like well of it, and your boarding him and instructing him in the mathematics, philosophy, and human learning. He is now nineteen, of sober and good disposition, and is as ingenious and promising a young man, as ever I knew in my life. Few instructions on your side will do, and in the intervals of study he will be an agreeable companion for you."

And afterwards he wrote further:

"He and another neighbour of mine, one Mr. S. Johnson, set out this morning for London together. Davy Garrick is to be with you early the next week; and Mr. Johnson to try his fate with a tragedy, and to see to get himself employed in some translation, either from the Latin, or the French. Johnson is a very good scholar and poet, and I have great hopes will turn out a fine tragedy writer. If it should anyways lay in your way, I doubt not but you would be ready to recommend and assist your countryman."

With three acts of "Irene" in his trunk, and "two-pence halfpenny in his pocket," as he would sometimes jestingly declare, he came up to London. Unquestionably he was poor enough, and compelled to live in the cheapest way possible. He took lodgings at the house of Mr. Norris, a staymaker, in Exeter Street, Strand, and dined daily for eightpence at the Pine Apple, in New Street. At this time, he drank only water. "A cut of meat for sixpence, and bread a penny, and a penny for the waiter; so that," as he declared, "I was quite well served; nay, better than the rest, for they gave the waiter nothing," though their dinners cost them a shilling a-piece, as they drank wine. He is stated to have lived for some time at even a cheaper rate—"fourpence-halfpenny a day!" He worked for Cave, the publisher; probably also for Lintot. He took lodgings at Greenwich, and used to walk in the park, composing his last two acts. But these were slowly produced. It was not until he gave himself a holiday, and paid a summer visit to Lichfield, where he had left his wife, that he was able to complete the work.

On the 9th March, 1736, Mr. Garrick was entered as a student of Lincoln's Inn. It is not to be supposed, however, that he embraced the profession chosen for him with any extraordinary ardour. On the death of his father he closed his law-books—if, indeed, he had ever really opened them. He entered into partnership with his brother Peter, and they engaged in the wine trade.

Foote used to declare, jestingly, that he remembered Garrick living in Durham Yard (now the Adelphi), with three quarts of vinegar in the cellar, calling himself a wine-merchant. A memorandum has been seen, dated October, 1739, acknowledging the receipt from Mr. Robinson, in the Strand, of payment "for two dozen of red port, value thirty-six shillings), signed, For Self and Co—D. Garrick." The firm did not long exist: Peter, the senior partner, was a steady, quiet, methodical man of business; David was impetuous, volatile, gay. Perhaps he perverted too much of the stock in trade to his own use. He kept the company of actors, was ever indulging his talent for mimicry, writing verses, plays, and publishing criticisms on the players. To put an end to endless altercations between the brothers, their friends interposed, and the partnership was eventually dissolved by mutual consent. David Garrick was soon on the stage, appearing at Ipswich, in 1741, in the part of *Aboan*, in the play of "Oroonoko;" he himself selected the character for his *début*, because he hoped, under the disguise of a black face, to escape recognition should he fail to please his audience. But his success was undoubted, and he then undertook a variety of parts—*Chamont*, in the "Orphan," *Captain Brazen*, in the "Recruiting Officer," *Sir Harry Wildair*, &c.; he even danced and leapt as *Harlequin*. In the same year he startled London by acting *Richard the Third*, for the first time, at the theatre in Goodman's Fields.

Meanwhile the author was toiling at his tragedy. He had not then the rapidity of composition which distinguished him later in life. His work was the result of slow and close study and application. He wrote and rewrote many parts of it, made many alterations and additions, kept copious notes of the speeches to be made, with a number of hints for illustration borrowed from Greek, Roman, and modern writers. He jotted down roughly in prose the matter which was to be subsequently polished into verse. Shortly before his death he gave to Mr. Langton a rough draft of the tragedy as it originally stood. This manuscript was presented to the King, and ultimately was lodged in the British Museum. "The handwriting," says Boswell, "is very difficult to be read, even by those who were best acquainted with Johnson's mode of penmanship, which at all times was very particular." A speech of *Mahomet* to *Irene* appears thus in prose in the draft:—

I have tried thee, and joy to find that thou deservest to be loved by Mahomet—with a mind great as his own. Sure thou art an error of nature, and an exception to the rest of thy sex, and art immortal; for sentiments like thine were never to sink into nothing. I thought all the thoughts of the fair had been to select the graces of the day, dispose the colours of the flaunting (flowing) robe, tune the voice and roll the eye, choose the dress and add new roses to the fading cheek, —but sparkling.

From this raw material the following manufactured article is produced:—

Illustrious maid, new wonders fix me thine;
Thy soul completes the triumphs of thy face;
I thought, forgive, my fair, the noblest aim,
The strongest effort of a female love
Was but to choose the graces of the day,
To tune the tongue, to teach the eyes to roll,
Dispose the colours of the flowing robe,
And add new roses to the fading cheek.

He read the completed tragedy over to Mr. Peter Garrick at the Fountain. Afterwards he solicited Mr. Fleetwood, the patentee of Drury Lane, to produce it; but the manager declined. It may be because the work was not patronised by any person of rank or influence. For ten years the play remained on his hands—the cause, one would imagine, of much mortification to him. Lord Macaulay has called attention to the fact that Johnson came to London at a particularly unfortunate time. There was a very limited public. "The condition of a man of letters was most miserable and degraded. It was a dark night between two sunny days. The age of patronage had passed away, the age of general curiosity and intelligence had not arrived." But this, after all, has reference to Johnson's general literature rather than to his one dramatic effort.

He was so poor that it was a serious object with him to receive money for his play. In 1741, Cave, the publisher, wrote:—"I have put Mr. Johnson's play into Mr. Gray's hands"—(a bookseller at the Cross Keys in the Poultry, who became a dissenting minister, and afterwards entered the Church)—"in order to sell it to him, if he is inclined to buy it; but I doubt whether he will or not. He would dispose of the copy and whatever advantages may be made by acting it. Would your society, or any gentleman or body of men that you know, take such a bargain? He and I are unfit to deal with theatrical persons." This was addressed to Dr. Birch, a member of a "Society for the Encouragement of Learning," the object of which was to assist authors in printing their books. It did not avail itself of Mr. Cave's offer, and after an existence of ten years the society was bankrupt and dissolved. The result, all things considered, was perhaps not greatly to be marvelled at.

Johnson's old pupil and companion, David Garrick, carried all before him. There was some opposition at first. "There are great divisions amongst the critics concerning Garrick's acting," wrote Mrs. Delany, in 1742; "I am glad I am not such a critic as to find any fault with him. I have seen him act once, and like him better than I did last year; but, as he is a year older, and the grace of novelty a little abated, he must, of course, have less merit with the generality of people." There was early opposition to him of course; he upset all preconceived notions; he ran counter to stage traditions; he made war upon the old declamatory school of acting; he was all quickness, surprise, passion; he was emotional, rapid in action, vehement, yet natural. The conventional method had reached a climax of artificialness. Quin was the incarnation of this method of performance. Cumberland gives a good picture of him, as *Horatio*, in the "Fair Penitent":—

Quin presented himself, upon the rising of the curtain, in a green velvet coat, embroidered down the seams, an enormous full-bottomed periwig, rolled stockings, and high-heeled square-toed shoes. With very

little variation of cadence, and in a deep full tone, accompanied by a sawing kind of action, which had more of the senate than of the stage in it, he rolled out his heroics with an air of dignified indifference that seemed to disdain the plaudits that were bestowed on him.

It may be supposed that Quin was not greatly pleased at the advent of Garrick, and the rush of the town to his feet. "Garrick is a new religion," he said, mockingly; "Whitfield was followed *for a time*, but the people will all come to church again!" But they never did. Once in the magic circle of Garrick's art there was no breaking away again. He attracted and kept his public. His fame grew and strengthened every day. The town flocked from the court end to Goodman's Fields. In 1745 he was playing at Drury Lane. He visited Dublin, receiving an extraordinary welcome. The title of the English Roscius was first bestowed upon him there. In 1747, in conjunction with Mr. Lacy, he was manager of Drury Lane Theatre.

Johnson must have been more than mortal to have felt no envy at his pupil's brilliant triumph. He was entitled to rate his intellect and talents at a higher rate than Garrick's, yet he found himself suffering often the severest privations while the actor was in the receipt of an enormous income. His own poverty, however, seemed more easily borne than the prosperity of his friend. He could not but be jealous. He took to undervaluing the abilities of Garrick, to scoffing at his profession. In his life of Savage, published in 1744, writing complimentarily of Wilks, the actor, he could not refrain from violent reflections upon other players. "A man," he wrote, "who, whatever were his abilities or skill as an actor, deserves at least to be remembered for his virtues, which are not often to be found in the world, and perhaps less often in his profession than in any other. To be humane, generous and candid is a very high degree of merit in any case; but those qualities deserve still greater praise when they are found in that condition which makes almost every other man for whatever reason *contemptuous, insolent, petulant, selfish, and brutal.*" These are strong words. Indeed his pupil's success was hard to forgive. Throughout his life Johnson was steadily consistent in his abuse of the actors; both before and after the production of "Irene" his tone was the same. "Players, sir! I look upon them as no better than creatures set upon tables and joint-stools to make faces and produce laughter like dancing dogs!" "A player!—a showman!—a fellow who exhibits himself for a shilling." "To talk of respect for a player! Do you respect a rope-dancer or a ballad-singer? A fellow who claps a hump on his back and a lump on his leg, and cries '*I am Richard the Third!*' Nay, sir, a ballad-singer is a higher man, for he does two things—he repeats and he sings; there is both recitation and music in his performance; the player only recites."

"Who can repeat *Hamlet's* soliloquy, 'To be or not to be,' as Garrick does it?" Boswell asks.

"Anybody may," is the answer. "Jemmy there"—(a boy about eight years old who was in the room)—"will do as well in a week."

Boswell. "No, no, sir! and, as a proof of the merit of great acting, and of the value which mankind sets upon it, Garrick has got a hundred thousand pounds!"

Johnson. "Is getting a hundred thousand pounds a proof of excellence? That has been done by a scoundrel commissary!"

"You two talk so loud," says Garrick, playing *King Lear*, to Johnson and Murphy, conversing in the wings of Drury Lane; "you destroy all my feelings."

"Prithee!" cries Johnson, "don't talk of feelings! Punch has no feelings!"

Garrick, manager, generously offered to produce his old master's tragedy. But there were great difficulties in the way, proceeding chiefly, it must be said, from the author. Garrick suggested the alterations he thought necessary. These Johnson refused to make. He would not suffer that the work he "had been obliged to keep more than the nine years of Horace should be revised and altered at the pleasure of a player." A violent dispute ensued, and Garrick called upon the Rev. Dr. Taylor to interpose.

"Sir!" cried the author, in a rage, "the fellow wants me to make *Mahomet* run mad, that he may have an opportunity of tossing his hands and kicking his heels!"

A compromise was effected: certain of the suggested changes were made, others were abandoned. The subject of the tragedy is very hard and grim. It is undramatic—it is uninteresting—without pathos, or feeling, or emotion. It is a story of one incident. The Sultan Mahomet, charged by his ministers with over-fondness for his Greek mistress Irene, to the neglect of his state affairs and the ruin of his empire, puts her to death as an atonement for his fault. What can be done with such materials? Are we to sympathise with the sultan murderer or with his seraglio victim? Where is the poetical justice of the story? And certainly Johnson had no power to invest the fable with any tenderness or sentiment it did not possess in itself. His characters are simply grand automata, who walk about and wave their hands and utter musical but pompous blank verse. Nature is carefully hammered out of the lines; they pertain to Art solely. All is brain-work; there is no heart in the play. The verses scan perfectly, they are as smooth as ice, and as cold; while there is something cloying and oppressive about the monotonous march of the music, which seems to be almost the more somniferous where it should be the more stirring. There is not a broken line in the play; no emotion nor excitement ever disturbs the rhythm, and *Irene* does not forget the melody of her lines even in the throes of strangulation.

Garrick had engaged a strong company, He desired to give "Irene" the benefit of this. To secure the aid of his rival, Spranger Barry, "the silver-toned," the manager made a merit of ceding to him the part of *Mahomet,* taking himself that of *Demetrius*. It is probable, however, that he deemed this character afforded him better opportunities; and, certainly, the most dramatic scenes in the play are those in which the Greek lover appears, though his influence upon the story is not

important. The greatest applause on the first night, was awarded to his speech of "to-morrow," which, however, is too long to quote. It contains the most vivid and vigorous lines of the tragedy, though these incline to the inflated. *Irene* was played by Mrs. Pritchard, who was then about thirty-seven. She would seem to have been a woman of genius, who pleased alike in parts of high tragedy, or low comedy; was at home both in *Lady Macbeth* and in *Doll Common.* Churchill wrote of her:

> Pritchard by nature for the stage design'd,
> In person graceful, and in sense refined,
> Her art as much as nature's friend became,
> Her voice as free from blemish as her fame,
> Who knows so well in Majesty to please,
> Attemper'd by the graceful charms of ease.

Mrs. Cibber was the *Aspasia.* "I think she got more reputation than she deserved," said Johnson, "as she had great sameness, though her expression was undoubtedly very fine. Mrs. Clive was the best player I ever saw. Mrs. Pritchard was a very good one, but she had something affected in her manner. I imagine that she had some player of the former age in her eye which occasioned it." Havard (who wrote the tragedies of "Scanderbeg," "Charles the First," and "Regulus"), Berry, Sowdon, and Burton were entrusted with the subordinate characters. The play was most carefully rehearsed, the dresses were magnificent, if incorrect. The scene we are told—there was only one, the play was of classical pattern, and the unities of time, place, and action most rigidly regarded—"was splendid and gay; well adapted to the inside of a Turkish seraglio; the view of the gardens belonging to it was in the taste of eastern elegance."

In his character of dramatic author, Johnson considered that he was bound to appear more gaily attired than was his custom. He discarded his ordinary snuff-brown suit, and appeared in a scarlet waistcoat, trimmed with rich gold lace, and a gold-laced hat. He showed his new magnificence behind the scenes of the theatre, and also in one of the side boxes, on the night of the production of "Irene." Perhaps he desired to assume for the occasion a *pose* of extreme dignity, for he informed Mr. Langton, "that when in that dress he could not treat people with the same ease as when in his usual plain clothes." Dr. Adams has described the first performance when the house would seem to have been crowded. "Before the curtain drew up there were cat-calls whistling, which alarmed Johnson's friends. The prologue, which was written by himself, in a manly strain, soothed the audience, and the play went on tolerably, till it came to the conclusion, when Mrs. Pritchard, the heroine of the piece, was to be strangled upon the stage, and was to speak two lines with the bowstring round her neck. The audience cried out '*Murder! murder!*' She several times attempted to speak, but in vain. At last, she was obliged to go off the stage alive." Malone complained that the audience took offence at an incident they were in the habit of applauding in Rowe's "Tamerlane." But, in fact, they had restrained their impatience as long as possible. It boiled over at last. They would not have been offended at the bowstring business, had they been pleased at what had preceded it. They were not—they were dreadfully wearied. The loud condemnation that is heard at particular points in doomed plays is generally the result of pent-up displeasure rather than a sudden ebullition of antagonism. "Irene" was a decided failure. After the first performance the catastrophe, which it was said had been made to transpire on the stage at the instance of Garrick, who hoped probably to crown a heavy play with an effective conclusion, was transferred to behind the scenes. *Irene* was carried out to execution. She screams:

> Unutterable anguish!
> Guilt and despair! Pale spectres grin around me,
> And stun me with the yellings of damnation!
> O, hear my prayers! Accept, all-pitying Heaven,
> These tears, these pangs, these last remains of life,
> Nor let the crimes of this detested day
> Be charged upon my soul. O, mercy, mercy!

After which the stage direction runs. "*Mutes force her out.*"

But the alteration had little effect upon the subsequent audiences. In fact, the objections were not only to the end of the play, but also to the beginning and the middle. Burney mentions that Johnson in his side box was observed during the representation to be dissatisfied with some of the speeches, and the conduct of the play; and even expressed his disapprobation aloud. Garrick, for his friend's sake and his own, did all he could to achieve a success. He kept the play on the boards and the public out of the boxes for nine nights. After that he was compelled to withdraw it, and "Irene" was never played again.

Johnson was remunerated by the receipts of the third, sixth, and ninth nights of performance. These, after deducting expenses, amounted to 195*l.* 17*s.* From Dodsley he received one hundred pounds for the copyright. Aaron Hill wrote to Mr. Mallet, "I was at the anomalous Mr. Johnson's benefit, and found the play his proper representative; strong sense, ungraced by sweetness or decorum." When asked as to how he felt upon the ill success of his tragedy, Johnson replied: "Like the monument." Whether he was altogether conscious of the extent of its failure is questionable; but he seldom referred to the subject, and he never repeated the attempt. Perhaps Garrick would have been reluctant enough to try his public with a second tragedy from the pen of Doctor Johnson.

For a time, Johnson availed himself of his *entrée* to the green room, and seemed to find pleasure in the sprightly gossip of the players. At last, he said:

"No, David. I'll come no more behind your scenes," and he went on to explain that "the silk stockings and white bosoms of the actresses" disturbed his philosophical serenity.

Of some of the performers he seemed to think highly. He valued Mrs. Clive's comic powers, and enjoyed conversation with her.

"Clive, sir, is a good thing to sit by, she always understands what you say."

The lady reciprocated his regard.

"I love to sit by Doctor Johnson," she said, "he always entertains me."

He was often a guest at Garrick's house, when Mrs. Peg Woffington presided, and he was there on the night when Garrick,—who like all men who have ever known the want of money, had occasional fits of penuriousness,—grumbled at the strength of the tea, and cried out:

"Why it's as red as blood!"

Perhaps he never wholly forgave Garrick's success. Yet he could speak of it temperately, and almost generously, at times.

"Sir, it is wonderful how *little* Garrick assumes; a man who has advanced the dignity of his profession. Garrick has made a player a high character, and all supported by great wealth of his own acquisition. If all this had happened to me, I should have had a couple of fellows with long poles walking before me to knock down everybody that stood in the way. Consider, if all this had happened to Cibber, or Quin, they'd have jumped over the moon. Yet (smiling), Garrick speaks to *us!*" DUTTON COOK.

VISITS TO THE IRISH CONVICT PRISONS.

No. I.

THE meeting of the Social Science Association at Dublin, in August last, afforded to many an opportunity of seeing and examining for themselves what has lately engaged considerable public attention—the Irish Convict System—as developed and carried on by the Board of Directors, of which Captain Walter Crofton is the chairman.

Even those who have not been called on to pay any special attention to the management of convicts, and to the principle and plan of convict prisons, must be aware that some very radical and important difference must exist between the Irish and the English Convict Prisons. On our side of the channel it would require a very great stretch of philanthropy even to make the trial of taking men into employment who were known to be just discharged from Portland or other Convict Prisons;—those who have come under our own knowledge have been complete failures;—the newspaper police reports continually record offences committed by prisoners discharged under licence or ticket-of-leave; and we know that some of the most atrocious crimes have been perpetrated by those who *ought* to have been reformed characters, if long years of training and instruction in Government prisons could make them so. The English public does not believe in the reformation of prisoners by the system adopted in this country.

The contrary is the case on the other side of the channel. There is a belief in Ireland that the system adopted in the convict prisons *does* reform those who are the subject of it; and the consequence of this belief is, that masters are ready to receive discharged prisoners into their employment; those who at first, doubtingly, tried some, now confidently apply for more. The knowledge that trustworthy, hard-working men are to be obtained by application at the prison for those whose time is completed, is becoming so general, that the grand problem is solved—"what are we to do with our convicts?" The bulk of them are absorbed into the population as honest labourers, and those whose home connections make it undesirable for them to remain in their own country, emigrate to others, well prepared to become useful and respectable members of society elsewhere.

What is the real secret of this marvellous difference?

And why is it that, while elsewhere we hear of increase of crime and of re-convictions of those who have already put the country to great expense by years of public maintenance in prison, in Ireland the number of convicts has actually diminished from 4,278, in January 1, 1854, with several hundreds in those of Bermuda and Gibraltar, who have since been discharged, and on January 1, 1860, there were only 1631 convicts, with 74 in Bermuda and Gibraltar.

We desired then to avail ourselves of this visit to Dublin, to satisfy ourselves fully on these points, and to verify, by personal observation, what we had heard of the Irish Convict System.

The reformatory section of the Association had received an admirable and lucid statement of the system, and its results, from a paper on the subject, read by Captain Crofton himself, which was listened to with the deepest interest, not only by an attentive audience, but by the venerable president, Lord Brougham, who strongly expressed his approbation of it. But we desired also an impartial statement of the whole system, and this was given by the Attorney-General for Ireland in his presidential address. After briefly reviewing the history of Reformatory Schools for juveniles, which are now established in Ireland as in England, he referred to the touching story of the "Vicar of Wakefield," in which, a hundred years ago, Oliver Goldsmith developed the true principles which should combine punishment and reformation. "Throughout the whole prison life of the convict" (in Ireland), he continues, "these guiding principles regulate his treatment. He enters Mountjoy prison, and he has there to undergo the hard discipline of cellular incarceration. He works alone, not often visited by any one, and with ample opportunity for meditation and repentance during his nine months of that probationary state. But he is allowed to have hope of the future,—a hope to be realised by himself. The shortening of this period of his separation depends on his good conduct, and he knows that when it shall have ended, he will have still further opportunity of improving his condition by his own endeavours. This expectation produces its natural result in his quiet and orderly demeanour, and his obedience to authority, and in most instances the period of his cellular confinement is accordingly abridged. Then he passes to Spike Island or Philipstown, where he labours in association with others under the strictest surveillance, and where continuing good behaviour enables him to rise from class to class, gaining all the while something for himself from the fruits of his toil, until he becomes fit for an intermediate prison, where he has more of freedom and a larger share of his own earnings, and where the same stimulating and sustaining influence of hope still operates upon

him. By his own efforts he can lay up a little store for the day of liberation, and by his own efforts he can hasten the coming of that happy day. If he will so act as to obtain good marks it is hastened; if he fails to obtain them it is postponed. Then, during the period of his detention in the intermediate prison, he has, in a higher degree, the benefit of intellectual and moral culture which has been offered to him continually, with the higher blessing of the religious care of a zealous and instructed chaplain, from the commencement of his incarceration. A lecturer, a gentleman very competent and very devoted to his duty, addresses to him plain speech on subjects calculated to arouse his interest and awaken his faculties . . . In very many cases, as part of his penal probation, he is employed at large in this city and its neighbourhood on such service as the convict directors deem suitable for him, or at Lusk, where you will find him discharging the ordinary duties of an agricultural labourer, without enclosure or confinement of any kind; and it is found that he can be so trusted safely, and that neither the city messenger nor the Lusk workman ever dreams of escaping from a control which has no apparatus of bolts and bars to make it effectual. And so the man passes from the prison to his place in society—not his old place, but a higher and better place. He does not make the passage abruptly or without reasonable preparation. Generally he is liberated as the recompense of meritorious conduct before the expiration of his sentence; and the liberation is conditional, subject to be ended if he falls again. And for a time he is under the eye of authority, and finds confirmation of his good purposes in the checks which its supervision puts upon him, and the apprehension of the evil consequences of a return to crime. But, more than this, the continuing guardianship is not at all strongly repressive. To the liberated convict it is a protection against the influence of those who would turn him back to wickedness, and it gives him a shield against many mischiefs and many misconceptions which would be entailed by his tainted character, if he had not the opportunity of appeal to the officers of justice as to his changed life and renewed trustworthiness."

Such is a brief sketch, by so high an authority as the Attorney-General, of the system, the working of which we were anxious, personally, to inspect.

Our first visit was to Lusk Common, one of the intermediate prisons, the last stage which the convict undergoes before receiving liberty. A large party assembled, among them many magistrates, and other influential persons from various parts of England, and an hour's ride brought us to Lusk. Had we been merely strangers on a pleasure excursion we should probably have passed by without especial notice what is, morally considered, one of the most wonderful spots in the island. There was nothing to attract any attention. Before us was a large common, part of which had been reclaimed, and gave evidence of much skilled labour having been bestowed on it. Other parts were perfectly wild, and we saw a number of men working very steadily at the drainage of it. No one would have noticed that they were not ordinary labourers; they wore no prison uniform, but the ordinary peasant dress; they appeared under the control of no gaol official, and no turnkey was watching them; they were not handling the pickaxe and spade with the unwilling air of men who were under compulsion to perform a certain amount of Government work, but like free labourers who would gladly do as hard a day's work as they could. It seemed incredible that those men were prisoners, and even more, men convicted of no ordinary offences, but who were under long sentences of penal servitude; such men as those who had burst forth into violent rebellion at Portland, and who had been more recently, at Chatham, controlled only by extraordinary severity, after the most ferocious outbreaks, and outrageous attacks on the officers. Looking at these men we could hardly, as an English magistrate remarked, believe what we saw with our own eyes. We might have waited to converse with some of the prisoners, for so they really were, and we were quite at liberty to do so, but delicacy restrained us. Indeed, once observing a group assembled round one young man, we approached to listen, but we saw that he was hanging down his head with evident shame, and found that some one was most injudiciously questioning him respecting his former life, and his feelings while engaged in a career of crime;—so we passed on, and gave a courteous greeting to another, who responded with a manly, respectful air, not as one who had for ever lost his position in life. The directors, Captain Crofton and Captain Whitby, pointed out and explained the few and simple buildings. The only dwellings provided for from fifty to one hundred convicts consisted of two large huts of corrugated iron, each of which would contain accommodation for fifty men and one officer, the beds being so arranged that they could be put out of the way and the room converted into a dining and sitting room. There were a few simple tenements for the residence of the superintendent, and for the cooking and bathing of the men; but everything was as informal, simple, and inexpensive as possible. Captain Crofton pointed out some small houses on the outskirts of the common. Those, he told us, after withdrawing us from the hearing of the men, had been intended for policemen, as it had been considered quite unsafe for a body of criminals to be left with no police near. The houses had never been used; there had never been occasion for any police agency. One superintendent only has charge of each hut. The few labourers employed with the men at work live in separate houses near.

After inspecting all parts of the premises, and satisfying ourselves that everything was as open and free as a common farm, and that the men were controlled only by the strong moral influence which, combined with strict discipline and steady adherence to well-devised laws, constitutes the essence of the system, we felt desirous of learning how far these men were, or rather had been, the same daring criminals who fill our Government prisons in England. Various questions on this subject were put to Captain Crofton by the gentle-

men present, who showed us a table of the offences which had been committed by the men among whom we had been walking without fear or suspicion. We were astounded to find that they had been guilty of almost every conceivable offence. There were highway robbers, burglars, &c. ; murderers, only, are not admitted here, but must finish their term of imprisonment under the closer confinement of the prisons. We were particularly anxious to ascertain this fact, having heard it asserted that the inmates of the Irish convict prisons were of a lower grade of crime than those in the sister country. This is not the case, and the table which he presented to us is a satisfactory proof of this.

Smithfield and Lusk Intermediate Prisons.

Summary of Convictions of Prisoners now in Custody, Aug. 22, 1861.

Smithfield.			Lusk.		
1st	Conviction	12	1st	Conviction	12
2nd	do.	10	2nd	do.	19
3rd	do.	12	3rd	do.	12
4th	do.	5	4th	do.	4
5th	do.	2	5th	do.	7
6th	do.	1	6th	do.	1
8th	do.	2	7th	do.	1
9th	do.	1	8th	do.	2
10th	do.	2	9th	do.	2
11th	do.	1	10th	do.	1
14th	do.	2	12th	do.	2
15th	do.	1	14th	do.	1
41st	do.	1	17th	do.	1
45th	do.	1			
	Total	53		Total	65

Therefore 94 out of the 118 are known "Old Offenders," some of the remainder being known to the police as bad characters, although not known to have been before convicted in the same county.

It is said, also, that the English are more unmanageable than the Irish. Our own experience of the criminals of both nations would be directly the reverse of this. There are, besides, many English in the Irish convict prisons, and many Irish convicts in the English prisons, but their peculiar nationality does not render any different treatment necessary. The objection is futile. The principles and the system which have happily been the means of bringing these outcasts of society into the orderly, respectful, self-controlled men whom we saw, are founded on universal conditions of human nature, and if proved true in one place may be readily adapted to another by men who, like Captain Crofton, comprehend them, and possess the personal qualities which are requisite to carry them out. What those qualities are, and what are the peculiarities of the plans, we more fully ascertained on our visits to the other prisons which form part of the whole system. On this occasion we were anxious to learn the actual truth, and of that we were fully satisfied. The testimony of the labour master was no more than we were prepared to expect.

"I have been engaged on various public works," he said, "for thirty years, yet never before have I had under me a set of men so well conducted, so free from bad language, so attentive to their duty."

Mary Carpenter.

(To be continued.)

MARK BOZZARI.

FROM THE GERMAN OF WILHELM MÜLLER.

Open wide, proud Missolonghi, open wide thy portals high,
Where repose the bones of heroes, teach us cheerfully to die!
Open wide thy lofty portals, open wide thy vaults profound;
Up, and scatter laurel garlands to the breeze and on the ground!
Mark Bozzari's noble body is the freight to thee we bear,
Mark Bozzari's! Who for hero great as he to weep will dare?
Tell his wounds, his victories over! Which in number greatest be?
Every victory has its wound, and every wound its victory!
See, a turban'd head is grimly set on all our lances here!
See, how the Osmanli's banner swathes in purple folds his bier!
See, oh see the latest trophies, which our hero's glory seal'd,
When his glaive with gore was drunken on great Karpinissi's field!
In the murkiest hour of midnight did we at his call arise,
Through the gloom like lightning-flashes flash'd the fury from our eyes;
With a shout, across our knees we snapp'd the scabbards of our swords,
Better down to mow the harvest of the mellow Turkish hordes;
And we clasp'd our hands together, and each warrior stroked his beard,
And one stamp'd the sward, another rubbed his blade, and vow'd its weird.
Then Bozzari's voice resounded: "On, to the barbarian's lair!
On, and follow me, my brothers, see you keep together there!
Should you miss me, you will find me surely in the Pasha's tent!
On, with God! Through Him our foemen, death itself through Him is shent!
On!" And swift he snatch'd the bugle from the hands of him that blew,
And himself awoke a summons that o'er dale and mountain flew,
Till each rock and cliff made answer clear and clearer to the call,
But a clearer echo sounded in the bosom of us all!
As from midnight's battlemented keep the lightnings of the Lord
Sweep, so swept our swords, and smote the tyrants and their slavish horde;
As the trump of doom shall waken sinners in their graves that lie,
So through all the Turkish leaguer thunder'd this appalling cry:
"Mark Bozzari! Mark Bozzari! Suliotes, smite them in their lair!"
Such the goodly morning-greeting that we gave the sleepers there.
And they stagger'd from their slumber, and they ran from street to street,
Ran like sheep without a shepherd, striking wild at all they meet;

Ran, and frenzied by Death's angels, who amidst their myriads stray'd,
Brother, in bewilder'd fury, dash'd and fell on brother's blade.
Ask the night of our achievements! It beheld us in the fight,
But the day will never credit what we did in yonder night!

Greeks by hundreds, Turks by thousands, there like scatter'd seed they lay,
On the field of Karpinissi, when the morning broke in grey.
Mark Bozzari, Mark Bozzari, and we found thee gash'd and mown;
By thy sword alone we knew thee, knew thee by thy wounds alone;

By the wounds thy hand had cloven, by the wounds that seam'd thy breast,
Lying, as thou hadst foretold us, in the Pasha's tent at rest!

Open wide, proud Missolonghi, open wide thy portals high,
Where repose the bones of heroes, teach us cheerfully to die!

Open wide thy vaults! Within their holy bounds a couch we'd make,
Where our hero, laid with heroes, may his long last slumber take!
Rest, beside that Rock of Honour, brave Count Normann, rest thy head,
Till at the archangel's trumpet all the graves give up their dead!

THEODORE MARTIN.

THREE HOURS UNDERGROUND.

I had been walking for three weeks in Cornwall when I entered the town of Redruth one fine evening in September, in the year——well never mind about the year; no witness is bound to criminate himself, and there may be that in this narrative which I should not wish to tie up too closely with dates and circumstances. I had travelled from London to Falmouth by steamboat; thence, skirting the coast, I had enjoyed some of the finest scenery in England, for the coast of Cornwall is undoubtedly more picturesque than any other part of the shores of Albion. I had stood on the southernmost point of England, and spent some hours with the coast-guardsmen, watching them whilst they trimmed the Lizard Light. I had seen Kynance Cove, with its beautiful serpentine rocks, where the green waves dance upon a carpet of the whitest sand. I had sat, or had fancied that I sate, upon the Land's End; and believing myself in perfect solitude, and securely engaged in thought, had been horrified—in such a place—by hearing at my shoulder the croaking voice of a guide, who actually told me that he knew a rock a hundred yards more to seaward than that on which I sat, and offered for a consideration to conduct me to it. This had been more than I could stand, and knocking out the ashes of my pipe as a testimony against him, I resumed my knapsack, sad in the belief that there existed no place in England where the luxury of solitude could be really and safely enjoyed. A short walk brought me thence to the quaint public-house with the double-faced sign "The Last and First House in England." I had continued round the coast as far as St. Ive's, whence I had struck out through the country towards Redruth, intending in a few days to reach Launceston.

Every tourist I had talked with expressed, as I felt, disappointment with the inland scenery of western Cornwall. There are none of the mountains which one expects to find in so primeval a geological formation; there are none of the woods which clothe with such beauty some of our western hills and valleys; there are neither castles or cathedrals to delight the archæological or the historical student. Everything bears witness that the riches of the district are underground. The more certain produce which the cultivation of the surface would yield is in many places abandoned for the speculative profits of mining. There are mines everywhere. Perched on hills may be seen the unpretentious buildings which are all that are required for the aboveground works of a mine. Now there are some close alongside the road, and the noise of the wheels, with the puffings of the steam-engine, tells every passer-by of the hidden labour which is being plied below, with an energy generally encouraged by self-interest.

Redruth is the capital of the mining district, and long before I reached the town I had resolved to go down a copper mine; for to make a tour in Cornwall without seeing something of mining would, I felt, be as great a loss of opportunity as to witness the greatest composition of our greatest dramatist with the best known and most prominent character omitted.

I had had some tea and cold meat in the coffee-room of the King's Head, and with every bodily want satisfied, was speculating on future proceedings, for which I thought possibly the local paper might give me some guidance; so obtaining from the waiter a coffee-stained sheet of news, I was dreamily engaged in looking over the advertisements. There were many lots of mining shares for sale, with prospective profits which looked—at least on paper—most attractive. The language of mining is peculiar. It is not, perhaps, without good reason that mines are likened to ships. They are of the same gender, their manager is always styled captain, and the shareholders adventurers.

At last my eye fell on an advertisement, and dwelt there with a sense of satisfaction;—for did I not wish to go down a mine? and surely here was the means of realising my desire. "The Great Fowey Consols (I am not bound to be particular as to names), one of the oldest mines in the county, which had been worked with great profits for many years, with all its plant, &c., &c.," was for sale, and might be viewed by special orders, to be obtained at the office of Mr. Tredgar, a solicitor in the town.

I resolved to apply to Mr. Tredgar early in the morning, and went to bed pleased in the prospect of the gratification I should experience to-morrow. About half-past nine I found my way to Mr. Tredgar's office, and was shown at once into his room. He was a short, thick man, with a fussy manner, but also with an appearance of self-help about him, which made me think it not improbable that he, like so many others in this county, had raised himself from a very humble station.

"What can I do for you, sir?" said Mr. Tredgar, after he had kindly offered me a chair.

"I want an order to look over the Great Fowey Consols," I replied, with external boldness, but with much internal fear, lest Mr. Tredgar might examine me in mining, and find me sadly unfit to be an inspector. Had I known, however, that mining speculations are almost invariably carried on with great secrecy, and not unfrequently with the help of much trickery, I should have been less nervous. As it was, I believe Mr. Tredgar did not expect the truth of me, nor that any pleasure-seeker would be so absurd as to go looking for it down a copper-mine; and had I told him that I knew nothing of minerals, he would probably have thought me a very clever and dissimulating purchaser. I was somewhat relieved, however, when he sat down, saying:

"Yes, sir. May I ask if it is for yourself, sir?"

I told him I wanted it only for myself—adding my name; when, prefacing with a slight cough, he proceeded to take soundings as to capital.

"Were there many adventurers associated with myself, and was I aware of the amount of capital required?"

I could answer none of these questions, I said; a reply which seemed thoroughly satisfactory to Mr. Tredgar, for, taking a pen, he dashed off an order to inspect the mine, where he told me I should receive every attention.

Wishing him good morning, I hurried back to my inn, strapped on my knapsack, and set off for the Great Fowey Mine, which was situated about

six miles from Redruth. Many inquiries were necessary to learn my road, but at last, though "by what bye-paths and indirect crooked ways" I know not, I reached the mine, and found myself in a large enclosure, bounded on one side by a fence, through a gate in which I had entered, on the opposite side by an engine-house and buildings, on a third side by a large heap of black-looking slag, which might have been the refuse of the mine mixed with cinders, and on a fourth by a low range of buildings, to one of which I was directed as the place where I should find the agents or overseers of the mine. Lifting a latch in the door of one of these sheds I found myself in a low room with a sanded floor, and in the presence of three rough looking men, who were smoking long pipes, and talking very loudly over a can of beer, which journeyed from one to the other with sensible diminution of its contents.

They had not seen me enter, as there was a high wooden settle before the door, but hearing me shut it the talking was suspended, and the smoking also. Advancing, I took from my pocket Mr. Tredgar's letter and showed it, without a word, to one of the men.

"Will you go with this gentleman, Bill?" he inquired of his vis-à-vis at the small table.

"No, you'd better go, Jim," was Bill's deprecating rejoinder.

So Jim apparently resolved to undertake the duty, and said, turning to me—

"Will you go down at once, sir?"

"Yes," I replied, uncertain whether the floor would open and reveal the mouth of the mine, and equally ignorant of the mode of our descent.

"You'd better come in 'ere and shift, sir," said Jim, leading the way to a small room adjoining that in which we were standing, and adding, as he introduced me to it:

"I've had the things ready and well aired, in case anyone should come."

The sight of these "things," however was too much for me. I saw there was great probability that I should come to grief by putting head-gear on my feet, or by committing other absurdities which would disclose my unprofessional character to the miners, so I resolved without delay to unveil myself to Jim, who was to be my conductor.

"I may as well tell you," I said, "that I am a tourist only. I do not understand anything about mining, and I am going to inspect your mine only for my pleasure. I shall be happy to pay you for accompanying me, and greatly obliged if you will show me the mode of working, and anything that may be interesting in the mine."

"Well, sir, I thou't you didn't look much like a miner," was Jim's remark upon this revelation.

"Now, sir," he continued, "as you don't know nothing about it, I must tell you—you must change everything—"

"Not my boots," I said, "surely—look how strong they are." And I showed him the thick soles and the rows of large nails.

"They'd be pretty things by the time you come back. Lor' bless yer—why I'm going to change everything. You'll be smothered in mud and slush before you come back."

This did not seem to promise much pleasure; but I had resolved to go as far down the Great Fowey Mine as possible, so I proceeded at once to obey the miner's instructions.

Soon I had dressed myself in a clean, comfortable suit of thick white flannel, consisting of shirt, drawers and socks; over this I had drawn a very muddy and well-worn canvas suit, stiff with clayey mud. I put on an old pair of shoes, which possessed the double virtue of letting water in and out again. On my head the miner adjusted a white cotton skull cap, and over this a species of wide-awake, made of thick tin, which was not uncomfortable,—and would be serviceable, so Jim assured me. After a disappearance for a few minutes, he came in similarly dressed.

"Now, sir," said Jim, "I think we're a'most ready, ain't we?"

"Really, I don't know," was all I could say.

"We want candles," said the miner, and going up to a bundle which hung on the wall, he cut off six, and taking two passed a piece of rope-yarn through the loop at the end of them, and, to my surprise, tied them firmly to one of the buttons of my jacket. Doing the same on his own jacket, and giving me one to hold in my hand, he prepared to start.

"We shall be back in three hours, Bill," said the miner, as we passed through the outer room. I followed him, in a state of the most complete unconsciousness as to how or where we were going, my clothes so stiff that I could hardly bend them, my candles dangling at my buttons, my general appearance presenting a picture so grotesque that I could hardly help laughing.

We had not far to walk to the mine. There were a few planks lying over what seemed to be a large well-hole, from an open part of which a ladder projected some four feet. So little did I think that this could be our means of descent, that I was passing it, before I saw that Jim was on the ladder, and his body fast disappearing through the opening.

"Come along, sir," was his invitation. He had previously told me that we were going about 1200 feet deep, and when I stepped on this ladder, I do assure the readers of this narrative that I was entirely ignorant as to whether it was or was not twelve hundred feet long.

As it was perfectly dark when we got below the boarding, my sight did not help me much to realise our situation. I had descended about twenty steps of the ladder when Jim, whose head was just on a level with my feet, called out—

"Hold on, sir. Stan' o' one side a little."

As in compliance with his wishes, I got to one side of the ladder, he ascended several steps, until his hands were on a level with mine, then, striking a light, lit a candle, which enabled me to take a hurried survey of our position. We were about twelve feet below the surface of the ground, the atmosphere was stifling and very hot, our support a roughly-made ladder, and the hole in which we were was about six feet in diameter, hewn in hard stone, but of no particular shape. Water was trickling in several places slowly down the walls, moistening the lumps and veins of slimy clay which were occasionally visible among the stony strata.

Clawing a handful of this clay, Jim proceeded

to knead it in his hands, and having completed this process, divided it into two lumps, and said, giving me one :

"Now put this ere round the bottom of yer candle, and then hold it altogether between yer thumb and that finger—pointing to my fore-finger ; but if yer want both yer hands to hold on with, then clap the lump o' clay on the front of yer hat, it 'ul stick then, and then yer can get on without holding it."

Determined to go through with my three hours' journey, and to trust implicitly to Jim, I did as he directed ; and having done so, ventured to inquire if we were to descend by ladder for the whole journey. I began to think that 1200 feet by this road might, apart from the danger, prove rather wearisome work.

"Yes," said Jim, "these ere ladders are about twenty-five feet long each on 'em—you'll see how it is, in going down, as we get on."

Our candles were now burning, and we proceeded. Presently Jim said :

"Now, sir, we're on the first landing ;" and I found myself on a boarded platform, about four feet square, which occurred at the end of each of the ladders. After descending about six or eight of these ladders, we stood upon the solid stone. Before me—where Jim was already groping—was a narrow cavern, which looked as if it had been made by some rock-burrowing animal, rather than by human agency. The floor was most uneven, and in many places covered with pools of muddy water, which dropped slowly from the roof, the shape of which was most indefinite ; in some places it ran in strange contortions to a height of ten or twelve feet ; in others it was not more than four or five feet from the floor, and in such places we had to travel on all fours, with our candles on our hats, apparitions, likely I should think, to be frightful even to gorilla hunters.

Then we proceeded down many ladders. and along many of these aqueous galleries, until our appearance and condition fully justified the miner's precautions as to change of dress. Once or twice, while on the ladders, I heard a shuffling noise below us, and presently, on one of the landings, we should find a man waiting to pass to the upper world. The only coverings these miners wore, were a pair of canvas trousers, like those I had on, and thick shoes. My companion spoke to them about the workings, which they said were going on very well ; but when we had travelled for more than an hour, clambering about the rocky galleries, and feeling our way down the ladders, I had seen no signs of work, although we were now—so Jim told me—1000 feet below the surface. The heat was oppressive, and I experienced a slight difficulty in breathing. Here there were signs of great quantities of copper having been extracted. The sides of the gallery glistened in many places with ore containing large quantities of metal. The miner told me that the latent heat in the metal is so great, that a blind man might tell a good mine from a bad one by the heat he would experience in the presence of valuable ore.

Down several more ladders and we had before us a long gallery, through which we could proceed but very slowly. Stumbling over the stony floor, which was occasionally improved by a plank, where it was necessary to wheel the ore, we came presently to the main shaft of the mine. At our feet was a large hole, filled with water, the most horrible, suicidal-looking pool I ever saw ; the black water seemed an infinite depth. The walls, cut into fantastic shapes, as the miners had followed the run of the ore they were digging, reflected, from the slimy surface, the glare of our candles. I kicked a piece of rock into the pool. The noise of its falling echoed throughout the mine, with a sound which made our standing place seem the middle of a vast solitude instead of what it was —a mere fissure in the rocky strata around us.

The mine had been worked much below this depth, and the water kept back by the action of a steam-engine, but the ore not proving valuable, this working had been discontinued. We proceeded along this gallery until I thought I could hear the sound of dull blows, like the noise of a distant hammer. Asking Jim what it meant, he told me we were now approaching the place where the men were at work. I soon saw two men before us, who, in the light dress I have previously described, were standing over what appeared like a well, with an ordinary drawing apparatus erected over it. Each of them had a handle, and were engaged in drawing up something seemingly heavy. A candle in a lump of the serviceable clay, stuck on the top of the well wheel, gave them light. They continued their winding, regardless of our approach, and presently a bucket appeared laden with what well might have been taken for rough gold. When the bucket was safely landed, Jim said to one of the men,

"That's good stuff you're bringing up here."

"Yes," replied the half-naked miner, adding, "Are you going down ?"

Let me here perform an act of justice to the Cornish miners. I know that by many they are regarded as ferocious savages, men whom the partial loss of daylight has deprived of religion, affection, and of all humanising and spiritualising influences. No greater mistake can be made. I have been in almost every county in the kingdom ; I have had much to do with the agricultural population in many of them, and I am firmly of opinion that the mining population of Cornwall is far superior to the peasantry of any other county. The miners are generally quiet, well-behaved, well-informed men, with a deep sentiment of religion,—though the latter is generally coupled with dissent from that of the Established Church, —and with a love of order which is rarely equalled among the lower classes. I have no doubt that this is largely owing to the fact that they have in most cases a pecuniary interest in the success of their work ; they have a great deal of leisure, which, with good wages, they are able to employ usefully ; they have also the stimulating prospect of constantly witnessing the rise of their fellow workmen by steadiness and good fortune, allied with judgment, to high positions of wealth and influence. These circumstances may or may not account for the facts I have stated.

We were examining the contents of the bucket, which was now emptied, when my companion asked me if I should like to go down to see the

men at work. As I had come so far, I was certainly not going to turn back, and so I expressed my desire to proceed.

"Well, then, sir, I'll go first," said Jim, and swinging the bucket over the hole, he called to the men to stand by. When they had taken the handles, he stuck his candle in front of his hat, stepped into the bucket, and told them to lower away.

I leaned over the hole, deeply interested in watching a descent, which I was to follow so shortly. I saw the candle glimmering upon Jim's head, when I could see nothing below it. Presently it passed from my sight, and shortly after the bucket seemed to strike the ground; the rope slacked, and then was jerked,—the signal for drawing up the bucket,—which was soon again upon the surface.

I put myself into it, following my predecessor's example as to my candle; my legs were strangely ungovernable; but the men were lowering away, and I held on with a tenacity not unnatural to one who knows of nothing more than that which is within his grasp. I had descended about thirty feet, when the bucket bumped upon stone, and thinking I had arrived at the bottom, I was about to step out, when I felt that it was scraping along the stone, and that I was still being lowered, although by a road which severely taxed my muscles. After much jolting the bucket came clear, and I saw at once that there was a turn in the well-hole. Having passed this, I could see the reflection of Jim's light below me, and soon the bucket was caught by him, and steadied, while he helped me out. There were two men with him. The place in which they were at work was larger than the well-hole by which we had descended to it. I had never before experienced such a temperature as that in which I now found myself perspiring—nor did I again encounter such until some months ago I had a Turkish bath, which operation, minus the shampooing, is not uncommon to the Cornish miners.

The walls of this chamber were beautiful, and where the shining surface had been broken by the pickaxe, looked like stalactite gold, mingled with white quartz. One of the men offered me his pick, to do a little mining for myself. I struck at the rock, and chipped off some specimens, which I have since learned contained about 80 per cent. of copper. Returning the miner his tool, with the addition of a small coin, current even in these "infernal" regions—if I may judge from the miner's thanks,—we prepared to ascend, and renewed our acquaintance with the bucket.

I should never have found my way back alone, so innumerable seemed the galleries and passages; however, Jim guided me through the same track by which we had descended, and up the same ladders, which was weary work, requiring occasional rest. At last, after three hours' absence from the light of day, the flame of our candles grew pale as we stepped out on the surface. Although the sun was shining brightly, my first sensation was one of intense cold, and I became aware that my clothes were wet through with perspiration and muddy water. We ran across the yard to the sheds, and there, to my great delight, were two tubs of warm water awaiting us. I was soon deeply and most agreeably engaged in one of them, and afterwards invested in my own dress, shared with Jim a piece of roast beef he had for his dinner. We spiced some beer, and passed two hours very pleasantly, with the assistance of pipes and tobacco, in conversation about mines and mining. But as I could not stay there all night, and had yet some miles to walk to Truro, I invoked Jim's knowledge of the country, and setting out under his guidance, was soon upon the high road, having thoroughly enjoyed my morning's expedition.

Arthur Arnold.

THE CONFESSION OF A TEA-KETTLE; OR A HINT TO HOUSEWIVES.

Everybody said so, and we all know what everybody says must be true, especially what every lady says. Now, what every lady said was this, that I was a "love of a tea-kettle." I'm not a vain kettle; and, although I say it, who shouldn't say it, in my youth I *was* pretty. Ah! you may laugh, but you'll be old some day, depend on it.

Well, I promised you my history, and now I'll tell it, if you'll only listen.

I was made of copper, and no sooner was the last polish put upon me, than my owner, a furnishing ironmonger, placed me in a conspicuous position in his shop window. My bright appearance and neat shape very soon attracted the attention of passers-by. Every one admired me, and some pleased me by openly expressing their admiration. One day, a young lady—evidently newly married—declared I was a "love of a tea-kettle," and having satisfied the ironmonger as to his demand for me, requested I should be forthwith sent to her house. Home I went, and had the satisfaction of hearing both the cook and the housemaid speak favourably of my appearance; and that's a great thing, mind, for a kettle. I was very comfortable in my new abode, and each evening, when filled with water, pure and soft, and placed upon the hob by the side of a cheerful fire, soon sang away to my master and mistress's satisfaction, and my own content.

All went smoothly on, until one day my master having received an appointment abroad, resolved to dispose of his household goods, myself among the rest. A lady residing in a neighbouring village purchased me, and I was soon packed off. Somehow or other I speedily found that, although the water I was now daily filled with was clear and bright—more sparkling indeed than that I had been accustomed to—it made me feel very uncomfortable about my stomach, accompanied with a tight sort of feeling, and a thickening of my inside, together with a great disinclination to boil and sing as I was wont.

My mistress constantly complained of me; and as for the cook, she was positively rude, for on more than one occasion she shook her fist at me, and exclaimed, "Drat that kettle, 'twill never bile!" My ailment increased, and I continued to get worse, and my owner requested the cook to call in a doctor. A smith, residing hard-by, was my medical attendant, and he undertook to effect my cure: he saw at once that it was not my fault

I did not boil,—that I was coated inside with a substance foreign to my nature, which he termed "furr." Taking me to his smithy, he set to work with hammer and chisel, and speedily removed the cause of all my troubles. But, oh, the remedy was as bad as the disease; my poor sides were so battered and bruised that I felt sure that when I reached home I should be dismissed to the kitchen, and never more be summoned to the tidy parlour fire; and, moreover, one small hole was knocked right through me, which pained me much: that, however, was patched up, and, as I didn't complain, no one noticed it. Although the "furr" was removed, I was left very rough in my inside, and being once more brought into daily requisition, soon became as bad as ever. Neighbours were consulted, and all sorts of remedies proposed for my cure: one, that potato peelings were to be boiled in me; another, a marble, and so forth; but no good came of them, and I continued to get so bad and clogged up with "furr," that, instead of holding three quarts, I hardly could contain as many pints. One day, a travelling tinker happened to pass through our village; he was a loquacious fellow, and soon made the acquaintance of my mistress's cook; she happened to mention me to him, and he undertook to put me to rights in half an hour. In an evil moment for her, she parted with me, and next day I was miles away, in a large manufacturing town, never more to return, for the tinker was not accustomed to the method of business according to the rule of *meum* and *tuum*. He soon sold me for half my weight's value to a chemist, who, taking off my lid, exclaimed, "Ah, my poor fellow! you've been badly used, I can see." His sympathising tone induced me to open my heart to him, and to tell him my whole history from the very first.

"I see how it is," said he, "but we'll soon have it all right. I understand you to say, that the water you were first supplied with seemed very pure and soft, though not so sparkling and bright as that you were filled with by your second owner. Well, that is quite in accordance with chemical facts: the water from the pump of your second mistress owed its brilliancy to the quantity of lime it held in solution. Rain water, caught in clean vessels, away from large towns, is the purest water that can be procured, without resorting to artificial means; and this, although pure, will not sparkle as spring-water, for the reason that it contains no lime or saline matter possessing the power of refracting light. The water used by your first mistress contained little or no lime, and all went on well. You see, the old proverb, 'not to trust too much to appearance,' will apply to water as well as to men. But how came it that bright and sparkling water caused such a disturbance of your stomach, and coated your inside with 'furr' nearly an inch thick?" asked my new master.

Of course I could not say; and so he continued: "I'll tell you. The water used at the house of your second mistress contained a goodly quantity of lime—carbonate of lime, or chalk—dissolved during its percolation of the earth; this, from its perfect solution, would render it sparkling. Now, my good friend, you have helped to enliven many a Christmas party with the hot water you have supplied, and cannot have failed to observe that when the guests were mixing their toddy, how much sooner the sugar dissolved in hot water than in cold: so it is with substances generally; they are more readily soluble in hot fluids than in cold."

"Yes, I've remarked that, sir," said I.

"Lime, however, is an exception; at ordinary temperature a pint of water will dissolve fully eleven grains of lime, while at its boiling point the same quantity will not take up seven. Of this water, bright and brilliant, and fully saturated with lime, or its carbonate, you were daily filled, and as it became hotter and hotter, down and down went the lime, leaving day by day an additional coat on your poor sides; and as a very small snowball will, when set in motion, increase to a monster, so the continued daily film of limy deposit increased to an inconvenient and uncomfortable thickness, and ultimately brought you to grief, for this thick deposit, or 'furr,' by reason of its being a bad conductor of heat, prevented its passage through you to the water; it would not boil, and you got blamed."

"You know best, sir, and no doubt it is as you say," was all I could give utterance to.

"But to the point," he continued. "You are nearly half-full of this troublesome stuff, and no doubt all good housewives will rejoice to learn an easy remedy. This limy deposit, though hard, and troublesome to remove by hammer and chisel, is easily got rid of by chemical agency. Hydrochloric acid"—(Giving a wince at this hard name, my master noticed it, and said, "Don't be alarmed, it is commonly called spirits of salts,") will remove the cause of all your troubles in a very few minutes, without injury to yourself, and that we'll at once prove.'

Accordingly, my good master sent to a druggist a bottle, and procured half a pound of spirits of salts, costing but a few pence; he placed me in the *open air*, and having diluted the "spirit" with a pint or so of water, poured it into me. Oh, what a commotion it did produce! I laugh now; but really I was alarmed at the effervescence that took place within me, but as in a moment the "furr" began to get less and less, I felt relieved, and my spirits began to rise accordingly. My master shook me about now and then, taking care, I observed, to avoid the fumes that arose, and in a few minutes exclaimed, "All right, old fellow, I can see your copper; now you'll do. Come with me to the pump, and a douche will set you quite to rights." For ten minutes I was under hydropathic treatment—such as patients at Ben Rhydding or Malvern rarely experience—and I was well as ever, "good as new."

I am now happy to tell I have never had a relapse of my old complaint, am happy as the day is long, and sing as readily as ever.

Charles Strange.

THE RIVER WALLS OF FATHER THAMES.

The recent work of Mr. Smiles on the Engineers informs us that the Thames is kept in its bed by 300 miles of river embankment between London Bridge and the Nore.

How the River Thames came to be reduced to reasonable dimensions, and confined to its present channel, how it is kept within it, and how the thousands of acres of low land lying between both banks and the higher grounds are kept protected from overflow at every tide, at full and new moon, or during seasons like that through which we passed last year, are questions of no common interest, and on which a very general ignorance prevails.

The average rise of the tide in the Thames is, at London Bridge, 18 feet; at Deptford, 20; at Purfleet, 17; at Holy Haven, 15; and at the Nore, 14. From Fulham to the Nore every high tide would lay a very large proportion of the neighbouring country under water, and at spring tides would restore the appearance of the basin of the Thames to what it must have presented to Cæsar's eyes if he chanced to sight it first at flood tide, were it not for the system of embankments which line both sides of the river as well as of its tributaries.

Conjecture has ever been busy among local and general historians as to the origin of these embankments, and the credit of their construction has been very generally given to the Romans. Indeed this mighty nation of fighting and paving men share the honour of many of the most stupendous works which are scattered over the face of Europe pretty equally with a certain personage, who, if he have rightly earned the titles of the "first Whig" and the "first gentleman," might seem equally deserving—to judge from the works ascribed to him—of that of the "first engineer" as well.

One detects a sort of grim vindictive instinct at the root of this traditional belief, which belongs equally to ancient and modern times. Oriental legendary literature, both Jewish and Arabic, for instance, delights in dwelling on the power acquired and very copiously exercised by "Solomon, the son of David, on whom be peace," over this remarkable personage—who, by the way, is represented as a regular attendant at that great monarch's levees—as well as over his numerous and variously ill-favoured adherents; and the tasks set him and them by the somewhat *exigeant* Sovereign were of so stupendous a character, and must have tasked even diabolic resources so severely, that, as one reads the legend, it is easy to conjure up the picture of the venerable and pious rabbi who wrote it, chuckling hugely over the tortures of labour which their accomplishment must have inflicted. In mediæval days this instinct seems to have been intensified rather than weakened—indeed, it increased in dimensions by importing an element of grotesqueness, not altogether wanting, but very imperfectly developed, in the rabbinical extravagances; and thus the later legends have a double aspect, a serious and a comic one. In the one, we hear of the walls of an abbey or a monastery, or of a bridge over a furious torrent, or of a dyke of immense size and corresponding benefit, ordered to be constructed by the bitterly reluctant demons in a single night; in the other, we find the Arch-fiend compelled to carry an ecclesiastic pick-a-back on a long journey at telegraphic speed, or his effigy doing duty as waterspout to a church-roof.

What public works, however, of enormous dimensions and immense difficulty cannot be clearly traced to the Great Enemy and his gang, are generally fathered next upon the Romans—and with far more solid grounds for the conjecture. Old Rome's public works stand to this day the noblest memorial of her greatness, and are still food for wonder to an engineering and scientific age. A very curt enumeration of the baths, sewers, aqueducts, amphitheatres, temples, and other public buildings, which are due to Roman enterprise, would fill a volume; whilst the long lines of hard, durable road, which to this day intersect the countries they conquered, are solid and striking memorials of their large perception of what are the tangible appliances of a centralised government, as well as of their skill as paviours. Roman soldiers, we know, were "navvies" as well as fighting men, and could handle the spade and basket as well as "the sword and the buckler."

No wonder that in the days of our youth, when we were of that inquiring turn of mind which prompts children to ask disagreeable questions of their elders and betters, the sight of Romney Marsh, with its four-and-twenty thousand acres rescued from the tides, should have prompted the eager question, "Who did it?" and as little wonder that the prompt reply should have been, "The Romans, my lad!" As little wonder that travelling on the long, dreary, monotonous roads that traverse the huge flats of Cambridgeshire and Lincolnshire, we should have asked the same question about the banked-out rivers there, and have met with the same reply; or, again, that peering over the side of that primitive Ramsgate steamer, the old City of London, in her tedious dawdle down the Thames, the miles after miles of river embankment, which protected the low ground on each side from inundation, should have caught our observant eye, and elicited the same question with the same result; or that thereupon our young, active imagination should have fallen to work at once to conjure the well-bleached stakes which, in tier above tier, support the bank, into the thigh-bones of the old Roman soldiers of whom we had read so much at school,—not without much suppressed execration of them and their historians—and should have forthwith much commended this original mode of utilising the remains of ancient heroes. It was not, however, until years and years after those inquiring days, when we had travelled between these Thames embankments scores of times, in all sorts of craft and at all periods of the tides, had taken long walks along their summits, examined their construction, and lost ourselves in the prairie wilderness and among the network of drains that lie in their rear, that we began to be conscious that they constitute a national work which, if hardly deserving the higher title of "stupendous," may fairly lay claim to that of "enormous," both in regard to their extent and their utility.

We had in the interim become acquainted with many cognate works; had found travellers in Holland carefully inspecting and dutifully admiring the dunes and the dykes, which prevent the land of cheese, butter, salmon, and carp from becoming

a Goodwin Sand; had met with others eagerly reading up their "Murrays" at Blois to learn all about the grand *levée de la Loire* and the opposite embankments, which preserve, or are intended to preserve, the adjacent flat country from those "*grandes inondations*" to which French geographers and periodical accounts in the public papers inform us that the Loire is subject; we had met other travellers fresh from Russia who were in ecstatic raptures with the granite embankment of the Neva at St. Petersburg; Italian tourists who related impossible things about those of the Tiber and the Po; and pertinaciously patriotic Yankees who 'guessed' that the hundreds of miles of embankment, which protect the rich alluvial sugar-cane grounds on both banks of the Mississippi, 'flogged' everything of the sort in the Old World; but among all we found a Cimmerian darkness of mind; in short, an utter vacuity of all information whatever about the extent, nature of construction, and wonderful meanderings of the artificial banks of our own river.

Plan of the Creek at Holy Haven.

A careful inspection—compasses in hand—of the Ordnance Survey Map first threw any real light on the subject; and it is well worthy any one's while, who proposes to set about understanding and appreciating it, to begin in the same way. The map will reveal that the basin of the Thames, between London and the Nore, consists of a long and very irregularly-shaped flat, lying between high grounds, which sometimes, as at Purfleet, Greenhithe, and Northfleet, come quite up to the river itself, and sometimes recede for miles up into the country, as at Pitsea, where the basin is seven miles in width, of which the river itself occupies little more than one. The map further shows that the river is prevented from periodically or occasionally covering the whole of the floor of this basin by a system of embankments which extend, with occasional interruptions by highlands or houses, from Fulham and Putney above bridge down to the sea, a distance of upwards of fifty miles; and, though the map cannot show it, it will be well to bear in mind that a great extent of the river-side streets and houses form, in effect, part of the system of embankment—most of Southwark, Lambeth, Deptford, and Greenwich on the one side, and of Shadwell and Limehouse on the other, lying below the level of high-water spring tides, and being, in fact, all afloat whenever the tide flows higher than usual. The long, straggling street at Millwall presents a good specimen of this sort of embankment; for, in walking down it, it is impossible not to be aware that it is constructed on artificially raised ground, from which one looks down on the Thames on one side and the flat of the Isle of Dogs on the other: indeed, the very name of the place, or rather its termination, is suggestive, the title of "wall" being—both in Kent and Essex—universally applied to the embankments; and the names "Millwall," "Blackwall," "Rotherhithe-wall," "Narrow-wall," "Broadwall," all denoting either places built upon the embankment, or streets which owe their existence to its protection.

However, this long double line of river wall, which follows the course of the bank on each side, forms but part of the system. Again referring to the map, it will be seen that the marsh-lands on each side are intersected by tributary streams and creeks, and a moment's consideration will elicit the reflection that every one of these must also be banked on each side throughout the whole of its course through the flat country, and until land of a higher elevation than the highest spring tides is attained, or of course the water would, as the tide rose, steal round the back of the principal embankment by the channels of these creeks and tributaries, and render them simply useless. Indeed nothing will tend more to a due conception of the importance of every yard of these enormous works, than the reflection that the failure of the smallest portion of any part of them tends instantly to the destruction of the object of the whole: it is like the springing of a leak in a ship, or the snapping of one imperfectly welded link in a chain-cable. The failure itself may be trifling, but its consequences are almost illimitable.

Where, as in the instance to be presently adduced, the creek, or tributary, winds considerably, or branches out into many ramifications, the subordinate or auxiliary system of embankment adds many miles of river wall within a comparatively insignificant area. The creek, for instance, which runs from Holy Haven is a remarkably greedy piece of water in this respect. The rough plan above shows the tract of land—three miles wide and four deep—which is intersected by this creek and its ramifications, which, among them, require no less than one-and-twenty miles of river wall in order to restrain their high tides within proper limits. The extent of these auxiliary embankments may be roughly taken at about seventy miles, that of the main embank-

ment at rather more than ninety, making in all some hundred and sixty miles of river wall, varying in height from three feet, as at Fulham, to seventeen, as at West Thurrock Marsh, and excluding from the calculation all street embankments.

The extent of land thus rescued from a condition which made cultivation impossible, and which must have impregnated the atmosphere with an amount of humidity bearing a strong resemblance to the overhanging mists of the lacustrine era of which geologists tell us, is not easily calculated. In such levels a trifling elevation makes an immense difference, but it may suffice for present purposes to calculate it at somewhere about 6700 acres. Of this, nearly all the above-bridge portion and all below bridge, as far as Deptford and Greenwich, consists of market-garden ground, let at wonderful rents, cultivated with a care and economy almost astounding, and contributing a very large proportion of the treasures of Covent Garden and the Borough Markets. From Greenwich to the sea, the thousands of head of cattle which dot the "mashes" (as they are called in the neighbourhood), to say nothing of the constantly recurring rubbing-post, the discovery of whose utility occasioned Sidney Smith so much diversion, unmistakeably denote grazing lands, and it is hence that the metropolitan meat-markets derive a very large proportion of their supply.

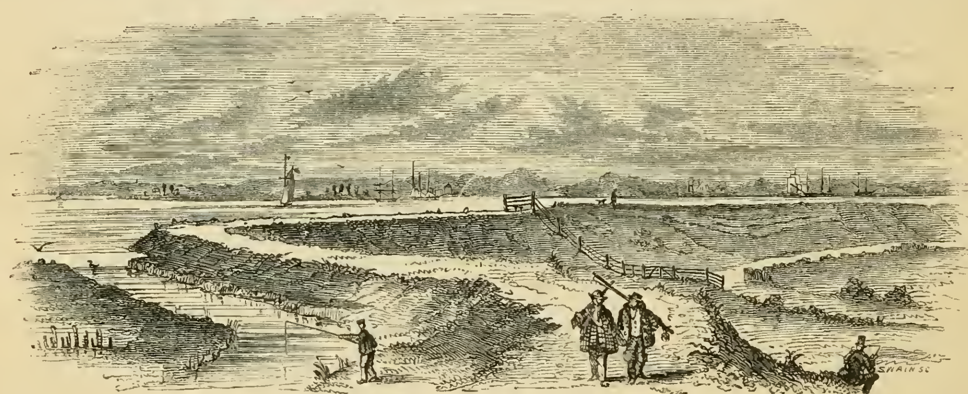
To what era, and to whose energy, foresight, and ingenuity to ascribe this great work of national usefulness, seems a point of secondary importance. There are the banks, and how they came there seems an inquiry of vastly inferior moment to the question how to keep them up. We may, however, be allowed a small space even for the less material consideration. Both Dugdale, and, after him, Sir C. Wren, agree in ascribing the earliest embanking works in England to the Romans, or rather to the Britons working under their orders, and groaning heavily the while over the wearing out of their bodies and hands in the labour; but others (and among them Cruden, the historian of the Port of London), ask, with an awkward look of probability, how, if the Thames embankments are Roman, no notice of them is found until long after the Norman Conquest? and how all account of the lands rescued is omitted from the Domesday Survey? Without wading through the tangled thicket of arguments pro and con—guesses, speculations, and deductions which environ the subject —it will be quite enough to say that the most reasonable account seems to point to an origin which has an exact parallel in the history of the *levée de la Loire.* This embankment—the origin of which French geographers date as far back as the days of Charlemagne and of Louis le Débonnaire —is said to have consisted in the first instance only of small isolated dykes, which the neighbouring seigneurs made their peasantry erect in order to preserve and protect their estates from the inroads of the river. By degrees, these separate dykes were run into that one large work of which Frenchmen are very naturally proud.

Now, the uplands on each side of the River Thames below London, and with these the swamps which fringed them, were in large measure bestowed on ecclesiastical bodies in very early times. The Abbey of Stratford, for instance, was founded and endowed in 1135, and that of Lesnes (Abbey Wood *hodie*) in 1178. On the one shore were this Stratford Abbey, the famous Nunnery at Barking, the Cell at Gray's Thurrock, St. Osyth, and others; and on the south shore Lesnes, Dartford, Ingress, &c. The monks and nuns, finding themselves not unfrequently flooded out of their dwellings, and obliged to seek refuge in the higher lands, very early set on foot a process of what was called then, and for many centuries, "inning" their marsh-lands, that is, enclosing them with embankments; and, as early as Henry the Second's time, this process began to be deemed a matter of national importance. It is remarkable, by the way, that to the same monarch—as Count of Anjou—the French historians ascribe the consolidation of the great Loire embankment. But that from the time of Edward the Second downwards, the "inning" process continued to be considered a national affair, is evidenced by the perpetually recurring commissions to view and take order for the repair of the banks, ditches, &c., and for the safeguard of the marshes from the overflowing of the tide, as well as by the continued assessments or taxes on the neighbourhood granted for defraying the expenses of the works. According to the rule of these more advanced days, however, there is also to be detected a constantly recurring difficulty in collecting the taxes. No one seems to have thought in those days of remitting conscience-money to the Lord High Treasurer, or whoever did duty as the legitimate predecessor of Mr. Gladstone. The works remained uncompleted, the low-lands were constantly overflowed, and at length private enterprise stepped in to supply public torpor—and not without making a good bargain for itself out of the transaction. Thus, in Queen Elizabeth's days, "one Jacobus Aconcius, an Italian," undertook to "in" about 2000 acres of drowned land in Plumstead and Erith Marshes, on condition of getting one half of his recovery in fee-simple for his pains. In 1622, one Jonas Croppenburg, a Dutchman, made a similar bargain about Canvey Island; only, more modest than Jacobus, he restricted his demand to one-third of the land recovered; and about the same time one Cornelius Vermuyden, a German, undertook the recovery of Dagenham and Havering Marshes on similar conditions. The same Vermuyden, some thirty years later, when he is described as a Colonel of Horse under Cromwell, superintended the rescue of something between four and five hundred thousand acres of similar land in the counties of Lincoln, Cambridge, and Hunts, and must have been a genius and a man well ahead of his age.

By some such processes, then, as these, it seems most probable that the Thames embankments gradually crawled into existence during the centuries which intervened between the days of the Second Henry and those of the Protector, comparatively small detached portions of embankment being pushed forward, like military outworks, from the higher lands first of all, and by degrees being extended and united, until the work resolved itself

into what at first sight might appear to be one uniform settled plan, acted on at once and from the beginning—an idea consistent only with the exploded theory of Roman construction. That the vestiges of the old approaches have been gradually swept away, in order to make the most of the space, and in proportion as their utility was superseded by the more advanced works, has no doubt favoured the Roman theory. It is, however, impossible not to regret that so much of them, at any rate, as might provide for accidents was not allowed by common prudence to remain, in spite of the levelling and economising mania. A fracture of even a small portion of the system is a disaster the extent of which there is no foreseeing. This has been already alluded to in the way of illustration. A few facts will help out the theory. A breach of the embankment, in 1324, laid 100 acres of the valuable land between what is now St. Katharine's docks and Shadwell under water for a year. In 1376, the whole of the lands about Dagenham, and those belonging to the Nunnery at Barking, were inundated. Some 1000 acres at Stepney were flooded in 1448. The whole of Plumstead Marshes were drowned in 1527, and not completely recovered until 1590. The entire country from Purfleet to Grays was laid under water in 1690. And even Cockney anglers can tell something about the great inbreak of 1707, which swept away 400 feet of the river wall at Dagenham, overflowed 1000 acres, and was only repaired after years of labour by Captain Perry, at an expense of 40,472*l.*, leaving behind its mark in the shape of that little winding lake in which bream and eels so plenteously swarm.

How to keep these embankments in sufficient repair to be always ready for an extra high tide or a heavy gale of wind, is one of the most important questions affecting the agricultural interests on both sides of the river. The constant attrition of the ordinary current exercises the proverbial effect of "water for ever a-dropping;" but the lodgement of any solid body, as a drifting bit of timber, or a fragment of a wrecked barge with just enough iron about it to prevent its being carried off by the next tide, works in an incredibly short space of time amazing mischief.



The Thames Walls; General View.

After two or three tides, the result is a hole in which the foreign body seems to insinuate itself with forty-auger power, and if prompt means are not taken to remove the active mischief, undermining is sure to follow speedily. It forms, therefore, a prominent and most seriously expensive part of the arrangements between landlord and tenant on the banks of the Thames, that constant vigilance should be exercised, a constant look-out kept, and injuries promptly remedied.

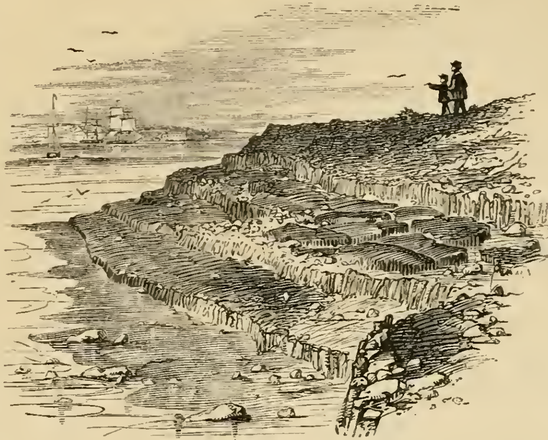
The general construction of the Thames embankments is what is technically called the "Earthen mound." It consists of a heap of earth, the section of which forms a scalene triangle, with the side towards the river inclined at an angle of about 20°, and that towards the land at one of about 45°. The embankments of the continental rivers—at least away from the sea—are generally consolidated by turf carefully planted, as well as by the roots of rows of trees with which they are ornamented: nearer the sea, and in positions exposed to more severe trials, gravel, reeds, straw kept down by pieces of wood, faggots, wicker hurdles, and nets of straw ropes, are variously used for the same purpose. Nature has given the Dutchmen a lesson, and the dunes are carefully sown with the *Elymus arenarius*, the leaves and stalks of which are made into mats and ropes in Anglesea and the Orkneys, and the fibrous roots of which bind the sand, &c., into a sort of concrete basket-work. But the Thames embankments are fortified chiefly by tiers of stakes driven into the river face of the wall, and the intervals filled in with lumps of chalk or stone, rammed in to a level with the heads of the stakes, or "stalks," as they are more generally called. Since, however, the steamer traffic has added its churning power to the influence of tide and wind, it has been found advisable, as at North Woolwich and the point where Barking Reach turns into Galleons, to lay down a granite pavement like that on Holborn Hill, as nothing else will stand the wear and tear.

In spite, however, of the completeness of the present system, and of the pains bestowed on its

preservation, peculiar combinations of spring tides, upland drainage, and certain winds operating on the sea below, now and then override all precautions, drive the water over the embankments, and create consternation and havoc in the marsh-land below.

It fell to our lot to witness such an instance in—as we recollect—the year 1852. Some such a combination of untoward atmospheric phenomena as occasioned the frightful catastrophe at the Hondsbossche, in Holland, in 1287, had heaped up the waters of the North Sea to such an extent, that when the spring tides came round, and a long continuance of wet had set an inordinate gush of upland waters running down the river, we happened to journey from Rosherville to London in one of the old Gravesend steamers, and to arrive in Halfway Reach about the top of high-water. We were invited up on the paddle-box by a civil and somewhat scientific captain, and introduced to one of the strangest scenes we had ever witnessed. Right and left lay the marshes, 17 feet at least below our vessel's water-line, and consequently some 31 feet below the level of our eye, stretching their monotonous level far away up to the stems of the trees which skirted the rising grounds. Between them the river seemed buoyed up, as in a basin, by the river walls: over these, in a dozen places between Erith and Woolwich, cataracts were pouring down the inner sides of the slopes, and slowly pushing a sheet of water further and further up into the marshes. Herdsmen, in every variety of excitement, were gathering together, and driving towards the rising lands the hundreds of head of cattle which had but a short time before been grazing in peace without a thought of danger; whilst other excited groups, with ready boats at hand, were dotted along the top of the wall in suspicious places, eagerly engaged in efforts to fend off the flood with planks, and buckets of earth, and sods, and extemporised clay fortifications, for the very short period during which the water could remain at its height. The determined stand made at the entrance of the Halfway House—a remote river-side inn, seen in our illustration—with planks and clay, was worthy of all praise, and it proved, we are glad to be able to add, successful.

J. W. B.



River Wall, West Thurrock.—Low Water.

River Wall and Marshes between Erith and Woolwich.—A High Spring Tide.

DUPLICATE SECURITY.

No. 26, Miranda Terrace, hung on hand badly. This was not much to be wondered at; the situation was at the bottom of a street without an outlet, besides having other disadvantages; in consequence, all my persuasion to induce applicants to take it were of no avail, and I began to despair of ever obtaining a tenant.

Quite unexpectedly, however, a very gentlemanly-looking man, wearing a good deal of jewellery, called at my office, saying that he had looked over it, and felt disposed to take it. He was in a great hurry to get into a fresh house, he said, as the drains at his present residence were out of repair; and rather than subject himself to the annoyance of having fresh drains put in, he had determined to move out, even at the cost of paying rent for two houses. Having had much experience in house-letting, I considered the circumstances somewhat suspicious; but as he gave a reference to his landlord, and as I did not wish to lose the shadow of a chance, I entertained his offer.

The landlord was written to, and, to my inquiry as to the desirability of accepting Mr. Theodore Peterson, he replied that I might congratulate myself "upon securing a most excellent tenant of the highest respectability, and one scrupulously prompt in the payment of his rent." This, for a house-letting at 25*l.* a-year, seemed rather *too good* a recommendation; but my client, being naturally very anxious to secure a tenant, accepted Mr. Peterson without further inquiry, and in two days he was comfortably settled in his new residence.

He had taken the house about a month, when I received a call from a fussy little gentleman whose temper appeared as short as his stature.

"Excuse me, sir," said the gentleman, taking off his hat and wiping the perspiration from his bald head, "my name is Perkbody. I believe you are the agent for the landlord of the house—No. 26, Miranda Terrace?"

I replied in the affirmative.

"And what sort of a man may the tenant be?" he inquired.

"I only know," I said, "that I received an exceedingly good reference from his landlord."

"As I expected, sir. I am quite prepared to hear it."

"I am glad," I returned, "that the landlord's opinion of Mr. Peterson receives a corroboration from your own experience."

"Does it, sir?" he replied snappishly; "then the landlord's opinion is that Mr. Theodore Peterson is a confounded rogue and a swindler! At least that's *my* opinion."

"Why you have only just told me," I said, "that you were quite prepared to hear that my client had received a good character of him."

"And so I was, sir. And after the manner he has swindled me, I shall be quite prepared to hear that you don't know that he has left your house. I see you are surprised, but it is a fact, sir! I have just made inquiries of the neighbours, and I find from them that his goods left late on Saturday night."

I had some curiosity to know the circumstances that had given rise to the gentleman's indignation, and after evading various hints I had thrown out, of a desire to be enlightened on the subject, he gave me the following particulars:—

"You will think me a fool, sir, I have no doubt," he began, "but, however, it is a matter of only about five-and-thirty or forty pound, and the loss won't shake me much, but one don't like to lose even five-and-thirty or forty pound without an effort to recover it. Well, sir," he continued, "I am always open to a little speculation; and I had frequently observed—as you have done, no doubt—advertisements in the newspapers offering good round bonuses for loans at short dates. I answered one, offering 7*l.* 10*s.* for the use of 20*l.* for a month, and sooner than I had anticipated, Mr. Theodore Peterson, your excellent tenant, drove up to my door in a pony-gig, accompanied by a boy in buttons. As you may imagine, I did not suppose he was the tradesman in the temporary need of 20*l.*"

"'I hope you are well, sir,' said Mr. Peterson, 'and that you have been fortunate enough to escape the prevailing epidemic. As for myself I had a terrible attack last week, and have scarcely stirred out until to-day, although my engagements out are very numerous and pressing.'

"After a few remarks about the weather and other common-place topics, I asked him to what circumstance I was indebted for the visit from him.

"'You answered my advertisement. I am the T. T. referred to.'

"'And you want me to lend you 20*l.*?'

"'Exactly,' replied Mr. Peterson. 'Can you let me have it?'

"I replied, of course, that depended upon the security.

"'Oh, that's ample enough in all conscience,' he said, taking out of his breast-pocket a handsome leather pocket-book, from which he selected several papers and tickets which he handed over to me. 'There!' said he, 'there's the value of 150*l.* I would not let you have so much, but as it is our first transaction, and I only want the money for a short time, I wish to put the matter with you beyond all doubt.'

"I found on looking at his tickets that they were pawnbrokers' duplicates. 'I know nothing of this kind of security,' I said, 'and if this is all you have to offer, you are wasting your time, Mr. ——'

"'Peterson,' he said, handing me an embossed card, highly scented, on which his name was engraved, with his address in manuscript. The reason of this, you will see at once, was that the rascal was constantly changing his whereabouts.

"'Well, I tell you, Mr. Peterson,' I began, 'that I know nothing of the nature of these securities, and therefore beg you will not press me on the subject.'

"'Surely,' he replied, 'a gentleman in your position would not answer an advertisement from a party asking for a loan, if you did not intend candidly to examine the nature of the security

offered? I feel convinced that as soon as you do become acquainted with it you will draw me a cheque for the money. I presume, from your remarks on these duplicates, that you have not had much experience in dealing with that obliging relative—our Uncle!'

"'No,' I said, 'thank Providence, I have never been inside a pawnbroker's shop *yet*, Mr. Peterson.'

"'Fortunate man!' he returned, shrugging his shoulders; 'I wish I could say as much.'

"I began to get fidgetty," said Mr. Perkbody. "I did not want to be negotiating with a man confessing an intimate acquaintance with the ins and outs of pawn-shops, but the fellow would persist in going on."

"'Come, sir,' he said, 'you have surely had sufficient knowledge of the world to be aware of the fact that the old gentleman requires good security for his money.'

"'I have always been given to understand, sir,' I said, shortly, 'that you cannot pawn an article for its full value, if that is what you mean by your ambiguous phrases. *That* is only business.'

"'I am glad you have followed me thus far,' he said, 'and that you clearly understand this point. I am quite sure,' he added, playfully, 'I have now loosened one of your purse-strings.'

"'On the contrary, I intend to button my pocket the closer,' suiting the action to the word.

"'Now,' said he, in continuation, 'here are ten duplicates for goods pledged for 82*l.* 10*s.*, and I will give you my word of honour, as a gentleman, that they are fairly worth 80*l.* more than they are pledged for. That makes four times the amount of your advance.'

"'You have not got it yet,' I replied.

"'But I shall,' he returned. 'Here are, in addition, five agreements for goods in for 120*l.*, and the margin on them is at least 75*l.* So you have a security of above 150*l.* for an advance of 20*l.* in addition to my bill at a month.' And he said this in a tone of assurance that was intended to give me to understand that his bill, without any additional security was quite enough for ten times the amount.

"'But what are these agreements?' I inquired; 'do they relate to advances by pawnbrokers?'

"'Your imperfect knowledge of these securities naturally suggests the question,' said Mr. Peterson. 'The law is this—pawnbrokers can only advance 10*l.* on one duplicate, and amounts above 10*l.* are arranged in this way. An agreement is entered into to repay the amount at a stipulated period, say three, six, or nine months, and in case the articles are not redeemed, the person advancing the money of course claims the goods. I hope you are now satisfied. I have a bill-stamp in my pocket, and you will oblige me with a pen and ink.'

"'No, sir,' I said, decidedly, 'I am *not* satisfied.'

"'You are hard to please,' he replied, 'but it is well to be open and candid between gentlemen, and I am persuaded that you will let me have the money in the end. I'll tell you what I want this advance for. I have unfortunately got a large amount owing me at present, which I cannot realise in a day or two, and I have also a valuable lot of diamonds in for 50*l.*, for which I have a market, and as diamonds are getting up rapidly, I don't want them to lie idle. We must turn our money, or I could not allow you such a liberal bonus. However, if I get them out, I shall be putting a couple of hundreds into circulation, and can easily pay you when the month is up.'

"'Is your shop at this address?' I inquired, referring to his card.

"'I have no shop,' he replied, 'but a private connection for the disposal of my goods. It does not answer my purpose to pay ten per cent. for the use of other people's goods, besides paying a heavy rent for a jeweller's shop.'"

"'But do jewellers pay for the use of other people's goods?'

"'I assure you,' said Mr. Peterson—whether the scamp was telling a falsehood I cannot say—but he told me that hundreds of jewellers' shop windows are stocked with goods hired for the purpose at a heavy percentage.

"'And where,' said I, determined to sift Mr. Peterson to the bottom, 'where do you purchase your goods?'

"'Really,' he replied, 'you are too inquisitive, sir,—you are indeed. I see I must let out all our trade secrets before I can soften your obdurate heart. Well, sir, I attend the great auction-rooms, and pick up with friends in the trade as good bargains as I can. And as the constant attendance at these rooms requires a considerable amount of capital, we are sometimes compelled to raise money on our stocks in hand. Surely you are satisfied now?'

"'Your statements may be very correct,' I said, 'but supposing, by any unforeseen circumstance, you should not be able to meet the bill when it comes due, I shall be compelled to redeem these goods, which would take a large sum of money.'

"He laughed at this as being an idea too ridiculous to be entertained.

"'Don't flatter yourself that I shall give you the opportunity. The stake left is too great for me to sacrifice. Do reflect for one moment. Pawnbrokers, as a class, are proverbial for shrewdness in matters of business, and is it likely that they will advance the borrower the full value of the article in pledge? Why, my dear sir, you admitted this at the commencement of our conversation, and I am quite sure if you did not thoroughly believe it, you would have requested me long before this to retire.'

"The bonus of 7*l.* 10*s.* for the use of 20*l.* for a month," said Mr. Perkbody, "was, as you see, a large one, and I could not clearly understand how Mr. Peterson could well pay so much for the accommodation. He seemed to read my thoughts, for he said:

"'You may perhaps ask me how I can pay 7*l.* 10*s.* for the loan of 20*l.*? Now, if I can make 20*l.* of the money in the time I shall be a gainer by 12*l.* 10*s.* But I *can* make 20*l.* or 25*l.* by the sale of the diamonds, and benefit myself and you by the transaction.'

"I suppose you will consider me exceedingly foolish," said Mr. Perkbody, turning his head to look out of the window, as if ashamed to make the confession, "when I tell you that I let him have the money. The rascal," he continued, "shook me by the hand as if we had been intimate friends for years, and, as he left, observed, 'I hope, my dear sir, this will not be our last transaction. I feel confidence in you, as a gentleman. Good-bye!'

"Do you know," continued Mr. Perkbody, "I was so satisfied that I had good security for my money that I was tempted to answer other advertisements, and, curiously enough, precisely the same security was offered by all the advertisers. One fellow pestered me for an hour and offered *5l.* for the loan of *10l.* for a week, and another, with tears in his eyes, would be content (if I did not let him have the cash), if I would lend my name to a bill for the same amount with the prospect of an equally liberal bonus. He would be sure to meet the bill when it became due. These offers, however, I refused, waiting the result of my first speculation, which you will anticipate," said Mr. Perkbody, "is the loss of my *20l.*"

"Mr. Peterson did not meet the bill when it came to maturity?"

"No. Mr. Peterson did not meet the bill, sir. I called several times at his residence (which was at Battersea), but he was always out, and the old woman, his housekeeper, told me that he was so much engaged on business, that took him out of town, that it was difficult to promise when he would be at home. So there was no help for it but to test the value of my ample security."

"And in testing it you found it wanting?"

"*Experientia docet!* Will you believe it, sir? Experience has taught me that pawnbrokers advance more than the market value of the goods in pledge."

"Impossible!" I said.

"I'll tell you how I tested it, sir," said Mr. Perkbody. "I took several of the best goods out of pawn, put them up by auction at the very rooms that Mr. Peterson frequented, and would you believe it, I lost fifteen pounds by it! Now, sir, I contend that Mr. Peterson's occupation must be a very lucrative one, for he appears to have bought goods at the Auction Rooms, gone round the corner and pawned them for more than he gave for them, and then made an exceedingly good market of his reversionary interest. So much for the facts, sir, and I don't pretend to know how to unravel the secrets of trade connected with them; but I *can* unravel the secret why Mr. Peterson's landlord, at Battersea, gave him so good a character. I called on that gentleman, yesterday, and found from him that Peterson had removed to your neighbourhood. 'I had a letter from an agent asking the character of Peterson,' he said, 'and as I was only too glad to get rid of him, I laid it on pretty thick—puffed him as much as I could, and, fortunately for me, Mr. Peterson shifted his quarters.' Now, sir," said Mr. Perkbody, "I shall continue my investigations in search of Mr. Peterson, and leave you to get the key of your house how you can, which is, of course, your business and not mine."

Mr. Perkbody called on me a few days afterwards.

"I say, sir, don't you think," he exclaimed, "there is a consolation in a community of suffering? I am not the only fool that Mr. Theodore Peterson has swindled! He's in the Insolvent Court, and on looking over his schedule I find that I am only one among a great many whom he has patronised. Depend upon it, sir, the promise of a good fat bonus is a temptation to many people who would not like to confess the weakness."

The last time I saw Mr. Perkbody was in the street. He came across the road to speak to me.

"I kept my eye upon Mr. Peterson's professional brethren, whose advertisements I answered," he said, "and they all, like that plausible gentleman, were compelled to take refuge in Portugal Street. The names of my fellow-sufferers—both male and female—would make a list as long as my arm. He must have been a clever fellow that first suggested the fat bonus. Human nature is weak, sir,—very weak, depend upon it!"

I quite agree in Mr. Perkbody's concluding observation.

OUR CHASE.

The heath, the heath, the purple heath,
  The golden gorse, and trembling ferns,
One field of glory make the ground,
And glow for miles and miles around,
  Streaked here and there by silvery burns.

The sun plays on them with delight,
  And sheds his beams their flowers among;
And all aglow the spirits rise,
As soars the lark into the skies,
  And trills his soul in song.

There every tint that nature knows
  In bright commingling beauty blends,
And hill, and dale, far-stretching plain,
Ravine, and gorge, reflect again
  The splendour each the other lends.

And kissed by light enamoured winds
  They rise and fall a mimic sea,
By graceful undulations made,
With such a change of light and shade,
  And wavelet beauty, wild and free.

And all the Chase is full of life;
  Life on each shrub, and on each tree;
At every step some creature stirs;
The wildcock "clucks," the partridge "whirrs,"
  And heavy-winged the pheasants flee.

There sweeps along the timid fawn;
  The hare and rabbit bound away;
And nameless insects buzz about
With strange gyrations in and out,
  Like wild fantastic things at play.

O grand and glorious is the sight!
  O freedom-breathing is the race!
Through gorse, and heath, and shrub, and fern,
O'er hill, and dale, and bog, and burn,
  Across the changes of the Chase!

O health is there to cheer the heart,
  And beauty there to glad the eye;
And mind and body, soul and brain,
Receive in full the threefold gain
  Of joy, and strength, and liberty!

J. A. Langford.

THE SETTLERS OF LONG ARROW.

A Canadian Romance in Thirty-one Chapters.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Every poet who has ever sung of love tells us that while the passion lasts it reigns paramount in the heart, banishing all thoughts and emotions but such as it can make its own; but if this be so, seldom, indeed, in these latter days, does it condescend to appear, for that fickle, light, and compound emotion which bears it name, so far from holding sway over the other passions, is often but a poor dependent on the meanest and lowest among them. Yet, even still, in secret and secluded corners of the earth, the divine Eros sometimes lingers; and if ever a heart was emptied of all other idols, that it might be the sacred temple of one pure worship, it was that of Coral. Hers was a love, such as Shakspere's loveliest heroines might have recognised as kindred to their own. The flowers, the stars, the clouds, the waters, all that is fairest and most tuneful on earth, in air, in wave, had taught her their poetry; heaven had gifted her with a purity, fervour, and truth which neither fate, nor time, nor change could ever alter. And all this wealth of feeling, imagination, and faithfulness had been concentrated in Keefe. Trusting in him with the most perfect and confiding reliance, that "perfect love which casteth out fear," Coral had come to tell him that she was once more free, that death had broken the bonds which had kept her from him, and that she was the heiress of wealth, which she only valued if she might give it to him. If he loved her, as her father had said, and her heart fondly hoped, he would claim her as his wife; if not, heaven, she trusted, would take her out of a world in which there could no longer be any good for her; her body would sleep in the woods where she had once been happy with Keefe, and her spirit watch over him from its place among the angels. It seemed to her that years, ages, had passed since she had last seen him, that an eternity of regrets and longings had been summed up in that short space. Often the only voice of her heart had been, "Let me see him, even if it be only to see him, and die."

Then came hope, and as she drew near Long Arrow she could scarcely have borne the keen

intensity of her joy, if it had not been allayed by those doubts, fears, and presentiments of evil which always, when the long-yearned-for hour of fruition approaches, whispers that perfect bliss is never given to man. How true she found these doubts to be! Her daily and nightly prayer, her ceaseless longings had been vouchsafed to her, she was at Long Arrow again; she saw Keefe once more, only a few feet divided her from him, she had only to call his name aloud and he would hear; yet all the pangs of absence, all the tortures of suspense, all the sickness of hope deferred would have been happiness compared with the agony of that moment. Then, suffer as she might, hope was still hers; now, she had nothing but despair. In her most desponding hour she had never contemplated such a grief as this. She had sometimes pictured Keefe cold and careless, she had thought of him absent from Long Arrow, she had even trembled with a strange fear of finding him ill; but of finding him happy in the love of another, bound to her for ever, she had never dreamed.

Pale, cold, still as marble she stood; her brain seemed petrified, her heart turned to ice; yet she heard their words, she saw their looks. The rain fell in torrents, and drenched her garments, the chill wind pierced through them; but she felt neither rain nor wind, her brain began to burn, and seemed to scorch her wet hand when she touched her forehead. Keefe and Helen seemed to her like two happy spirits, floating in an atmosphere of light and bliss, while she was thrust out to wander for ever in darkness, misery, and despair. A wild groan burst from her lips, and, terrified at the sound, she fled from the house with frantic speed. Unconscious where she was going, she turned into the path that led to Brady's old shanty, and never paused in her flight till she reached it. Mechanically she laid her hand on the latch of the door: it yielded to her touch, and she entered. There was a fire burning on the hearth, though the rest of the shanty seemed empty, and Coral threw herself down beside it. She did so without purpose or reflection; she never thought of drying her garments, from which the water was streaming: she was conscious of but one thought, one feeling—Keefe loved another. She was nothing to him now; perhaps he had forgotten her very existence. Had she been capable of feeling anger against him it might have lessened her pain, but her love for him was of too holy, profound, and devotional a nature for this, she only felt that she was divided from him for ever, and that a darkness like that of the grave seemed to have entered her heart. But with the gloom of death did not come its painless calm; a vivid, torturing sense of anguish, such as the dwellers in the narrow house can never know, taught her that she was still a living, suffering child of Time. She saw before her, as if painted in light, the forms of Keefe and his beloved; she saw Helen, bright with beauty and happiness, leaning fondly over Keefe; she saw him looking up at her with proud affection; all the anguish of those unhappy souls doomed to enter the city of love, and see the gates of Paradise closed for ever behind them, rushed over her once more, and falling with her face to the ground, she cried aloud—

"Oh! Father in Heaven, take me away, let me die—there is peace in the grave—the dead sleep sweetly: there was a smile on my father's face when he lay in his coffin. Oh! if I had died the first day I left Long Arrow I could never have known how much more I was doomed to bear."

Then she ceased, and lay for a time without sound or motion. Suddenly the door opened, and some one entered. The fire had burned so low that it gave very little light, and the new-comer, walking up to it, threw on a knot of pitch pine, without noticing Coral; at the same instant a man, who had been lying on the floor wrapped in a buffalo skin, started up, and joining the stranger, they talked together eagerly, looking at Coral as they did so.

The fresh pine thrown on the fire filled the shanty with light, and, roused by the blaze and the sound of voices, Coral raised her head and looked at the speakers. One was a woman, who had been wrapped in an Indian blanket when she entered, but she had now thrown it off, disclosing a figure remarkably tall for a female, but beautifully moulded. She wore a jacket of blue cloth, trimmed with silver buttons, and a petticoat to match, and in her heavy black tresses silver beads were twisted. Her whole attire was coquettishly and becomingly arranged, and set off her remarkable beauty to the best advantage. Her face was a perfect oval in shape, her features regular, her brown skin beautifully clear, and her eyes intensely bright; but there was nothing of that modest timidity and submissiveness which gives so peculiar a charm to the faces of most Indian girls, nothing of that wild shyness in the eyes resembling the glance of some half-tamed creature of the woods; on the contrary, her beautiful face was bold, haughty, and imperious in expression, and the fire of her dazzling eyes untempered by a shadow of bashfulness or fear; her face, figure, mien, and gestures might have served for the model of some Amazonian princess.

The man had his back towards Coral, and for a little while she watched the pair with a vacant, half-conscious gaze, but as he turned suddenly towards her, a look of awakened life and recognition, followed by a flash of disgust and abhorrence, came into her eyes, a shudder passed over her face, and then she sank her head, and remained motionless as before. This man was Fred O'Brien; he had remained with the Indians who had taken him from Beer's Creek ever since; for some time he had been seriously ill from the effects of the fall over the cliff, but the squaws had nursed him with great care, and on his recovery, whether moved by pity which melts the soul to love, or won by his handsome face, the young daughter of the chief fell in love with him. She was the old man's only child, the daughter of a favourite wife, now dead, and had always been petted and indulged in a manner very unusual among the Indians, and her father's reluctance to thwart her inclinations, and her haughty determination to marry no one but O'Brien, aided by the character for eloquence, bravery, and ability he bore among the tribe, induced the old chief to offer her to him

for his wife. From her untameable nature, fiery temper, graceful shape, and extraordinary agility, she was called among the tribe the Young Panther; but fierce and untractable as she was to others, even to her father, to O'Brien she was docile as a spaniel, gentle as a lamb; in his iron will and unconquerable pride she recognised a nature which mastered hers, and bound her thenceforth his obedient and submissive slave. Her devotion to him, and her great beauty made O'Brien readily give her a share of his lodge, but with no other intention than that of casting her off as soon as it suited him to do so. A favourite rendezvous of the tribe for autumn fishing was in the neighbourhood of Long Arrow, and when the season arrived, O'Brien, now quite recovered, accompanied them thither. The evening of their arrival he sent the Young Panther to the village to make inquiries about Keefe, and waited for her return in Brady's shanty, which had been uninhabited since its old owners had left Long Arrow. While he was waiting Coral came in, and dim as the firelight was, and little as he expected to see her there, O'Brien at once recognised her. Her few broken sentences revealed to his quick, keen intellect nearly all that he wanted to know, aided by the tidings of Keefe's marriage brought by the Young Panther. Her father was dead; she had run away from her guardians to marry Keefe, and had found him married to another. Now then she was again at his mercy, he would carry her off without anyone being the wiser, except the Young Panther, whom he knew he could easily manage; and then if he found she had inherited her father's property, as he did not doubt, he would marry her, and claim it as soon as she was of age. Having learnt all the Young Panther had to tell him, and communicated as much of his intentions to her as he thought proper, O'Brien walked up to Coral, where she still sat on the floor, with her face hidden in her hands.

"Coral!" he said, in his own peculiar tones, clear, hard, penetrating and cold, "look at me."

She removed her hands from her face, and looked at him with an expression of fixed, quiet, passionless despair, which might have moved anyone that had a touch of pity in his nature.

"Do you know me?" asked O'Brien.

"Yes, I know you," she said.

"And you remember how a few months ago you scorned and spurned me, for the sake of Keefe Dillon? He has rewarded you well."

She made no answer, but continued to look at him with the same marble, rigid stare.

"He has forsaken you for another; she is his darling and delight now; he neither knows nor cares whether you are living or dead."

Still she neither spoke nor stirred.

"He has cast off your love as a fickle boy might cast off a horse or hound, for a new one; and if he thinks of you at all, it is only to laugh at your folly in giving your heart to one that never wanted it. But you have it in your power now to show that you are no longer so weak. Come with me, and have your revenge! Keefe Dillon has slighted, scorned, and forsaken you: henceforth hate him, curse him, and swear to be revenged on him, as I *do!*"

He said this with an unmoved face, and without raising his voice in the least; but no distortion of feature, no vehemence of accent could have expressed the same intense malignity and immovable determination of purpose that the hard, fixed, remorseless immobility of his face, and the low, clear tones of his voice conveyed. Coral looked at him for an instant longer with the same absent, incomprehending look with which she had hitherto regarded him, and then a sudden conception of his meaning appeared to flash upon her: she started to her feet with a bound. All her wild Indian blood, which had just before seemed cold and stagnant as ice, now rushed in a torrent to her cheek, swelled the blue veins on her forehead till they stood out like cords on its fair, smooth surface, and flashed like keen lightnings from her eyes.

"Coward!" she exclaimed, "to speak thus of Keefe Dillon to me! Oh, God! that I had Keefe's strength for only one minute! There crawls not on the earth a snake that I loathe and scorn as I loathe and scorn you. And all the happiness and joy of this world, all the bliss and glory of heaven are less to me than the lightest hair of Keefe Dillon's head."

O'Brien folded his arms, and looked at her with his cold and scornful smile.

"Well, be it so!" he said, coolly; "but you must go with me, all the same."

Coral met his glance with one of haughty defiance; her lips were compressed; her brow knit; her face glowed with indignation; a dangerous life lit up her eyes. O'Brien regarded her with the same air of calm observation with which he might have contemplated a piece of sculptured stone for a few seconds: then he resumed—

"Coral, I believe you know pretty well that my words are never idle breath; when I say I will do a thing I mean to do it. I mean now to take you away with me. Resistance will be useless, for you see I have help at hand;" and he glanced at the Young Panther, who was leaning against the wall and watching what passed between them, with looks of apparent indifference. She never dreamt of dreading a rival in the pale, forlorn, despairing young creature before her.

"There's no chance of Keefe's coming to rescue you now," continued O'Brien; "he has his wife to watch over now, and it is all the same to him whether you are living or dead, married to me, or buried at the bottom of the lake. He will never trouble himself about you more."

These words recalled Coral to a sense of her misery, which the passion of rage and scorn O'Brien had awakened in her breast had for an instant conquered. Her face changed from its expression of proud and indignant defiance to one of deadly anguish.

"Oh, God! It is true!" she cried. "What matter what becomes of me now;" and once more she sank on the floor like one who had no longer any wish to struggle against Fate, but bowed her head to the billows of woe, that they might the

more speedily overwhelm her. Without heeding her agony, O'Brien turned to the Young Panther, and spoke to her. She nodded in acquiescence, and he then came back to Coral.

"You heard what I said Coral, so now decide, whether you will come with me quietly or whether I must use force."

Coral did not answer. He waited for a minute, and then spoke again:

"I have no time to lose; either get up at once and come with us, or I must compel you to do so."

But Coral still remained speechless, and apparently insensible.

"I think she has fainted," said O'Brien, stooping over her; "so much the better; open the door, Panther, and let us be gone;" and raising the light and motionless form of Coral in his arms, he left the shanty, followed by the Young Panther. They had not been long gone when Keefe and Denis, guided by the dog, came to the place. On entering the shanty they found it deserted; but the fire burning on the hearth was a certain sign that some one had been recently there; and as they looked eagerly round, Denis descried something glittering on the floor, which proved to be the gold chain and emerald cross Coral used to wear. It was clear she had been in the shanty, and their hopes that she was not far away grew strong. On leaving the shanty Frisk snuffed the ground eagerly, but missing her steps which had hitherto guided him, his instinct seemed at fault, and after having raced several times round the shanty, he came back to his master and whined mournfully, as if acknowledging that he had failed. Keefe and Denis, however, searched the wood round the shanty in every direction; but morning dawned without any further trace of Coral being found. They then thought it best to return to the village and get help before commencing a more thorough and systematic search. There was no difficulty in obtaining this; everyone in the village was ready to aid in looking for the lost one, whose fate threatened now to be as strange and mysterious as her character and mode of life had been in their eyes: but first a consultation was held as to the best mode of conducting the search. The fire in Brady's shanty seemed to prove that some one besides Coral had been there; for it seemed to have been burning a much longer time than Coral could have kindled it.

"I guess it was Indians made it," said Con Doyle; "there was a squaw in the village last night—a young one, six feet high, and the handsomest ever I saw."

Some of the young men laughed at Con's description; but Keefe said quickly:

"She could not have been alone in the neighbourhood; has anyone seen any more Indians about?"

"Indians camped at Snake Falls yesterday," said Woodpecker, the Indian, who was always sure to be where any excitement was going on: guess she one of them."

"Very likely," said Keefe; "and perhaps some of her companions made the fire in the shanty—'

"And perhaps Coral went with them to their camp," cried Denis; "let us go there at once, Keefe."

"Yes; but it is best for only two or three to go. Con must come to tell us if the squaw he saw is among them; you and I, and Con, will go, and Woodpecker—he may be of use—that will be enough."

Accordingly, after sending a message to Helen that he hoped they had at last found a clue to Coral, Keefe, with the party he had named, set out for the Indian encampment at Snake Falls.

CHAPTER XXX.

It was still early day, when Keefe and his party reached the Indian wigwams: they were pitched on the side of a high bank thinly scattered with trees, which skirted the shore, and through a deep cleft a narrow but full stream ran down to the lake. All the dogs in the camp (and their name in an Indian camp is Legion) came barking and yelling at the approach of the strangers, but they were called up and quieted by a score of young urchins who, some half naked, and others altogether so, were playing about the camp. From one of these the visitors learned that all the men were now asleep in the lodges, having been out all night fishing; but on being asked if there was a white woman in the camp, he shook his head, and ran off with his fellows to the wigwams. Most of the aged and infirm had been left at one of the more permanent settlements of the tribe; but two or three old crones had accompanied them, and were now sitting basking in the sun outside the lodges, watching the mothers and young girls who were busy around them; some dressing deerskins or sewing mocassins, some pounding Indian corn in a mortar; but the greater part preparing the fish that had been caught the preceding night, and spreading them to dry in the sun. Several of the curious cradles in which the little Indians were confined were suspended from the branches of the trees, or resting against their trunks; some of the babies were asleep, and others looking about them, with large round eyes full of the most precocious stoicism. Approaching the group, Keefe and his companions quietly sat down among them, and after a few preliminary phrases of courtesy, Keefe, who knew their language well enough to make himself easily understood, addressed them in their own tongue and figurative style which best pleases the Indians.

"A white rose has strayed away from the village of the pale faces; has she found shelter in the lodges of her red sisters?"

The squaws looked at each other and shook their heads in grave denial, and one of the old women answered that no flower of the pale faces had come near their camp. Keefe turned to Con.

"Is the squaw you saw in the village last night here?" he asked.

Con looked at the dark countenances round him, some of which were gaunt, wrinkled, and surmounted by grizzled locks, and the youngest and best looking among them, with the exception of the half-grown girls, harsh and weather-beaten, with very evident disgust.

"I guess not," he said, "she wasn't a bit like any of them."

Keefe turned again to the squaws.

"One of your young women was in our village last night," he said, "perhaps she met with the white girl we are in search of."

"It was the Young Panther," said a quick-eyed girl, looking up and shaking back her long locks, "she went for bead for mocassin; she gave Tamarac some by-and-by," and she showed her treasure wrapped in a piece of deer-skin.

"And where is the Young Panther now?" asked Keefe.

"Night-hawk is sick to-day, and the Young Panther takes care of him."

"Let Tamarac take me to the Young Panther," said Keefe, "and she shall have this," and he took from his pocket a pretty little penknife with an ornamented ivory handle.

"If she is in the lodge with Night-hawk I dare not go in," said the girl. "Tamarac is afraid of Night-hawk," but she looked with eager longing at the knife as she spoke.

"Take us to her, and you shall have this, too," said Denis, touching a coloured silk handkerchief which he wore round his neck.

The girl's eyes literally blazed with delight; she looked at a squaw, who seemed to be her mother, and who muttered a word or two in reply to her questioning glance.

"Tamarac will go," she said, starting up and beckoning the young men to follow her.

Winding in and out amongst the lodges she led up the bank, and had nearly reached its summit, when, springing out of a little thicket of cedars, the Young Panther stood before them. She was dressed as she had been the night before, and drawing up her tall and stately form to its full height, she stared at the strangers with haughty boldness.

"The Young Panther is here," said Tamarac, stopping short, and looking eagerly at Keefe and Denis for their coveted gifts.

"That's the girl, and no mistake," said Con.

The knife and handkerchief were soon in Tamarac's hands, and receiving them with rapture she withdrew a few steps and sat down to examine and admire them, while Keefe addressed the Young Panther.

"The pride of the Indian wigwams came to the white man's village last night; did she meet one of their maidens wandering in the woods and shelter her from the rain in her lodge?"

"The steps of the Young Panther are swift and light," said the Indian beauty, contemptuously, "and she does not linger on her way. No white girl crossed her path last night: if the Young Panther had met one, she would have showed her the way to her own lodges; the Indian wigwams are too rude for such tender flowers."

Denis turned away in an agony of disappointment, for, from the time he had heard of the Indian girl having been seen in the village, he had persuaded himself that Coral would be found with her, but Keefe continued to gaze keenly and curiously at the beautiful savage, who, standing a step or two above them on the bank, looked down at them with the most imperious disdain.

"It is good," he said; "the Young Panther is strong and wise, as well as beautiful,—happy is the brave in whose wigwam she dwells. Come," he continued, addressing Denis, "let us go."

He moved away, and, with a sad and hopeless mien. Denis did the same,—Con Doyle, Woodpecker followed, and in a few minutes they were all out of sight of the Indian camp. Then Keefe suffered Denis and Con to precede him, and tapping Woodpecker on the shoulder, he detained him behind the others.

"I know what you got to say," said Woodpecker, before Keefe could speak; "that young squaw knows something of the lost bird; I saw it in her eye."

"Did you?" exclaimed Keefe, "so did I; and I saw more than that. Did you see that brooch in her jacket? I know it well, it was Fred O'Brien's. It is he they call Night-hawk; it is he who has got hold of Coral again, I'm sure of it, though how he has managed it is a mystery."

"A what?" said Woodpecker; "you talk too big; me no understand."

"No matter," said Keefe, "you understand one thing, that I always keep my word."

"It is so; when Keefe Dillon says he'll do a thing it is done."

"Well, you know my new rifle?" Woodpecker's eyes glittered. "You think it a good one?"

"Can't be beat," said Woodpecker, energetically.

Hear me, then. Hang round the wigwams—find out which is O'Brien's lodge and where he keeps Coral. Lead me there to-night, and whether I live or die I'll take care that the rifle shall be yours."

Keefe well knew that the only way to ensure Coral's safe recovery was to take O'Brien by surprise, and if Woodpecker should be seen by any of the Indians wandering about the encampment he was less likely to be suspected than any one else, and, besides, Keefe had often remarked in him a strange power of stealthy observation, a characteristic no doubt belonging to his Indian blood. Well pleased with the commission he had received, and highly delighted at the prospect of receiving so valuable a reward, Woodpecker nodded his head in emphatic assent, and glided away through the trees, Keefe looking anxiously after him.

"I'll wait till night," he said to himself, "then if he does not come I must try some other plan."

Filled with thoughts of Coral, he strode after Denis, who plodding gloomily on with his eyes bent on the ground, had never remarked his companion's absence. Unwilling to excite his hopes by what might, after all, prove false suspicions, and apprehensive, besides of some outbreak from his impatient temper, if he once suspected that Coral was in O'Brien's power, that might ruin all, Keefe thought it better not to let Denis know anything of his conjectures till they had become certainty, or at least till the time that Woodpecker's return might be expected. Con's quick wit, Keefe soon saw, had more than half divined the secret of Woodpecker's departure, but he might be trusted not to make it known to any one. Accordingly he did not oppose Denis and

some others, when they proceeded to renew the search, though towards evening he urged all to return to their homes and take some food and rest; and when all except Denis, weary and disheartened, had followed his advice, he caught hold of Denis's arm, and insisted on his returning home with him.

"Let me alone," said Denis; "do you think I care no more for her than they do; even you think little of her in comparison with me. I will never cease searching for her till I find her living or dead."

"Nor I, neither," said Keefe; "but now come to Helen, she may have something to tell us."

"What could she have to tell us?" said Denis, but catching at any straw of hope held out to him he suffered Keefe to lead him away.

Helen met them at the door, and the sight of Denis's haggard and desponding face filled her with compassion.

"You must not despair," she said gently, "Keefe has told me that Coral was accustomed to wander alone in the woods all day from childhood. I feel certain that she will come back to us safely."

Scarcely hearing her words, Denis mechanically entered the house, and Keefe was following him, when he felt a hand on his shoulder, and, looking round, saw Woodpecker beside him.

"All right," said Woodpecker, "O'Brien got her."

He then told Keefe that he had found out the lodge inhabited by the Young Panther without being seen by any one, and, as soon as it grew dark, he stealthily cut a hole in its birch bark covering, through which he could see and hear all that passed within. O'Brien was eating his supper, the Young Panther silently watching and attending to his wants, and Coral lying on a pile of skins in a corner of the wigwam.

Woodpecker saw O'Brien bring her food and try to make her eat, and he learned from what was said that she had not tasted anything since she had been among the Indians, but she took no notice of his entreaties, she gave no sign that she heard or saw him, but lay passive and still as if she were dead. Finding his efforts useless, O'Brien left her, and Woodpecker then heard him tell the Young Panther that he intended to take Coral farther to the west that very night as soon as all the men of the party should have gone to the fishing-ground and his canoe get away unobserved. Evidently no one in the camp was aware of Coral's being there except O'Brien and the Young Panther, and he intended to take her away as secretly as he had brought her thither.

"The rifle shall be yours, Woodpecker," said Keefe, "shot-belt and powder-horn to boot. But we haven't a moment to lose. Come in till I tell Denis and get my pistols."

As quickly as possible Keefe told Denis and Helen all he had learned. The tidings restored Denis to life and energy, and brought back all the sanguine elasticity of his nature.

"At last, Keefe," he exclaimed, "we have him in our power."

"Yes, but you must not be rash, Denis; remember our first object is to rescue Coral. There, take one of those pistols. Have you got your long knife, Woodpecker?"

Then he went up to Helen who stood resting her arm on the back of a chair and watching him with painful anxiety.

"We shall be back in two hours," he said, "and bring Coral with us."

"Is there any danger, Keefe?" asked Helen, speaking as firmly as she could.

"Why, what must you think of us to ask such a question," said Keefe smiling, "there will be three men against one, and that one quite unprepared for an attack."

"Come along," said Woodpecker to Denis, who was impatiently waiting for Keefe, "let him bid good-bye to his squaw; she's a pretty squaw, and a good, not too much talk and nonsense about her, like some of them chattering white women," and he pushed Denis into the stoup, and followed himself. They were quickly joined by Keefe, and then they all proceeded as rapidly as possible to the Indian camp; sometimes dimly lighted on their way by the stars, sometimes going through wood so thick, that the light of those distant orbs could not pierce the branches.

"Now," said Keefe, as soon as they reached the encampment, "Woodpecker must lead us."

"Best not go straight through all those lodges," said Woodpecker, "take a bend, and come up the hollow of the creek, then he'll not see, or hear us, till we're on him, except he be a devil."

"He is one," said Denis, savagely.

"Well, we must take our chance, all the same," said Woodpecker, philosophically.

Skirting the encampment, they followed their guide round the bank, and along the margin of the stream, till they came to a spot which he had marked, as just under Night-hawk's wigwam. He stopped and pointed upwards.

"Lodge up there," was all he said, but his eager companions needed no more. Darting up the bank, they were soon before the wigwam which stood at some distance from any of the others, and was screened by a cluster of cedars. Keefe threw one scrutinising glance round, and then raising the blanket, which hung at the doorway, entered, Denis closely following. O'Brien had his back to the entrance, and was stowing such articles as he thought worth taking with him into a leather bag, assisted by the Young Panther; Coral at the first glance, they did not see. They had no time to take a second, for the sound of their hasty entrance of course made O'Brien look round, and the flame of the pine-torch which lighted the lodge flashed full in the face of Keefe, and O'Brien saw the man he dreaded more than any one else in the world beside him. Iron in nerve and sinew, and with a heart of flint, O'Brien was usually as inaccessible to fear for himself, as to pity for others, but at this sudden and unexpected apparition he felt his heart quail. No weapon was within his reach, and deeming flight his only resource, he sprang suddenly back, and pushing aside a piece of bark which concealed a doorway at the back of the wigwam, rushed through it.

Keefe and Denis sprang after him, and on reaching the open air found themselves on the verge of a precipice down which they had very

nearly fallen in the eagerness with which they had burst through the opening.

O'Brien was just disappearing over the edge of the cliff, down which there was a narrow path that one so expert and active found no difficulty in descending even by night. Below was a deep gully full of broken rocks, over which the stream tumbled into the lake; but just beyond this convulsion, and still under the shelter of the cliff, lay a tranquil little inlet girdled by a stripe of white sand on which a canoe was drawn up. It was evidently O'Brien's aim to reach this canoe, and, determined to prevent him, Keefe swung himself over the rocks, and began to follow him, trusting that his skill as a cragsman would enable him to reach the canoe first. But before he had gone more than two or three steps, Denis, leaning over, shouted to O'Brien to stop, or he would fire; whether he actually intended to fire or not, Denis himself could not tell, but as he stood with his finger on the trigger, the Young Panther rushed forward, and threw up his arm; the pistol went off, but the bullet fell into the water. O'Brien, perhaps, had swerved aside at the sound of the shot, in order to avoid it, and thus lost his balance; or, perhaps, in his haste and confusion his foot slipped, but however it happened, he lost his footing, and after one desperate effort to recover it, fell head foremost on the rocks below. The screams of the Young Panther when she saw her lover's head dashed against the rocks were fearful, and then looking round in a frenzy of wild rage and anguish, her eyes encountered Coral, who had followed Keefe and Denis out of the lodge.

"You were the cause of this!" exclaimed the Young Panther. "Come now, then, and share his fate," and seizing Coral with a strong and resolute grasp, she dragged her to the edge of the precipice before Denis knew what she was doing. One moment more, and she would have flung both herself and Coral over, but Keefe coming back from his pursuit of O'Brien, was just in time to tear Coral from her passionate grasp: obliged to yield her victim, the Young Panther uttered one long, wild Indian cry, and sprang over the cliff, sharing with the fierce fidelity of her nature the death of him to whom she had devoted her existence.

"You are safe, Coral! you are safe!" said Keefe, still holding her in his arms. And clinging to him, as an infant clings to its mother, Coral only knew that she was with Keefe once more.

(To be continued.)

THE LAST SHEFFIELD OUTRAGES.

I do not know Sheffield—I never was there except once; and that was merely passing through, in the old days of stage-coaches. In my curiosity to learn what it must feel like to belong to Sheffield, I sometimes recal the image of the place as it exists in my memory;—the surrounding green hills, the churches, and the clean streets with the tall chimneys rising out of them, and the multitude of work-people going to or from their meals. Nothing that I remember helps me to understand what it can be like to live at Sheffield; and I do not know anybody there. My only Sheffield acquaintance was in the last generation; and I could not question him about what I wanted to know, because it was a sore subject to him. I wanted then, and I want now, to know what it can be like to live among murderers. Whether there are many murderers or few in the population is not the main point. As long as "Sheffield outrages" are as well known as Sheffield whittles and Sheffield plate ever were, it must be a matter of curiosity to strangers how any citizen feels at living among murderers. The reason why I could not ask the question of my Sheffield acquaintance was that his father had had a narrow escape from being murdered. The old gentleman was one of the chief citizens, a generation ago: he had devoted his life to the welfare of the town and its inhabitants: he had spent his money generously in the support of good institutions and the promotion of improvements; he was as kindly in manners as he was generous in temper: he was in no way concerned with manufacturing disputes; yet it was discovered that there was a plot to murder him. He had done or said something in the ordinary course of his duty as magistrate which somebody did not like: and the natural result, according to the Sheffield theory of causation, was that he should be murdered. Since that far remote incident my attention, like that of many others, has been a good deal directed to that particular town; and some of the inhabitants seem determined that we shall not lose sight of it. If we ever happen to be engrossed in other interests, so as to fancy that Sheffield is becoming civilised, we are sure to see, some day, on opening the newspaper, a paragraph headed "Outrage at Sheffield." A bottle or a tin case full of powder, with a burning fuse attached, has been thrown in at some window, or down some chimney or cellar, and there has been an explosion; unless, by dint of familiarity with the practice, the intended victim has presence of mind enough to throw the apparatus out of the window. Sometimes the method is varied, and shooting is substituted, or stabbing; but there is never any long interval between the attempts on the life of A, B, C, or D, on account, usually, of some trade dispute. I try in vain to fancy what it must be to walk about the town every day, pretty certain of meeting somebody who has been more or less concerned in an "outrage." Some of us find it interesting at a rural festival, in a game country, to look at the rustic faces and figures, and fancy which of them have been present at some "murderous attack on gamekeepers:" but the case of the poacher is simple and intelligible in comparison with that of the perpetrators of "Sheffield outrages." Have we, in walking along the street, looked into the face of a fellow who has examined a fellow-workman's window, learned where the bed stands in the room, procured the tin case and the powder, packed in the charge, attached the fuse, lurked about the house till everybody was in bed, climbed up or peeped down, lighted the fuse, thrown in the machine, and stood watching afar, while a man's or woman's eyes were blown out, and their bed and clothes set on fire? How does the Master Cutler feel as the head of a trade in which such things are done? How do Mr. Roebuck and Mr.

Hadfield feel when they address the Men of Sheffield, and declare themselves proud of the constituency which returns them? How many of their hearers at their great public meetings do they suppose may have been cognisant of a murder? And, of the honourable constituency who are praised and thanked by their members, how many have tried, earnestly and persistently, to put a stop to this special Sheffield practice? Is there anybody doing anything towards penetrating to the causes of the crime, and dealing directly with it? Or do Sheffield citizens think that they are not their brothers' keepers? But we are told that there are schools and churches and public reading-rooms, and other edifying institutions, providing for the extinction of vice by the growth of popular intelligence. It is true,—there are those good institutions, and popular intelligence is advancing; but people's eyes are still blown out by midnight explosions, and workmen are liable to be shot in the back in entering or leaving their own homes. Sheffield has made a good appearance in the Census of this year, having increased in population 50,000 in ten years. There has been eloquence and patriotism and complacency among public speakers and municipal magnates this year; but on the 23rd of last month two women were blown up and burnt by the ordinary Sheffield mode of attack—an infernal machine thrown in at a window; and a warehouse was partly blown up by the same means that day week. Is there anybody walking Sheffield streets to-day who can tell who did these things, and why? How many of the respectable citizens may have looked in such an one's face, or been brushed by his coat, since Saturday morning, the 23rd, and Saturday, the 30th of last month?

Such facts remind one of what Prince Talleyrand said of the Russians: "Scratch a Russian, and you find a Tartar underneath." It strikes us that, from some cause, there is a scratch on our civilisation in Sheffield, and we find savagery underneath. Is Sheffield like our other settlements of men, urban or rural, or is it no rule for others? In either case the answer leads to very serious thoughts.

What do we see elsewhere among us of the regard to human life? What has an old man like me seen in his time?

There were pressgang murders in my youth. Nobody can wonder at that who remembers the terrors of the pressgang within a dozen miles of the coast. Nobody can wonder at it who considers what it was to a sailor to be virtually outlawed, kidnapped, and carried off, on his return from a long voyage, just when his heart was in a glow at the thought of meeting wife and children in a few hours. The excellent Addresses of the Naval Reserve forces of England last month to the mariners of the country recal to mind the days of the pressgang, and congratulate the community on the arrangement which will man the fleet with willing and well-paid seamen instead of with resentful men whose liberty has been outraged. Thus we may dismiss the subject of the pressgang, as society has dismissed the thing itself, agreeing that if ever murderous assaults could be excusable, it would be in such moments of agony as many a kidnapped sailor had to endure in the wars of sixty years ago.

Then, there were smuggling murders. They were not very wonderful either. Get together the conditions, and see. There was the midnight season, with its chances of impunity. There was a party of vagabonds, strong and reckless men, provided with fire-arms, and well plied with drink. There was some revenue cutter, with a crew which hated the smugglers as the smugglers hated them, and both hated the French. There was wealth at stake; contraband goods on the one hand, and rewards and forfeitures to be shared on the other. There was an intense party spirit on both sides, and a fierce ambition. The smugglers had the eyes of the whole coast peasantry on them for miles on either hand, and future observance and profit hung on the issue of any conflict with the guard. The guard contended for honour and reward. No wonder the barrels were run in under cover of a brisk fight; no wonder there was a stand made at the entrance of a cavern where an assortment of silks and laces and clocks and snuff-boxes was stowed away. No wonder that the temptation to take life was overwhelming when it was of importance that no tales should be told. No wonder that an active pursuer was shot, here and there, or a coast patrol thrown over the cliff. The case was usually one of manslaughter, and not murder. Men's passions were up, and they measured their forces, without thinking or feeling about the value of human life, one way or another. That chapter of our experience is closed. Free-trade has rendered smuggling an obsolete institution; and the murders have become a horror of the olden time.

I wish we could say as much of the analogous game-law murders. These are worse in character than the smuggling violences, because they follow upon acts of more palpable theft. To the popular mind it is more like theft to take game from coverts and fields where it is fed at a neighbour's expense on his own land than to bring in merchandise from over the sea—merchandise which would be sold in the market but for troublesome and oppressive laws which everybody disliked. Poachers are thieves; and they know themselves to be so: and, if we protest against a system of game-preserving which subjects a poor peasantry to overwhelming temptation, we do not admit that the murder of gamekeepers is at all palliated by the badness of the system. Poaching assaults are, like murders by burglars, violence inflicted by thieves, for the selfish purpose of saving the perpetrators of the theft. The circumstance which sustains the murderous poacher at a somewhat higher level than the murderous burglar is, that there is an open air fight in the case, between men who are up and awake. Their blood is up on both sides: and they fight for adventure and victory, though nothing can obscure the essential difference between them, that the one party are thieves and the other watchmen. Poaching murders are thus very vile; though not necessarily involving that savage indifference to human life which shows itself under the skin-deep civilisation of certain parts of our social system.

My next recollection is of successive seasons of Irish murders. I cannot dwell upon the scenes of

those days; and it is needless; for there is no controversy about the levity of the Irish mind in regard to bloodshed. Whether it was owing to constitution, to their religion, to their political position, or their historical training, or all these together, the brutal levity with which life was taken by the agents, and under the orders, of secret societies is undisputed on all hands. What a lifetime of anguish had to be endured by a lady whose fate was mourned by a wide circle of my personal friends of the last generation. She had ridden over from her own home, in a rural district of Ireland, to visit her father and mother. She was sauntering on the lawn with them, when a party of men came up to them, and shot her father, who died instantly. While she was kneeling beside him, and weeping over him, the ruffians called out to her:

"Ah! you are crying, are you? You are making a piece of work about that, are you? You had better go home, and you will find something more to cry for there."

She got home as fast as horse could carry her, and found her husband lying dead on his lawn. This is enough. The leaders and agents of Ribbon societies were never spoken of as forming a part of our civilisation; and the savage within was not covered with a fair skin of pretension. In estimating our position and progress as a human society, we have never included Irish agrarian conspirators as an element in the case. So we may pass on from them.

These incidents remind us, however, of the next manifestation, in which Ireland and Scotland were at least as much concerned as England. One of the most creditable facts in O'Connell's life is the courage and steadiness with which he denounced and opposed the Trades'-Union tyranny of his time. He gave evidence which was full and out-spoken against a considerable number of working-men in Dublin,—the very stronghold of his influence at that time. The men, who menaced all citizens who should condemn their secret organisation, and its results of vitriol-throwing, beating to death, shooting, and stabbing, took care to let O'Connell know that he would have them for enemies if he did them any harm: but he went on telling what he knew, and saying what he thought. He said what he thought of such lovers of liberty as those who waylaid their neighbours with bludgeons, and beat them within an inch of their lives. He denounced with his utmost force the assassins who hid behind lamp-posts and in archways, to throw vitriol in the eyes of comrades or strangers who simply used their right of working for such wages as they and their employers could agree on. This was the lowest phase of the murderousness of my time. It is difficult, to be sure, to graduate the condemnation when such acts are in question as wife-murder, child-murder, and murder in the course of burglary: but looking at all the kinds, from every point of view, I think these trades-union murders are the very vilest and most revolting.—And these are the murders which distinguish Sheffield at this day.

One singular moralist, I am aware, has lately said that he prefers the condition of a Union-ridden society like that of Sheffield, with its "atrocious" crime, to that of a poverty-stricken one in which poor needlewomen abound. As I am not aware that anybody agrees with him,—unless it be Union-leaders,—I need not argue the matter here. I mention it only because it seems to indicate that our liberties, and the very principles of liberty, are in danger; in as far as socialistic influence extends. Wherever individual freedom is overborne by socialistic authority, the tyranny bears hardest on the men best fitted for independent action; and it invariably leads on to outrage. In the Unions denounced by O'Connell, the most energetic men who were not bought by office, honour, and profit, were the slaves and victims of the rest. Some were blinded, some were killed, some were transported; and the rest were kept like a toad under a harrow. So it has been, and now is, at Sheffield: and the consequence is, that the best part of the trade of the town has departed to places where industry is more free, where capital has its full rights, and where men can accordingly give their minds to the improvement of their manufacture. Under the consciousness of deterioration of character and reputation, the place has lost dignity and temper. The capitalists are exasperated at the restrictions imposed upon their manufacture by the dictators of the working body: the working-men are slaves as the only alternative to being victims of violence; and the infernal machine is in use, from time to time, to confirm the abjectness of a working class who dare not assert,—much less use,—the commonest right of manhood and citizenship. If the machine blinds and murders innocent women, as in the recent case, it is the more effectual:—husbands, fathers, and brothers may be made more obedient by it.

One is tempted to ask, by the way, whether intellectual deficiency may not have something to do with such practices. Must there not be a torpid imagination in the case? Could so many infernal machines, and so much vitriol have been thrown, if the perpetrators, or the superiors who ordered the assault, had conceived of what it is to have the eyes burnt out, or bed or clothes burning about one's ears? Have they ever thought of what the hospital nurse sees and hears, when the sufferer survives for a time?—the moans and restlessness of agony,—the despair at the prospect of blindness or other helplessness,—the misery at the thought of the workhouse for the little children, made orphans by such cruelty? Has it ever occurred to the perpetrators what they themselves should feel on such a bed of pain, thrown there by a dastardly assassin?

But I fear we must not attribute too much to this cause or occasion. For one case of penitence,—of horror and grief excited in the perpetrator by the spectacle of what has been done, we hear of a score in which the assassin is, when caught, indifferent, or worse. In the recent case—that of the 23rd ult.—the fellow who was accused by the chief sufferer showed no feeling whatever at witnessing the agonies of the two women whom he had put to a painful death. And here it is that we find the savage under the skin of civilisation. We find ourselves in the presence of that levity about human life which belongs to the undeveloped

stage of the human *morale*. A man (at Sheffield, or in Borneo, or elsewhere) may suffer thrilling and intolerable anguish at seeing his infant burnt to death, or his wife crushed on a railway, and yet have no strong feeling at a comrade being struck blind, or a stranger beaten to death in a strike. He has no knowledge or sensation of the sacredness of human life; and it is enough for him if he can say "served 'em right," or that he had orders to do it,—or that he did not mean to hurt this one, but somebody else. The whole case is one of barbarism through lack of cultivation, aggravated by material self-seeking, and the conceit which belongs to an age of development, whether the development takes place or not.

Those whom we hear likening the Sheffield case to that of the Americans who resort to lynch law; and, yet more, those who virtuously denounce American lynch law, and are yet unaware of Trades' Union practices, should be reminded or taught that lynch law was originally, and still is, in outlying places, a sort of law, adopted in the absence of real law-courts. The inflictions by ruffians on helpless victims are not lynch law, but simple outrages, like those of Sheffield. When the Valley of the Mississippi was becoming settled, there was trouble from marauders and reckless vagabonds; and there were as yet no courts to keep them in awe. A certain farmer Lynch was held in esteem for his judgment and temper; and by common consent he was made a judge of strifes and complaints; and his decisions were so deferred to as to obtain the title of "Lynch's law." From that time, decisions with the form, but without the sanction, of law were called "Lynch law;" but, as might be expected, the title was in course of time abusively applied to all mob-sentences and inflictions, till it became only another name for mob-vengeance. There could never be any excuse for an appeal in our country to the American provisional tribunal, if it had preserved its original virtue: and the cowardly midnight assaults common in Sheffield bear no resemblance to even the corrupted use of lynch law in America, which is always open to the public, and the light of day. If possible, the Trades' Union outrages are worse than even the coast piracy once prevalent in America, when wealthy persons were waylaid on their voyage between North and South, and left at the bottom of the sea. The only child of the celebrated Colonel Burr, of Ohio, a young married lady settled at Charleston, took ship, with her infant and nurse, for the Northern States, on the approach of the summer heats, and was never more heard of for a long course of years, when an old man, on his deathbed, revealed that he had been a pirate, and that he had been one of a crew which seized the vessel in which the unhappy lady had been a passenger. After being compelled to give up all her property, she was made to walk the plank, with her infant in her arms, the nurse being sent after her. Ghastly as this story is, it is less appalling than the systematic use of the infernal machines of Sheffield at this day,—less diabolically and causelessly malignant,—less revolting in connection with the state of society in which the assassination occurs.

We have, it is true, another enormity to deal with in the barrack murders which have been so frequent of late. These resemble the murders which take place wherever a debased population habitually carry arms. They remind us of the lowest order of Neapolitans, and of the "Mean-whites" of the American Slave-states and trans-Mississippi frontier,—degraded men who carry bowie-knives, or have the rifle for ever in their hands, in desperate fear of hostile Indians or exasperated negroes. The evil will be effectually dealt with, no doubt. The bad administration of our military affairs, up to the time when the lamented Sidney Herbert began its reform, introduced an element of vagabondism into our army which it will take some time to get rid of: but we see our way now to such an elevation of the character of the British soldier as will make it safe to permit all needful access to arms; and if, meantime, it should be considered necessary to disarm our troops in their barracks, the discredit cannot but so operate upon the soldiery as to enlist them on the side of discipline, sobriety, and honour. Great and grievous as the disgrace and calamity are, they are clearly only temporary. This is more than can be said of the "Sheffield outrages."

There is no aspect of our social condition so threatening at present as the operation of Trades' Unions on the liberties of the working-class. I may speak more fully of this another day: but I may say here, that that class lies under an oppression from some of their own order that no people could be for a moment expected to endure from any government or aristocracy now possible in Europe. If the Building-trades of London, and the Staffordshire colliers, and the Lancashire spinners are not maimed and murdered, and banished, as the Dublin and Glasgow "workies" were in O'Connell's time, they are living under a more systematic and pervading tyranny: and in Sheffield both evils seem to have reached an extreme point. Will any class of the inhabitants of Sheffield permit this to go on?

We have all seen what comes of government by Trades' Unions. We have seen the worsted and shawl manufactures driven from Norwich to Yorkshire and Paisley: and the ribbon manufacture from Coventry to Congleton and Macclesfield, and some French and Swiss towns: and the silk manufacture from Spitalfields to various provincial towns: and the hardware manufacture of Sheffield itself to America. We have seen that the desperation of jealousy and of fallen fortunes hardens men till they become lawless in their pursuit of a blind vengeance against honest comrades who only seek to earn their bread. We see this diabolical vindictiveness harboured at Sheffield in an age when education is spreading, and when it requires only the good conduct of a law-abiding working-class to put them in possession of extended and extending political rights. Do the inhabitants of Sheffield mean to sit down under this disgrace? Or will they bestir themselves to get rid of it? The world believes that they might, if all honest men would work together for that end. For want of concert, nothing effectual is done. Where midnight assassination is an established practice,

individuals are afraid to stir. It is understood that the employers are afraid of their men: that the men are afraid of one another, and that the women are all frightened together. This is not like England, — bold England, — merry, true-hearted England. Let not the matter be left to the magistrates and the police, as if it were merely a police matter. If the plague appeared there, the citizens would not give their case over to the doctors, without exerting themselves for their own safety. Neither should they stand by now, when a moral plague is making them the pity of the world. It is for them to form their own concert, and choose their own methods: but let it not stand for ever in the history of our time, that Sheffield was, in the nineteenth century, a harbourage for assassins, from lack of energy in a hundred thousand of the inhabitants to drag them out to the light of day.

From the Mountain.

THE CATTLE SHOW.

ITS LAST YEAR IN BAKER STREET.

I wish I were a beast, with four legs I mean: I really think I should be a credit to my breeder; my appetite is very good, and I believe I have every requisite for growing stout, except a lack of conscience and an absence of mind. My mind, in my opinion, is too much or too little for me; there's always something on it, and so there is on my conscience. It is not much, I dare say: but, such as it is, there it is always night and day, day and night; and it keeps me as thin as a lucifer-match. But if I were a beast, I think I could win a prize. No responsibility! What a relish that reflection would give to one's swedes, and and what a sauce it would make for one's mangel-wurzel! Then one's hay would nourish one, and one's mash would turn to solid flesh. To have a keeper to look after one, and nothing to do but to eat, drink, and sleep, and ruminate upon the passage of the last mouthful of fodder! After such a life, when one had grown such a monster of obesity as to be exhibited for the admiration and imitation of a world always ready to appreciate eating and drinking; as to be gazed upon with interest by the eyes of queens and empresses, royal highnesses and serene highnesses, their graces and their ladyships; as to be patted by a royal glove, poked by an imperial parasol, pressed by a grand-ducal thumb, tapped by a princely whip, and smacked maybe by the consecrated hand of an episcopal dignitary, to say nothing of pinches and punches and polite invitations to "kim up" on the part of unaristocratic bucols and butchers, how justly could one low forth "vixi," and waddle contentedly to the shambles in the proud consciousness of being "prime meat!" And when one was dead and eaten, what a consolation it would be to one's surviving relatives and friends to know that one had not over-eaten oneself for nothing, but had, at least, been exhibited if not found worthy of a gold medal at the Smithfield Club Cattle Show!

What a huge stride in civilisation was made when the Show was transferred from Goswell Street to Baker Street, now, in its turn, as we hear, to be supplanted. Then philanthropy and philozoy went hand in hand; the chances of apoplexy amongst the fattened beasts were materially diminished, and the chances which had hitherto been vouchsafed to the aristocracy of seeing what their dinners looked like when alive were materially increased. For people of fashionable habits could not go down to Goswell Street, whereas people of any habits can with advantage pay a visit to Baker Street. Some poor creatures of little worldly knowledge may suppose, when they hear of a cattle show being held at Baker Street Bazaar, that a practical exemplification is offered of the effects produced by a bull in a china shop; their idea of bazaars is confined to trinkets, and gimcracks, and toys, and spurious jewellery, and tea-services, and baby-linen, and cockatoos, and stale pastry, and two violins accompanying a cracked piano; but they are very much mistaken; the cattle are penned neither amongst the crockery-ware in the fancy bazaar, nor amongst the waxen celebrities at Madame Tussaud's, but in what is at other times a carriage repository; though it must in fairness be admitted that every facility—nay, inducement—is offered for migrating at the rate of a shilling a-head (Room of Horrors sixpence extra) to Madame's establishment from the cattle department. But I must do the British nation the justice to say that they are for the most part too appreciative of Nature to be lightly seduced into the regions of Art; that obese merit under any shape—from fattened children to fattened pigs—never appeals in vain to their sympathies; and that the living form of an over-fed ox is more pleasing in their sight than the waxen effigy of any—even the most brutal—murderer. I am bound therefore to confess that I saw few of those people, who had come to the show with hearts yearning towards animals which had meritoriously over-eaten themselves, so far forget propriety as to inspect a collection which is closely allied to High Art. And yet this was ungrateful. For, if any trust may be placed in the insinuations of hand-bills, you would have believed that the wax-work figures had been prepared expressly for the gratification of visitors to the Cattle Show; that if farmers and country gentlemen connected with the Smithfield Club went down to their graves without having seen the carriage of Napoleon, the life-like figure of Garibaldi, and the murderer's shirt with the stains of blood upon it, they would have only themselves to blame. All these blessings had been magnanimously arranged for their peculiar benefit, at the ridiculously small charge of eighteen-pence, and if they refused to avail themselves of the exhibition which had been got up for them, the exhibitors washed their hands of all the terrible consequences. Indeed I had no idea until I went to the Show that every public establishment in London was conducted with a single eye to that great event. The proprietor of the public-house at the corner evidently considered it the great national festival, else why did he hoist the Union Jack? The omnibuses all ran to Baker Street; the conductors all took it for granted that you were going to the Cattle Show, and very reluctantly allowed you to descend elsewhere; and the cabmen, with ribands in their horses' frontlets, were urgent to take you thither "for a

bob." Moreover all the theatres, if you applied the theory of induction to their placards, had been built, decorated, hired, and managed, solely for the amusement of visitors to the Cattle Show; the pieces had been chosen with a view to their tastes, and on their applause alone depended the success or failure of the actors. So it was with the music-halls, casinos, and rotundas—except they received the patronage of the visitors to the Cattle Show, the general public might throng them in vain—the aim and object of the "spirited proprietors" was to show their appreciation of the national benefits likely to arise from an annual Cattle Show, and they considered the best way in which they could show that appreciation was to attract to their entertainments the promoters of the Show.

The pugilistic Bonifaces, too, were up and doing; their "cribs" were got ready, not for Infants, but for corpulent gentlemen of cattle-fancying tendencies; they advertised themselves as merry as "grigs," and expressed the deep anxiety with which they were actuated for a speedy re-union with their "country friends." There sprang up, also, like mushrooms, amongst the already prolific race of photographers, a countless host, whose vocation in this world was simply to take portraits (sixpence each, in a frame) of those persons who attended the great Cattle Show; their establishments being for the most part in a back room, up a dark alley, afforded facilities for the exercise of their art, hitherto unprecedented, especially in the bright and sunny month of December; and portraits taken under such favourable circumstances have this advantage over others, that they will do to represent any member, male or female, old or young, of any family whatever. Nor must I omit to mention the philanthropic energy and disinterested kindness of a fellow-countryman, who, regardless of trouble and expense, had brought his intellect to bear upon the preparation of half-pint cases of sherry or brandy-and-water, or peradventure gin-and-water, for the accommodation and refreshment of the cattle-visiting community. This was an attention fully appreciated on the part of the persons contemplated. Observing, therefore the influence exercised by the Show upon all classes, particularly the eating, drinking, and self-amusing portions of my fellow-citizens, I felt bound, as a carnivorous patriot, to reconnoitre the exhibition, as historians say, in person. And first, I must bear witness to the intense interest shown in the matter by man, woman, and even child, as became the offspring of beef-eating parents. Those who for pecuniary or other reasons were debarred from actual sight of the live food within the bazaar, crowded round the entrances, and evidently derived immense satisfaction from a close scrutiny of the more fortunate eye-witnesses. I have never seen anything to equal it except at the feeding of the beasts in the Zoological Gardens; and every one knows that to see a creature eating, especially if he do it in a ravenous and savage manner, with roars, and grunts, and contortions, is a pleasure surpassing those even of Memory or Imagination. Upon entering the bazaar I was somewhat bewildered by numerous printed invitations to "Pay Here," but being relieved at finding that it was sufficient to accept any one of them, I was enabled to pass on to where an orthographical controversy was being waged, a collector on one side being desirous of taking your "cheque," on the other (by reason of a misprint probably) your "choque;" however, I suppose it was quite a private matter between the two orthographers, for you were not required to explain your preference, but were allowed to give your ticket to either indifferently. Hereupon I discovered that I might either go up-stairs "to the Agricultural Implements," or down-stairs "to the Prize Cattle:" the latter being the principal object of my visit, down I went, being much assisted in my descent by a shove from an enthusiastic beast-fancier, who, with a knowing look, and a shake of the head indicative of a confidence in his superior faculties, remarked that "*he* could smell 'em as soon as he got inside the door." I don't acknowledge his olfactory superiority, though I hope he derived more satisfaction from his organs than I from mine, but if he *saw* them, I confess he had the advantage of me. Indeed the characteristic feature of the show appeared to me to be that you couldn't see anything but the skylight; but there was matter for congratulation in that, for you observed that there were several panes of glass broken, and you therefore felt sure that there *was* fresh air coming in, even if you were unconscious of it, and that the odds in favour of your being suffocated were not so great as you had at first supposed. It is true that, from time to time, when there was a general rush in the direction of a pig suspected of imminent apoplexy, or in some other direction for some other reason, I managed, by clinging to a post, to retain my position, and get a few glimpses both of the beasts and of their admirers. At such moments it was that I had the leisure to observe how connoisseurs deal with fatted animals, and how would-be connoisseurs imitate them to perfection. If it be a horned beast you wish to examine, I observed that the correct thing is to first of all hit him with a stick on the near hind leg, and tell him to "kim up:" when he has "kimmed up," you thrust the knuckles of your fingers into all parts of his flanks, you then press the humps on either side of the root of his tail, afterwards you catch hold of the extremity of the tail and twist it round; and ultimately you turn round, and gaze at the spectators triumphantly.

To test a fatted pig: first of all pull one of his ears vigorously; that hurts, and, if he be lively, will make him squeak prodigiously; then give him a spank with your hand upon his side; this will put the fatted monster to agonies, and he will scream piteously whilst the spectators will be gratified even to peals of laughter, and will set you down as very clever in pigs, and a decidedly facetious person. Lastly, if you have a stick or umbrella, poke him in the snout; and, above all, if you have a schoolboy with you for a holiday, get him to perform these operations for you; he will do it artistically, and with much gusto; and you will bind him to you by the indissoluble tie of common inhumanity. Whether the mere fact of

stuffing animals until existence is a burthen, be—as I heard a horrified lady remark—barbarous, whether it call for the attention of the Royal Humane Society; whether it improve or spoil the meat; whether it be an advantage or disadvantage that your bacon should be all lard; and whether obesity *per se* be an edifying or unedifying sight, I shall not stop to inquire; but I cannot refrain from placing upon record the heroic conduct, of which I was witness, during one of my glimpses, on the part of a pig only eleven months old. He and his brother —*par nobile fratrum*—had eaten of wash until they couldn't stand; they had sunk upon the straw in a state of torpor, whilst their keeper watched them with tender solicitude. A deep sleep stole gradually upon them, but the hero was evidently disturbed in his slumbers; there was something on his mind, if he had one, or on whatever pigs have instead, if he hadn't. I looked anxiously round to discover the cause, when lo! in a corner of the trough I discovered a mouthful undevoured; then I understood the ground of his uneasiness, and entered thoroughly into his feelings; presently he started,—twice by resting his chin upon his brother's back he strove but in vain to gain his legs; at the third trial, undismayed by fraternal grunts and kicks, he staggered up on all fours; guided not by sight—for his eyes had long been closed with fat—but by the intuition which is second-sight to genius, he waddled slowly towards the trough; with unerring snout he detected the morsel—with a single effort he bolted it down, and, with the grunt of a pig which had done its duty, dropped peacefully asleep! I could see the keeper was moved; he did not indulge in vulgar emotion; he uttered no sigh and shed no tear; but pensively, with the tip of his stick, he stroked the hero's bristles.

On the part of the oxen and kine, I saw nothing to equal this; amongst them the most vigorous display was made by a fierce little Highland heifer; but it was not in the noble cause of eating —she simply made a horned demonstration against the prevailing colour, magenta. No harm ensued, I am happy to say, but I think the fair wearer of magenta ribbons will do well to choose a different colour the next time she pats a Highland heifer. She looked very nice in them, I must say; but the tip of a horn thrust into the cheek might have spoilt the effect of even the ribbons.

What company did I see? Oh, every kind. Ladies and no ladies, and gentlemen and no gentlemen. Were there any clergymen? Oh! dear yes, several: so, you see, it is quite proper to go there. They had come principally, it is presumed, for the purpose of being able to read, with the effect which personal experience would enable them to give, "many oxen are come about me." Then there were those gentlemen whose trousers are always a puzzle to me,—they fit quite close at the knee and also at the ankle, and are wrinkled all the way down the leg. By a stretch of imagination I can realise the getting them on, but the taking them off is beyond my powers; perhaps they never are taken off, and that accounts for the wrinkles; still it must be acknowledged that they are very suggestive of an acquaintance with horses and cattle.

There was also a representative of those eccentric persons who fancy that everybody must be deaf of one ear at any rate, if not of both; so being about to bargain with B, for a beast, he commences thus:

A. "Which side do you hear best on?"

B. "Both."

A. (*rather staggered at this bold answer*). "Eh? both? Then it don't matter which side I stand on, does it?"

B. "Not a bit."

A. "Excuse my asking the question, but I know most people hear better on one side than the other."

And A, after this totally unfounded assertion, begins to talk in a key which makes it a matter of perfect indifference whether B was hard of hearing or no, as he might be heard with ease outside the building.

Up-stairs I was taken by a crowd of involuntary bearers, not that they actually carried me, but they effectually prevented my walking, and when I arrived I had the pleasure of seeing nothing, as I haven't the gift of looking through a material body; but I could gather from shouts and conversation what was going on;—there were steam-ploughs and corn-lifters, and chaff-cutters and (cruelty and ingenuity combined) the patent mouse-trap, in which each captive sets the trap for a brother mouse. And, to crown all, there were two rival vendors of original patent cattle-food, exactly opposite each other, but I believe this arrangement did not result in any consequence more terrible than vociferous speechifying. I heard nothing of human gore.

Both down-stairs and up there were opportunities, eagerly taken advantage of, for the favourite sport of kicking, elbowing, and treading upon toes; nor did gentlemen with sticks and umbrellas fail to perform the obvious duty of carrying them, ferule upwards, obliquely over their shoulders, that being almost the only way of ensuring an injury to your neighbour's eye. Whether these gentlemen were surgeons or not I can't say, but, if not, very likely many of their friends are, and their conduct is therefore creditable to them. After getting an umbrella very nearly inserted where a pinch of snuff is considered by some people to produce a pleasant titillation, I thought the broad pavé of Baker Street would be safer,—made the best of my way thither, and sallied forth from the Repository by that door where a policeman is placed, whose very arduous duty it is to tell persons to "turn to the right when they get out;" a rather unnecessary piece of advice, as you can't turn any other way.

THE PATRIOT ENGINEER.

"Sirs! *may* I shake your hands?
My countrymen, I see!
I've lived in foreign lands
Till England's Heaven to me.
A hearty shake will do me good,
And freshen up my sluggish blood."

Into his hard right hand we struck,
Gave the shake, and wish'd him luck.

"—From Austria I come,
An English wife to win,
And find an English home,
And live and die therein.
Great Lord! how many a year I've pined
To drink old ale and speak my mind!"

Loud rang our laughter, and the shout
Hills round the Meuse-boat echoed about.

"—Ay, no offence: laugh on,
Young gentlemen: I'll join.
Had you to exile gone,
Where free speech is base coin,
You'd sigh to see the jolly nose
Where Freedom's native liquor flows!"

He this time the laughter led,
Dabbing his oily bullet head.

"—Give me, to suit my moods,
An ale-house on a heath,
I'll hand the crags and woods
To B'elzebub beneath.
A fig for scenery! what scene
Can beat a Jackass on a green?"

Gravely he seem'd, with gaze intense,
Putting the question to common sense.

"—Why, there's the ale-house bench:
The furze-flower shining round:
And there's my waiting-wench,
As lissome as a hound.
With 'hail Britannia!' ere I drink,
I'll kiss her with an artful wink."

Fair flash'd the foreign landscape while
We breath'd again our native Isle.

"—The geese may swim hard-by;
They gabble, and you talk:
You're sure there's not a spy
To mark your name with chalk.
My heart's an oak, and it won't grow
In flower-pots, foreigners must know."

Pensive he stood: then shook his head
Sadly; held out his fist, and said:

"—You've heard that Hungary's floor'd ?
They've got her on the ground.
A traitor broke her sword :
Two despots hold her bound.
I've seen her gasping her last hope :
I've seen her sons strung up b' the rope.

"Nine gallant gentlemen
In Arad they strung up !
I work'd in peace till then :—
That poison'd all my cup.
A smell of corpses haunted me :
My nostril sniff'd like life for sea.

"Take money for my hire
From butchers ?—not the man !
I've got some natural fire,
And don't flash in the pan ;—
A few ideas I reveal'd :—
'Twas well old England stood my shield !

"Said I, 'The Lord of Hosts
Have mercy on your land !
I see those dangling ghosts,—
And you may keep command,
And hang, and shoot, and have your day :
They hold your bill, and you must pay.

"'You've sent them where they're strong,
You carrion Double-Head !
I hear them sound a gong
In Heaven above !'—I said.
My God, what feathers won't you moult
For this ! says I : and then I bolt.

"The Bird's a beastly Bird,
And what is more, a fool.
I shake hands with the herd
That flock beneath his rule.
They're kindly ; and their land is fine.
I thought it rarer once than mine.

"And rare would be its lot,
But that he baulks its powers :
It's just an earthen pot
For hearts of oak like ours.
Think ! think !—four days from those frontiers,
And I'm a-head full fifty years.

"It tingles to your scalps,
To think of it, my boys !
Confusion on their Alps,
And all their baby toys !
The mountains Britain boasts are men :
And scale you them, my brethren !"

Cluck, went his tongue ; his fingers, snap.
Britons were proved all heights to cap.

And we who worshipp'd crags,
Where purple splendours burn'd,
Our idol saw in rags,
And right about were turn'd.
Horizons rich with trembling spires
On violet twilights, lost their fires.

And heights where morning wakes
With one cheek over snow ;—
And iron-walled lakes
Where sits the white moon low ;—
For us on youthful travel bent,
The robing picturesque was rent.

Wherever Beauty show'd
The wonders of her face,
This man his Jackass rode,
High despot of the place.
Fair dreams of our enchanted life,
Fled fast from his shrill island fife.

And yet we liked him well ;
We laugh'd with honest hearts :—
He shock'd some inner spell,
And rous'd discordant parts.
We echoed what we half abjured :
And hating, smilingly endured.

Moreover, could we be
To our dear land disloyal ?
And were not also we
Of History's blood-Royal ?
We glow'd to think how donkeys graze
In England, thrilling at their brays.

For there a man may view
An aspect more sublime
Than Alps against the blue :—
The morning eyes of Time !
The very Ass participates
The glory Freedom radiates !

GEORGE MEREDITH.

UNFASHIONABLE PREACHERS.

ON any fine Sunday afternoon, during the year, as we proceed Eastwards down the Mile-End Road, we shall, in all probability, find our progress suddenly arrested by a large assemblage which blockades the pavement in front of us: there is no noise, no bustle, nor confusion ; on the contrary, the crowd, despite its density, is quiet and orderly, being attentively engaged in listening to the loud tones, startling metaphors, and extremely ungrammatical language of a street Boanerges, who is perched on his forum, which is represented by a portable pulpit. As he elevates his hands, the fingers appear to be more familiar with the tailor's thimble, or the shoemaker's awl, than with aught appertaining to biblical study, yet his demeanour and rude arguments appear to be received with favour by many of his hearers.

Slowly drifting past the crowd and proceeding a little further on, we stop to notice another individual, who, with collar turned down *à la* Byron, is indulging in a harangue, almost equally vehement, in favour of "Secularism," to a somewhat scanty audience, which includes one or two simple, honest-featured members of the operative class, who hearken, with a queer puzzled expression, to his explanation of the celebrated "Eshays and Reevoos."

Occasionally, to attract fresh hearers, the orator spouts a little "Socialism," and noisily extols its merits, not omitting to wind up with a grandiloquent peroration, in which he invites those around him to attend "the Hall of Science" in the evening, for the purpose of participating in "the rational recreation of reason," which we afterwards discover to consist of a long, sleep-evoking, dreary lecture on "the philosophical sciences," followed by a—*select ball!*

Sometimes the speaker's place is usurped by a

member of the Stiggins school, who, attired in the orthodox white choker and black coat, employs cant, oily phrases, in the solicitation of donations, "however small," in aid of a mythical chapel which he professedly intends erecting. At other times we may come across the simple and earnest members of the various religious missions busily engaged in their good and unpretentious labours.

It is surprising how much unknown heroism exists amongst us. Many of these humble pioneers of social progress may be poor, almost illiterate, and at times ludicrously ignorant of the real meaning of the sentences which they utter with such startling emphasis; yet they seem at least to be thoroughly in earnest, which is more than can be said of others of far higher pretensions. There is something practical in the idea of these lowly missionaries and street-preachers, silently but ceaselessly working in the neighbourhoods of hideous squalor, rags, and vice; daily witnessing scenes of drunken brutality, horrible licentiousness, and shameless depravity, frequently sharing their humble meals with the poverty-stricken and unfortunate, or offering up supplicating prayers by the side of poor dying wretches, who, after continually defying the fangs of the law, find themselves in the merciless grasp of a foe whom no mortal can elude. These men found out long since what our Churchmen and wealthy Dissenters are only just beginning to discover—that if the masses will not go to the preachers, the preachers must go to the masses.

At the present day, bishops, deans, and other religious dignitaries, do not think it beneath them to take part in "special Sunday services," held in various metropolitan theatres during the winter; but thirty or forty years since the case was different.

Then street preaching and "special services" were neither fashionable nor safe, and were chiefly conducted by a class of persons whose types are rapidly disappearing. Of these "Boatswain Smith" was the most notorious and remarkable. He would "hold forth" in Wapping, Ratcliffe Highway, and other choice localities, and, by the employment of quaint expressions, nautical language, and slang jokes, would often collect an audience from among the low, dissolute, and profligate denizens of those localities. But his real sphere was on the river Thames. Never did preacher select a more suitable place for his operations. Seated in a small boat, "the boatswain" would row into the very midst of the forest of ships which lay in the Pool, and, sounding his shrill boatswain's whistle, would "pipe" all hands on to the decks of the various vessels. At the first note, cards, bottles, drinking-tins, brandy flasks, dice, low songbooks, and dominoes, would be kicked into the forecastle, and the dark savage features of rough, big-whiskered sailors would appear over the black bulwarks in obedience to the man who had so fearlessly summoned them. Some, intent on mischief, would clamber into the rigging; others would perch themselves on the weather-beaten capstan, a few would crawl on to the rudely carved figurehead, while many would listen with the sober, earnest attention, so characteristic of the true British sailor.

Using sea terms, "the boatswain" would designate the Good Samaritan as "a welcome craft that bore down to help a poor lubber who fell amid landsharks, that bore away his cargo, and left him adrift on the highway;" while any thoughtless and talkative "Jack" would be hailed with a request to keep "that ere figure-head still,"—a mandate generally complied with.

But times have changed, and no one knows what has become of "the boatswain." Many of his successors have degenerated into quiet lamb-like speakers, who must not be confounded with those who make open-air preaching a cloak for knavery and malpractices; who pen begging-letters on behalf of charitable institutions which have no real existence, and who assume a character for sanctity to which they have about as much right as Bill Sykes himself.

However, despite of wolves in sheep's clothing; of ignorant controversialists; of crack-brained enthusiasts, or of fanatical visionaries, who strive to obtain, out of doors, the audiences they fail to allure to the lecture-room; these humble pioneers of Progress labour steadily onward, each in his own peculiar way, reaping scant worldly reward, applause, or fame. John Plummer.

SKETCHES AT BRIGHTON.

By the Author of "Helionde," "The Memoirs of a Stomach," &c.

No. III.—A Reception.

Windows flashing with light; link-men exhibiting a prospective-little-sixpence energy to prevent dainty dresses from rubbing against dirty wheels; young ladies shooting like meteors from their carriages to the entrance; a little knot of gaping women and children gazing, wonder-stricken, at the silks and the gauzes; together with thundering knocks at the door, proclaim the great fact that people are assembling in a certain handsome house in Suffolk Square for the purpose of whirling, twirling, crossing, advancing, retrograding, and pirouetting, on the occasion of what is denominated a Ball. Mrs. Sweetlie Grant is the giver of the entertainment on, I believe, the occasion of one of her children's birthdays; but, as I confess to that profound indifference which most grumpy bachelors feel in respect to children, from their teething-time to their teens, I make no especial inquiries on the subject. Mrs. Sweetlie Grant enjoys the reputation of giving the most *recherché* receptions of any of the Brighton winter residents, and, as her husband is one of our "merchant princes," and proud of receiving his friends in a princely way, his wife indulges him in his predilections, and presides over her assemblies with tact, judgment, and good taste. A visit to Mr. Grant's house of business in the City, and a dinner or *soirée* at his private abode, would present a contrast as great as a stalactite palace and the dark tunnel by which you approach it. His counting-house in Lombard Street is tolerably large and, excepting on a foggy winter's day, is, for a City office, cheerful enough; but his own private sanctum is dark and dusty, with that indescribable odour of stale air which seems a neces-

sary concomitant of all such places. Mr. Grant *talks* of removing to lighter and more roomy premises; but, as year after year there is no attempt made at carrying out the threat, you are forced to conclude that some close analogy exists between the animal and the vegetable world, and that Mr. Grant's roots have struck too deep for removal. From ten till four he sits in his well-used chair, poring over papers and ledgers, his hand constantly on a spring bell which, struck once, twice, or thrice, summons different clerks to obey his mandates. His branch offices and agencies are to be found in every part of the world, and his argosies upon every sea, while, no doubt, if he were to realise his wide-spread merchandise, his fortune would be immense; but, though some years past the meridian of life, he is content to pass day after day, year after year, in a room which, without any use of metonomy, would be denominated a den. While thus working in the dim shade of smoke and discomfort, his wife lives like a Zenobia with her retinue and her prodigious luxuries of all kinds. Things, however, are not quite as they seem. *His* apparent sacrifice and *her* so-called pleasures are much more evenly balanced than people would suppose. On his return home by the evening express he is glad to find that the receptacle for visitors' cards is in a plethoric condition, and that, curiously enough, those especial cards whereon are little engraved coronets, or those with titles prefixed to the name, or those with honourable initials following the name, find their way to the top of the card-basket, like cream upon milk, in a manner truly surprising.

Then, again, twice a week or so, he is glad to find his rooms thrown open to receive the *élite* of Brighton, while the atmosphere of elegance and refinement which surrounds him is possibly enhanced by his recollection of the picture at the London end of the terminus. A more worthy source of pleasure, too, is his when he visits his children's apartments and finds the dear little beings edged about by every care and comfort that riches can bestow; and when his wife tells him that she has secured the services of an admirable governess, and intends to give her 120*l.* per annum, he smiles good-humouredly and says, "What an extravagant little woman you are." In his heart, no doubt, the thought arises, "And all this is owing to my industry in that much maligned cell of mine in Lombard Street." In the same way that the fatigues and harass of business find compensation in home and the social enjoyments which Mrs. Grant's talents and her family connections (she is a cousin of Lord Alberry, of Alberry Park, Salop,) bring about him, so the lady's pleasures sink in some measure to the level of her husband's sum total of happiness, by the anxiety, care, and forethought which keeping up society engenders, to say nothing of those mortifications, small and great, which all who are constantly striving after something better than themselves are sure to meet with. She is a tender-hearted and good creature, too, with all her society attributes, and many a time may be seen early in the day, in a shabby silk dress and a poke-bonnet disguising her features, amongst the poor localities of Brighton, dispensing many an act of true charity unknown to any living being save the grateful recipient. Then, again, she has to provide against the petty annoyances which arise from the never-ending persecutions of poor relatives, who not only expect to live upon her bounty, but are offended if they are not all received upon the same footing of equality with Mrs. Grant's fashionable friends and visitors. Then, too, in her heart of hearts she would be glad to be a little less fashionable, and often—perhaps on this very occasion of her ball—when carriages are rolling to the doors, she would rather exchange her wreath of flowers for her school-day simple braids, and her society smiles for a hearty laugh at her children's gambols in the nursery.

Thus, though Mrs. Sweetlie Grant seems absorbed by pleasure, and her husband devoured by toil, each meet on the same level of life's enjoyments, and the elevations and depressions to which each are liable strike a mean in the long run, and my belief is, that happiness generally is far more equally distributed amongst us all than the philosophers and moralists have yet discovered.

Be it known to the uninitiated that society in Brighton—as, I suppose, in every other town of dear old England—is cut up and divided into several sets or cliques, and each set or clique is ruled by a ruling centre, around which the lesser lights perform their several orbits—and some of them, Heaven knows! are eccentric enough. The constellations may be thus classified, and will serve quite as well for London as for Brighton.

CLASS I.—SUNS WITH THEIR OWN SYSTEM.

Rank in conjunction with pedigree and wealth.

CLASS II.—STARS OF THE SECOND MAGNITUDE.

Rank without pedigree (such as recently made peers) in conjunction with wealth.

CLASS III.—MOONS.

Wealth *per se.* It influences the money tides, shines with a borrowed light from rank, and moves in the earth's orbit.

CLASS IV.—ASTEROIDS.

Rank without wealth or pedigree, and pedigree without rank or riches.

CLASS V.—NEBULÆ.

Parvenus, clever *intrigantes*, pretty girls with a little money, *bonnes parties* with good expectations. These come under the general term "nebulæ," because it is possible they may each become a distinct world entering into the system of the higher spheres.

CLASS VI.—METEORS.

Belles of the season without money; people living on their capital; those who make a show owing to their talents in obtaining credit; and all other bodies that come and go we know not whither.

Occasionally, considerable perturbation of the entire planetary system takes place at Brighton, owing to the arrival of a brilliant comet in the shape of some member of the Royal Family of England. If, however, the reader imagines that its coming is welcomed by any display of real hospitality on the part of the higher ranks of society, or by any of those delightful gatherings at private houses, which people on the continent

know so well how to give, when the great of the land come amongst them in the private capacity of ladies and gentlemen, he is quite in error; for that mouldy, mildewy blighting influence, called "etiquette," settles upon and destroys in the bud any desire to do unostentatious honour to the visitors, and permits only a few of the *haute noblesse* to be invited to any entertainment where the cherubim with the flaming swords of formality keep guard. The officers of the regiment quartered at Brighton will most likely give a breakfast to the Royal party, and then it is that the mortal part of the otherwise immortal gods and goddesses of fashion are apparent, for there are not above a dozen people in the place whom it would be "etiquette" to ask to meet H.R.H.; and a lugubrious *déjeûner*, presided over by the colonel commanding the regiment, is the result. Such a breakfast had been given to the Princess of —— on the morning of the same day that Mrs. Grant gave her *soirée*, and those who know what English society is at the present day, will not be surprised when I state that the officers of the 70th Dragoons were courted and petted even more than usual, owing to their recent attrition—if I may be allowed the term—with a veritable member of the Royal Family of the Guelphs. The Misses Fastlie who were present, made themselves peculiarly conspicuous, and their style altogether was so unblushingly forward, that I expected to witness a scene out of the abduction of the Sabines, the attacking party being the fair ones themselves. The family of the Joneses, too, this evening were superb, and talked so fast and so incessantly, that I verily believe the noise was perpetrated (like a clacker in an orchard), to keep all the other little birds from attacking the cherries (in uniform), which they desired to monopolise. I must confess the gallant and agreeable young officers acted admirably; for though, as usual, they were politely insolent to the civilians present, they stood the fusillade opened upon them with perfect *sang froid*, and received the grape and grapnel of pretty speeches like tried and disciplined veterans.

Some acquaintances whom I was in the habit of meeting in the coffee-room of my hotel were present, and one we had named the "serious joker" was, as usual, making absurd speeches, in which his large brown serious eyes seemed to take no part. His companion with rosy cheeks, crisp, curly hair, and merry, care-devil countenance, was spinning round in the waltz, like a gyroscope, upsetting all the laws of gravitation, and glad to dance with any girl, plain or pretty, who was disengaged, for the young gentleman evidently loved dancing for the pure physical enjoyment of the exercise, and being myself a very poor waltzer, I felt immensely disgusted at his excellence in the art. A thin-legged individual, with features like Mr. Punch, was announced amongst other guests, and he appeared in a suit perfectly *en règle* for an evening party, but still there was an unmistakeable upper groom cut about him. He had not been in the room five minutes when I heard him exclaim: "Bet you five to one her hocks are as thin as a thoroughbred's." No fear of finding *him* unstable in any of the affairs of life.

A certain recondite Commissioner was downstairs in the library playing whist, and, judging by the expression of his face, I should say fortune was disappointing him of his shilling points. A picture of Galatea in her car with dolphins drawing it, a copy by Jackson of Guido's celebrated picture, hung on the wall near the card-table, and I heard the serious joker say as he peeped in and observed the group:

"Tom, here's our learned friend of the Excrescent playing whist, and he's sitting close to Galatea that he may get the Acis!"

I was not long suffered to be a mere spectator of the scene, and my observations and cogitations were interrupted by Mrs. Sweetlie Grant asking me to dance with a lady who at the distance looked very young, but when you came to see her more closely, showed many little flaws, wrinkles, and joins in her face, most artistically filled up with white paint, and I conclude, putty also. When I asked her to do me the honour of dancing, she languidly replied:

"The third dance from this," and she turned to resume her conversation with General Sir Archibald Macpherson O'Neil, a military hero, who spoke even to ladies with a short, sharp tone, exactly as he spoke on parade. The time being duly arrived for duty, I politely reminded the fair one that our dance had arrived, but without attempting any excuse, in the same drawling tone she answered:

"Oh, I am engaged to dance with Colonel Popham; see (showing me her *carte de dance*), I have put a line through your name, and written in his; the quadrille after I shall be happy to dance with you."

I always smarted under this sort of *insouciance*, which, I will be bound to say, everybody has met with in a ball-room, so I replied—by the way, Colonel Popham was celebrated for his jockey acquirements:—

"Madam, if you will be so obliging as to seek the information from your partner, he will explain to you that a scratched horse never runs, and upon the same principle, a scratched partner never dances."

Upon this, I bowed stiffly, and walked off, though I dare say the word "impertinent" was all the lady vouchsafed on the subject.

The truth is, I was always out of my element at what are termed evening-parties, and I ought never to have been asked to one. I was foolish enough—vanity, I believe, being the motive power—to resent all those little slights and small impertinences which all men, not thoroughly initiated into the sacred mysteries of Terpsichore, are sure to meet with in assemblies devoted to her worship.

Whether it was this or the natural moroseness of my nature I know not, but it is certain I regarded human beings dancing with a morbid disapproval, and I believe I made more enemies in a ball-room than in any place in my life. Mercy! how the music and the dancers are all at it now. There's Miss MacSky, the reputed heiress to magnificent landed estates in Inverness-shire, whirling round the room with the major of the regiment, a fine dashing fellow, who enjoys

quite a *battue* amongst the pretty crinolines; there they go round and round, not like the little figures in the organs, turning on their own axis to the waltz in Der Freischütz, but round in an orbit, which threatens destruction to all within the curve of its progression. There they go round and round, his "windy" whiskers brushing her cheek, their arms straight out, now swaying up, now down—darting across the room amongst the insane crowd, who are all performing the same extraordinary evolutions; there they go round and round till panting, breathless, and nearly sinking into the floor, the lady sinks instead into a chair, the gallant madman makes his bow, wipes his forehead, and—thank gracious, a pause takes place in the wondrous paroxism of music and of motion. Taking advantage of the lucid interval, let me call the reader's attention to a lady who is no longer a dancer, but attends parties for the pleasure of looking on, or cutting in perhaps at a rubber; but especially (dare I disclose the fact) for the sake of the little delicacies in the edible and sparkling wine department of a ball-room, which those ample-waisted, soft-skinned, damask-cheeked houris past the meridian of life discuss with so much genial warmth and relish. Really the fair dame in question might have been taken for an obese effigy of Aurora, she is so wonderfully rosy in every particular. Her dress is rose coloured tarlatan, looped up with roses, and her shoes, of course, match her dress, and are decorated with rosettes; her head-dress is a wreath of roses; her hair is scented with pomade containing the attar; her handkerchief is saturated with rose-water; her fan is rose coloured with spangles like dew drops; even the diamonds in her necklace are rose diamonds, and when her apotheosis takes place, she will assuredly become the goddess of some celestial Gûlistan.

Of course her name is Rosa, and equally undoubted her husband's name is Rose, so that she is not only a full-blown, but a double rose. She is about to descend by herself—I grieve to state it as a fact—into the supper room, and I am just in time to offer her my arm on the threshold of the apartment devoted to such nocturnal feasting as Lucullus might have envied. The exceptional part of my usually morose and cynical nature was a habit of showing attention to the unprotected females in a ball-room, whether young or old, and I determined my good-tempered, rosy companion should want for nothing in the supper way, and I was also curious to know what this description of floral womanhood finds to talk about. It so happened on this occasion there was no especial announcement of supper; for from the first moment of the guests' arrival till they departed, both light and substantial refreshments were provided, so that during the entire evening every one was enabled to select the period most suitable for paying those little delicate attentions to the inner being, which it receives with so much benignity and grace. By this judicious arrangement there was no pushing and jostling at a particular time, no sharp speeches from hungry chaperons, no famished young gentlemen looking wistfully at the Eleusinian portal, irrevocably closed till one o'clock, saying to one another, "this is dooced slow." I feel assured many a flirtation, which would ultimately have fructified into matrimony, has been nipped in the bud by the delay of supper. It is not pleasant for the male actor, at such scenes, when, after framing a nice little set speech, to observe the young lady to whom it is addressed trying her best to hide a gape behind her fan. It is very shocking to attribute stomachic exhaustion to the fair sex, and very absurd to suppose that their future fate in life may depend on a glass of moselle-mousseux, or the inevitable chicken's wing at the right time; but ye, young ladies, who dine early, and take four hours to dress, with a cup of green tea the while, tell me, I conjure you, is it not as I describe? I say nothing of that preliminary arrangement which provides you with tea, coffee, ices, and negus, as they only add to the evil, for the Minister of the Interior crieth aloud for something substantial, and hoists up a yawn as a signal of distress. If only upon these grounds, therefore, the fact of an Apician feast being provided from ten o'clock till daybreak was highly to be approved, though I observed one or two knowing dowagers picking and pinching the rarest fruits in a highly critical manner, and adhering to some *recherché* salmi, or mayonnaise, with a constancy worthy of the cause; so I conclude such a method of entertaining between two and three hundred people is a costly one; but as I before said, the Grants were wealthy people, and as they gave only one grand reception during the Brighton season, it was done "regardless of expense."

My rosy friend opened the campaign in a masterly manner, prior to her general attack on the grand army of viands, forming her lines of Torres Vedras with plates and dishes, so as to secure her position. After I had for some little time attended to her wants, she at length found time for a little conversation, and commenced her remarks by a personal allusion.

"Why do you wear that glass on your eye, Mr. Green!—thank you, that is quite enough—I am sure you can see just as well as I can; it's all affectation."

"No indeed, Mrs. Rose; I am too well aware that a contortion of the 'levator palpebræ superioris' has a repulsive, not an attractive, effect."

"La! how clever you are! Are you a surgeon!—this salad is admirable—but why not wear spectacles?"

"Because with spectacles I could not see objects close; and you observe I let my glass fall when I desire to see things that are near." (Here, most unluckily, my glass fell into a whipped cream.)

"Oh, you men have always some excuse—thank you, a morsel only—hark! they are playing the 'Lancers;' I hope I do not detain you."

"No; I seldom dance. How strange, Mrs. Rose, are the transmutations and transformations of matter in this world. The chickens, lobsters, salads, creams, and custards which were crowding this table a few minutes since, are separated for ever, torn from their relative state of cohesion, and are now bowing to each other, and performing other evolutions in *la dance*, to the tune of cornet-à-piston, piano, and harp. (At this speech

Mrs. Rose looks up with an expression, as much as to ask—is it champagne or lunacy?)

"Ha! ha! What an idea! How original you are. Don't you take supper yourself?"

"Yes, thank you, I have been supping, on and off, all the evening." (Mark my delicacy here in showing by inference that it was quite correct to do as she had done.) "Dear! how stupid that fellow is, he has spilt some trifle on your dress—permit me."

"I see you are quite a lady's man. T-h-a-n-k you. It can't hurt, it's only froth."

"Venus Anadyomene with the foam of the parent sea still clinging to her!"

"La! what do you mean? Some silly flattery, I suppose? How very warm it is."

Here I offer my arm, trusting my stilted style of conversation has made her give me up, but the heedless use of the word "Venus" rendered me more bearable than I had hoped. She declines to take the hint, and continues:

"By the way—just a *soupçon*, if you please,—I observed you dancing with one of the Miss Sheppards; how do you like her?"

"I scarcely know; for, after trying every topic of conversation I could think of, and finding the only response I could gain was, 'Do you think so?' 'Yes, indeed!' 'Oh, no!' I gave up the attempt at a dialogue, subsided into a zoophytic condition, shuffled through a quadrille, and said nothing."

"Ha! ha! ha! really how droll you are! Do you like Mrs. Sheppard—only half a glass, if you please."

"I fear I offended Mrs. Sheppard, for upon her asking me if I were not related to the Frogmarsh Greens, one of the oldest Yorkshire families, I replied, innocently enough, 'No; I can trace my pedigree only as far back as Henry the Eighth's time, my ancestor, Thomas Horatio Green, having been hanged on Tor Hill, near Glastonbury Tor, for various state crimes committed against that polygamic monarch aforesaid.' Thereat Mrs. Sheppard incontinently turned her back upon me, though what I stated was a simple fact, in no way intended to wound her feelings."

"Was he really hanged, though? Poor Mrs. Sheppard must have been dreadfully shocked! Thank you, no more champagne—is that Maraschino? Th—at will do."

Thinking that a *chasse* really ought to terminate further proceedings, I again offered my arm, but again the gesture was unheeded. This time, however, I was more decided, and persistently stuck out my elbow to be taken, and taken it was, but the lady added:

"You are really so gallant, perhaps by and by I may ask you to escort me down again for a biscuit, or some little light refreshment."

"*À votre service.*"

Whereupon, with a long-drawn sigh and a love-lorn look at the *débris* of dainties which were being cleared off for a fresh supply, we ascended to the *salle de danse*, where, of course, by this time there is another tremendous rush and crush and twirl and whirl, and Lord Eversham, an old *roué* of the worst sort, is dancing with the youngest and prettiest girl in the room. This and a signal with her fan from my rosy friend, which I pretended not to observe, completed my discontent, and I levanted forthwith.

How delicious was the fresh air of night after those heated rooms. The breeze was blowing off the sea, and the stars were winking and blinking because, as the poet says, they had nothing else to do. Possibly, however, on this occasion they had been dancing to the music of the spheres, and had taken their places again after a whirl round in space to a tune played by the only celestial band I ever heard of—that of Orion.

A BIT OF PRACTICAL ENTOMOLOGY.

A comical little lady, in green spectacles, told us the story, gravely: we will set it down as we heard it.

Little Old Lady *loquitur*:—

"The scene was a very popular place of amusement and recreation; there is no need to particularise further. You have been there, and so have I. It was not a very grand day at the popular place of amusement; that is to say, no monster attraction had been got up to draw multitudes thither, but there were visitors in plenty, nevertheless, and there was also music. Amongst those visitors I have to bespeak your attention on behalf of a friend of mine:—as she happened to wear on this occasion a blue dress, and I don't mean to mention names, I shall call her the Lady in Blue. She was walking companionless in the place of public resort, and had left the more frequented spots for one comparatively lonely, where the hum of the human hive was still audible, a sort of accompaniment to the footsteps of the few who were sauntering up and down, probably, like herself, waiting for friends. Looking at these loungers, the Lady in Blue experienced a momentary feeling of wonder at the sight of a policeman in this quiet spot, where people had nothing to do but to enjoy themselves peaceably. It might have formed a fine subject for a 'fragment' on the depravity of human nature, but the Lady in Blue was no poet, and could not improve the occasion. She walked on, therefore, and listened to the music, and had just begun to wonder impatiently why her friends were so late at the place of meeting, when, by one of those chances which get such fine names from mental transfer-ists and thought impression-ists, she raised her head suddenly, and caught the glance of a peculiarly gentleman-like stranger fixed in a searching manner upon her. It was averted at once, of course: nevertheless there was a little additional *hauteur* in the carriage of the Lady in Blue as she continued her walk. Still on her ear came faintly the delightful platitudes of the eternal, never to be worn out, Trovatore; but suddenly there was a step close beside her, a touch, a gentle and most polite

"'Excuse me, madam.'

"And the lady stopped in amazement. It was the gentlemanly stranger.

"'I beg ten thousand pardons, but there is a—in fact a disagreeable insect on your shawl. Might I be allowed to remove it?'

"The Lady in Blue turned with a face of horror. It *was* a disagreeable insect, there is no denying that. It was—to tell you the truth," said the little Old Lady, nodding over her spectacles. "I am not an American, but an old-fashioned Englishwoman, and I always like to call things by their right names. If there is any fine, long Latin word for the insect, I don't know it, and I shouldn't use it if I did. It was what is vulgarly called a bug.

"When the Lady in Blue had recovered herself a little, her first impulse was to look for the gentlemanly stranger, but he was gone. And very proper of him too, she thought; a great proof of delicacy and good breeding. But the thing—the insect! To be actually on her shawl! How did it get there? Where had that shawl been, and how was such a calamity possible? Did any one see the transaction? These were questions of terrible import, and unanswerable. Her walk lost its languid ease; Trovatore had no longer any charms for her. A sensation of horrible discomfort lingered about that shawl, and the hum of the human hive, which before had been soothing, seemed like a chorus of distant voices lifted up on the subject of that disagreeable insect. When would her friends join her? At any rate it must be long past the time appointed. Thinking thus, she began fumbling nervously at her watch-chain; at least in the direction of the chain. For you see the chain itself was gone, and the watch was gone; and when she searched her pocket, she found that her purse was gone too. And by this time her face of dismay, and her exclamations had attracted the policeman, whose appearance in such a place had seemed to her as unnecesary a short time before.

"Other curious individuals also began to gather round her; in fact, the poor Lady in Blue thought all the world was coming to chatter about her, and add to her confusion, which was quite a superfluous attention on the world's part; and to the question, 'When did you miss the articles?' she could only put her hand to her head in a distracted manner, and utter disjointed signals of distress.

"'Miss them! I don't know—I—'

"'When did you have them last?'

"'I really cannot tell. I—yes, now I know. I am quite sure. I looked at my watch just before that strange gentleman spoke to me about—'

"'What gentleman?'

"'A stranger to me, quite. He—why, there he is again; that one with the white hat. Ah, he is gone! I don't see him now.'

"But before this speech was ended the policeman was gone too; and if any one is anxious as to the fate of the missing articles, I beg to reassure them.

"The gentlemanly stranger encountered an unexpected friend at the door of the popular resort, who kindly relieved him of a burden which must have been heavy. Besides the jewellery of the Lady in Blue, the stranger was found to have about his person several watches and chains, and a goodly array of purses. Also, he had in his waistcoat pocket—a little box of bugs."

Louis Sand.

REPRESENTATIVE MEN.

Political Agitators.

RIENZI: CADE: LAFAYETTE: O'CONNELL: MAZZINI: JOHN BRIGHT.

The description of every political agitator, by friends and enemies, is the same from age to age, and in all countries. Partisans of course think him a born ruler, a patriot, and a hero: and the rest of society calls him a demagogue, and assumes him to be ignorant. "An ignorant demagogue," is the intellectual hieroglyphic which stands for the political agitator from generation to generation. For any description so permanent there must be a reason; and to ascertain how much reason there is in this particular case, we have only to observe in what points eminent agitators have been all alike; and especially how far they have, each and all, succeeded or failed. When we have satisfied ourselves that single agitators invariably fail in their express object sooner or later, we shall see that there must be some justice in the imputation of ignorance. There must have been a screw loose somewhere; for in political action knowledge is power; and the leader who sinks in weakness has obviously been out in his calculations about other people or himself. The truth is, it is scarcely possible for any man who lives and moves among the people, occupied as they are with the business and pleasures of their lives, to know much of the facts and reasons of the few whose business and pleasure it is to transact public affairs. If those few are precluded from ever holding the point of view of the many, and are liable to grow narrow, and exclusive, and unfit at last for the work of ruling, yet more is every man of the many unable to enter into half the reasons the executive government may have for its views and actions. Thus it is that politicians in opposition seem under a doom to disappoint their supporters as soon as they are in power, or near enough to it to overlook the field in which the administration (whatever may be its form) has to act. Hence, also, the supreme value of representative institutions, which favour the freest attainable intercourse between the rulers and the ruled, and by which power is prevented remaining too long in the same hands. Under any other institutions or forms of society, "demagogues" must be more "ignorant" than in parliamentary states: but the description is not laid aside, nor seems likely to be laid aside, in the freest of constitutional countries.

The invariable failure affords another item of description. It is not understood by this that a single obnoxious law or method may not be got rid of by a particular agitator, and his special agitation; nor is it denied that a party of agitation may gain some one point for which the time is ripe. By the failure of demagogues is meant the constant fact that that sort of man always finds at last that his object is not so desirable, or so feasible, as he thought it was; or that he is unable to work it out when he seems in full possession of the opportunity.

This reminds us of another feature common to so nearly all political agitators, that it may be admitted into the constant description:—viz., their being paralysed when the moment arrives

for which they seem to have been preparing from the beginning. Their followers wonder at this: and probably they themselves do: but there is nothing wonderful in it. They have been great, and even supreme, in one function: and that is a reason why they should not, rather than that they should, be supreme, or even great, in an opposite kind of function. Revolutionary heroes and sages have never been agitators; and agitators are about the last men likely to make effective revolutionary rulers. But the followers of a Tribune have formed their expectations on his opinions, his aims, and his promises; and when they see him struck helpless in the very moment of his grasping power, and turning irresolute as soon as he comes in full view of his object, they are first amazed, and then indignant. Hence the repute of political agitators as mere disturbers of society, and of their followers as a type of ingratitude.

I might go on suggesting other constant features of the order which never dies out. Every century has exhibited a political agitator in one country or another; and all are alike in these features, however they may otherwise vary, and whenever and wherever they may have lived.

Can Rienzi—the Prince of Demagogues—be classed among those whom men call ignorant? He was erudite: he was the friend of Petrarch: he had so studied the sculptures, and deciphered the inscriptions in Rome that he preached sermons from stones to the people: but a man who could do this might imagine the most absurd of politics for the men of his own day. Rienzi, however, had taken to heart the history of Rome in her greatest days; and he insisted that what had been possible once was practicable henceforth: and he succeeded, as far as he did succeed, by promising good laws, and by giving them when he had the power. Yet he failed when, according to his own calculations, he should have found himself supreme. He did not know the circumstances which rendered it impossible to reproduce a former social state. He did not know enough of the human mind, nor of human history, to be aware that sudden and arbitrary social changes are incompatible with the "justice and peace" which he dreamed of and promised: and he had not duly considered what he was to do with the class opposed to justice and peace, when once he had humbled them. Therefore was the career of Rienzi the melancholy spectacle which it is and will always be. We see him, first, happy at the school to which he was sent by his father the innkeeper and his mother the laundress. Then he grew up absorbed in his studies, dreaming of liberty, and pondering its forces and graces, and as glad at last, when his mind was full, to speak as others were to hear, of the glories of old Rome, and the aspirations of her statesmen and orators. He became famous; and every word of his splendid eloquence kindled fire among a people cruelly oppressed and insulted by an intolerable aristocracy. It might almost be set down among the constant features of the agitator's case that he finds a set of insufferable "barons" to oppose. The Roman barons of Rienzi's day were first his abhorrence; then his prey; then his embarrassment; and finally his destruction. We see him, in the depths of the summer night, in May, 1347, administering an oath of fidelity to a hundred followers on Mount Aventine, and instructing them to bring the people to him the next evening, to start the conflict with the nobles who had desolated their homes and ruined their fortunes. Then followed the trumpet blast in the morning, with the proclamation, and the toll of the great bell of the Capitol in the evening; and the quaking of the nobles, and the enthusiasm of the people, and Rienzi's triumph. He had strength to make good many of his promises, and to call himself only Tribune when the people would have made him Emperor; but he had his hour of paralysis, according to the usual course. He could not make war, nor even order it, nor bear a brave man's share in it. He could not see that his real dignity lay in preserving the manners and appearance of his former life; and he exceeded the hated nobles in extravagance of dress, and in luxury which soon passed into intemperance. The sun and stars in a great banner, the dove and olive branch were carried over his head; gold and silver were displayed and lavished with vulgar vanity; and the people saw in their own Tribune a far grosser example of effeminacy, self-seeking, cruelty to offenders, and overbearing insolence than in the barons whom he had spent his life in denouncing. Though he had at first done great things for them, these offences could no more be borne from him than from others; and in six months from that night-meeting on Mount Aventine, Rienzi was flying in disguise from Rome. He had caused himself to be crowned with seven crowns, and had declared the four quarters of the world to be his, as he waved his sword to the four points of the compass: and already he was an exile, excommunicated by the people as much as by the Pope. His friend Petrarch was disgusted with him; and he seemed to have lost everything he had lived for. In seven years he returned to meet his fate. As soon as he could make himself heard, he won all hearts—Petrarch's among the rest. He was permitted by the Pope to return to Rome, under certain engagements which must have been a fatal clog upon his administration, if all had gone well. But he believed he had once again everything in his own hand. His reception was all he could desire: but it turned his head as before; and the wrath of the disappointed citizens was extreme. They besieged him in the Capitol, and his mood changed from a brief heroism to utter depression. It must have been a strange spectacle when the late ruler of Rome and the world (as Rome believed) stood half naked and dumb in the face of the multitude, on the platform from which he had pronounced his judgments,—unable to use, in the silence of the curious and pitying crowd, that splendid faculty of speech by which he had led them on to revolution. For a whole hour they waited in vain for a sound from his lips. Then, one at least would wait no longer. He was the representative of the many who were indignant at having been put off with theatrical shows when they had been promised a thorough social reform; and at witnessing a personal vanity beyond example in a leader whom they had worshipped

as the embodiment of purity, devotedness, and discipline. This citizen, whoever he was, plunged his dagger into Rienzi's breast. Others rushed upon the victim, and his dead body was drawn through the mud, and then cast into the flames. Though there was no hope of his ever answering to popular expectation, if he had lived to old age, such a close to a second probation of four months brought to men's minds the wonderful reforms he had once achieved, as well as the heart-stirring promises he had made them: and they at length softened so far as to allow their descendants to hear of him as a patriot who delivered his country.

If Rienzi has been regarded as the very Prince of Political Agitators, from his qualifications and his command of success, Jack Cade—or John Mend-All as his army called him—has been despised as the very meanest of the order. The two lived within a hundred years of each other: there were circumstances of strong resemblance in their respective positions: and it is possible, that the distance between them, intellectually and politically, was not altogether what unthinking readers of Gibbon and Shakspere might assume.

There were "barons" in the latter case as in the former—insolent and grasping nobles who stood between the people and good government, and betrayed the honour of their country, and afflicted their humble neighbours by grievous oppression. John Cade, the Irishman, who believed himself to be one of the royal Mortimers, and saw that the imbecile king (Henry VI.) was mere sport for his barons, had as much reason for his political agitation as Rienzi or any other of the order could show; and there seems to be no evidence that he was particularly ignorant, or afraid that other men should be knowing, though it suited Shakspere's purposes to show him up in a comic dress. He was living in the marked and trying period of transition from the feudal to the constitutional form of society; and, as usually happens in transition periods, the order which is passing away made itself more odious as its desperation increased. The nobles had lost for us our French provinces of which we were so proud, and which were of such value to us! So the people believed: so John Cade insisted: and his force marched from Kent upon London to know the reason why. The agitation was not new. Since the peace with France there had been popular discontent everywhere, expressed by risings as well as menaces. In Norfolk, piratical foreigners were perpetually landing, carrying off men from Cromer and Yarmouth, and demanding heavy ransom for them. In the "Paston Letters," we find mention of the Flemings coming by hundreds into parishes near the coast, and of strangers playing their games on Caister sands as if they were at home. While such intrusions were galling the people, the agents of noblemen were teasing tenants and townsfolk with exactions and interference, and the nobles themselves were overbearing in the elections, trusting to the weakness of the King for impunity. We gain an interesting glimpse of the ways of the time when we read in the "Paston Letters" of the stir there was at Swaffham about three local magnates—the friends of the unpopular great men offering 2000*l.* (a vast sum then) for the favour of a still greater man, and their accusers planning that the Swaffham men shall take horse and meet his lordship with the bill of accusation, while the common people, and especially the women, shall crowd the streets, and, as instructed, cry out upon the accused as extortioners, and stop my lord's way with petitions "that he will do sharp execution upon them." "The mayor also, and all the aldermen," were to be stirred "to cry on my lord that they may have justice of these men that be indicted, and that my lord will speak to the King thereof;" and that in every part of the town where my lord is likely to pass there should be "many portions of commoners" kept ready to din the names of the accused into my lord's ears, and cry out for their punishment. Such were the times in which John Cade, for one, uplifted his voice and collected his neighbours for a march upon London, to see what could be done to restrain and punish the hated nobles for "the great dishonours and losses that be come to this full noble realm of England, by the false means of some persons that have taken on them over great authority in this realm." "The loss of two so noble duchies as Normandy and Guienne, that be well worth a great realm, coming by successions of fathers and mothers to the Crown," sat heavy on the heart of England; and those who had signed them away could hardly show their faces with safety at the time of Cade's rising. Thus there were reasons for a great popular effort at a juncture when the people must assert their rights or lose all the political ground they had hitherto gained. As for the form in which Cade made his protest, it may be a proof of his ignorance of the resources of the two parties; but it should be remembered that the "English Chronicle" states that the retainers of some of the lords would not fight against those who laboured to amend the common weal. It should be remembered that, four months before Cade's march to London, the detested Duke of Suffolk had petitioned the Lords of Parliament to allow him "to make his declaration of the great infamy and defamation which was laid upon him by many of the people of this land." Cade's rising was not the freak of a single man or a discontented neighbourhood, but an expression of the disaffection of a whole people, and of their claim for extended rights. When we take a look into the camp at Blackheath, however, we see reason to doubt whether the leader was worthy of his cause.

Sir John Fastolf sent one of his men (J. Payn) with two of his best horses to Cade's camp, to learn what the "articles" of the insurgents were; what they came for, in fact. "The Captain of Kent" had him seized on his arrival, and questioned him. Payn protested that he came only for a gossip with his brothers-in-law and friends; but he was sworn to as a servant of Sir J. Fastolf. Cade had him exposed at the four corners of the camp, and proclaimed a traitor and spy. This was a matter of course: but the strain of denunciation of the man's master as one who had weakened the garrisons of our lost French towns, and caused their lapse to France, and as having garrisoned his own house with foreigners to destroy the men of Kent, smacks of demagoguic

oratory as strongly as his worst ene[illegible] have desired. Payn was actually brou[illegible] the block, when his head was saved b[illegible] from a powerful quarter that "a hundred [illegible] of Kentish heads should fall for this one. Cade did not forget the man; but when the rebels reached Southwark had Payn arrested again at the White Hart, and despoiled of his array—a velvet gown furred with fine beavers, armour covered with blue velvet and adorned with gilt nails, and a purse with fine gold rings, besides some valuable bonds. Once more "he would have smitten off" Payn's head; and when again threatened with the consequences, he watched his opportunity and thrust the man out into the fight on London Bridge, where he was wounded as intended. During the struggle this poor fellow was paraded four times through Kent and Sussex, to stimulate the malcontents: and when he arrived near his home his dwelling was pillaged, his wife being left half-clothed, and an attempt was made to hang her and five of her children. There is no occasion to suppose that Cade was cognisant of these last transactions: but the imputation of plundering his lodgings in Southwark on his own account has been charged upon him from that day to this.

Of such particular allegations we can never know whether they are true or not. We are more concerned with his course as an agitator; and in this we find the permanent characteristics of the career. Cade probably supposed himself aware of what he was about when he led his thousands of followers to Blackheath, and encamped them there. He had fifteen articles written out fair, and was clear, and evidently eloquent on the grievances of the people. But he was foiled as soon as he met men in authority face to face. His force lay for several weeks at Blackheath, the city of London being favourable to the rising: but, with all these advantages, Cade did nothing effective, except defeating one detachment of the King's soldiers, without result. When the gates were opened to him by friendly citizens, he rode into London, struck London stone with his sword, and called himself Lord of the city; he paraded his blue velvet gown, and his gilt helmet, and, worst taste of all, a pair of gilt spurs, as if he had been a knight. This is too like Rienzi: but Cade did not attempt Rienzi's reforms. His demand to the Lord Mayor and justices was that Lord Say should be delivered up to him. Lord Say demanded to be tried by his peers: and Cade's men seized him and beheaded him, "at the Standard, in Cheap," without any trial at all. Murder and plunder were sufficient proof that Cade was not the man to lead a political reform; and the citizens turned him out. Then happened the battle on London Bridge, followed by a truce, on a promise of a general pardon sent by the Archbishop of Canterbury. From this amnesty Cade was excepted; and he fled to hide himself in the Sussex woods. The Sheriff of Kent caught him there, and brought him to London in a cart,—dead on the way. The bill brought in to the King for the expenses of exposing the body in London-streets, fixing up his head on London Bridge, and forwarding the quarters to four provincial magistracies, reveals a weighty fact. The bill was a costly one; and the excuse for the high charges is the [illegible]treme difficulty of engaging anybody to take [illegible] in disposing of the body. "Scarcely any persons durst or would, for doubt of their lives." The memory of the Captain of Kent was held dear, it is evident. Yet, with all this support, sympathy, and wealth of means, he was imbecile when the moment for action arrived, and failed in his errand without any apparent reason for failure. His cause was good and sufficient; and he was backed by an army of citizens who believed it to be so.

There is probably no more complete an embodiment of the revolutionary spirit of any special period than we see in Lafayette, who considered himself, and has been generally accepted as, the representative of the era of 1789. Born noble, and early left an orphan and uncontrolled, he was not favourably placed in regard to training for coming events. His father had been killed at the battle of Minden before the child's birth. He had little education, and never endeavoured to supply the defect. He married at sixteen, and at nineteen went to America to fight on the side of independence,—without more than a very crude notion of the principles involved in that, or any other political strife of his day. His early career exhibits that inability to brook restraint, and those unreasoning impulses on behalf of recalcitrants generally, which are in all ages confounded with the disinterestedness, benevolence, and generosity which often accompany them. Lafayette was as disinterested, generous, devoted, and sincere as any patriot ever was; but he was not an able, nor an enlightened man; and he therefore exhibited very conspicuously the constant features of the revolutionists' career. When he organised the National Guard at Paris, and made a cockade for them of the royal lily white, joined with the colours of the commune, blue and red, he was as unaware as the humblest of the guard of the import of what he was doing in instituting the tricolor. From that time forward his life was not a career, as he had meant that it should be. It was a succession of scenes of vain protest against events which other men foresaw,—of gallant soldierly efforts to protect the Royal family amidst dangers which he had not power or skill to avert,—and of remonstrance or sympathy which were always too late for the occasion. He differed from most other political agitators in having a small following or none. But for his birth, and the early proof of civic virtue which it enabled him to afford, he would have presently disappeared from public notice. As it was, he was before men's eyes, and conspicuous for failure to the end of his life. He suffered on all hands. The Court distrusted him, of course. The republican party despised him as the founder of a club for the formation of a constitutional monarchy on a popular basis. The Legislative Assembly turned Jacobin while he was making his appeals to it; and he found it necessary to leave Paris, where he was paraded and burnt in effigy as soon as his back was turned. When he attempted to retire to a neutral country, his military services on behalf of the revolutionary government rose up against him, and he was captured and imprisoned by the Austrians. He lay in prison at Olmütz for

five years; and when released by the treaty of Campo-Formio, he found himself obliged to protest against the facts of the time, according to his natural tendency. His protests then, and during the whole period of the first empire, were in entire accordance with reason and integrity: and his revolutionary functions seemed to be over. The Restoration disappointed all the hopes and aspirations of his early life, and he at first retired to his country seat: but in 1818 he appeared in the Chamber of Deputies, where he advanced claims on behalf of political liberty which were incessantly refused, till the revolution of 1830 brought the day for successful action at last. The event lay in his own hand. The old Bourbons were gone: the seat of government was vacant; and the nation expected him to propose its form of government. He called out the National Guards, and placed himself at their head, deciding, after much painful doubt, to employ them in suppressing the republican party, while he placed Louis Philippe on the throne, with the Charter in his hand. He presently repented of his course, and he is believed to have had, too late, dim glimpses of the future calamities of the country he might have launched in the only safe course. He lived less than four years from the date of that last of the failures of a long life; and the pathetic anecdote is preserved, to be reproduced hereafter in history, that his last words on public affairs related to the engrossing subject of his disappointment in the King. To one leaning over him he is reported to have said, "He is a knave, and we are the victims of his knavery." He turned his head on his pillow, and had done with the world's politics. Such was the honest, high-hearted, but shallow-minded political revolutionist of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, with his strong convictions, but conceptions dim and vague: his prevailing moods of lofty purpose, always giving way to irresolution, or perplexity, or mistake when the moment for action arrived. He had plenty of sincere homage, because he was unquestionably noble and pure in his patriotism: but he had no following, because he was no less indisputably weak in judgment, poor in knowledge, and therefore hazy in forecast.

In our century, we have seen a variety of political agitators corresponding with the transition character of the age. At this point, the broad figure, good-humoured, shrewd face, bright wig, orange pocket-handkerchief, and unlimited brogue of Daniel O'Connell will occur to us all.

O'Connell had as good a cause to agitate as Jack Cade or Rienzi. In his infancy, Roman Catholic parents in Ireland were not allowed to educate their children. The interdict was withdrawn in time to admit of his having better instructors than "the poor old hedge-schoolmaster" who taught Dan his letters: but there were plenty of grievances left to protest against: and Dan never became a cultivated man, qualified for political reasoning and judgment on a comprehensive scale. To the end of his life it was impossible for mere readers and observers to draw the line between his genuine ignorance and his false pretences; and it is probable that he could not have done it with any accuracy himself. Accustomed through life to wheedle audiences of all sorts, his habit of saying and pledging himself to whatever suited his purpose and his hearers became a second nature; and it might at any time have puzzled him more than any critic to make out how much of what he asserted as fact had been heard or read by him, and how much had been dreamed, or invented at the moment. This kind of false dealing with facts was paralleled by his dealing with feelings. He regarded himself as a providential pair of bellows, appointed to puff out gusts of emotion at any moment, in order to kindle and inflame the emotions of others: and this part he acted with wonderful persistence till the machine would work no longer. The function must have been irksome in the extreme,—at least for the last twenty years of his life; for he found, as soon as he was enabled to take a seat in parliament, that only in Ireland did he speak to a believing audience. English people liked to hear him for his fun and his genuine occasional eloquence: but no one of them ever thought of receiving what he said as true. His power in England was due to his power in Ireland, even before the spell of his agitation was broken in 1829.

O'Connell carried through the task which William Pitt and other statesmen had been unable to accomplish in nearly thirty years of suspended pledges. This was a great work: a proper title to historical fame, whatever might be the precise quality of the efforts and arts by which the aim was accomplished. He did not do it alone. He found parties already in antagonism about it. But he took up Ireland in his grasp, and flung it into the scale, to bear down royal prejudice and bad faith; and he succeeded. If he had never been heard of more, he would have taken a very high place in the order of political agitators: but he had eighteen years more to live; and he spent them in teaching the world how a restless spirit in the days of the House of Brunswick may be as mischievous as in the time of the Plantagenets. After the Emancipation Act of 1829, O'Connell's agitation ceased to be, in his own consciousness, genuine; and all was in fact over with him. His position in regard to income was not a creditable one. It was not to be supposed that a man with a dozen children should surrender or neglect a lucrative practice at the bar in his devotion to politics; and it was perfectly right that those who desired him to devote himself to politics should take care of his income. But it was not done by rich men purchasing or conferring an annuity,—which might and should have been equal to the utmost amount that his profession could have been expected to yield him: it was done by begging all through Ireland every year, from the altar, and by the wayside, and in the inns, and at every cabin door. O'Connell kept his beagles, and supported his clan, and made all bright about him by means of the peasants' Sunday coats, and the labourer's second potato, and the widow's hoarded sixpence, all levied by the priests. O'Connell never got over this. It was worse for him in England than the lies which he would have been wise to keep for Ireland, or the rank abuse and high-pressure sentiment which made his speeches unreadable in English newspapers. There was nothing real and feasible about his Repeal

agitation; and if the Irish believed there was, so much the worse for him! He promised every man, woman, and child, what he or she most wished under the name of Repeal, as politic proselyters do under the name of the Kingdom of Heaven. Above all, Repeal meant every man's ownership of his bit of land, release from standing debts, and the abolition of taxes. Repeal was "glory," and triumph, and vengeance and wealth, and nothing to do for everybody. The retribution of this characteristic was very terrible to the agitator himself. He had a sincere dread of war and actual rebellion: but what could he do with all the expectations he had excited,—expectations which he always knew could not be fulfilled, but which he trusted Providence or chance would divert. For some time he reached forward from one happy accident to another; and he could always cajole an Irish audience for the moment: but he could not long stand the strain. He broke down, in weakness of body and depression of mind,—with strong instincts of fear of death, but, on the other hand, with only too much cause to dread the next scenes of his life. While his millions of Irish believers were falling off into dubious speculation as to why he did not give them Repeal now that, by his own account, the time was in his own hand, he was carried abroad to sink and die. In the movement in which he joined others he succeeded: and the success was mainly due to him. In his own special agitation he showed the same want of qualification, the same incapacity in the hour of crisis, and the same ultimate failure which attends the talkers, in distinction from the achievers of the political destiny of nations. He was a man of genius (of the true Irish quality), kindly in all the relations of life, except the political, and sincere in his love of his country; but his unscrupulousness ruined all,—even robbing him of his fame,—so excessive while he lived. Two or three years after his death he was so nearly forgotten even at Cahirciveen that nobody would give a few shillings for his picture, or seemed to have a regret to spare for him. He had not given the promised Repeal; and the people saw that he must have known throughout that they never would get it.

In speaking of the political agitators of our century, it is impossible to omit all notice of Mazzini. The briefest mention will, however, be most acceptable to all who have ever vested any hopes in the man, or who bear good will to his country. He has lost as much by surviving the siege of Rome in 1849, as O'Connell did by continuing to agitate after the Catholics obtained emancipation. Of Mazzini's patriotism there never was, up to that time, any more doubt than of his country's bitter need of redemption: and we were ready to take his word that republicanism was the form of renovation which the freed people would desire. His outpourings of sounding and indefinite abstractions in his addresses and letters were not to English taste: and his method of insurrection jarred upon the judgment and conscience of Englishmen: but the most favourable construction was put upon his actions, in consideration of his aim, and his supposed knowledge of the conditions of the work he undertook. Events have proved his political quality with as fatal an effect as in O'Connell's case. He has lived to be recognised as a new enemy of his country, more dangerous than any old one. Into the causes of his peculiarities, it is at once too soon and too late to inquire. If they had been understood earlier, much mischief might have been saved; and hereafter they will afford a curious study. At present, it is enough to perceive that he cannot see facts as they are,—cannot willingly see his country saved in any way but his own,—cannot abstain from agitating a people who need rest, and do not need his interference;—cannot, in short, acquiesce in the accomplishment by other means of a work to which he was inadequate. When everybody finds his lucubrations as unreadable as O'Connell's Irish speeches, we are told that it is owing to the badness of the translation: but it is plain abroad as at home that while Mazzini believes himself to be a model of perspicuity and practicalness, he cannot meet other men's intellects. He satisfies them of his sensibilities, and of his having notions of his own; but he cannot put anybody in possession of a clear thought. This is a sufficient disqualification for success in revolutionary action: but he has also misapprehended the conditions of his country's case; and especially the opinions and will of the people. Thus, carefully educated as he was, he does not escape the "demagogue's" attribute of "ignorance." In some sense he may be said to have succeeded; for he undoubtedly helped to keep alive the hope and courage of his countrymen in their worst adversity: but all else has been failure; and we have for some time seen in him the most dangerous obstruction in the path of free Italy. The people of Italy have a king whom they honour and love, and an administration which they trust. They do not want the interference of republican agitators, who do not honour their king, and will not leave it to the responsible parties to deal with the holders of Rome and Venice at the time and in the mode which they judge fit. The whole Italian nation, and every other, would have regarded Mazzini as crowned with immortal honour if he had accepted his destiny when the moment came, and either thrown himself heartily and entirely into the cause of constitutional monarchy, or withdrawn into silence and invisibility, resolved not to disturb where he could not co-operate. As it is, he has missed the greatness of either position, and has added one more to the long list of political agitators who have begun brilliantly, and ended in failure, with the loss even of the honest sympathy which the lovers of freedom are slow to withdraw from any confessor in the cause. As long as regard for Mazzini was compatible with sympathy with Italy, he met with every allowance. Now that he has himself put an end to that compatibility, there is no question about which interest must give way.

Our own popular political orator must have a glance in such a review;—our "tribune," our "demagogue," John Bright. The comparison afforded by the means of political agitation at an interval of four centuries is too instructive to be altogether neglected. There is no resemblance between John Bright and the Shaksperian portrait of Jack Cade; and possibly there was little more

likeness in the actual men. If Cade had selfish reasons for his agitation, or if he was responsible for any plundering or violence, the two cannot be named together in regard to personal character. But Bright is in the same class with the Gracchi, Rienzi, Cade, Lafayette, and many more in respect of his views and temper about the "barons" of his day. His antagonism to the aristocracy of his country and his time is of the same quality as theirs, and not so much milder as the occasion is. This characteristic of his career is, no doubt, owing in great part to the circumstances of the country when he entered public life. He was first known as a member of the Anti-Corn Law League. He was young and ardent, sure of the soundness of his cause, and abundantly justified, as everybody sees now, in regarding the upholders of the corn laws as the exponents of class selfishness in opposition to the general good. While he had that good cause to fight, he did well on the whole. He was right in his aim, and sound in his arguments; and those who marked the growth of his oratorical power were authorised to expect a great elevation and progress of the liberal cause and its party, through him, in years to come. There was not, as yet, occasion to detect the imperfection of his political knowledge, or the lowness of his political morality, or the dulness of his political sensibility, which have since rendered his political career a hopeless failure.

He has rendered great services, which should be remembered the more carefully the more painfully he has disappointed expectation. His advocacy of free-trade in food was a greater boon than many men have the power of bestowing on their country. He presented a fine example of high courage in his opposition to the last war, however low might be the ground of his arguments. He has certainly roused our conservative fellow citizens, aristocratic or other, to a keener sense of official duty and popular right than they had before; and by intimidation, if by no higher appeal, he has brought them to the point of admitting the necessity of various extensions of liberty in the community. It is no small service to have administered such lively and protracted pleasure to multitudes as his oratory has conveyed, still rising in quality as it has been for a quarter of a century. His awakening influence over the intelligent working-classes of the country might be added, but that the benefit has been neutralised by the mischief wrought by his ignorance, his want of patriotism, and the lowness of moral views from which he never can escape. When he stood forward dauntlessly to denounce the war with Russia, he supposed he had said all in showing "the waste of blood and treasure;" being unaware that there was something in the case more precious to Englishmen than "blood and treasure." When he advocates that extension of the suffrage to which he has brought any future government to pledge itself, he cannot rise above the consideration of the economy which an improved House of Commons will enforce, and the new distribution of the public burdens which it will effect: and his notions of the requisite changes show his ignorance of political philosophy and history, and his insensibility to the highest features of the polity under which he lives. The same disclosure is made by his long course of laudation of American institutions, the working of which he widely misrepresents, and probably misapprehends, as he misapprehends at home the constitution which he says he has never seen or handled, and cannot find. It is enough to say that, amidst his praise of the American republic, he had never a thought to spare on the depraving operation of slavery, nor a word of censure to throw at it till after the breaking out of the civil war: that he did not foresee the civil war, which the moral sense of any liberal politician must have given warning of; that he condescended to represent to English working-men that American taxation was light, by comparing with ours the taxes levied by the Federal Government only,—omitting the fact that the State imposts are far heavier than the Federal: and that his judgment and feelings about foreign politics are determined, not by the principles of political liberty, but the prospects of British commerce and other convenience. There is worse behind. His denunciations of one order of English society as against another, have grown fiercer in proportion to the restriction of the grounds of such blame. He has incurred the disgrace of "demagoguic ignorance," and has lost the confidence of the most intelligent part of all classes by the eagerness with which he has wrought at the separation of classes by suspicion, jealousy, and hatred. The hatred he has brought upon himself is a misfortune to the liberal cause in England, as the present so-called "reactionary state of politics" plainly shows. On the other hand, he has had to endure a species of antagonism which no man's temper can be expected to stand without a warp. When Lord Derby informed the House of Lords that, under no circumstances, would the Queen admit Mr. Bright to the Cabinet, he rendered himself answerable for the consequences of any increased exasperation on the part of the agitator. The effect on Mr. Bright is our concern here, and I need, therefore, say nothing about the unconstitutional spirit of such an avowal, nor of the national sense of insult under it. When Mr. Bright's class-enmities are censured, it should be carefully considered how much of the mischief is attributable to his normal character of mind, and how much to the statesman who announced, and the authority which enabled him to announce, such a political proscription. Again, the absurd violence with which he has for some time been treated by several of our leading journals has prepared the people who still believe in John Bright (and they are a great multitude) to quarrel on his behalf. He was so much affected by the obloquy he incurred in opposing the war, coming upon the previous exhaustion from over-work, that he retired for a lengthened period, which we all hoped might expand and deepen his mind, and ennoble his future services. The hope was not fulfilled. His second career has been marked by an aggravation of the faults of the first. He has still great power for good or evil over multitudes whom he ought to have led forward in political knowledge, and to whom he could have secured some political privilege by this time, if he had been free from the constant features of the agitator, as distinguished from the statesman. He has not enlightened any class on

constitutional questions: he has alarmed one by fierce and exaggerated threats and imputations: he has done his utmost to exasperate other classes by the vulgar methods of the demagogue: and in far greater proportion than he has succeeded in that work, he has alienated from himself the esteem and confidence of the middle class, with whom it rests to raise up and cast down the statesmen of our nation. Without rebellion and bloodshed, the career of the modern agitator follows the course of the ancient, up to the present hour.

Harriet Martineau.

FLEURETTE.

(from the french of gustave lemoine.)

"Ah, listen, dear Fleurette, to me.
  The king, to-morrow, comes this way,
And brave gay doings will there be;
By Our Lady, 'twere a sight to see
  The rich and rare array.
Listen again: do not forget,
  Lest you should fail the king to see;
You'll know him by his plumed aigrette."
"Yes, I will look," replied Fleurette,
  "And I shall see but thee."

"The squires, the saucy pages free,
  The knights, and next the barons bold,
And lords of high and low degree,
Will march along and pass by thee,
  All glittering with gold.
And many, as they onward go,
  Finding thee fair as fair may be,
Shall, softly whispering, tell thee so."
"Ah, they may whisper soft and low,
  I shall hear none but thee."

"Surrounded by his courtiers gay,
  The king comes last of all the train.
'Fleurette, I love thee,' should he say,
'My crown at thy dear feet I lay,
  My crown thy love to gain.'
Ah! by a king to be adored
  Would, by my faith, enchanting be?"
"Nay, were I by the king adored,
I'd say, 'I honour you, my lord:'
  And I would love but thee."

Julia Goddard.

THE SETTLERS OF LONG ARROW.

A CANADIAN ROMANCE IN THIRTY-ONE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE report of Denis's pistol and the wild death-shriek of the Young Panther, roused all the squaws, children, and dogs in the camp, and the wigwams were soon a scene of the wildest noise and confusion. Leaving Woodpecker to give them such an explanation of what had occurred as he chose, and to show them where the bodies of O'Brien and the Young Panther lay, Keefe and Denis hastened home as rapidly as possible, Keefe carrying Coral, who lay insensible in his arms.

"How pale she is," said Denis, bending over her, as Keefe paused for a minute to rest; "she looks as if she was dead."

"It is the moonlight that makes her look so white," said Keefe hurriedly. "But let us hasten on."

Her slight small figure was so light a weight that it impeded their progress very little, and in a very short time they reached the house. Helen's joy at seeing them was checked by Coral's death-like aspect; but she tried to hide her alarm, lest it should add to the anxiety Keefe evidently felt, and the unrepressed grief of Denis.

"It is only exhaustion," she said, "she will soon be better."

She led them to the bed she had prepared for Coral while they were away, and there Keefe laid his unconscious burden tenderly down, and then, while Helen and Mrs. Wendell tried every means in their power for the sufferer's relief, Keefe dragged Denis from the room. After some time they were joined by Helen.

"Mrs. Wendell is afraid," she said, "that she will continue some time in this state of stupor; her strength seems perfectly exhausted, but she

says there is no doubt rest and care will restore her."

"Of course they will," said Keefe; "nature only requires rest."

Denis looked at them with a bitter pang, as he thought of Coral, lying voiceless, senseless, motionless, as if waiting for the coffin and the shroud.

"It is easy for them to talk so," thought he; "it is not much to them whether she lives or dies; they have all earth's joys in each other. I must see her again," he said aloud. "I only ask to look at her for one minute, but I must see her again."

"Come then," said Helen, and smothering his agitation as best he might, Denis accompanied her. Silently and softly they approached the bed, where she lay wasted, wan, pale as ashes, without apparent breath or sign of life. Her beautiful hair lay tangled and lustreless on her pillow; her eyelids were pressed heavily over her large orbs, from which no ray now shone; her lips were white and fixed: it was hard to believe that the spirit had not fled for ever from that moveless and rigid form. How changed she was from the bright being of light, and joy, and sunshine who, six months before, had woke the forest echoes with her glad voice, and chased the flying shadows with her dancing feet. But saddest change of all was the expression of intense woe stamped on every feature, on her brow contracted by suffering, on her discoloured lids, and round her closely compressed lips.

"Is it Coral?" whispered Denis, at last, "Keefe, is it Coral?"

"Don't fret, so, dear Denis," said Keefe, almost too much moved himself to speak, "she will soon be well."

"Never! never!" cried Denis, passionately, "death is in her face."

Unable to control his feelings, he rushed from the room. Keefe followed him, and caught hold of him as he was leaving the house.

"Where are you going, Denis? You must not go away; she will get well, I tell you. Mrs. Wendell knows. Helen was once worse than *she* is. Stay with us, Denis."

"I cannot bear it," sobbed Denis; "let me go, Keefe, I must go I'll try and bear it, but it is hard. Let me go now, I'll come back in a little while," and he hurried away to indulge his grief without witness or interruption.

For two days Coral continued in the same state, tenderly and anxiously watched over by Helen and Mrs. Wendell. Sometimes Denis came and gazed at her for two or three minutes, and then hastened away, unable to control his distress.

On the third day her life revived, she moved restlessly, her eyelids unclosed, a dreamy consciousness awoke in her eyes, which gradually grew clearer; she looked eagerly round, till meeting Helen's glance of tender solicitude, a spasm convulsed her features, she closed her eyes, as if to shut out a hateful object, and turned away her face.

Rejoiced at these signs of returning animation, and ignorant of the sharp pang the sight of her had sent through the unhappy girl's heart, Helen flew to give her such nourishment as her weak state required, and tenderly tried to persuade her to take it; but in vain. Coral seemed to have relapsed into her former state of insensibility, and neither Helen nor Mrs. Wendell could rouse her again to consciousness. But soon after, when Mrs. Wendell left the room, and Helen sat silently watching her patient, Coral raised herself on her elbow and looked about her. For a moment she did not discover Helen, who sat in a low chair, and in shadow; but when her eyes again encountered the beautiful face so sympathisingly regarding her, she shuddered, and, like the Hebrew king, turned her face to the wall, as if she wished for ever to shut out "the day and blessed sunlight."

Already, however, Helen was at her side, and kneeling by the bed, she tried, by the tenderest accents, the most caressing words, to win her to speak, or at least to take the strengthening drink she had prepared for her, but she could elicit neither word nor glance, nor motion from the pale, impassive figure over which she so anxiously bent.

Then a sudden thought seemed to strike Helen, and calling Mrs. Wendell to take her place, she went in search of Keefe, who she knew was not far from the house. On seeing her Keefe came to meet her.

"Is anything the matter? Is Coral worse?" he asked.

"No, she is better, she is sensible. But dear Keefe, you must come to her, she will not take the nourishment on which her life depends from Mrs. Wendell or me; she cannot bear to have me near her."

"Why not?" asked Keefe, surprised.

"She thinks it is I who have divided her from you. Oh! Keefe, I pity her from my heart."

"I know you do, Helen," said Keefe.

"But will you come to her now? She will do whatever you wish."

"Well, I will try," and he walked back with Helen to the house.

Calling out Mrs. Wendell, Helen made Keefe go into Coral's room alone.

At the first sound of his step Coral started, half-raised herself, and looked at him with a piercing look. He drew near, and took her hand. She trembled violently, but she did not withdraw it.

"Do you know me, Coral?"

"Yes."

"Who am I!"

"Keefe," said she softly, as if it was sweet to her again to speak his name.

"Dear Coral, you have been very ill."

"Ill, have I?" she exclaimed, with a sudden flash of light from her eyes. "Did I dream then? Did I rave? Where am I? And who is she that was here just now?"

"She is my wife, Coral; she loves you for my sake, and you must love her for mine."

The light in Coral's eyes went out, she set her teeth hard, turned away her head, and tried to draw her hand from Keefe, but he held it fast.

"It will be time enough to talk more of these things when you are well, Coral. You must make haste to get well."

"What need to care?" she said, in that accent of utter despair which it is so sad to hear.

"We care very much, Coral; so much, that if you were not to get well we should be miserable, and it would kill Denis, who is already almost broken-hearted.

"Poor Denis! I did not deserve that *he* should love me."

"We all love you, Coral, and cannot be happy till you are yourself again; so you must be good, and take the medicines and food prepared for you."

"Ah! it is very easy for those who are happy to talk of being good," said poor Coral; "I am neither the one nor the other.

"But because you are not happy yourself, Coral, will it please you to give pain to others? And you must know very well that if you refuse to take what will make you well, you will give us very great pain."

Coral could not resist the anxious tenderness of his look, and the agitated tones of his voice. She looked at him mournfully, and said:

"I never willingly gave you a pang, and I never will. I will do what you wish."

"Now that is right, Coral; now you make me happy. Mrs. Wendell, bring Coral her draught, she will take it."

"No, do you give it to me for this once,—let me have it from you."

Keefe took the draught from Mrs. Wendell and held it to the pale, thin lips of the sick girl. She drank it eagerly, and then, resigning the cup, laid down her head and covered it with the counterpane. Then Keefe and Helen left the room, and Mrs. Wendell took her knitting and sat down in the rocking-chair.

Two days after Coral was able to leave her bed.

It was now the end of November, and an Indian summer of more than common warmth and beauty spread its soft and serene yet melancholy loveliness over the earth,—melancholy because a loveliness without life or movement, without the song of birds, the perfume of flowers, the murmur of insects, without a breeze to ripple the glossy water or stir the withered leaves that yet hung on the boughs. That soft, slumberous, dreamy beauty soothed the bitter anguish of Coral's breast into a deep, painless quietude, as she sat at the window of her room and gazed at the golden haze which veiled the dying year and wrapped its blighted beauty in so glorious a shroud.

"It is so peaceful, so calm without," she whispered; "if I might but die now, and mingle with the elements, surely I, too, should find rest."

As she continued to look on the scene spread before her, her inborn love of nature, of liberty and motion, came back to her; she became restless; her gaze from the window grew eager and anxious, and sometimes she turned from it as if to listen for every sound of step or opening door. The door between her chamber and the sitting-room was open, and Helen often, with noiseless step, came to it and stole a glance at her patient, but she did not disturb her solitary reverie. She felt that she would be more likely to win Coral's affection by quiet and unobtrusive sympathy and consideration than by any direct or open efforts to gain it. By-and-by Keefe came in, and after speaking a few words to Helen, he came to Coral. It was the first time he had seen her since she left her bed, and as he met the glance of her large unearthly eyes, through which her soul seemed escaping, he almost started back in terror; her wan and wasted form, her bloodless lips, and, above all, the preternatural expression of those wonderful eyes made her look like the inhabitant of some other world.

"Keefe!" she exclaimed, the moment she saw him, "I want to go out. See how lovely it is out there—how free, how tranquil; and here it is so close and stifling. I want to be out in the open air, under the blue, wide heaven."

"Is it not too soon for you to venture out, Coral? Had you not better wait till to-morrow?"

"No! no! to-day—to-day. To-morrow may never come. Keefe, let me go! I have longed so much for you to come, I would not ask *them*, because I knew it would be of no use, but *you* will not refuse me."

"I suppose I must not. But, in return for this indulgence, will you not do something to please me?"

"What can I do?" she asked gloomily.

"Try to love Helen."

"Why should I love her? She has your love: what can she want with mine?"

"She does want it—for my sake, for her own, and for yours."

"Mine," said poor Coral. "Ah! never mind me; but it is useless, Keefe, I cannot love her——"

Her look and accent pierced Keefe's heart.

"Forgive me," he said, "I did not mean to vex you. You shall always do just as you like, and be as free as the wind. Now let us go out. Is not this your cloak?"

Wrapping it round her, he tried to draw her arm through his, but she snatched it away.

"I don't wan't you to come," she said, "let me go alone."

Then seeing a hesitating expression in Keefe's face, she added:

"You need not be afraid, my kind mother—the only mother I ever knew—will take care of me, and I will ask her to rock me to sleep in her arms; that will cure all."

The window by which she had been sitting opened in the middle, and, pushing up the bolt, she passed out through it and turned into a path that led to the orchard. Keefe looked after her for a moment, as if uncertain whether to follow her or not, and then he joined Helen in the sitting-room, who was watching the figure of Coral as she moved slowly and feebly over the path, along which she had so often bounded light and agile as a deer of her native woods, and as she gazed her eyes filled with tears.

"What ails my Helen?" asked Keefe, putting his arm round her.

"Oh! Keefe, she is so unhappy, and I fear she will always be so."

For some days after Coral rose from her sick bed her recovery seemed rapid, and Keefe and

Helen, whose happiness in each other made them hopeful of all good, believed that her health would soon be perfectly restored. But Mrs. Wendell was not deceived; and though she did not express her fears aloud, she murmured to herself as she looked at the wan, transparent cheek of the young girl, the dark shadow beneath her eyes, and the light so intense, yet so strangely absent, as if not looking on the present, but gazing into the far distant future that shone in them, "She is not long for this world." Denis, too, whenever he looked at her, could not resist the conviction that she was doomed to die, and could seldom stay long in her presence without being obliged to fly to hide his emotion. In her mental state there seemed little change, except that she was more passive and gentle. A settled shadow, deep and quiet, seemed to have fallen on her, and she no longer appeared to struggle against its influence. She had the aspect of one who had accepted the dark fate awarded her, and over whom the agitation of doubt or fear, or hope, had no longer any power. She never smiled now, and never spoke except to answer a question; then she replied in a monosyllable and relapsed into silence.

The weather was warm, and during the day she was seldom in the house, but she was not able to walk far, and her favourite seat was on the top of a bank which formed one of the orchard boundaries, whence glimpses of the lake might be caught. One evening, coming home a little before sunset, Keefe found her there. Helen had just before been with her, to entreat her to come in, but she had refused to do so, with more energy than she had shown for many days, and Helen thought it better not to teaze her any more till Keefe should come home, and so left her. Though warm, it was a dull and cheerless day; the sun's rays came dimly through the grey haze of the atmosphere; a sad stillness reigned all around; the birds that so short a time before had filled the air with music were all gone to seek another summer; the bees were silent in their hives; the beautiful butterflies, the noisy grasshoppers were dead; a mournful silence filled the place of their blithsome notes; and the scene seemed lifeless, as well as voiceless; the flowers were faded; the leaves, in brown and yellow heaps, lay under the trees; no cloud moved over the shrouded sky; no breeze stirred the heavy air; no dancing lights or shadows chased one another over the blighted earth, or stirred the dead leaves which strewed the ground. Instead of the scented summer air, there was a smell of damp earth, of mouldering wood, of decaying leaves. The autumn blight was stamped on everything—sadness, decay, and death; and in unison with the scene were the faded youth, the blighted beauty of Coral, as she sat moveless, joyless, passive, and smileless, with idly interlaced fingers and drooping head,

> Pallid as Death's dedicated bride.

Keefe had almost passed her without perceiving her, and when he saw her he started at her deathlike aspect. Once more a sad foreboding that the destroying angel had marked her for his own, sent a thrill of pain to his heart.

"Do I frighten you?" she asked, in a quiet voice.

"No, dear Coral; but it is late for you to be out. It is beginning to rain, too, and you will be wet; won't you come in?"

"Not yet; I like the rain, the gentle rain; see how softly it falls; I will fancy it is my mother Nature, weeping for her dying child. 'Happy are the dead whom the rain rains on!'"

"Dear Coral, why do you talk so?"

"Does it grieve you?" she asked, in those passionless tones from which all emotion seemed gone.

"Coral, you know it does."

"You are sorry to think I must die."

"Yes, it is sad to know that anything which once had sense, and feeling, and emotion,—which once felt hope, and joy, and love,—should vanish for ever, like a quenched spark, and leave nothing but senseless ashes behind. But it is not so, Coral. In that sense, nothing dies; it only changes to live again in another sphere of being. The dead leaves under our feet spring up again in grass and flowers—the night awakens into morning,—the dead earth lives again, when the spring returns, and what we call death is only the entrance to more perfect life."

Coral had listened to him, with her eyes fixed on a beautiful and perfect rainbow, which spanned the heavens from east to west.

"Look at that rainbow," she said; "how bright it was a minute ago, but now it is fading; it will soon be gone; its brief life will be extinguished, and who will remember that it ever existed.

"Not extinguished; only changed. The raindrops with which it was woven will be reproduced in flowers—the bright sunbeams that painted them will irradiate other forms of beauty."

"Are you sure of that, Keefe."

"Very sure."

She turned her eyes on him, shining with a light like a glory in their clear depths.

"Then, Keefe, bury me at the foot of the pines, on the top of Scapp Head, and when the spring comes back I will live in the sweet almond blossoms, and the green leaves. Then come and look at my grave, and when you feel the fragrance, think of my love, and know that it is round you even then. Now let us go in."

She rose, and attempted to move away, but she tottered, and would have fallen, if Keefe had not caught her in his arms. As he held her there tenderly, she looked up into his face, with a smile radiant with the love which had filled her evanescent life, laid her head on his breast, and so died.

The passionate and despairing grief of Denis when he learned Coral's death was terrible to witness, and it was as lasting as it was violent. In spite of the prayers and entreaties of Keefe and Helen, he left them as soon as Coral was laid in the grave she had herself chosen, and for many years no one knew where he had gone, or what had become of him; but then Keefe learned that he had joined an expedition to the Arctic Sea, and perished there.

As for Keefe, though his after-life was bright with such happiness as falls to the lot of few mortals on earth, he never forgot her whose love

he had scarcely known or valued till it had fled beyond his sight; and often, in the gayest hours of his existence, the sight of some sweet wild flowers, some joyous wood-bird, the odours of the pine trees, or the wind sighing among the leaves, brought the shining hair, the radiant eyes, the glad smile of Coral before him—and then he remembered her words, that, even beyond the grave, her love should be with him still.

THE END.

MUDIE'S CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

Twenty years is sufficient in these days entirely to revolutionise any speciality, trade, or profession, or indeed, for the matter of that, any mundane thing. If in our youth we had been asked to point out a particularly sleepy occupation, on a level with the exertions of a genteel and advanced spinsterhood, we should have reverted instinctively to the circulating library, whose spiriting was generally performed by some meagre and somewhat sharp-visaged virgin in spectacles. The flow of well-thumbed fiction which she mildly regulated, never gave signs of an uncontrollable exuberance of life, and the books of travel or adventure she dispensed, speedily became fossilised on her shelves. The circulating library of those days was a thing outside the bustling active sphere of trade—a quiet eddy, as it were, in which placid minds took refuge. In these days, however, when the demands of society create such numberless new occupations, and erect into first-class occupations what were before insignificant handicrafts; when match-making has arrived at the dignity of a great manufacture, a single employer often consuming annually a dozen shiploads of timber, and great fortunes are made out of steel pens; is it to be wondered at that the spirit of enterprise has penetrated even into the sleepy old circulating library, and transformed it at once into a very mill-race of literary life? Standing the other day at the counter at Mudie's, where the subscribers exchange their books, we were a witness of the transformation one enterprising and intelligent man has wrought in this branch of trade. The constant flood of people that are discharged from broughams and chariots into this emporium of books, reminds one more of the Pantheon than of a mere circulating library. Doyle, in his "Sketches of Society," has surely overlooked this famous sketching ground. If an artist could photograph the eager faces that throng the long counters of this establishment, he would be enabled to give us a rare picture-gallery of intelligence.

But, in order to obtain a true idea of the importance this great circulating library has obtained as an educational element in society, we had better get an insight into the machinery by which the reading world is now so plentifully supplied with knowledge. Let us begin by saying that Mudie's Library, since its commencement, has issued to its subscribers not less than 1,263,000 volumes—it is true, a vast number of these in duplicates; nevertheless, they represent the amount of reading issued to the public by one establishment alone. At the present moment the establishment owns no less than 800,000 volumes. If all these were to come home to roost at one time, it would require a library almost as big as the British Museum to hold them. As it is, the house is one mass of books. Upstairs are contained the main reserves from which supplies are drafted for the grand saloon downstairs. This room is itself a sight. It is not a mere store-room, but a hall, decorated with Ionic columns, and such as would be considered a handsome assembly room in any provincial town. The walls require no ceramic decorations, for they are lined with books, which themselves glow with colour. Here, perchance, a couple of thousand volumes of Livingstone's Travels glow with green; there stands a wall of light blue, representing the supply of some favourite novel; then, again, a bright red hue running half across the room testifies to the enormous demand for some work of adventure. Light iron galleries give access to the upper shelves, and an iron staircase leads to other books deposited in the well-lit, well-warmed vaults below. Light trucks are perpetually circulating about from room to room, laden with books. Then, again, the spectator sees solid stacks of books piled about in odd places, just as he sees bricks stored near some rising building. Descending into the vaults, he finds the shelves laden with parcels of books in their cerements of brown paper; these are the books that have already been read; they are not, however, as yet considered dead, as upon the issue of new works by their authors (supposing they be popular ones), they rise again, and live for a time a renewed life. Some, however, are utterly past and gone: there, in a huge pile, for instance, lies a large remnant of the 2000 copies of "Essays and Reviews," originally issued to subscribers, the demand for which has almost entirely ceased; not far off are the exhausted 1000 copies of the famous Quarterly number, in which the "Essays" were answered. But there are still rooms in which books out of demand are being made up for sale, to go the round of country circulating libraries, ere they are finally at peace. We were curious to inquire if volumes ever became exhausted in Mr. Mudie's hard service. Broken backs and torn leaves are treated in an infirmary, and volumes of standard value come out afresh in stouter and more brilliant binding than ever.

There is, however, such a thing as a charnel-house in this establishment, where literature is, as it were, reduced to its old bones. Thousands of volumes thus read to death are pitched together in one heap. But would they not do for the butter-man? was our natural query. Too dirty for that. Nor for old trunks? Much too greasy for that. What were they good for, then? For manure! Thus, when worn out as food for the mind, they are put to the service of producing food for our bodies!

The machinery by which all these books are distributed over the length and breadth of the three kingdoms—and even to France and Germany,—equally partakes of the wholesale style in which everything is done in this establishment. Of old, it was thought a great thing to be able to get a supply of a dozen books at a time from a library,

but Mr. Mudie sends whole libraries at once to some subscribers. Thus for the highest class subscription a hundred new books are despatched, and changed as often as required. This liberal arrangement has entirely superseded half the labour of country book-clubs, athenæums, and literary societies. Instead of buying their books, they get them in the gross from Mr. Mudie, and of course can afford to supply their readers with a much larger supply than they did of old for the same money. It must not be supposed that this great lending library is constituted on the principle of the inferior ones we have been so long accustomed to, where the bulk of the volumes consist of novels. This class of literature scarcely amounts to a third of the volumes circulated by Mr. Mudie. The great majority consists of books of travel, adventure, biography, history, scientific works, and all the books of *genre*—as they say in painting—which are sought for by the public. We can perhaps give a better idea of the nature of the most popular works by mentioning the circulation obtained by some of them. Macaulay had the honour of first bringing before the public the system of Mr. Mudie. In December, 1855, when volumes iii. and iv. of his "History of England" were published, it was announced that 2500 copies were at once supplied to this library. The public looked on in astonishment; it was the number contained in many a respectable library. This number has, however, been far surpassed since. Of Livingstone's "Travels in Africa" 3250 copies were in circulation at one time. Here there was a union of religious readers and those fond of scientific travel and adventure, and at the lowest calculation not less than 30,000 readers must have been introduced to the work of the great South African traveller through the medium of this establishment. This alone is fame to a moderate man. People are very fond of saying that nobody reads poetry now-a-days; yet 1000 copies of "Idylls of the King" were necessary to supply the demand for Tennyson's last new book. M'Clintock's "Voyage in Search of Franklin" was another great success; 3000 volumes were at one time "reading." A very singular illustration of the effect of theological controversy upon a book was made evident when "Essays and Reviews" were first published, inasmuch as 50 copies remained for some little time unread upon the shelves. As the idea arose that they were a little naughty, the demand began to increase, until ultimately Mr. Mudie had to place 2000 copies upon his shelves. As a rule, novels have a short life, and not a merry one; we must except, however, some of the very first class such as those of Miss Evans; 3000 copies of "Silas Marner," for instance, were necessary to supply the demand by the subscribers. Thackeray, Dickens, and Trollope are of course always in demand, and Carlyle and Kingsley, again, seem never out of fashion. The peculiarities of readers are evinced by the style of their reading; thus one well-known and celebrated man confines himself to the Waverley Novels, when "Count Robert of Paris" is done, beginning again at "Waverley." Then there are the sluggish and the omnivorous readers. Many persons will only read one book during their subscription, whilst one lady, for her guinea subscription, read a number of volumes which, if purchased, would have cost her 200*l.*

Town subscribers generally change their own books over the counter, and the bustle of the scene may be imagined when we say that, on the average, 1000 exchanges are effected in the day, representing not less than 3000 volumes. Suburban subscribers are supplied with their exchanges by cart, and those living in the country have their own boxes; these are of all sizes, from those holding four volumes to the monster packages holding one hundred. Upwards of a hundred of these boxes are received and sent out each day. Taken altogether, no less than 10,000 volumes are circulating diurnally through this establishment. The amount of reading this represents is enormous, and it cannot be denied that, as an educating power, this great Circulating Library holds no mean position among the better classes of society. Its value to authors, moreover, cannot be lightly estimated, inasmuch as its machinery enables a bountiful supply of their works to be distributed to the remotest parts of the island, thereby increasing their reputation in an ever-widening circle. What a gulf of time seems to separate us from that age when the only means the great master-minds of our noble craft possessed of making themselves known to the world was that of cringing to some noble debauchee, or of beslavering a gouty earl in a sycophantish dedication.

A. W.

FECHTER'S "OTHELLO."

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK."

Sir,—Strong objections having been made to one point in my critique on "'Othello' at the Princess's,'" *—viz., my approval of Mr. Fechter's "solution by the action with the toilet-glass of the difficult passage, '*It is the cause*,'"—I venture to send the grounds of the approbation then accorded. It is asserted that the sixth line of the opening soliloquy, "Yet she must die, lest she betray more men," is the real explanation of the murder. To this I reply, that I do not conceive *Othello* to be in a state of mind in which logical precision is to be expected. He is throughout the last two acts, "wrought," "perplexed," "passion-tost." His saying at one moment that he proposes to kill *Desdemona*, "lest she betray more men," is by no means a reason why the old, old dread should not recur to him. From the beginning, in the trembling sensitiveness of his happiness, he has always felt amazed that a creature of such dazzling loveliness should give her heart to a scarred, sun-scorched soldier. He is easily jealous of *Desdemona's* love, because the ease with which he won that love surprised him.

I conceive that nothing but a far-fetched explanation like that of Stevens † can elucidate the words, "It is the cause," save this glance at the reflex of the speaker's own dusky person.

The course of thought in his wild, ulcerated heart is something like this:

* See page 628.

† *Othello*, full of horror at the cruel action which he is about to perpetrate, seems at this instant to be seeking his justification from representing to himself the cause, *i.e.*, the greatness of the provocation he had received.—Stevens.

"My blackness is the cause. Let me not name it to you, ye chaste stars, that such a trifle as a difference in the colour of our skins can make a woman play false to all her sacred vows. Yet" (the old idolatry coming back), "though it has been my curse, I will not mar or injure the beauty I have worshipped."

——Yet I'll not shed her blood,
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.

The mention of her white skin at this moment proves the contrast which was in the speaker's mind; that contrast could only be brought vividly before the audience by the action Mr. Fechter has introduced, and which I conceive to be the best solution yet given of the words "*It is the cause.*" With apologies for trespassing on your space, believe me, Sir, yours faithfully,

THE AUTHOR OF "'OTHELLO' AT THE PRINCESS'S."
Dec. 1861.

MY ARRIVAL IN AUSTRALIA.

"LIGHT ahead!" shouted the man aloft on board the ship M——h, one evening in November, 1852.

The ship was crowded with people, and this intimation of its near approach to land was joyfully received by all of them.

Scandal, ill-temper, and discontent for some time had been making much mischief and trouble amongst the different classes of persons so unavoidably thrown into each other's society, and all were weary of the long voyage.

Several young men kept the other passengers in a state of nervous apprehension from morning till night lest they should set the ship on fire; for in their cabins they boiled coffee over spirit-lamps, they smoked, and they drank off large quantities of brandy one against the other for wagers, getting dreadfully intoxicated of course; and as each cabin had to accommodate three, if not four passengers, besides berths and boxes here and there, wearing apparel hanging about, and stores of one kind or other filling up corners, there was really hardly room to move in any one of them; so that it was wonderful some dreadful accident did not occur.

My thoughts were always on fire; so were my dreams at night; and to go to sleep again after such a dream was an impossibility, so I was condemned to lie awake, listening to the strange noises made in working the ship instead—the bell indicating the hours, the short, quick steps of the sailors when shifting sails, the loud, hoarse voice of the officer on duty singing out his orders, as he called it—perhaps the wind would be howling too, might be splitting a sail in its anger; and oh! how tired I got of the rolling, pitching, tossing motion of the ship, which never allowed me to lie still a moment. Then sometimes, in the dark, a big cockroach would alight on my face and startle me: the ship was full of them. Then, at four o'clock, the pig would be squeaking and the fowls screeching, poor things, for at that hour the butcher was getting through his morning's work. Then came the splashing and the dashing down of pailfuls of water upon the decks and cuddy, and the swabbing and the holystoning them afterwards, and then—it was time to get up.

Having stayed in my cabin after breakfast next morning, packing up books and other things in readiness to go on shore, I was too late on deck to see the lighthouse on Cape Otway; but there was a little black figure, an aboriginal, fishing at the edge of the sandy shore on our left, to look at, and a number of gentlemen with telescopes were disputing and laying wagers about it.

It was a lovely morning; a fresh breeze was filling our sails, and we had even our skyscrapers up, as the sailors call them; so I seated myself on deck with my little girls, one on each side of me as usual, and we were soon busily employed at needlework.

Most of the people near us were talking of what they would have to eat and drink on their arrival, which caused some amusement, for we were all heartily tired of board-ship provisions, and longing to taste fish, fruit, and vegetables again.

"I have heard that peaches, nectarines, and melons are as common in Australia as apples in England," said an old lady sitting in her armchair opposite to us, with gold spectacles across her thin aquiline nose and a blue silk ugly over the front of her bonnet to shade her eyes from the glaring sun.

"I'll have a duck and green peas for my dinner the first time I dine on shore," said the old lady's fat little husband: "that's a favourite dish of mine—very—worth all the peaches and nectarines to be got anywhere, I think," and he nodded his round little head, and his big black eyes sparkled at the thought of the luxury in perspective.

"Dear me! will peas be in season, sir, at this time of year?" said a pretty rosy-cheeked girl sitting next him, whose large, soft blue eyes had been sending all the single men into fits of abstraction and thoughts of household expenses for some weeks past.

"Lord love you, my dear! they grow all the year round in these parts," said the old gentleman, looking admiringly into the young lady's face, which she did not at all seem to mind. "You see the climate does such wonders—such wonders!" Then, screwing up his little mouth, as if he were going to whistle, and slily darting a glance at his old wife, who was now hobbling towards the companion-ladder, he added, in an under tone, "I'm told it even makes old ladies young again—he, he! The newspapers say it does—he, he! I do believe now that that was the reason my wife would insist upon coming with me this long voyage—he, he! I do, indeed—he, he, he!" and he chuckled for some minutes about it.

The old lady by this time had arrived at the companion-ladder, and she was standing there looking straight at her husband over the top of her gold spectacles.

"Charles, dear, lunch is ready," said she, with the shadow of a rebuke, I thought, in the manner she spoke the words; "won't you come with me and have some?"

The old gentleman instantly hastened to her; and just as his straw hat and her bonnet with

the blue ugly over it were disappearing down the companion-ladder, all the gentlemen who had been quizzing the little black figure fishing, simultaneously rushed over to the other side of the deck to look at a boat a long distance off, which appeared to be having a very uncomfortable time of it amongst the rough waves there, for the breeze that was filling our sails and blowing us straight on our way to Melbourne had the contrary effect on the boat; however, it at last got near enough for us to count seven men in it, and shortly after it was rocking about in the foam alongside our ship, whilst the men were catching hold of ropes thrown to them, and making it fast to her side. Then two gentlemen came scrambling up out of the boat, and the instant they alighted on deck, mobs of people from all parts of the ship surrounded them, so that it was quite impossible for me to get near them; however, recollecting that the rest of the men were sitting in the boat alongside, I hastened down the companion-ladder into the cuddy at once, to have a look at them from one of the port-holes. They were rough-looking fellows, with a quantity of hair about their heads and faces that wanted trimming sadly.

"I'll be bound they are all ticket-of-leave men," said a young man near me.

"How thin and downcast that one looks with a wide-awake on," said a lady, quite pathetically.

Sundry bottles of Guinness's stout, and bundles of biscuits and cheese were being lowered into the boat by "fast young fellows" from their cabin windows, with ropes, no doubt with the view of setting the men talking; but it had quite the contrary effect—pulling against the fresh breeze had evidently sharpened their appetites—not a word could be got out of them—they sat devouring the biscuits and cheese ravenously; at last, a man from a porthole near the forecastle bawled out at the top of his voice:

"I say, master! Hollo! ho! one of you in the boat I means. What's the price of bread in Melbourne—can you tell us?"

"Bread? I'm blest if I knows!" said the master of the boat, eating all the time; then, turning to his companion, he said, quite leisurely, "Bill, what's bread a-loaf? You've got a hen and chicks to feed, so I 'spose you knows summut about it: jest tell that hungry chap up there, will you?"

"Bread's four-and-six a quartern," shouted Bill, with his hands to his mouth for want of a speaking-trumpet: then he knocked off the neck of a bottle with his knife, and drank off the contents out of a pannikin.

I don't know what effect that information had on the poor man who had asked for it, but I know it caused an immense sensation amongst some of my fellow-passengers: they withdrew their heads from the portholes, and quite a discussion took place about it.

"If bread is so dear, what will other things be?" said they: and, indeed, for some time after bread was in everybody's mouth.

"What a dreadful noise those people are making about bread," said a gentleman who had been reading at the table, but who was now leaning out of the porthole at which I was standing; "I was reading a—a beautiful thing of Byron's, and a —and they quite disturbed me."

He was twisting and twirling the long hairs of his thin whiskers into tiny ringlets all the time he was speaking.

"How plainly that curved line of sea," said I, pointing to the horizon, "demonstrates the fact that we are sailing over the surface of a vast globe."

"Ah, yes!" said he; "wonderfully—does it not? a—

> He that has sail'd upon the dark blue sea
> Has view'd at times, I ween, a full fair sight,
> When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze may be,
> The white sail set—

Bless me, how those fellows in the boat below there are looking up at me," said he, stopping suddenly in his recitation. "I suppose they-er —they think I'm mad. I'll just speak—a—Melbourne is a nice sort-er—sort of a place to live in, I suppose."

The man in the boat said quite briskly in reply, "Well, your honour, I thinks it a werry fine place—Melbourne is—werry, I calls it—lots of employ—good pay for it, too; the work's pretty hard, though." Then he whispered something into his companion's ear, and they both burst out laughing.

"Fish, did you say?" shouted Bill, to the third-class passenger, with whom he had been keeping up quite a spirited conversation. "Vy, there's shoals in this here water, if we'd only time to ketch some on 'em."

The portholes being again blocked up with people's heads, the men in the boat pitched the empty bottles a long way off into the sea, and gave themselves up to answering the numerous questions of all kinds put to them. They told the full particulars of several horrible murders that had taken place in Melbourne and at Ballarat; and how some men, coming down from the diggings to sell their piles of hard-earned gold in Melbourne, had been attacked by bushrangers on the road, and lamed for life, as well as robbed by them.

"The willains sent a wolley of bullets into their hankles afore they left 'em," said he.

"Oh, the wretches! how very shocking!" exclaimed the ladies.

"I s'pose as how you're all pretty sound on board this here wessel," said the thin man with a wide-awake on, in a tone of voice that implied it was an exertion for him to speak. "Cos, jest round that 'ere corner, t'other side of them rocks, there's a wessel what's performing quarantine, they calls it. She's a New Yorker, and was a bringing us nine hunder an' fifteen young vimin, all hemigrunts; but howsomdiver, one hunder an' three on 'em has died of typhus 'fore they got halfway out, and they tells me they've got sixty-four on 'em down with it now at this werry moment. The co'pses they throws overboard is terrible!"

Three wrecked vessels, lying shattered on the rocks we were passing, now attracted every one's gaze: the waves were dashing up against them as if angry with them for being there. Not a word was spoken by any one of us, but when they were nearly out of sight the man in the boat said:

"You see the commander of that 'ere wessel what has got one of its masts a still sticking up, was in such a devil of a hurry to get to Melbourne, that he was a-crossing the bar at night in a storm, with the wind a-blowing hurricanes in his teeth. The men was all took off the wessel safe enough next morning, but the boat they put the women and the children into wer'n't seaworthy, so it filled and went down clean, that did."

"What, with all the women and children in it?" said a lady, in an agonised tone of voice.

"Well, I s'pose as how they floated about a bit at first, marm; howsomdever, they was all drowned, that I does know," said the man.

Suddenly we withdrew our heads from the port-hole, for a long boot was coming down just above us; the sole rested for a second on the outside shutter—it had made a mistake—and missed the appointed step. A moment after, and—

"God bless you all," said a red face, looking in at us with an old straw hat on the top of it. "You've made a splendid voyage, that you have."

The face and hat disappeared below now.

"You'll see your names in the 'Argus' to-morrow, depend on it," said the same voice, but in a much higher key; and we, looking out of the portholes again, saw the stout little man and his friend, who had been electrifying the people on deck with their accounts of the doings at Ballarat, descending the steps outside the ship, and soon after they were settling themselves in the boat below.

A few minutes more, and the boat, with the seven men in it, was a long distance off from us again, and on its way back to Melbourne.

It was five o'clock; the whole sky appeared inflamed by the sun's mighty beams while he was sinking to rest.

Our ship was in Hobson's Bay now, and 265 fine large vessels were lying at anchor in its sparkling waters.

We had arrived just opposite William's Town, when the captain, in an authoritative tone of voice, called out:

"Let go the anchor."

Three deafening cheers, that might have been heard miles off, at once testified the joy all felt at hearing those words.

Our deck was crowded with passengers, some clinging to the rigging, others standing on whatever would raise them high enough to catch a glimpse of the land they had chosen for their future home.

Exclamations of wonder and delight burst forth from all around; as the glorious sunset, the magnificent ships, the pretty town, the high rocks, and extensive bay came in for their share of admiration, there was such a clatter, such a din of voices! But, in the midst of this great excitement, every one was suddenly struck dumb, seemingly, for a military band on board a ship a long distance off from ours in the bay, commenced playing "Home, sweet Home;" and the beautiful melody stole over the waters in so soft, so melancholy a strain, that it filled our minds with memories of the past, and of those we might never see again, so that tears now were dimming the eyes of nearly all present.

"The Irish Emigrant" and "God save the Queen" were performed next, while the troops of the 40th Regiment were disembarking from the ship that had brought them from England, and getting into boats waiting to convey them to the shore.

About nine o'clock in the evening several gentlemen who had been to Melbourne returned to the ship.

"There is not a house or lodging to be got anywhere," they exclaimed; "and the streets are crowded with riotous, drunken people."

"What will become of us?—Why did I think of coming to Australia!—Why didn't my husband leave me at home!" exclaimed the ladies. Some thought they had better remain on board the ship and go back to England again on her homeward voyage; but our ship was going to Calcutta first, so that arrangement would be awkward as well as expensive.

One of the gentlemen was reading aloud a list he had brought with him of the enormous prices charged for provisions, when another little mob of passengers returned to the ship, and these turned upside down all the others had said. These were elated with all they had seen and heard. Money was plentiful, they said, amongst all classes. They had seen an organ-boy pelted with half-crowns. They had been told by a man breaking stones in the road that he was *only* earning three pounds ten per week.

"Ooray!" said a poverty-stricken man to his dejected-looking wife; "I say, Mary-yan, there's luck for you."

"Champagne is drunk in public-houses instead of gin," said another; "and oh my! don't the ladies dress out a bit here; beautiful China-crape shawls with fringe a half-yard long! Shovels, picks, and cradles made of the purest gold are quite the fashion for rings, earrings, brooches and bracelets; and there's lots of fun going on everywhere."

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted the men: the ladies seemed pleased, too, and all retired to their cabins for the night in a happy frame of mind.

"How comfortably we shall sleep to-night, ma," said Frederica, as she was clambering up into her berth; "no jolting, no tossing about to-night, you know."

"I wonder what sort of a room we shall have to sleep in to-morrow night, ma?" said little Josephine.

"Oh, master, master, save me, I'm sinking; for God's sake help me!" exclaimed a man in the water, just under our cabin-window, in a most piteous tone of voice.

I looked out, but could not see him; the moon had not yet risen. Josephine clung to me in fright, and Frederica sat straight up in her bed, exclaiming, "There's a man drowning, ma! I'm sure there is, ma!" And in an instant she jumped down out of her berth, put on a petticoat, clutched hold of a shawl, and rushed out of the cabin.

Josephine and I hastened to the captain's cabin, which was near ours; but the captain was already

on deck ordering life-preservers and ropes to be thrown to the man, who was still calling out most dismally, but seeming not to take advantage of the means given him to save his life.

He was silent now, and people in low whispers said, "It is all over, he's drowned, poor wretch!" Just then a young man suddenly threw his arms forward, with his hands together, and plunged head foremost into the sea. A few orders rapidly delivered by the officers to the men helping, and aided by the young man, the poor drowning sailor was on deck again; dreadfully exhausted, though, for he had been trying to swim to shore with all his clothes on, digger's long boots as well; and when he found he could not do so, he became awfully frightened, and bawled out for help, for he then recollected that Hobson's Bay was famous for sharks, fifteen, some eighteen, feet long; and so he got detected in escaping from his ship.

At ten o'clock next morning a steamer came alongside for passengers. It filled in an instant, and away it went, the people standing up in it, it was so full, and crying "Huzza! huzza! huzza!" all the way they went.

There was another steamer alongside soon after. It was much smaller, and not so clean as the other; but as we had to seek friends and find lodgings in Melbourne before the night, I thought we had better get into it, and so away we went on our first trip to shore, feeling sorry to leave the splendid ship, though, that had brought us so safely through the perils and dangers of the long voyage.

We had scarcely lost sight of our ship when the little steamer stopped alongside an old hulk to take in coals. Then the men belonging to both vessels stood gossiping, smoking, and drinking together a considerable time. There was a man fast asleep in the cabin, so we remained on deck in the broiling sun. Feeling dreadfully thirsty, I at last asked the man who appeared to be the master of the steamer, to let me have a glass of water.

"We ha'n't got no water on board, marm; but we've got some prime Guinness's stout, if you'd like to 'av some on it."

I hesitated.

"It'll be some time 'fore we gits to Melbourne," added he; "for when me and my mates 'as 'ad our brekfists, we're a-going round up there a bit, 'cos two wessels is a-waiting for us, what we've got to tow along, you see."

The steamer at last started again. We were so glad; but suddenly Frederica exclaimed:

"Why, ma, we are going to pass our dear old ship. Look, here she is!"

A number of people came to the portholes, and waved their hands to us, and laughed at us. So when we were going to repass it, with a great vessel following us as closely as if it were going to swamp us every minute, I proposed bread and cheese in the cabin below for us three, and I asked the master at once what he would charge us for some.

"Well, I'll do it reasonable," said he, holding his hat above his head with one hand, while he scratched it with the other. "Let me see, bread and cheese for three, two bob; a bottle of Guinness's, half-a-crown: that's cheap, now, ha'n't it? I knows it is."

After eating the bread and cheese, we remained some length of time in the cabin below, it was cooler there than on deck; but on hearing the steamer scraping along the ground as she went, we rushed on deck again to know what was the matter, and we found the master scratching his head and exclaiming to his men:

"Now, this here is a pretty kittle of fish indeed. Confound you, you lazy blubber-heads; vy this will jest delay us another hour."

The steamer was stuck fast in the sands.

It seemed a very long hour to us; but at last, the tide having released us, the little steamer was making up for lost time, and getting to Melbourne as quickly as possible.

We were now in a narrow river.

"I hope we shall not get stuck on the sands again," said I, thinking we were "hugging the shore," as sailors say.

"Not here, not here," said the master, with a knowing shake of the head. "They calls this here river the 'Yarra Yarra:' no sands here; a good-sized wessel, a deal larger nor this un, could steam up quite close on heither side."

"Yarra Yarra! What a funny name, ma," said Josephine.

"Vell, you see, my little dear, it's a haboriginal name: it means a river what has got no hend whatsomhever. Them's young wattles and tea-scrub what's a-growing on them banks there; there's plenty on 'em here."

A little hut now made its appearance on our left side with half a door, and no window to it: the man said they had been broken away to give air to the people sleeping there at night. Farther on there was another wretched-looking hovel, and a poor, infirm old woman was standing at the doorway, looking at us.

"What a desolate place to live in," said I.

"Vy, that's a palliss to some on 'em," said the man.

"Oh, ma! what is it?" exclaimed my children, putting their handkerchiefs over their faces.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the mate, evidently enjoying our discomfiture. "Vy, them's the slaughter-'usses stinks so. The vind's this vay, that's vy ve gits it now: ven ve turns the corner, ve shull come up close agin 'em."

In a few moments a most appalling sight met our view: piles of bullocks' skulls, sheep's skulls, bones, horns, and hides were lying about in front of some broken, weather-beaten old sheds; pigs and ducks of immense size were feeding on heaps of offal; carcases of bullocks and sheep were hanging up in rows to the roof of an adjoining shed; and at the back, in pens, droves of bullocks and sheep were waiting their doom.

A number of savage, hideous-looking bulldogs rushed to the water's edge and barked furiously as we passed them. I was very glad when we could see them no longer.

A much larger building, but of the same kind, now came in view.

"That was a slaughter-'uss, too," said the master; "but lots o' hemigrunts are living there

now. The people comes so fast here, there's nowheres to put 'em : vy, them vite spots on the hill you see yonder is hevery one of 'em hemigrants' tents."

Shortly after we were in the midst of vessels unloading at the wharf. Men were rushing about with heavy loads on their backs ; piles of timber and building materials, packing-cases of all shapes and sizes, casks, hides, and skins of bullocks and sheep were to be seen wherever one looked.

Immediately our boat neared the shore a gentleman sprang into it off the platform of the wharf.

"Is Mrs. —— on board here," said he, "from the M——h, just arrived ?"

I told him she had not yet left the ship, and then I asked him my way to Queen Street.

"Wait a moment in my office here," said he, as he helped us to land, "and one of my clerks will go with you and show you where it is."

I never shall forget that walk.

Horses being unmercifully lashed by their riders were galloping about in every direction ; ferocious-looking men, uttering horrible imprecations, were striking poor, patient, torture-enduring bullocks over their heads and noses with the handles of their heavy whips, whilst the poor brutes were pulling with all their strength great drays laden high up with huge chests and packing-cases ; dirty socks, old boots and shoes, bullocks' ribs, sheep's skulls, lay about in the roads and thoroughfares, as well as in the deep ditches, which served the purpose of gutters, at the sides of the roads, into which people seemed to throw everything they wished to get rid of. Clouds of dust full of minute insects rose high in the air, blinding us as we walked.

"This is a dust-storm," said the gentleman with us ; "but this is nothing to what we have sometimes: however, it soon passes away, and then we have beautiful weather again."

We now ascended a flight of wooden steps outside a merchant's counting-house, and soon we were welcomed to Australia most heartily by some old friends I had not seen for years.

Harriet Cawse Fiddes.

MEG OF MELDON.

In the almost ruined mansion of Seaton Delaval, situated on the sea-coast a few miles north of Newcastle-on-Tyne, there was to be seen, a few years ago, the portrait of a female, which, from the singular dress displayed in it, and the remarkable countenance of the woman represented, was sure to attract the notice of every observant visitor.

The person who was thus portrayed was the Lady Margaret Fenwick ; but if you had asked the old keeper of the Hall for any information respecting her, you would only have learnt that "that was Meg o' Meldon, sure enough," for by no other name is this somewhat extraordinary woman known to the rural inhabitants of Northumberland.

There is hardly any portion of England so rich in legendary and historical lore as the Border country, and not a few of the ghostly traditions which you may hear round the blazing fire of a Northumbrian pit-man, have Meg of Meldon for their heroine. A few particulars respecting her may not, therefore, be uninteresting to the general reader, as well as to the student of folk-lore ; though, indeed, the strict accuracy of all that we may say about her we are by no means prepared to attest.

To begin with some truth, however, let us here state that Meg was the daughter of one of the principal inhabitants of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and the wife of Sir William Fenwick, of Wallington. Her husband died early, and she was left with an only child—a son. Her attachment for her offspring, however, is the only good which tradition can tell of her. In every other respect she bore a terrible character. She resided principally at Hartington Hall, not far from Morpeth, and there she used to live from year to year, scraping together wealth of every description, and seldom being troubled in business affairs with any scruples of conscience. She lived in the most wretched style, denying herself and the one or two lean servants whom she kept everything but the merest necessaries of life. She had, too, a propensity which by no means added to her popularity, for appropriating the smallest savings of the most miserable husbandmen who came within her reach, as well as the more tempting gains of her higher-class tenants. As she grew older, she became worse and worse. She turned off all her servants save one, and she took to living solely on such vegetables as her own extensive gardens provided. But though thus all but starving herself, she continued to live to a great age ; at last her oppressed dependents came to the conclusion that she had formed a solemn covenant with Satan, who had agreed to allow her to live as long as nature would permit, and to accumulate wealth rapidly during the whole of her lifetime, on the condition which is generally inserted into the bonds of his Satanic majesty. And so the old woman lived on, and grew richer and richer, until she absolutely rolled in wealth. But all her ill-gotten gains brought her little peace of mind : she was ever haunted by the fear of being robbed ; and the terrified inhabitants of the country round Hartington used often to remark her wandering by night as well as by day round certain spots in the neighbourhood of Meldon, which in after years they did not fail to recal to mind.

At last, however, she died, and had as grand a funeral as could have been wished for. She had survived her son, so the estate descended to a distant relative, who very quickly made Meg's money go in ways the mere thought of which would have been sufficient in her early days to cut off that excellent woman prematurely. But she had scarcely been in her grave a month when rumours began to circulate among the country people as to her having been compelled to leave it by the master she had served so well whilst on earth. She had been condemned, it was said, to "walk" and to sleep alternately for seven years at a time, until certain bags of money, which report said she had secreted about her estate, were found and appropriated. Numerous were the tales which now began to circulate respecting her super-

natural *post-mortem* appearances. The whole country-side became alarmed, and he was a bold man who dared go any distance from his home after nightfall. There were certain spots which she seemed particularly to affect. One of these was the old bridge at Meldon, over the Wansbeck; another was a dilapidated well near Meldon Tower. Once a farmer, riding home from market, happened to be passing over the bridge about midnight, when he was somewhat surprised to see a large black dog lying directly in his way upon it. He took his whip, however, and gave the brute a smart cut, when, to his horror, it suddenly arose in the form of a female of tremendous dimensions, who, seizing him by the throat, nearly stifled him before she relaxed her deadly hold. When she did so, she flung the luckless wight into the bottom of his cart, exclaiming, "let sleeping dogs lie," and then sprang over the battlements of the bridge, and disappeared in the clear waters of the Wansbeck. To this day there are some of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood who would as soon think of walking into a blast furnace as of rousing a sleeping dog, especially if his coat should be black. Then, again, there were some who declared they had seen Meg in the form of a beautiful female, who tried by looks and gestures to allure them towards the well aforesaid, and who tore her hair and seemed to be overcome with rage and vexation when she found that they did not succumb to her fascinations.

But though everybody was so chary of having anything to do with her during the hours of darkness, there were not a few who in broad daylight tried to enrich themselves by becoming the fortunate discoverers of some of her hidden treasure. Many an attempt was made with this end in view, but all without avail; till at last people began to lose faith in her reputed riches, and gave up thinking about, or looking for them. There was, however, one man who was either less superstitious, or more covetous, than his neighbours, and he determined to make a desperate effort to enrich himself. He would look for Meg's treasure at the very time when Meg herself was known to be hovering over the places where it was concealed. Three times did the bold countryman walk over Meldon Bridge, and sit by the side of Meldon Well, at the dread hour of midnight. The first two nights nothing occurred to reward his bravery; but on the third, as he was about to leave the well disappointed and weary, he suddenly saw Meg herself standing before him just as she had looked during her lifetime. In a moment his boldness forsook him, and he fell upon his knees trembling with fear; he was somewhat re-assured, however, when the unearthly being who stood before him addressed him in the most commonplace accents, merely telling him to return to the same spot the next night at twelve o'clock exactly, when he would have an opportunity of enriching himself for ever; but, he was further told, from the time he left his house, till he returned to it again with the money, not to utter a single word either to himself or anybody else. To Hodge's mind the sole condition which had been laid upon him seemed a very simple and easy one; and it was, therefore, with good hopes of his success that he returned to the appointed place the next night, provided with a long chain and grappling irons, to assist him in his exploit. When he reached the well, he found an ordinary looking man standing beside it, who, without a word being said on either side, took the chain, fastened Hodge to it, and then lowered him gradually down the well. After sinking an immense depth, he found himself on a level with the water, of which there was not, however, nearly so much as he had expected, and on looking into it, he easily discovered, just beneath its surface, an enormous leather bag. This he fastened to the grappling irons, and giving the signal to his assistant, was quickly drawn up to the top. With some difficulty the bag was raised; several times it slipped, and seemed likely to fall; but at last it was safely placed on the ground; at seeing which, poor Hodge, in his joy, quite forgot the command he had received the previous night, and exclaimed in ecstasy:

"There! all the devils alive can't help me getting it now."

But, alas! he was mistaken; the instant the fatal words escaped his lips, the bag slid into the well, and fell like a leaden weight to the bottom, whilst he received a sudden blow which deprived him of consciousness; and had he not been discovered the next morning by his anxious wife, and removed home, he would probably have died from the fever which attacked him, in consequence of the excitement and exposure. When he recovered, he went back to his everyday work, like a wise man, and gave up dreaming about Meg of Meldon and her money-bags.

Many years passed on without anything fresh turning up respecting the hidden treasure; but at last a circumstance occurred which brought a portion of it, at any rate, to light, though in a manner by no means so ghostly or "awsum" as might have been expected. The school-house at Meldon was a building of great antiquity, and one which had suffered very considerably from the ravages of time. Some sixty or seventy years ago, as those of the children who took their dinners at school were emptying the contents of their satchels, in the absence of the master, who was also enjoying his midday repast, they were alarmed by a portentous crack in the ancient ceiling above their heads, and in a moment a portion of it came down, and with it—a veritable bag of Meg's long-sought money! Age had rotted the bag, and bursting in its fall, its contents were scattered over the floor of the school-room, causing a fine scramble among the fortunate youngsters, who very quickly had the precious pieces stowed away in their pockets, and with true northern doggedness refused to deliver them up to their master, who was sadly disappointed when he heard of the "find" which had fallen to the lot of his varlets during his absence.

Poor Meg has now been dead more than two hundred years; but as yet this is all of her long-concealed and oft-sought-for treasure that has ever been recovered; and it is by no means likely that the monomaniacs who still occasionally waste their time in looking for it, will ever become the richer for their pains. T. Wemyss Reid.

EVANDER.

Silenus ! my goblet is brilliant and cool,
  My bellying goblet of gold ;
Within and without it is storied about
  With the gods and the Titans of old :

How the merry light dances and flickers within,
  'Ere it melts in a soberer glow,
Thorough dark-dinted veins and deep flowery lanes
  Toward the dusky abysses below !

Silenus, my mother was rosy and fair
  When she charm'd down her Jove from the skies ;
She had light soft and rare on her amber-bright hair,
  And light in the blue of her eyes :

But no gleams ever shone on my mother's bright hair
  With a lustre so strangely divine
As the splendour that glides down the mellow gold
    sides
  Of this dear little goblet of mine ;

And no hues were so rich in her beautiful eyes
  As the colours that vividly roam
Through the violet deeps of the wine, as it leaps
  Round its hissing Charybdis of foam.

Drink ! drink ! The thick draught on our famishing
    hearts
  Like a dew shall fall luscious and clear ;
As it silently slips through our moist, ruddy lips
  Not a bubble shall break its career :

And if the sweet current be helpless to cure,
  What matter ? 'Twill carry us yet
Through a stormy delight to oblivion and night—
  And 'tis something, at least, to *forget*.

Arthur J. Munby.

CHINESE POETRY.

The origin of Chinese poetry is shown by the component parts of the character which they use to express it. They signify "words of the temple," and point out the primarily religious nature of Chinese verse. The people have a great respect for this species of art, and most of them are themselves poets. The moral maxims of their philosopher Confucius are written in the terse epigrammatical style which seems to be synonymous with poetry among them. The accuracy and conciseness of their poetical ideas cannot fail to remind us of the ancient poetry of the Hebrews. There is a Chinese ode descriptive of England—or perhaps more particularly of London—some portions of which we may be pardoned for quoting. The description is somewhat striking, but might tend to mislead one who is wholly unacquainted with the metropolis, and produce rather extraordinary notions of the habits and customs of its inhabitants.

"The climate," observes our poet, "is cold, and the people live close to fires. The houses are so lofty that you may pluck the stars. The virtuous read their sacred book. They hate the French. The little girls have red cheeks, but the ladies are fair as the white gem. The husbands and wives love each other. The playhouses are shut in the day, but open at night; the players are handsome, and their performance delightful."

Such is the style of Chinese poetry. We will not weary our readers with a longer consideration of it, merely pausing to remark on the two hemistichs which relate to the quality of redness in the cheeks of little girls and the general connubial felicity in England, that our poet was probably led to the former observation by his poetical genius, while the latter would appear to him to be rather the utterance of a strange historical fact.

The Sheerking contains upwards of three hundred odes. One of them, on marriage, has been well translated by Sir William Jones. The lines consist of no definite number of syllables, and the rhyme is equally irregular, and seems to be altogether arbitrary. The odes are not distinguished, as our readers may have anticipated from the specimen we have quoted, either by sublimity of mind or depth of feeling; still they are very interesting, and charmingly provocative of astonishment. An individual named Kieuling, who holds somewhat the same place in the appreciation of the Chinese as Shakspeare among ourselves, has written a graphic "Ode on Tea." The subject, though well within the abilities of the artist, seems to have been strangely devoid of inspiration; nor, however meritorious his attempts, has Kieuling quite succeeded in

> Clothing the palpable and familiar
> With golden exhalations from the dawn.

The "Ode on Tea" is appropriately followed by some lines on "Tea-Cups;" but either this subject was more barren than the former, or the English translator has scarcely done justice to the original. We will conclude, for the present, this short account with a specimen of modern poetry. It has no title, but may perhaps be called the "Contented Philosopher." The poetical nature of the introduction is only to be equalled by the disinterested spirit which animates the conclusion.

> My palace is a little chamber twice my own length; finery
> Never entered it, and neatness never left it.
> My bed is a mat, and the coverlet a piece of felt; on these
> I sit by day and sleep by night.
> A lamp is on one side, on the other a pot of perfume; the singing of birds and the noise of a brook are the only sounds I hear.
> My window will shut and my door open—but to wise men only; the wicked shun it.
> I shave not like a priest of Fo, I fast not like Tao-tzè.
> I waste not my life in dreaming of nothings, and in writing characters, still less in whetting the edge of satire. I have no views, no projects.
> The enjoyment of ease and solitude is my chief concern.
> Leisure surrounds me, and bustle shuns me. I contemplate the heavens, and am fortified.
> I look on the earth and am comforted. I remain in the world without being in it.
> One day leads on another, and one year follows another. The last will conduct me safe to port, and I shall have lived for myself.
>
> Hae-kung-hao.

THE INVASION OF YORKSHIRE.

Exposed in olden times to the ravages of the fierce, long-haired Northmen, the East Riding of Yorkshire has never ceased to be a prey to a more insidious, irresistible, and fatal assailant, who has not only devastated, but actually carried off great portions of the land, with the ports, villages, churches, and churchyards thereunto belonging. A walk along any part of the dull, low-lying, muddy shore, between the lonely little lighthouse at Spurnhead and Bridlington, where the chalk heights commence, will afford abundant evidence of the abstraction of many broad, fat acres; and more than one spot can be pointed out beneath the waters, once the site of a flourishing port or village, of which the mournful legend runs: "Here stood Auburn, washed away by the sea." For the sea it is that has done all the mischief, making vast inroads on the coast, and every day carrying the siege further into the country. For centuries this ceaseless conflict has been going on between sea and land, and clearly the sea is having the best of it. The lost towns of Yorkshire—little ports and hamlethe of the existence of which we have authenthe evidence in the old chronicles, but which hathe been entirely swallowed up by the sea—formnd numerous array—Ravenspur, Ravensrod, Rever more, Tharlesthorp, Frismersh, Potterfleet, Uap- sal, Auburn, Winkton, Hornsea Beck, and Hyich or Hythe. Some of these were situated on his banks of the Humber, others on the shores the ocean. Of these Ravenspur and Ravensrod two Ravenser Odd, as it is sometimes called, wong- the most notable. Ravenspur was situated has the long, narrow spit of land which juts kely into the German Ocean, at the mouth of vaste Humber, and on which now stands the le the house; and from its prominent situation, iID.

cepted a great deal of the traffic which would otherwise have gone to Grimsby or Hull. Ravensrod was a neighbour and offshoot of Ravenspur. It occupied a low islet, which was accessible from the mainland by a flat ridge of sand and pebbles. Five hundred years back it was a flourishing seaport, eclipsing its progenitor and exciting the jealousy of the "good men of Grimsby" on the opposite bank. In Edward the Second's time it was of sufficient importance to attract the royal attention, and to bring down upon itself demands for a ship, arms, and provisions. But the sea swept it all away, after an existence of half a century. Ravenspur survived it, but ultimately shared the same fate. The date of its final disappearance is unknown; but it is probable that its inhabitants found reason to abandon it before it was engulfed in the waters.

Hyde appears to have been a well-to-do fishing-village—at least one may suppose so, from the fact that it paid thirty pounds per annum to the monks of Meaux, as its tithe for fish. The whirligig of time, however, brings round its revenges, and the fish at length

> the burghers dispossessed,
> And sat not as a meat, but as a guest.

With the churches on the coast the waves have played especial havoc, and many a parish fane has succumbed to their assaults. Kilnsea church was one of the last washed away. The sea sapped the eminence on which it stood, so that it quivered under the shock of the waters. Service, notwithstanding, was held in it up till 1823, and was then discontinued only because the building showed unmistakable symptoms of dissolution. The walls cracked, the floor subsided, the windows broke, the sea-birds flew in and out, and made their nests inside. Half of the church fell into the sea in 1826, and five years later the other half followed. As the sea is gradually gaining ground in the neighbourhood of the cliff on which the church stood, the houses there are being abandoned year by year. At one point forty-three yards of land were swallowed up in six years. The average annual decrease along the coast is two yards and a half.

At Kilnsea, Owthorne, and elsewhere the sea has played the part of body-snatcher, breaking open churchyards and scattering the splintered coffins and dismembered bones in all directions. Travellers, ignorant of the cause, have been shocked and startled at the sight of the human remains which strewed their path, and have experienced somewhat of the same sensation as M. du Chaillu on observing the piles of skulls and bones in the Fan villages.

The Humber is no less destructive than the ocean, and is responsible for the destruction of several of the hamlets above mentioned. In the neighbourhood of Ferriby, so great has been the diminution of land on Lord Carington's estate, that a readjustment of his tenants' rents has twice been necessary to meet the altered nature of the holdings. One field of fourteen acres was reduced, in spite of every precaution, to four acres in twenty years, a long, soft sweep of muddy shore usurping the ground where cattle grazed or farming produce grew.

But there is a brighter side to the picture. The "devouring element" has been compelled to disgorge part of its prey. Adjoining the lordship of Patrington is a broad level known as Sunk Island, although only separated by a moat from the mainland. In the days of Charles the Second it consisted of about 3500 acres of "drowned ground," of which some seven acres were embanked and let for 7*l.* a year. A hundred years later 1500 acres were under cultivation, yielding an annual rental of 700*l.* Additions have gradually been made to this rich warp, which now covers 7000 acres, and is worth more than 12,000*l.* a year. The success of the experiment has led to efforts at reclaiming the stolen soil at other points, which will probably be attended with equal success.

Big bites from the fat Yorkshire coast are not, however, sufficient to satiate the appetite of hungry Ocean. The soil of Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Kent, Sussex, and Hampshire is equally to its taste, and many a huge meal it makes of it. What Evelyn in his Diary terms the promontory of Norfolk, is fast being transferred into a bay. At Happisburgh, there is a tradition of an older place of the same name, which must now be looked for among the "sunken wrack and sunless treasure" at the bottom of the sea; and it is feared that the church of young Hapsbro', as the natives call it, will not long remain on dry land. The greater part of Eccles, and the whole of Shipden have disappeared. At Trimingham upwards of fifty acres of land are said to have been carried off within the last sixty years, and on one occasion four acres and a half were swallowed at one tide! Again, in Suffolk, Dunwich, which was once a respectable port and borough town, has been ruined by the sea, which has washed away the greater part of the town, and is still nibbling at the ground on which the existing village rests. On the east coast of Essex the ruins of buildings have been found at a considerable distance from the land, and near Walton-on-the-Naze a whole churchyard has been engulfed within the memory of the present generation. Similar instances of encroachment by the waters, though not in so alarming a degree as in those cited above, are to be found in the southern counties.

Are there no skilful and patriotic engineers among us to enter the lists in defence of their native land against that great despoiler, the "German Ocean?"

J. Hamilton Fyfe.

THE POISONED MIND.

IN TWO PARTS.

Part I.—Lapis Philosophorum.

It is with a forced calmness that I write the history of that time in my life which has now passed away: a time combining so much happiness and agony, that I almost wonder now that I am alive and with a whole mind to tell it. The study that I then pursued was so fascinating, so wholly absorbing, that it seemed as if every other thought had been engulfed in it. It was not covetousness, nor the love of gold, that led me on in my researches. Wealth and position were both

mine; but a particular course of study and reading had led me to pursue that part of science which relates to the mutability of metals—the possibility of resolving those bodies which we at present call elements. I was no visionary. It did not appear to me that I was following an unhallowed or unlawful employment: on the contrary, every supposition on which I acted was confirmed and supported by the leading men of science of our own day.

I do not wish to justify or palliate what I am about to relate in these pages. My old delight in the study of chemistry is long since vanished, and not a vestige of my laboratory nor its contents now remains. All I wish to impress is, that I commenced my researches in a true spirit of love for science. It appeared to me that the study of chemistry began with a cloudy, poetical dream of a *menstruum universale*, that was to give endless youth and ceaseless health. Wild hope! Vain dream! Civilisation pulled down the airy edifice, and left only the little foundation-work of utility. Yet to me, looking around in this unfanciful and iron age, it appeared inconsistently strange that we were once more tending back to that cloudy, poetical dream of the alchemists. Faraday and Murchison in England, and Dumas in France, seemed to point out clearly to my mind that the so-called elementary bodies are reciprocally resolvable. By degrees I became more and more absorbed in the subject: my laboratory and my study became my home. Gradually I separated myself from all my friends, and gave up every energy and faculty to the pursuit of my investigations.

My library contained a strange and valuable collection of books obtained at great expense and trouble. There were dingy papyrus leaves covered with mysterious characters, and bearing the name of Hermes Trismegistus; parchment rolls and palimpsests of Greece and Rome; rare manuscripts from the time of Caligula, and others that had been saved from the fire of Diocletian. Arabian and Egyptian works filled one part of the shelves, and in another those of Raymond Lully, Paracelsus, and Basilius Valentinus. I was not, however, content, and still added to the collection whenever an opportunity offered itself.

I had heard that some very scarce books and manuscripts were to be sold in Paris. I immediately set out for the Continent, as I believed that several of the works for sale would assist me in the discoveries which I had now determined to make.

It was at the sale of these literary treasures that I first met with Antonio Maffi, who had been, I believe, an Italian monk, but whose previous history I never learned. My attention was called to him by observing that he seemed anxious to buy the very books and documents in which I took an interest. My purse was longer than his, and the consequence was, that they nearly all fell to my lot.

As I was glancing over one of the purchases that I had just made, I suddenly became conscious that this man was looking at me intently. From the place where I stood I could see his reflection in a mirror which was placed against the wall. He perceived this, and turning round, looked into the mirror also, and thus our eyes met. He smiled —a thin, faint, forbidding smile—bowed slightly, and then came up to me. He apologised for his intrusion, as he called it, on the ground that he fancied that our tastes and studies led us both in the same direction.

He spoke in English, and remarkably well and fluently; I had observed that before this he had spoken both in Italian and French. I must confess that, although his face and expression were not pleasing, still there was something about his address and manners that prevented me from refusing his proffered acquaintance.

Let me describe him as he then appeared. He was tall and slender, with a slight stoop, and he appeared to have numbered about forty years. He was dressed entirely in black, with a loose black cloak over his shoulders. A dark sombrero or wideawake threw his face into the shade; but it was so striking in its character, that I remarked it well, and remember it well. Ay! and I shall remember it as long as memory lasts. It was long and pale —deadly pale. His eyebrows, which were small and very dark, almost met at the top of his straight, delicate nose, the nostrils of which seemed always dilated. A very black moustache entirely hid the expression of his mouth, except when smiling. His face, otherwise, was cleanly shaved, and his hair was cropped closely over his head. His brow was low, but square, and projected slightly over his bright, black, bead-like eyes.

After conversing with him for a short while, I was extremely struck with the intelligence of his remarks and the acuteness of his observation. Even in the short period during which I was with him in the sale-room I perceived that he was a man who had read profoundly, and in whose memory was stored up all that he had read. The charm of manner to which I have before alluded almost took away the sinister effect which his countenance had at first produced. I longed to see and know more of him, and we interchanged cards. From the card he handed to me I observed that he lived in furnished apartments, in a part of Paris that led me to suppose that his means were limited. At any rate it furnished me with a plea for asking him to dine with me at my hotel that evening. After some slight hesitation, he consented.

We parted, and met again at dinner. I spent an evening in entire accordance with my own tastes, chemistry and speculative philosophy being the standard themes of our discourse.

During the course of the evening I could not help asking Signor Maffi of his intentions and prospects in life. At first he seemed reserved; but observing that I was not asking through idle curiosity, but more for the purpose of assisting him, if it lay in my power, he told me in a very few words his position. He had heard of the probable sale of these books and manuscripts in Palermo, his native town. Poor as he was, he had intended to offer everything in his power for them. Fortunately he had found an occasion for going to England, he might call it a business object, since he was paid for it. Availing himself of the opportunity, he had determined to make Paris a station

in his route, and thus try to secure the treasures in which I had forestalled him. He then pointed out and proved to me that several of the manuscripts which I had purchased were of much greater value than I had supposed.

More than ever fascinated by his manner, I asked him if he had made any definite engagement as to what he would do after his arrangements in England were completed. He told me that he had no fixed purpose, and no particular tie that bound him to Palermo. He was a man of few words, and in a short time we made an agreement that as soon as possible he was to join me as assistant and partner in my studies and researches. I explained to him that my laboratory was not conducted for any personal profit, but for the love of science alone; however, in case any advantageous discoveries were made, he was to receive his full share of the prize.

We parted, to all appearances mutually satisfied, Antonio promising to meet me, in three days' time, at Boulogne.

My affairs all being settled in Paris, on the third day I set out by rail for Boulogne, and arriving there in the evening, I at once went on board the steamer. It was a beautiful summer evening, and as I walked backwards and forwards on the deck, I waited impatiently for the arrival of my new colleague. I had made several cigars vanish in smoke in the still air, passengers and luggage had come bundling on board with their usual noise and confusion; but still there was no appearance of my Italian friend. Darkness came on, for the moon had not yet risen, and my eyes ranged ceaselessly along the dusky quay line, but I waited and looked in vain. The bell rang, the official with the cocked hat and cutlass growled his last ill-natured growl about the *visés*, strangers left, ladders were removed, and with much screeching and splashing we steamed out between the piers.

I was disappointed at not having met my new acquaintance; but having given him my address in London, I still hoped to see him shortly, as I felt convinced that he would be a valuable auxiliary.

It was a lovely night. There was very little wind, the sky was cloudless, and as the moon rose she cast a long glancing white pathway on the crests of the waves. I stood, leaning over the side-rail, watching the beautiful change and glancing of the reflection, and forgetting everything else around me. There was, however, a considerable swell on the sea, notwithstanding the calmness of the weather, and in a short time most of the passengers were either below or *hors de combat.*

I looked round at the remainder, and was immediately struck with a young lady who was sitting in the covered seats a short distance from me. I never gazed on so lovely a face. She seemed to be dressed in deep mourning, and had thrown back her thick crape veil in order to look at the reflection of the moonlight on the waters, which I had just been watching. Her complexion appeared almost paler than was natural in the moonbeams, while her large brown eyes had a tenderly mournful expression in them that thrilled through my heart, and I fancied I saw tears in them; a suspicion almost confirmed by the nervous movement of her exquisitely formed mouth.

Seeing that she had no wrappers, I hastened to offer her some that I had, for it was now very cold. She accepted them with a startled flush and a pleased and grateful smile—such a smile, it appeared to me, as we only meet with in those who are not much accustomed to meet with even little acts of kindness. I sat down opposite to her, and we soon entered into conversation. I was charmed with her freshness, her frankness, and her simplicity. As she spoke on any subject that interested her, her face lighted up with such intelligence and enthusiasm, that in my eyes she looked more and more beautiful every instant.

With an almost childish cry of delight she pointed out a falling star, and I, instead of looking at the star, was looking at her with feelings of admiration and affection that had long been strangers to my breast, when I was suddenly conscious that I was watched by one who stood between me and the light.

With a start of astonishment, I discovered in the dark figure before me the Italian chemist Antonio Maffi.

I rose up instantly, saying:

"Signor Maffi, I am glad to see you. I had given you up, as I did not observe you on board before we left the harbour."

"I have to request your pardon, signor," said he, "for not having seen you before. My passage is taken in the fore part of the vessel, and as I felt tired when I came on board, I have been asleep ever since. Pray accept my apologies."

He bowed and, passing me, went up to my young companion, who had drawn down her veil on hearing his voice. He addressed her respectfully, but in rather stern tones.

"Miss Hawthorne, I am rather surprised to find you on deck. Would it not be better for you to go below to the cabin."

She excused herself in a collected manner, saying that the cabin was very close, and that she was warmly wrapped up. Antonio sat down by her side, and, as I walked away, I heard them speaking earnestly in low tones.

As I could see that my company was not then desired, I kept away; but, on returning about half an hour afterwards, I found my young friend once more alone, and again had the pleasure of hearing her speak and of gazing on her beautiful face.

The brief account which she then gave me of herself, rather reluctantly, I may as well now state:

Louisa Hawthorne was the only daughter of a clergyman who died a few years after her birth. Her widowed mother strove to give her daughter a lady's education, but, in consequence of poverty and ill-health, Louisa, shortly after leaving school, was obliged to take the post of governess in an English family about to travel on the Continent. She obtained this situation through the exertions of the lady principal in the school where she had been educated. The family in which Miss Hawthorne was engaged at length determined to settle in Palermo, and whilst in that town she received the news of her mother's death. Her

health and spirits both sank, and she was advised by the medical men of the town to return to England. Through the exertions of the gentleman in whose house she was residing, she was now returning to her old instructress, under the guidance of Signor Maffi.

The simplicity and artlessness with which she told her history endeared her to me more than ever; but I could not help thinking that Antonio had spoken to her in a more dictatorial manner than his position warranted. I stated this to her as delicately as I possibly could. I thought she blushed as I spoke; but she answered rather hurriedly:

"Signor Maffi has several times spoken to me in a manner that is painful to me. I am, however, in his charge and under his protection at present. I am afraid that I have spoken to him rather too plainly this evening, as he is very hot-tempered and unforgiving. Still, he has been very kind—but, hush! Let us change the conversation, if you please, for I see that he is again coming this way."

Antonio came up a few seconds afterwards; but I could not see the expression of his face, since his hat was drawn over his brow. He spoke, however, calmly, and to me alone. He led the conversation dexterously to my favourite topics, and for the rest of the night, close to the time of our arrival at Dover, we walked the deck speculating and philosophising. I forgot everybody and everything, except our one grand subject, until we were almost in port, and then I suddenly recollected my beautiful young friend. She was asleep, but woke as I came up. I apologised for my rudeness, and begged to know if I might call upon her in town. She smiled pleasantly, and gave me her address; but seeing her draw down her veil again rapidly, I turned, and once more saw the ill-omened figure of the Italian.

I took him rather roughly by the sleeve, and led him away.

When we had arrived at a quiet part of the deck I spoke:

"Antonio Maffi, I have only known you a short time, but I consider that I am justified, knowing what I do, in warning you that your conduct is exciting both fear and distrust in the mind of that young lady."

"Signor," he replied, coldly, "I regret to hear you say that which I have feared myself, but—and remember that my pulse at this moment is beating more evenly than yours—I love Louisa Hawthorne—I love her, I tell you—and it will be an evil day for the man that steps in between my love and her."

His manner and his voice were cold, but I could see that his eyes flashed as he spoke.

"Antonio," said I, reluctantly, laying my hand upon his shoulder, "believe me that you will never gain that young girl's heart by harsh language and cruelty of manner."

He moved from under my hand with a muttered laugh, saying:

"Thanks, signor, for your advice; but, I pray you, do not forget the words that I have said."

He left me, and went forward into the shadow of the boat, and I neither saw him nor Louisa till we landed, when they both bade me farewell, Maffi promising to call upon me in a day or two.

I travelled alone and undisturbed in the railway carriage to London, at times falling into uneasy slumber, haunted by the white face and dry, sardonic laugh of the Italian; but as the daylight filled the air, pleasanter recollections of Louisa's beautiful eyes and beaming smile drove my more gloomy thoughts away. I longed to see her again.

After a few days, during which I never saw Antonio, I determined to call at the address which Louisa had given me. I found her at home, and could not mistake her smile of welcome, and I left her, more than ever charmed with her society. She had not seen Maffi since the day of their arrival in London. As I was leaving the house I fancied I saw a tall figure in a black cloak which reminded me of him, but I lost sight of it a moment afterwards. However, I had a note from him, the next day, informing me that he had met with some old friends from Italy, and was about to go with them into Scotland for a short time, at the expiration of which he would be ready to commence his engagement. Notwithstanding this information, I frequently thought that I perceived his figure at a distance, especially when I had been calling upon Louisa. This, however, might have been fancy only.

It would be needless to dwell on the next few months. Suffice it to say that my visits to Miss Hawthorne became very frequent and regular; my love was proferred and accepted, and very soon afterwards we were married. All thought of the future and dread of the past vanished from our minds, and we lived on, happy in the present and in each other's society.

But this was not the last.

A few days after we had returned from our short wedding-tour, I thought of my laboratory. Alas! all my old aspirations and ambitions had evaporated. I gave orders for my rooms to be opened and ready for my inspection on the morrow.

My library and working-room were situated at the end of the garden behind the house, and opened into the street beyond. The next morning, leaving my wife under the porch, I went down through the garden once more to my well-remembered toil. As I opened the dark door I glanced round, and saw my wife standing in the sunlight—a smiling sunbeam herself—and then I passed into the gloomy shade of the laboratory.

A tall black figure was standing over the furnace, peering into a crucible, and the red light of the glowing charcoal glanced upon a face that I remembered only too well.

"Ah! did you think that I had forgotten you, signor? No, no; Antonio Maffi never forgets."

The words of the Italian sank deep into my heart, and I shuddered with an inexplicable dread of coming evil.

Part II.—The Fatal Secret.

Thunderstruck as I was by the sudden appearance of Antonio, he accounted so readily and naturally for his presence, that the feeling of terror which rose at first in my mind quickly

disappeared. His old manner had its old fascination for me, and in a short time I found myself talking with him exactly as I had talked in Paris only a few months before.

He told me he had called at my house some days previously, and had found I was away from home, but that I was expected to return shortly. He had been awaiting my arrival ever since. My laboratory he had easily discovered, and on passing along the street that morning had seen that it was open. He immediately entered, requesting the servants not to disturb me. Although, through deference to my wife's feelings, I had never told her of my alliance with Maffi, still I had told my domestics I expected a foreign gentleman to assist me in my researches, and his request was consequently acceded to.

The disagreeable impression produced by his first appearance wore off rapidly, and I soon felt quite at ease. I perceived he had already laid the foundation work for a new course of research, and as he proceeded with his work noiselessly and carefully, I was struck with the extreme adroitness of his manipulation. When he had completed the preliminary stage of his experiments, we both adjourned to my study, which opened into the laboratory, and there we endeavoured to decipher and unriddle the mystical contents of my Parisian purchases. I was again astonished at the clearness of mind and calmness of judgment with which he discriminated facts of value among the vast amount of cumbersome uselessness with which they were surrounded. As he pointed them out, I made notes from time to time, and was delighted to find how important a fund of materials he soon extracted.

Time passed away unheeded, until the evening shades began to warn me it was late in the day. I was about to propose we should abstain from our labours, when I became aware that some one was moving about in the outer laboratory.

Antonio had risen, and was standing at the window, in order to see more distinctly the volume which he had taken up. Glancing from him to the door-way behind me, I saw the curtain gently lifted up, and my wife standing in the opening. As her eyes wandered through the gloom, they at last fell upon the form of Maffi. She started, and seemed spell-bound for an instant, and then dropping the curtain, moved silently away. I heard her passing quietly through the outer room, and the sound of the further door as it opened and shut.

All this time I remained silent,—a feeling of sorrow and remorse taking possession of me. I felt that I ought to have spoken to Louisa of my arrangements with the Italian, and it seemed now as if I had been deceiving her, if not with a *suggestio falsi*, at least with a *suppressio veri*. It had been often in my heart to tell her all, during the calm and happy time that had just passed away. But I feared to give her pain, for I knew she disliked if she did not fear the man. Latterly, however, I had become so wrapped up in my own happiness and in her society, that I had almost forgotten his existence, or if I did remember him, I almost fancied I should never see him again. When, therefore, my wife appeared thus silently, with that strange look of mingled sadness and terror in her face, I felt guilty,—guilty of treason to her young confiding love.

Full of these thoughts, I glanced up at Antonio, who was still reading intently, in the fading daylight, at the window, and I could not prevent a feeling of distrust and suspicion from rising in my breast. It might be the increasing uncertainty of the light, but certainly at that moment his countenance seemed absolutely fiendish,—and I fancied I saw that deadly smile hovering about his mouth.

At last he shut the book, and replaced it, saying:

"Well, Signor, I think we have done enough preliminary work to-day. We had better lose no time, but begin our practical investigations to-morrow."

I cannot tell how it was, but whenever that man spoke to me on the subject of my studies, whenever he said a word that buoyed up my infatuated hopes and ambition, I forgot his repulsiveness immediately. He seemed to have a mysterious influence over my intellect and will.

I at once acquiesced in his proposal for avoiding delay, and promised to have everything arranged for commencing with our work in the morning.

As he drew on his hat and folded his cloak round him before leaving, he said:

"Remember we will be long together. The undertaking which we are about to commence is no trivial one, and will absorb much of your time,—that is, if you enter upon it in the same spirit in which you spoke to me in Paris. In order that we may work together effectually, it is necessary that you inform the Signora, your wife, of the whole of our engagement. I could see plainly," he continued, lighting a cigar with deliberation, "by her look of astonishment this evening, that I was an unexpected guest."

I had fancied he did not observe Louisa's entrance. He noticed my start and said, with that laugh which I had begun to hate:

"Aha, Signor! We, who have looked so long into the dark secrets of nature, are not quite blind. Good night."

He was gone, with the evil smile upon his face; and again that gloomy expectant feeling of evil fell around me with the shadows of the place.

I found my wife pale and frightened, but I endeavoured in every way that lay in my power to re-assure her. I explained to her my reasons for not having told her before of my agreement with Antonio, and expatiated so fully on his knowledge and ability, and of the great assistance that he was able to afford me, that she soon coincided, or appeared to coincide with me, fully. She confessed to a feeling of distrust towards the Italian, and so did I; but we both determined we would endeavour to conquer a feeling which could only be a prejudice. Louisa herself remembered that in Palermo he was esteemed as a very learned man, against whom nothing could be said except that he was reserved and cold.

I myself had not forgotten the words which

he had uttered to me on board the steam-boat. But now, these words seemed to mean very little, although at the time they were spoken they appeared to me to be uttered with all the depth and feeling of his heart. I can only account for this change and deadening of perception on my part, by the strange effect of the man's conversation and manners upon me, when in his company. He seemed so utterly bound up in, and carried away by, our grand pursuit, that I could not disunite him from it. He appeared to be almost *part of my own mind*,—so congenial was he to my tastes, desires and hopes. Singular as it may appear, although I feared and distrusted him, I felt I could not separate myself from him.

On the next day Antonio and I were deep in our chemical researches. Every fresh experiment and every result called forth my wonder and delight, and the time passed over rapidly. Days succeeded days, and we became more and more devoted to our tasks.

Engaged as we were thus constantly, it would have appeared strange if I had not asked my companion to spend a few of his leisure hours in my house. I often did so, but he as often declined. He remained in the laboratory all day, usually arriving before me in the morning, and often remaining till late in the day.

During this time, although I felt I was absenting myself too much from my young wife's company,—and although I struggled hard to overcome it,—I felt I was drawn towards my colleague by a sympathy and attraction too powerful to resist.

At length we had our arrangements so far completed that we determined to make a decisive trial of the reality of our projects. We failed signally. Antonio laid the entire blame on our not having devoted sufficient time and attention to the work. This was disheartening to me, for I had bestowed every available moment on it, and had had many a heart-ache in consequence; for I knew that all day long Louisa was alone, and pining at my absence. He noticed my look of discomfiture, and with his diabolical laugh he taunted me with growing tired of my hobby,—of being palled with my own enthusiasm. I could not bear his sneers, I writhed under them. I insisted upon recommencing our labours at once, and declared that not one moment should be wasted by me, and that if necessary I would watch and work night and day in order to secure my long dreamed-of desire.

I think I see him now, as I spoke in my enthusiasm, with his cold cruel smile and his glittering black eyes fixed upon me. Why did I not fell him to the earth then and there? Why did I listen for a moment to his smooth-tongued words, that now, molten hot, are searing into my inmost soul?

We commenced our work afresh with more assiduity and application than ever. My thoughts and imagination were so carried away by our plans that,—I am almost ashamed to write it,—I seldom, if ever, thought of my young wife.

My colleague, as the time passed on, very rarely left the laboratory,—encasing himself in his ample cloak he would take his rest hurriedly, either in the study, or on the floor outside of the furnace doors.

Louisa, who had begun to look pale and ill, at length spoke to me about my apparent neglect. I tried to excuse my conduct, but failed; and she entreated me so earnestly that she might at all events be allowed to come into the laboratory with me during my work, that I at last consented.

I spoke to Maffi on the subject, but he scarcely made any remark,—only observing, in an under tone, that he did not think a laboratory a suitable place for a lady.

However, during the day, as he saw me trying to make the room a little more orderly,—arranging a work-table with flowers, and placing a couch by the window overlooking the garden,—I thought I saw him, once or twice, look up from his work stealthily, with his deadly smile.

The next day Louisa came down with me, and remained for the most part of the day. It was a pleasant relief to me, at times, to turn my eyes from the smoke and gloom of the furnaces to the bright little form of my wife, as she sat reading or working at the window. Whenever I looked towards her she met me with a pleasant smile. All the while Antonio Maffi worked on, scarcely ever raising his head.

At length we made our arrangements so complete that we once more determined to make the great attempt. Assiduous as we had been before, we now doubled our assiduity. I only snatched a few hours' rest now and then. One of us was always awake. The boiling over of a crucible, or the fracture of a retort was liable to throw us back in the ground we had gained; therefore we were always on the alert. My wife hovered ever in or near the room, like a ray of sunlight through the storm-clouds of my anxiety.

The decisive night at last arrived. Louisa, seeing my troubled expression, begged she might be allowed to stay with me. I wished her to retire to the house, but she entreated me to grant her this favour. She made her request so touchingly,—I could not bear to see the tears in her deep, brown eyes,—that I consented. As I did so, I glanced at the Italian. Although he was busily engaged, to all appearances, I found he was regarding us with a deep scowl of—what appeared to me—malignant satisfaction. He cast down his eyes, however, as he met mine, warning me coldly that there was no time to lose.

He had never yet spoken to my wife since she had commenced her visits to us. He merely bowed politely when she entered or left the room. This line of conduct was on the whole, I think, satisfactory both to Louisa and myself.

Cautiously and resolutely, then, Maffi and I began our final experiments, my wife sitting at the table, by the lamp, reading.

There was a small chafing-dish, containing spirits of wine, which stood on a raised tripod, in the middle of the apartment, and which we used occasionally, when we wanted a very subdued light.

We had been working for some time in silence, when it was found necessary to use this chafing-dish. I lighted the spirits of wine, and walking

forward to the table where my wife was, I turned down the flame of the lamp. The burning spirit in the chafing-dish cast a flickering and ghastly light through the room. Strange, black shadows like phantoms leapt and danced about the walls and ceiling, while the uncouth retorts, stills, phials, and electric apparatus loomed duskily and mysteriously in the uncertain light.

As I looked about me, I could with difficulty distinguish the black form of the Italian, as he glided noiselessly through the gloom. I lost sight of him, but was conscious that he was behind me—at my elbow. A strange feeling of faintness suddenly came over me, from which I was roused in an instant by a few low words, spoken by my wife at my side.

"Fools that you are!" she said, "you would seek for the Great Secret, and yet you still stumble blindly on, from error to error, from lie to lie."

I shuddered from head to foot, and gazed on her with unspeakable feelings of terror. Yet she spoke calmly and distinctly,—repeating slowly what she had just said, seeing that I was at first too agitated to understand her.

I could hardly believe my senses, as she continued to speak; she seemed to understand the whole of our operations, and pointed out, with a strange tone of contemptuous authority, several mistakes we had made, and cleared up, also, several points on which we had been in doubt.

It was the wonderful knowledge which she exhibited that struck me with terror. Up to that moment I had fancied she was entirely ignorant of the true nature of our researches; nay, from many conversations I had had with her, I felt convinced she knew nothing more than the bare rudiments of chemistry.

As she continued to speak I felt the strange faintness that had come over me before, again stealing about me; but I was conscious throughout that Maffi was close behind me, though I did not see him.

Indistinctly, I perceived my wife rise from her seat; she laid her hand upon my arm, and led me to one of the furnaces; then, still in the same low, clear voice, she pointed out an error that would have been fatal to our undertaking, if persisted in. I heard her drowsily, as if in a dream; but, nevertheless, I felt in my mind her remarks were correct. A peculiar humming noise now sounded painfully in my ears, and the light in the room seemed changed to a deep rose colour. I saw my wife suddenly raise her arms and press her hands violently against her temples, and a piercing shriek rang through the air. Casting off my faintness with a desperate effort, I caught her as she was falling to the ground. At this instant I became aware that Antonio had opened the door leading to the garden, and rushing past him I stumbled forward, bearing the fainting form of my wife into the cool night air.

Some days elapsed before Louisa entirely recovered. The physician who attended her said she seemed to be suffering from the effects of some narcotic poison. I told him she had been seized with fainting while sitting with me in my laboratory. He said, and I agreed with him, that the heat and closeness of the air in the room, together with the escape, perhaps, of some volatile essence, had brought on the attack. He advised that she should not again venture into its precincts.

While my wife was unwell I seldom entered my work-rooms, except for a short time now and then, to see how Antonio was progressing. He spoke little, but continued his work laboriously. I refrained from alluding to the events which had occurred, but I noticed, with a strange feeling at my heart, that he seemed to be acting entirely on the advice which had fallen from my wife on that memorable night. I said nothing, but watched him going on quietly and deliberately, step by step, correcting the errors she had pointed out, and proceeding in the manner she had indicated.

Up to this period I had never spoken to Louisa of the night in the laboratory. However, as she was now well enough to be down-stairs, and nothing ailing her more than a little weakness and languor, I thought I would ask her for some explanation. To my surprise, she denied all knowledge of what had taken place; she asserted she never did and never could understand chemistry; that she was perfectly ignorant of our experiments and ultimate intentions, and again repeated she had no recollection whatever of the events of that strange night.

I would have felt angry and indignant at these strange assertions—indeed, words of reproach were on my tongue—but when I looked at her ingenuous face I could not help feeling she spoke the truth. Many times I tried afterwards to lead her to talk about the object of our experiments, but I could only get one reply from her, that she was entirely ignorant of the whole subject.

All she could tell me of the night in the laboratory was this. She remembered my igniting the spirits-of-wine in the chafing-dish, and then coming forward to dim the light in the lamp. She recollected also that as I lowered the flame she saw Antonio step up noiselessly behind me; he had a mask or respirator on the lower part of his face. She then saw him distinctly pour a few drops from a phial into the chafing-dish, and she remembered that the flame changed from violet to a deep rose colour. All this occupied only a few seconds, after which the Italian stepped backwards into the shadow, holding out his arms towards her, as if making mesmeric passes. She remembered nothing more.

Her story never varied: but I could not help thinking it was the result of an overheated imagination; yet the fact that she had shown herself perfectly acquainted with the science of chemistry, and with our intricate experiments, remained deeply rooted in my mind. I could not think of it without a feeling of mysterious awe.

I went out of town for a few days with Louisa, and on my return I visited the laboratory. I found Maffi in the study, leisurely engaged in perusing a manuscript copy of one of Geber's mystic works on alchymy. On my asking him how matters were progressing, he told me that at present they were stationary. He was and had been waiting for me for some time.

"And now," he continued, looking at me intently, "let me impress upon you once more that if we are to gain our ends we must work with heart and soul in our work. Are you tired of it? Shall we give it up, and throw all our labours to the winds?"

"I will never give up the search," I replied; "latterly I have not been with you as much as I desired, but somehow it appears to me as if our investigations were all fraught with evil results to—to—to one whom I love—"

"A coward easily peoples the dark with difficulties," he sneered.

"I am no coward," answered I, warmly, "nor will I permit you to taunt me with such a name.' I saw his eyes flashing as I spoke. "I care nothing for your sneers," I continued, "and I should never have experienced them if it had not been that ever since the last night I spent with you in yonder laboratory, I have feared for the happiness—nay, for the life—of one whose life and happiness are dearer to me than—"

"Peace, idiot!" he exclaimed, in a tone and with a gesture that made me start back. "Peace! Do you think I am blind, and that I have not noted everything that has occurred? Do you think I was not listening to every word SHE uttered on that night? Who, think you, was it that made *her* speak? Who drew from her the secret knowledge of *her* inner spirit?"

As he spoke he rose up to his full height, his eyes sparkling and flashing, while I almost crouched into a seat under his impetuous bearing.

"Listen," he continued, scarcely less calmly; "it was not long after I met HER—you know whom I mean—that I discovered I had encountered no ordinary being. I read it in the deep glow of her brown eyes. I read there that in her inmost soul lay the secret which I was striving for, and which you were longing for. I loved her—I told you I loved her—but I loved science more. If I had gained her, the Great Secret would even now have been mine; but she is yours, and all is left with you—all to lose, or all to gain."

Since the time when my wife declared that she

was in a trance and utterly ignorant of all she had uttered in the laboratory, an unacknowledged dread had possessed me that the Italian had a strong influence over her mental powers, and the words he now spoke confirmed my suspicion.

I know now also he must have exerted a power over me that subdued me almost to servility when in his presence. Whence otherwise could have come that strange mixture of abhorrence and attachment which I always felt in his company?

I listened to his harangue in amazement, and then asked him, in a faltering voice, how he could possibly suppose that Louisa was able to comprehend the secret of our search.

He smiled—his death-like smile—and drew from his bosom a small phial of cut crystal, silver-clasped and containing a bright amber-coloured liquid. It was about three parts full.

"Bright, translucent and harmless though it looks, there is nothing more powerful, more deadly than the poison this phial contains. I tell you this in order that there may be no secrets between us. Five years ago it was given to me in Rome, by one who had chosen for his study the direct action of poisons on the physical and mental powers. He is dead now, but this secret of his is alive with me.

"If a few drops of this potent poison volatilised are inhaled by any one, a dull faintness immediately ensues. Ha! I saw you start. You are right, though, you *have* breathed it. Listen! Under that faintness, if the organisation is of the character I desire, I can draw out the inner secrets of the soul, by the influence of a powerful exertion of will."

How I sat there and listened to his fiendish words I cannot tell. I seemed under a spell, but I listened to him attentively and in silence. He went on:

"I found in the Signora, your wife, a mind of the most sensitive and impressible kind. What I had long suspected I proved the other night, and you yourself must have seen that, under the influence of only a few drops of this elixir, I was able to make her disclose, in an instant, truths that might have taken us months to discover. Notwithstanding its seemingly baneful effects you perceive you feel no ill-effects after inhaling it, and the Signora, your wife, though slightly overcome at the time, is now as well and as lovely as ever. See, there she is under the trees in the garden."

I looked from the window and saw Louisa walking slowly along one of the paths. She looked exquisitely beautiful, but as I gazed I felt surrounded by an atmosphere of mystery and terror. The Italian continued speaking earnestly, and I listened to him moodily, while the serpent of ambition quietly coiled itself round my heart.

He pointed out to me, with great force, that the object of our pursuit was now in my grasp. He made light of my hesitation, and laughed at my fears. Never venture, never win, was the theme of his discourse, to which he constantly returned. As I have observed, an atmosphere of mystery seemed round me—I was bewildered. I longed, with all the desire in my being, to possess the great secret now within my reach, but I dreaded hurting a hair of my young wife's head. I was silent.

The demon Maffi saw my weakness and indecision in a moment. His words seemed absolutely to creep insidiously into my brain. He pointed out that the present time—that very instant—was the proper time for exerting the new power we possessed.

Oh, Heaven! How can I live to think of it now? That I—I who loved her so dearly—should have gone out to her there,—in that still summer afternoon, among the flowers, and have led her into the dark, hateful shadow of that cursed room. Everything appears to me now more like a dream than a reality.

But it was done. Again, she was sitting on the couch by the window and talking with me, while the subtle Italian again glided noiselessly about the room.

Without seeing him I was conscious he had ignited the spirits of wine and had poured the deadly drops into the flame. I knew it by the faint rosy glow and a delicate perfume like that of jasmine pervading the apartment.

I hastily placed a small respirator containing an antidote, which Maffi had forced upon me, over my face, and, with a mind torn by conflicting emotions, I watched the result.

My wife's face turned to an ashy paleness, and she darted one look at me full of pity, anger and surprise. I shall never forget that look. It rises up before me in the solemn dead of night, and will haunt me to my death. But it lasted only for an instant. She rose quickly, and again, with that unnatural air of contemptuous authority, passed across the room. She examined all the apparatus and every particular of our process, as far as Antonio had completed them. She expressed her approval of what we had done haughtily,—in such a manner as an empress might speak to her slaves. For a few moments she appeared lost in thought, and then retired slowly towards the table. She sat down again, leaning her head upon her hand, and gazing straight forward with a listless expression.

Although diffused daylight, mingled with the red glow from the tripod, spread through the room, yet I had never distinguished the form of Maffi. He either kept behind me, or else in the darker parts of the laboratory. Without seeing him, I now felt his hot breath on my cheek, as I leaned over Louisa, and I heard his hateful whisper in my ear.

"Speak to her now—ask her for the secret that we long to know—time is passing."

I did speak to her, but she gently put my hand from her and motioned me to be silent. She still gazed forward fixedly into vacancy.

A minute or two elapsed in profound silence, until the Italian again muttered his request angrily in my ear. Trembling with anxiety and fear I spoke to her once more, but she did not seem to heed me. Urged on by Maffi's whispered solicitations, I begged, I entreated, I threw myself at her feet and prayed that she would speak to me. I spoke wildly, but she sat pale

and unheeding, until at last she turned her white face languidly towards me and essayed to speak once or twice. Her face had in it the look of death, but my heart was callous. I saw one bright flash in her eyes, and then she fell forward and down on the floor lifeless at my side.

I was stunned and paralyzed, but was roused by the maddening sound of the Italian's laugh. In an instant I sprung from the earth and seized him by the throat, but his hand was upon me like a vice. We struggled long and violently. Ah! how I longed to kill him; but his strength overcame me, and he dashed me with tremendous force to the ground.

* * * * *

Long afterwards I awoke, in the darkness, from a deep swoon—awoke to find myself alone among the ruins of my wild hopes and ambitious dreams; alone in my bitterness and despair; alone—and yet not alone, for stretching out my arms I felt the dead, cold hand of my young wife who lay by my side, a corpse, in the gloom and stillness of that awful night. A. G. G.

DULCE DOMUM!

The fine old fragment, still used as a college chaunt, with the touching refrain of "Dulce, dulce, domum," is attributed to a youth, who, on being separated from home, to which he was passionately attached, languished and died from the effects of the bereavement. The writer of the following lines has attempted a fuller interpretation of the spirit which pervades the old and almost forgotten lyric.

Ah! racked pine, on the granite steep,
Shadowy from each blowing wind,
And dashed with dusk from yonder cloud
With fires of fading sunset lined,
Within my brain your image lies,
Transformed; and looms upon mine eyes
A castle black against the skies.
Dulce, dulce domum.

Up many a terrace, gleaming white,
With fronts that glitter to the north;
High over leagues of vexèd sea,
And purple cliff and roaring forth,
It sitteth, like a house of rest,
One clot stain on the burning west;
Sun, moon, and mist its changing guest.
Dulce, dulce domum.

Within the circling garden walls,
The cedars brood above the flowers;
Across them shadows from the roofs
Slide bluely in the lighted hours.
I see my sister, cold and fair,
Shake in the sun her flaxen hair:
Would unto God that I were there.
Dulce, dulce domum.

Night, east and west: I hear a step,
Come, ghostlike, up the corridor;
I see the slender taper stream,
Between the chinks, across the floor.
O, mother mine, why turn away?
Fool to sit dreaming in the day.
Great God, her hair was thin and gray!
Dulce, dulce domum.

Where fliest thou, gaunt-plumed and swift,
Strong eagle, skirring past the stars?
Rush on and tell them that my heart
Is worn from beating at its bars.
Rush past o'er wastes of land and foam,
Thy fierce eyes cleave the dayless gloom,
Tell them I'm sick to death for home.
Dulce, dulce domum.

Ah, woe is me! The thoughts that sit
Beside me daily with the sun
Take shape and hue, and crowd my brain,
When wheels the bat in twilight dun.
I climb the terrace, o'er me flows
Their laughter, sucked through vine and rose;
Sudden, the terrace upward grows.
Dulce, dulce domum.

And, beaten down from steep to steep,
I see the dizzy walls leap higher;
The tender voices sink below
The first breath of an Easter choir.
Quick, startled by the night-guard's tramp,
Upwards I throw hands, clenched and damp:
They strike the bracket of my lamp.
Dulce, dulce domum.

Fetch me a leaf of asphodel,
I long to feel it in my palm:
And, dying, tearful, hear without
The mournful Babylonian psalm.
While Israel, by the willows' drowse,
Pined for her home, with ash-strewn brows,
And I pine for my father's house.
Dulce, dulce domum.

J. F. O'D.

END OF VOL. V.

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